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THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War, The North Afire, The Undying Story, Phillip in Particular, The War Cache, Green Ladies, Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

I.

A LITTLE, knuckly man bounded into Clement Seadon's cabin with an india-rubber violence. He snapped the door shut behind him, and faced the startled young man.

'You're Clement Seadon,' he cried; 'I'm Hartley Hard.'

The young man stopped unpacking.

'I don't think I know you,' he said.

'You needn't think. You don't know. I'm a complete stranger to you—in the flesh. But don't talk. I haven't much time.'

Clement glanced at the umbrella and the obvious shore-rig of the bounding little man.

'In fact,' he said, in the other's manner, 'you have no time at all. "All ashore" was called two minutes ago.'

'Oh, don't talk,' panted the little man. 'This thing is terribly important. I mustn't lose a moment telling you. You know Heloise Reys?'

'Not at all,' said Clement dryly. He began again to unpack.

'For Heaven's sake, don't quibble, man. You know her. You came from London to Liverpool in the same carriage as Heloise Reys.'

'Oh, that was Heloise Reys,' said the young man, dropping his dress-shirts and looking up with interest. 'The Gorgon woman with her called her Loise.'

'Nickname,' said the little man breathlessly. 'Her name is really Heloise. What I mean to say is, you *do* know her.'

'Not really,' said Clement with exasperating (and, one is afraid, deliberate) casualness. 'A mere chance acquaintance. I met her in the C.P.R. Shipping-Office. And I met her on the boat-train—that's all.'

He refrained from telling the little man that, having encountered her in the C.P.R. Office, he had determinedly looked out for her on the boat-train.

The little man danced about in a fury of anxiety.

'Please *do* remember that I have the barest possible time to tell you what I must tell you. Don't interrupt. Don't quibble. You know her. She is good-looking.'

'Very good-looking,' said Clement, staring at the little man in amazement.

'She is a charming girl,' urged the little man.

'Perfectly charming,' said Clement. 'That is, so far as I can see.'

'Of very good family, too,' snapped the little man.

'Probably,' said Clement. 'But I didn't find that out.'

'Don't have to—take it from me. Very good family. No father, no mother.'

'That,' said Clement, 'I shall have to take from you.'

His astonishment had given way to a sort of guarded amusement. He was of the genial type of young man, one who could see the humorous side of things quickly. He saw the humour of this situation, but, at the same time, he was forming a very definite opinion about the little, bouncy man.

The little, bouncy man waved his umbrella in excitement.

'Do take it from me,' he cried. 'No mother, no father. No encumbrances, and no one to control her. Remember that: no one to watch over her. And she is very well off. Very rich.'

Clement could only stare. The little man swept on: 'Very beautiful. Very charming. A girl with a gentle, tender heart—much too tender. Too quixotic. A fine character. Good family—and rich. Extremely rich. You understand all that?'

'Look here—what on earth are you driving at?' cried the astounded Clement.

'But *do* you understand?' wailed the little man. 'Have you grasped it all? A worthy girl. A girl worthy of any man. A girl that any man can be proud of. A girl'——

This was too much for Clement. 'I say,' he burst out—'I say, are you—are you asking me to marry her?'

The excited dance of the little man now took on a touch of relief as well as anxiety. 'You

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grasp it. You see it,' he trilled. 'Assuredly. Marry her—that 's it.'

'My dear idiot,' shouted Clement—'my dear madman, don't you understand that'——

'No time to understand,' skated on the little man. 'No time at all. Know it 's all rapid and wrong and amazing, but that 's what I want. You marry her. You can do it. You 're young. Young and handsome and healthy. And a sea-voyage. Sea-voyages are the chance for sentiment. Idle days, luxurious days. Moonlight—looking at the wake. Oh, the very chance for falling in love.'

'Do you realise you 're talking like an idiot? I 've only just met Miss'——

'I know. I know. Awfully like an idiot. That 's because I am in such a hurry. I know exactly how it all sounds to you—but, really, I can't help myself. Such a little time. But that 's what I want you to do—really. Fall in love with her. Make her fall in love with you. Make her promise to marry you. Before she gets to Canada make her promise to marry you. Don't let her put you off. Force her to do it.'

Clement sat down heavily on his bunk. He stared, amazed, at the little man.

'I 'm afraid you 're mad,' he said.

'Mad?' snapped the little man. 'I 'm not mad. I 'm a lawyer.'

II.

Clement wanted to say that even lawyers went mad sometimes, but the little man hurled himself along.

'I 'm a lawyer. I 'm her lawyer. I 'm your lawyer too—one of them. That 's luck. When I saw you come out of the train with her—saw that you knew her—that you were friends—I noted that down as a piece of luck. You see, I knew *you* were all right. Knew that through business—oh, I 'm a partner of Rigby & Root.'

'My lawyers?' cried Clement.

'Yes! Yes! Haven't I been telling you that? We 're her lawyers too. When I saw you together I said to myself, "Good; that 's a second line of offence. If I fail to bring her to reason, I fall back on Clement Seadon — Mr Clement Seadon. He 'll be my second line. Good fellow. Good family. Young, attractive, handsome to eye. Has wits. Has capacity. Has a brain in his head. Has pluck and physical strength too. Can carry a thing through in spite of danger."'

As he said that his rapid eye glinted on Clement. He was staccato, but he was not stupid. Clement stiffened. He was the type of clean young Anglo-Saxon who did stiffen at the hint of danger; the type that goes about quietly, calmly, avoiding trouble, but is not really heart-broken when trouble comes along; the type, that is, that still tingles to the spirit of adventure in spite of the Savile Row suitings that seem to give an air of comfortable civilisedness.

The little lawyer saw Clement stiffen; he chuckled internally and continued his express monologue.

'That 's what I said to myself when I saw you. I said, "Mr Clement Seadon has all the qualities necessary. An admirable second line of offence. And well-off, too. Rich. Rich enough to make his part in the affair a decent and honourable one. He 's not an adventurer hunting heiresses." That 's what I said when I saw you. And I went off to Heloise Reys's cabin and reasoned with her, tried to bring her to reason. Oh, I strove. I strove. I talked my best.'

He stopped and waved his umbrella in a gesture of hopelessness.

'You strove, and strove—and then had to fall back on your second line of offence,' said Clement, helping him out.

Clement's mind was in a curious condition. He realised that all this was madder than anything had any right to be—and yet he was rather intrigued, rather interested. He could not have told why. The fact that the little man was a lawyer, and his own lawyer at that, may have been the reason. Or it may have been that suggestion of danger, of adventure, called to that instinct lying dormant in the young of Clement's race. Whatever it was, mad though he felt the whole business to be, he sat and listened.

The lawyer said, 'You are right. I could do nothing with her. I failed. I could not bring her to reason. She is so quixotic—so headstrong. She has the wrongest sense of what is right. . . . And, then, I have no proofs. Nothing definite. Only fears, only suspicions. I couldn't clinch the matter with her. I couldn't bring home anything to her.'

'And what were you trying to bring home to her?' demanded Clement, who really thought he was entitled to some explanation.

'Bring home to her? The truth about that scamp. I was trying to make her see that she should not go out to Canada to marry him.'

Clement gasped. Also, he felt a little stab of pain. Heloise was certainly most extraordinarily attractive.

'Marry him? Marry whom? Haven't you just been insisting that she should be forced to marry *me*?'

'Of course,' shouted the little man. 'That 's it. That 's what I 'm driving at.'

'But what are you driving at?' gasped Clement. 'First you tell me to get her to marry me; then you tell me she is going to marry some one else.'

'Perfectly true,' said the little man. 'She is making this journey to Canada to marry some one else—a man named Henry Gunning.'

Clement fell back, too staggered for thought. 'Are you a lawyer,' he demanded, 'or are you an apostle of the Mormons?'

The little lawyer rushed over to Clement and caught him by the lapel of his coat. 'No! No! No!' he cried. 'Please do understand. It is this hurry that has made everything so complicated. She is going to Canada to marry Henry Gunning. But she must not marry him. She must be prevented. That's what I want you to do. I want you to make her marry you in order that she won't marry Gunning.'

'And why shouldn't she marry the man she wants to?' Clement demanded.

'Because,' said the lawyer, speaking earnestly and impressively—'because it's a swindle. She's got into the hands of rogues, of swindlers, of criminals. Of that I am sure. The whole thing is terribly evil. And she must be saved. She must be saved. You must save her.'

Clement was about to answer. There was a knock on the cabin door. Clement called, 'Come in.'

The door opened about a foot. An evil and repulsive face looked in. The little eyes in the ugly face swivelled all round the cabin in a swift, furtive glance. They took in Clement; they took in the little lawyer. A palish tongue licked purple, dry lips. A husky voice croaked, 'Beg pardin', sir!'

The little lawyer snapped, 'What do you want, man?'

'Beg pardin',' said the hoarse voice again. 'Just looking round ter see if all visiters is ashore. Bedroom steward, sir.'

The fully-opened door revealed the white coat and bobbly trousers of a veritable bedroom steward.

'All right, my man,' said the little lawyer; 'I'm going ashore in a minute.'

'Ha!' said the steward, coming in with the satisfaction on his face such as policemen wear when they catch an authentic burglar. '*Should* be ashore. Orders is that all visiters sh'd be ashore. Come this way, sir. Quick, please, sir.'

'I'm going ashore in a minute,' said the little lawyer.

'Orders, sir. Gotter be now, sir.'

'Get out of this,' snapped the lawyer. 'I'll go ashore before the ship sails, never you fear.'

The steward came forward with an air of menace in his bearing.

'You go ashore now, see. Them's me orders, an' I've got to see that it's done—can't stop about arguing.'

'I don't want you to,' said the little man decisively. 'Particularly as Captain Heavy is the person you should argue with. If Captain Heavy was wrong in saying I could stop aboard, I think you should be the one to tell him, not I.'

'Cap'n Heavy! Why didn't you say that 'erfore?' snarled the man. He went sullenly out of the cabin. The little lawyer waited for a minute; then he slipped out too. He darted up the little alleyway that led to the main passage along the deck. Clement heard him say in a tart voice, 'My good man, I know my way off this ship—you needn't hang about here waiting to conduct me off.'

In a moment he was back with Clement, talking rapidly again, but this time in a noticeably lowered voice.

'He's one of them. I thought he was. You'll have to be on your guard against that steward.'

'One of whom?' asked Clement, trying to keep pace with the happenings. 'One of the rogues, do you mean? Good heavens! do you mean to say there is a sort of Villains' Gang of them aboard this ship?'

'I don't say it,' said the little man grimly, 'but I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were so. It's a big thing, a terribly big thing, my friend, this marriage of Heloise. It is a matter of a million pounds sterling and more.'

III.

'You are rather stunning as well as other things,' said Clement limply.

He really was feeling a trifle dazed. The little man had so hustling a manner. Also, his own knowledge of the girl, Heloise Reys, was of the faintest kind. She was just a tall, slim girl whom he had found attractive enough to want to know again after his first meeting. She was quite pleasant, quite English, quite natural. Apart from her special attraction, she was just one of the millions of crisp, self-assured, and self-contained young women of Britain.

He had met her, as he had said, twice. The first time had been a delightful accident. He had arrived to book his passage at the Canadian Pacific Shipping-Office in Cockspur Street, London, to find her there on the same errand.

What is more, there was a certain sense of comradeship in that action, for both intended to sail to Canada in the same ship; both were booking cabins in the *Empress of Prague*. One shipping-clerk attended to both; he left the one cabin-plan before them from which to choose their berths, while he went away on the business of registering their tickets.

Clement had only to glance once at the cabin-plan to make his decision. He had sailed on the *Empress* before. All he had to do was to see whether his old cabin, which had been a comfortable one, was unreserved. It was unreserved. He jotted down its number to give to the clerk when he came back.

Heloise and her companion were not so decisive. They had the choice of several double cabins offered to them, and Heloise, at least, showed all the hesitant ignorance proper to people unaccustomed to sea-travel. The other woman was making suggestions, but Clement

did not pay any attention to her. She was obviously a companion, a servant, though of the cultured sort.

The clerk, before he had gone away, had tactfully pointed out a large double cabin. After having spoken in glowing terms of it, he had gone off, leaving the decision to the ladies. Clement had nothing against that clerk. As a clerk, he knew his business, which was to fill up cabins. He was merely doing his duty in suggesting that cabin to people who did not know the art of selecting cabins—there were so many people who knew it too well, and would leave that cabin on his hands.

Clement noted the battle of indecision with some amusement; also with some interest, because Heloise (only, he didn't know she was Heloise then) was extremely pretty. Also, he thought she was of that trusting and sweet disposition that will take the word of anybody—even of a shipping-clerk. Obviously she was going to follow his suggestion.

When the shipping-clerk went to the back of the office Clement saw to it that she didn't. He looked up at her as she puzzled over the deck-plan, smiled in a disarming way, and said, 'I say, if you don't mind my butting in, I wouldn't take that inner room. You'll find it hot and rather airless, and there's no light at all except artificial light.'

She answered him before she thought about who he was. 'Are you sure of that?'

'Quite,' he told her. 'I know the *Empress of Prague* well; you'll be quite comfortable on her, particularly if you take, say, that cabin over there, instead of that inner one.'

As he spoke he heard a sniff—an indignant sniff—from the companion. He looked beyond the girl, and saw a comely, chilly, thick-set, middle-aged woman; a woman who had a broad and attractive smile which, somehow, did not seem to penetrate deeper than the surface of her skin. It was the sniff and the smile that led Clement to christen her the Gorgon, then and there.

But the girl herself was not sniffing in moral indignation. She was pleased and friendly. 'But it is jolly of you to help,' she cried. 'You are sure that one over there is the better cabin?'

'As sure as I like light and fresh air,' Clement smiled at her. 'You'll get both in that. You see, it's an outside cabin; has—port-holes—windows, you know. And it's roomier. I can assure you on the word of one who knows.'

'Then that's the one we'll have, Méduse,' said the girl; and the Gorgon (really, Clement had been very apt in his nickname) said in a light voice slightly tipped with frost, 'That is also the one I suggested. Remember I, too, have travelled on the sea before, Loise.'

The girl paid no attention to that. She did not allow herself to be distracted from Clement, as she was obviously meant to be distracted. She was, in fact, rather pleased to meet a young, good-looking, polished man, who was to be a companion during the voyage across the Atlantic. She said, smiling, 'I'm thoroughly mystified by all this sort of thing. I've never done anything but the cross-Channel trip before, and then only by daylight. The tricks of cabins and comfort are dark secrets, as yet. It is really very good of you to give me that tip.'

'Oh, travellers are a brotherhood who should band together in the face of the common enemy,' said Clement cheerfully.

'Are we going to have common enemies?' she asked pleasantly.

'Not on the *Empress*,' said Clement. 'It's a happy ship. But still there are always little things where the hardened traveller can help.'

'Hardened?' she echoed. 'You must have begun before your teens, then. . . . But it is rather nice—oh, and lucky—to meet some one who is going by the same boat. I have a feeling that going by boat must be rather like going to a new school—everybody is strange and reserved. So that if one knows some one already . . .' They went galloping off into the chatter that overtakes vivid people who have found a common ground, and not even the sniffs of the Gorgon could check them. Definitely, Clement thought then, the Gorgon wanted to claw the girl away. She disliked the acquaintance.

Still, she did not have her way, though she hurried the girl off with some speed when the bargain over the counter had been completed. Even then the girl, as she went, held out the pleasant promise of their future meeting.

'We'll meet again, then, on board,' she had nodded to him as she left the shipping-office.

'Or on the boat-train,' said Clement. 'You'll go up to Liverpool by that?'

'Of course,' she said, smiling. 'Until then.'

Clement completed his own reservation, and went out of the office with a feeling of elation. He had already been looking forward to his trip to Canada, where he hoped to get some sport—trout and salmon fishing, and later some duck-shooting, and, perhaps, a chance at moose. But now his trip seemed a much jollier affair, and he wasn't thinking of sport when he felt that.

She was so extraordinarily pretty. She had such an extraordinary charm. She was fine and upspringing, if she was slim. She carried herself so well. And her face was so vivid and alluring. Her skin was cool and white and glowing, and her features delicate and exquisite. She was more than pretty; she was beautiful.

And that candour and kindness that seemed to be her nature. A sort of honesty, a nobility that placed her right above petty feminine things—yet there was no denying the warm and tender femininity of her nature. A real woman, a beautiful woman. A woman in a million.

(Continued on page 19.)

THE LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

By Major-General Sir GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B.,
Keeper of the Jewel-House.

I.

THE Lieutenant of the Tower, though he holds an office a little less ancient than that of the Constable, is perhaps an even more historic figure. And this is due chiefly to his intimate connection, both by name and by office, with some of the greatest tragedies that have occurred in English history.

The Tower of London was built as a great fortress and a palace of kings, and only later, and especially in Tudor days, fell to the sinister and ill-omened position of a prison and a place of torture. It was coeval with this great degradation that the Constable disappears as the prominent figure at the Tower, and his place is taken by the Lieutenant.

The Tower was a very unsavoury place in those days, quite apart from its tragic history. As we know, to be 'committed to the Tower' was little short of being sentenced to death; indeed, as one Lieutenant remarked to a prisoner, 'The Tower is an easy place to get into, and a very difficult place to get out of—but by way of the scaffold.' Not only were its rooms cold and dark, and, even for rich persons who could afford to pay for the luxury, difficult to keep warm and dry, but it was very densely populated with all sorts and conditions of people, who by right or heredity had gained a footing there. These had built mean shanties and lean-to's, whereby free passage was much obstructed, and they were densely crowded. Sanitation was little understood or attended to, so that in this congenial hotbed diseases as virulent as small-pox or cholera flourished. Round all was the moat, a fetid ditch in which had been deposited the filth of ages. The Constable, who had not, except in remote ages, been a very constant resident at the Tower, now found that amid such insalubrious surroundings he was expected to be head jailer to large numbers of prisoners, some of the greatest importance, and requiring very close guardianship. He therefore decided to live at his ease elsewhere, retaining only a small lodging in the Tower which he could use at pleasure, and handed over his executive duties to his second-in-command, who bore, and still bears, the title of Lieutenant of the Tower.

When this delegation of authority was fully recognised, Henry VIII. built the present Lieutenant's Lodgings, which occupy the south-west corner of Tower Green, and include the Bell Tower, then one of the chief dungeons. The lodgings were so constructed as to afford not only ample accommodation for the Lieutenant and his family, but also, in addition to the Bell Tower, furnished rooms where prisoners of great distinction could be incarcerated. These prisoners, as well as those in the adjacent Bloody Tower, had the privilege, if they could afford to pay for it, of dining at the Lieutenant's table.

The pay of the Lieutenant was a meagre sum—indeed, only £20 per annum, which the Constable paid him out of his not too princely salary of £100. Naturally the Lieutenant could not live, and was not, in accordance with the customs of the age, expected to live, on that sum; he was therefore allowed to make money in other perfectly recognised ways. One of his chief sources of income was a tax leviable on all prisoners according to rank. This seems a little hard on the prisoner, for not only was he deprived of his liberty, with the block looming on the near horizon, but he had to pay for this privilege. The tax was calculated on the reputed wealth of the prisoner, whatever his rank, at the rate of £2 on every £100 of his income. The Constable's fees, on the other hand, were levied on the prisoners according to rank, so that a duke paid more than an earl, an earl more than a baron, and a baron more than a simple knight. Practically, however, the levy came to much the same thing, for usually the richest persons were those of highest degree. Sir Walter Raleigh was an exception, he, though only a knight, being richer than most peers of his day.

Like the Constable, the Lieutenant was entitled to levy toll on the ships that passed up the river bearing merchandise from abroad. Especially is mentioned that he could claim a 'roundlett of wine,' and 'of daynties a certayne quantitie,' out of these ships, a pleasing latitude being left as to what he might consider dainties, and how much a certain quantity might be held to infer. The Lieutenant also took his share of the fish caught between London Bridge and the Tower, of the cattle that fell off London Bridge, and of the swans which perchance floated down under London Bridge, before they reached their rightful perquisee, who was the Constable. Another source of income was two taverns, or public-houses, as we should call them, which were licensed within the Tower, and of which the Lieutenant was apparently the licensee. These, unhappily for the pocket of the present Lieutenant, no longer exist; but he may have the melancholy pleasure of seeing to this day the iron rod from which hung the sign of 'The Gold Chain,' protruding from the north-west wall of the Bell Tower. Indeed, the tavern was there till comparatively recently, for the

Duke of Wellington, in 1843, gave in it an elegant cold collation to the Yeoman Warders and others.

II.

A prisoner in the Tower, if a man of wealth, could live comfortably. He could order in what he pleased in the way of furniture and even plate and tapestries, but there was one proviso: he could take nothing out of the Tower again. If he went out by way of the scaffold, that mattered not much to him; but if he was acquitted or escaped, his expenditure was a dead loss. All these things became the perquisites of the Lieutenant, from which we may confidently assume that he encouraged his prisoners to make themselves as comfortable as possible, regardless of expense.

Sometimes, however, the Lieutenant met a stone as hard as himself—in other words, a Greek met Greek. Such a one was Sir William Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset. This bright knight was lodged in St Thomas's Tower, and though not too well, or indeed at all, blessed with this world's wealth, ordered in expensive tapestries, silver-plate, and the best of furniture, making himself thoroughly comfortable, whilst the Lieutenant rubbed his hands in virtuous anticipation. Sir William Seymour, however, had other views; he intended to escape to France, and was one of the few people who, during many centuries, succeeded in breaking out of the Tower. Noticing that a cart came almost daily to deliver hay and faggots at the main entrance under the Bloody Tower, exactly opposite his prison, he conceived the idea of impersonating the carter and thus escaping. A slouch-hat, a false beard, and a smock having been smuggled in to him by a friend, one day he awaited his opportunity, and whilst the carter was inside delivering his goods, strolled out of St Thomas's Tower, mounted the driver's seat, turned the horse round, and calmly drove out of the Iron Gate of the Tower. There horses awaited him, and riding down the river, he took boat opposite Greenwich, and reached a ship which he chartered to carry him to France.

The Lieutenant naturally got into trouble over this, but consoled himself with the thought of the rich perquisites which Sir William Seymour had left behind. What, then, was his speechless indignation when he found that the fugitive had paid for none of these things, and that he himself was sued by the tradesmen who had supplied them! Even so, he might have recovered at least some portion of his money by the sale of the goods, but, to his intense disgust, he found that the debonair and facetious knight had cut up the most valuable tapestries so as to fit the fireplaces.

If a thrifty man, with a shrewd wife, the Lieutenant could live practically free, for all prisoners who dined at his table paid handsomely for the privilege; in fact, his was an elevated description of boarding-house. Later, however, in the sixteenth century, many of these embarrassing and uncertain means of gaining a livelihood were abolished, at all events discountenanced, and the salary of the Lieutenant was raised to two hundred marks a year. In the sumptuous days of Charles II., though the Exchequer was chronically bare, and all officials found a difficulty in getting any pay at all, the salary of the Lieutenant was raised to the handsome figure of £2500 a year. It is doubtful, however, whether he ever got it, even in arrears, for Sir Allan Apsley, the first to be thus endowed, died a very poor man. In the eighteenth century the Lieutenant's salary fell again to £700 per annum, and in the nineteenth century suffered a further decline, reaching the modest figure of £300 a year, that being the salary which the Lieutenant draws to this day. It is perhaps a meagre dole, but happily in these expensive days a Lieutenant of the Tower is always an officer of high rank in the army, and may well find this small addition to his income not unwelcome.

III.

The first mention of a Lieutenant was in 1274, when Edward I. appointed Giles de Oudenarde to the post, but there is little doubt that the Constable had his Lieutenant before this date. Anyway, Oudenarde is a nice name to begin with, and brings back memories of one of the great British victories won at that village long centuries afterwards, a village which became familiar to us all during the Great War when we searched the map to see how our gallant troops were faring in Flanders. Ralph Bavant appears as the Lieutenant in the reign of Edward III., but after that the records are somewhat obscure for some two centuries, till we come to Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Kt., in the reign of Henry VIII.

We now arrive at stirring times, and the epoch which made the Lieutenant famous in English history. Sir Richard Cholmondeley was evidently a somewhat irascible knight, and also one who greatly disapproved of riots and other popular exuberances, especially if augmented by aliens. It so happened that the Lombards and the English citizens came to blows close to the Tower, as might to-day the Jews of Petticoat Lane have a difference of opinion with the English of Fenchurch Street. Cannons were new toys in those days, and Sir Richard thought this an excellent occasion for trying their effect on turbulent citizens. In pursuance of this idea, according to an ancient chronicler, 'whilst this ruffling continued Syr Richard Cholmley, Knight, Lieutenant of the Towre, no great frende to the citie, in a frantyke fury losed certayn peces of ordinance, and shot

into the citie, which did little harme, howbeit his good wyll apeered.'

During his lifetime Sir Richard Cholmondeley had a very fine alabaster sarcophagus made for himself and his wife, on top of which life-size figures of both lie recumbent. This, his future abode, he could gaze at with pride and affection through many a long and dreary sermon in the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula, and picture himself at rest within it. But fate ordained otherwise. Both Sir Richard and his wife died and were buried elsewhere, but the sarcophagus still stands, as it has stood for four hundred years, in the chapel on Tower Green.

His successor, Sir Leonard Skeffington, has also left a lasting memorial in the Tower. It was he who invented a new form of torture, which by a rude jest and a slight distortion of his name is known as 'The Scavenger's Daughter.' The great merit of this device apparently was that, whereas the rack stretched the victim till his bones were dislocated, Sir Leonard Skeffington's invention so compressed him that the blood burst from the tips of his fingers.

Sir John Brydges, who came after, seems to have been a kind and humane Lieutenant. To him was entrusted the custody of Lady Jane Grey, the Queen of Nine Days. It was his sad duty first to conduct her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, to his doom on Tower Hill, and then to return and lead the short procession which conducted Lady Jane Grey to the scaffold on the Green. In his care, too, were placed the three martyr bishops, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, who after sentence were conveyed to Oxford, and there burnt at the stake, near the spot where the martyrs' monument now stands. This, too, was the kindly Lieutenant who received the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards a great and glorious queen, when she was committed to the Tower in Mary's reign. Though a high-spirited and courageous lady, the entrance through the dismal portal of the Bloody Tower quite unnerved her, and falling prostrate, she gave way to bitter tears and lamentation in the drenching rain. It was Sir John Brydges who, with kindly words of encouragement, raised her up, and giving her his arm, helped her to mount the steps to the Bell Tower, where her place of imprisonment was to be. Before he was promoted to his deserved peerage as Lord Chandos of Sudeley, Sir John Brydges was again a principal figure on a historic occasion, for it was he who led forth Sir Thomas Wyatt, the leader of the unsuccessful rebellion against Queen Mary, on his last journey to the blood-stained scaffold on Tower Hill.

Sir Owen Hopton was evidently not so estimable a Lieutenant; indeed, he is described as 'that serpentine person.' He certainly was rather a serpent, for, dressing himself up as a priest, he extracted, under seal of confession, from Charles Bailey such information as the prisoner possessed regarding the Ridolfi Plot in Queen Elizabeth's reign. It seems also fairly clear that he connived at the murder of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, in the Bloody Tower, and treated none too kindly Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower.

There is a very fine monument in the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula, made of alabaster, to the memory of two Lieutenants, Sir Richard and Sir Michael Blount, father and son. Their skulls may be seen in two round niches in the monument to this day. Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who had all these years been a prisoner, complained bitterly of the harsh treatment he received from Sir Michael Blount. But as he lay on his death-bed in the Tower he sent for the Lieutenant, who, being filled with remorse, asked the earl to forgive him. Forgiveness the prisoner frankly gave, but he added a gentle reproof: 'When a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, he bringeth sorrow with him; then do not add affliction to affliction. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity.' The Lieutenant, like Peter of old, went out and wept bitterly.

IV.

During Sir Walter Raleigh's thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower he came under many Lieutenants. Some of these were decent enough persons; some, however, were, without the least doubt, quite the contrary. Sir John Peyton was one of the former; he treated his prisoners well and with kindness, and though this may perhaps hardly be counted unto him for righteousness, refused to allow them to be murdered whilst in his charge. He was, for instance, clearly made to understand that should Sir Walter Raleigh unfortunately depart this life whilst in his charge, the rich appointment of Governor of Jersey would be the Lieutenant's reward.

Sir George Harvey, who came next, was also proof against this insidious form of bribery to murder; his wife, too, was exceedingly kind to the prisoner, and supplied Sir Walter with chemicals for his experiments. His next jailer, Sir William Waad, is described with sufficient directness by Raleigh as 'that beast Waad.' He was undoubtedly somewhat of a beast, and treated his prisoners with great harshness and rapacity, but he was no murderer or conniver at murder. Not only did he protect Sir Walter Raleigh against secret assassination, but also stood out stoutly against similar temptations to allow foul play in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury, another prisoner in the Bloody Tower. Indeed, he lost the Lieutenancy through this inconvenient fastidiousness.

His successor, Sir Gervase Helwyss (or Elwes), seems to have been more amenable to subtle persuasion. He owed his appointment to the influence of the Earl and Countess of Somerset,

and was, there seems little doubt, a complacent tool in their hands. The Somersets, especially the countess, loathed Sir Thomas Overbury with a murderous hatred for objecting to their marriage, and left no stone unturned to compass his death. The Lieutenant was merely invited to be complacent, and not to ask inconvenient questions regarding those who visited or remained in attendance on his prisoner. The road thus cleared, a gang of poisoners was employed by the Somersets and set to work—in somewhat clumsy fashion, to be sure—to bring about the desired result. Evidently the art of poisoning, however perfect in Italy, was in England in its infancy; moreover, Sir Thomas Overbury appears to have been a person with a singularly tough interior. The gang poisoned their victim's food; they poisoned his wine; they mixed arsenic with his salt, and added cantharides to his pepper. But though ill, still he survived. Then they tried lunar caustic with his pork, whilst aqua-fortis, mercury, powdered diamonds, and ground spiders were judiciously mixed with other articles of food. But still he lived. Finally, on the night of September 14–15, 1613, they applied a clyster to his stomach, and that finished the poor gentleman. It is gratifying, however, in the interests of justice, to be able to record that even in those far-off days life could not be taken with complete impunity. In due course all the actors in this drama were brought to justice. True, the Earl and Countess of Somerset, the countess being the real villain of the piece, escaped with imprisonment in the Tower and the confiscation of all their worldly goods, but the Lieutenant of the Tower was hanged, perhaps even higher than Haman, on Tower Hill; whilst the active agents who actually perpetrated the deed were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn.

Sir Allan Apsley was, again, a straight Lieutenant, who would have no dealings with those who wished to effect the disappearance of obnoxious State prisoners, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh was to James I. the chiefest and most obnoxious. He was, therefore, told to hand over temporary charge of the prisoner to a willing but perfidious knight, Sir Thomas Wilson. Sir Thomas did his best; but Sir Walter was an old and wary bird of the world, and soon gave his brother-knight to see quite clearly that even in prison he could guard himself against knife and poison. Sir Thomas Wilson retired discouraged, and Sir Walter Raleigh was later judicially murdered as is in history duly related.

A somewhat interesting Lieutenant, from an entirely different point of view, was Sir John Robinson, who was the first to be appointed by Charles II. on his restoration. Sir John was not only Lieutenant of the Tower, but also combined the office, temporarily, with that of Constable, and he was at the same time Lord Mayor of London, a very curious and unique position, which demonstrated the king's political acumen. He had at least two celebrated prisoners in his charge. One was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and the other, William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania—may not this indiscreet disclosure bring on another war with America!

When Captain Thomas Cheek was Lieutenant occurred again one of those suspicious tragedies which gained the Tower so unenviable a reputation. A noted prisoner, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, occupied apartments, as had Lady Jane Grey, in the yeoman jailer's quarters on Tower Green. One morning a yeoman's child, going to school, heard a maid, who had rushed out from the yeoman jailer's quarters, screaming, 'Murder! Murder!' The child raised the alarm. Outside the yeoman jailer's quarters on the Green was found a bloody razor, and inside was found the Earl of Essex with his throat cut. A complacent coroner's jury found that this was a case of suicide, but public opinion agreed with the servant-maid.

The Lieutenant who had the honour and distinction of being chief jailer to James, Duke of Monmouth, was Sir Edward Hales. The duke was imprisoned in the Bell Tower, which forms part of the Lieutenant's Lodgings, and there, after his execution, with his head laid in life-like position next his severed body, his mortal remains awaited, till next day, burial beneath the altar in the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula. The picture of the dead duke on his pallet may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery.

V.

The last Lieutenant to reside permanently in the Tower was Sir Bevil Skelton, and this was as long ago as 1689; for it is recorded that 'since the flight of James II. the Lieutenant was not expected to reside in the Tower, his duties falling upon either a Deputy-Governor or Major of the Tower.' Thus did the Lieutenant lightly abandon his heritage, and the beautiful old Tudor house which served as his lodgings. The Major, on the contrary, who has now occupied them for more than two hundred years, naturally thinks this a very good arrangement. But not improbably every Lieutenant since Lieutenant-General Hatton Compton, who was apparently the gentleman who did the deed, has heartily cursed him.

Both the Constable and the Lieutenant nowadays greatly covet these wonderful and historic old quarters, but the Major has two centuries of precedent at his back. With the lodgings rent free, £500 a year, and free coals and lighting, this is a royal bounty by no means to be despised in days of high rent, with coal and electric light matters of luxury. The Lieutenant, however, still retains the right to occupy these lodgings for two months in the year, a right which during the war was not exercised by

the then Lieutenants. The appointment is nowadays always given by the King to a distinguished officer of high rank, and is tenable for four years only. There have been probably nearly as many Lieutenants as Constables, but there are only sixty-four Lieutenants of whose appointment record can be traced. Perhaps it may be of interest to mention some of the more recent ones: Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, Lieutenant-General Sir George Higginson (who is over ninety years of age and still alive), Lieutenant-General Sir Godfrey Clerk, Lieutenant-General Sir William Stirling, Lieutenant-General Lord William Seymour, Lieutenant-General Sir George Luck, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert MacGregor Stewart, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Grant, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Frederick Stopford.

During and after the Great War three Lieutenants of great distinction held office: General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and the late holder, Lieutenant-General the Earl of Cavan.* In the long list of Lieutenants, running back for nearly seven hundred years, rarely has any been more worthily honoured with this high distinction than the Earl of Cavan. When the Great War broke out he was a comparatively junior officer on the retired list, but at once joined up, and was shortly after given command of a battalion of the Irish Guards. Throughout the war he was consistently successful, and showed the highest qualities of a commander; so that he rose rapidly, first to the command of a brigade of Guards, then to the command of the Guards' Division, and finally to command of the 14th Army Corps. Not only, however, was he a commander and general of the first order, but he endeared himself to all ranks by exhibiting under all circumstances, in stress and storm as well as in sunshine, those characteristics which endear an officer to his men. There is probably no more popular officer in or out of the army than the late Lieutenant of the Tower.

VI.

The Lieutenant's Lodgings, the designation of which has, for some reason unknown, in late years been changed to 'King's House,' are not open to the public, but the building is a wonderful old place, and a little diplomacy may secure a view of it. The Bell Tower, which stands included in the Lieutenant's Lodgings, has two great circular dungeons, one above the other, in which many a prisoner of high importance has been imprisoned—amongst these such historic persons as the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the great and glorious Queen Bess, and James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., one of the most popular and romantic figures in history. On the walls of this tower has been engraved by some unknown hand the cry of the racked and tortured, a voice from the dead speaking through these old walls:

BI · TORTVRE · STRAVNGE · MY · TROVTH ·
WAS · TRIED · YET · OF · MY · LIBERTY ·
DENIED : THER · FOR · RESON · HATH ·
ME · PERSWADED · THAT · PAYSENS ·
MUST · BE · YMBRASYD · THOGH · HARD ·
FORTVNE · CHASTYTH · ME · WYTH·
SMART · YET · PAYSENS · SHALL ·
PREVAYL ·

Upstairs in the western wing is the little chamber where Queen Anne Boleyn spent her last days, and over the fireplace is the roughly engraved word 'Anne.' In another little room may be seen an inscription carved by the servants of Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, who was here imprisoned for allowing her son, the Earl of Darnley, to marry Mary Queen of Scots. In an upper room, known as the Council Chamber, Guy Fawkes was questioned, as it was called, between the intervals of being tortured; and here are some very flattering, if somewhat inflated, inscriptions extolling James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. He is described as 'illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency and all other regal virtues.' These tablets, as well as a bust of James I., were put up at the expense of Sir William Waad, the Lieutenant, in this chamber. From the Lieutenant's Lodgings Lord Nithsdale made his celebrated escape, disguised as a woman, by the aid of his wife, on the very night before he was to have been executed on Tower Hill. He had been sentenced to death for participation in the Jacobite rising in favour of 'James III.' in 1715.

The last prisoners of distinction to be imprisoned in the Lieutenant's Lodging were the Scottish lords who took part in the rebellion of 1745. The Marquis of Tullibardine died in the Tower before his trial, and 'by his brother the Duke of Athol's request he was decently, but at as small expence as could well be, interd in the West end of our Chapple in the Tower.' The Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino were tried, sentenced to death, and beheaded on Tower Hill. Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was captured later, and at the age of eighty met the same fate. He was the last person ever to be executed on Tower Hill, and the date of his execution was 9th April 1747.

If some great novelist, of the quality and genius of Sir Walter Scott, is in want of a theme, he could find none more full of the most thrilling incidents than are on record of the Lieutenant and his Lodgings. *The Tower of London* and *The Constable of the Tower* have become classics, but perhaps a future book entitled *The Lieutenant of the Tower* may yet equal or surpass these.

* The Earl of Cavan's successor had not yet been appointed at the time of writing.

THE TWO-STREAM POLICY.

By E. A. THOMAS, Author of *A Daughter of the Doppers.*

PART I.

I.

IN the triangle formed at the junction of the Riet and Modder rivers, which covers an area extending from the apex thereof in the district of Kimberley well into the Orange Free State, lived Douglas M'Kay and Klaas Mostert. Their farms, of over nine thousand *morgen* each, ran contiguously, and were divided by a wire fence which met the base line—also securely fenced—midway between the two rivers. Both M'Kay and Mostert were enterprising farmers of substantial means, the former perhaps a little more so than the latter; and their regard for each other was of such a character that events which would have strained the relations that in ancient times existed between Damon and Pythias were unable to place their firmly established friendship in jeopardy. The battle of Magersfontein, so disastrous to those of M'Kay's blood, and the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg, so grievous a disappointment to Mostert, served only to strengthen the sentiment which united them. Both these soul-stirring events took place a short distance from their homesteads, and together they visited Modder River station and Cronje's broken laager, their wagons loaded with farm produce as a free offering to valour in distress. The political disputations of the loyal M'Kay and the republican Mostert were numerous and sometimes serious; but, after vehement words and gestures, they invariably ended as they began—in harmony.

M'Kay's homestead was well placed on the left bank of the Modder River, while Mostert's occupied a sheltered spot on the right bank of the Riet, near a drift through which a road ran to the little village of Jacobsdal, in the Free State. Each was surrounded by flourishing orchards, and bore other evidence of the enterprise of its owner. In this same enterprise appeared their one source of rivalry. They lavished judicious care on the breeding of horses and cattle, and flourished the prices they obtained in each other's faces with the glee of schoolboys. This led not only to efficiency in their methods far in advance of that of their neighbours, but to such excellence of quality in their stock that buyers came from all parts of the Union to purchase their horses, oxen, and pedigree cattle. They had their anxieties, of course. There was the fear of horse-sickness and rinderpest, and, of greater importance, the uneasy solicitude for the future of the children—the boy and the girl for whom they were buying and selling, planning and building. The boy was the fine, upstanding son of Oom Duggie M'Kay, the girl the pretty daughter of Oom Klaas Mostert—each an only child.

The charming reader of this veracious narrative—for the unworthy narrator hopes that many of the fair will peruse it—curls her pretty lip in derision of the primitive methods of the writer. The introduction of the young people is so obviously a contrivance in the interests of pure sentiment, leading to the usual crude finale of orange-blossoms and wedding-presents, that the device, she thinks, is a glaring insult to her intelligence. Let her smooth her pretty mouth to its normal allurement; this is a veracious history, faithfully, if imperfectly, recorded.

One warm morning in December the two old friends met—as they often did—at the fence dividing their farms.

'Morning, Duggie,' said Klaas.

'Morning, Klaas,' responded M'Kay. 'Did you see your dog chase a *duiker* [diver] buck up to the fence? It wriggled through underneath the lowest wire, and is now on my land.'

'I did,' replied Mostert; 'and I heard the buck bleat "Scotland for ever!" when it was safe on the other side. It is a good job that the springbok can't get through, as, with the usual luck of the Scotsman, you 'll soon have all my game on your land.'

'Believe me, Klaas, you Dutchmen know how to take care of yourselves,' laughed M'Kay. 'Do you know what the Americans call a South African bale of wool?'

'No! What?'

'Dutch courage,' replied M'Kay.

'Dutch courage!' repeated Mostert. 'But why?'

'Because of all the "grit" they find in it,' replied Oom Duggie.

Oom Klaas laughed heartily for some time. 'Duggie, did you ever hear the story of the Scottish contractor in Du Toit's Pan Mine?'

'No. What about him?' inquired M'Kay, scenting retaliation.

'He contracted to remove some thousands of tons of débris that had fallen into the mine, and hired a couple of hundred Kaffirs to do the work at half-a-crown a day. Regularly every Saturday he paid each individual six florins for his six days' work, and persuaded the simple barbarian that they were half-crowns. At last the murder was out, and your countryman bolted across the Free State border, where he was safe; but to this day a Kaffir calls a two-shilling piece a "Scotzeemaan."'

'A fair return, Klaas,' laughed M'Kay—'a fair return. But let me ask you this. To whom does that *duiker* now belong?'

'To me, of course,' replied Mostert. 'It was

on my land, and simply took refuge on yours when it was chased by the dog.'

'How do you know that it didn't, on some previous occasion, transfer itself from my ground to yours?'

'We can only go by what we see,' replied Mostert.

The two old friends looked at each other for some moments in silence, and then M'Kay said, 'What a pity it is that this fence is here at all! I hope to see it removed before I die.'

'I also should like to see it disappear, but that would mean a sale by one of us to the other,' said Mostert.

'I won't sell,' said Oom Duggie.

'Neither will I,' said Oom Klaas.

They looked at each other again, and their eyes twinkled.

'If only,' remarked M'Kay, 'my boy Donald and your sweet little Nettie would take to each other, this fence's days would be numbered.'

'Yes, old friend, quite true. Donald seems friendly, but my Nettie holds herself aloof. It is all on account of that infernal two-stream policy. It is in full flood at Stellenbosch, where she was educated. Van Buren, the man who enunciated it, has a lot to answer for. I am a republican, as you know, but I do not hold with it.'

'Have you ever spoken to Nettie about it?'

'No. She does all the talking. She says, and says it firmly, that on no account will she marry a man who is not a Dutch South African.'

'You don't know how to handle her, Klaas. If you want a woman not to do a thing, praise that thing up to the skies. Applaud Nettie's two-stream sentiments, and tell her as forcibly as you are able—striking your right fist into your left palm with a smack—that you would rather die than see her married to a man of British descent, mentioning my Donald as an example. If all the Governments of the world passed a law abolishing matrimony, you would hear no more talk of free-love; every woman and man would rush to get married. The human animal loves to go agin' the law.'

'Duggie, you are a man of much wisdom, so I'll follow your advice. Tell Donald to come over to us as often as possible, and I'll tell Nettie after a while that I shall have to forbid him the house, as I know that his attentions are distasteful to her. *Tot weder ziens* [So long].'

II.

'This awful drought is working havoc with my veld, so I have asked some men from Kimberley for a day's shoot. The springbok are eating up the little grass there is, and my cattle are, in consequence, getting very low in condition. That ass Van Plank is coming. Nettie insisted on my asking him. He is a university man, and a very good analyst, I believe; and as a game shot he is dangerous—but not to the game, Duggie; not to the game. I shall keep out of his way.'

'So shall I,' said M'Kay. 'When is the shoot coming off?'

'Next Thursday,' replied Mostert. 'Hang that fellow Van Plank!'

'If Nettie is so keen on having him down, it looks uncommonly bad for our scheme. He is floating in the Dutch stream, you know. Have you cracked up the two-stream policy to Nettie as I asked you to?'

'Yes—hot and strong,' replied Mostert.

'Any results?'

'I think I can say with truth that she is not quite so bitter as she was. There is a slight change. Her two-stream temperature is a little lower, and the pulse is not quite so rapid.'

'Good old Klassie!' said M'Kay in approval. 'Keep it up, old man. But what makes you think so?'

'For one thing, she appears to be the tiniest degree upset because your Donald has not been to see us for over a week. It is a very good sign that she has noticed it. When I said that his visits were unwelcome to me because I was sure that he had his eyes on her, and that no man of British descent could ever hope to become my son-in-law, she became warmish, and remarked that the two-stream policy did not exclude friendship.'

'That was a good stroke of mine,' said M'Kay—'keeping Donald away. The yeast is working, Klaas, my boy. The standards of that fence are trembling in their—in their—thingumbobs.'

The shoot was a brilliant success, and was rendered all the more enjoyable to at least two of the party by an early and providential catastrophe. Van Plank's horse, urged blindly on by its clumsy rider, put an unwary foot into an ant-bear hole, and so the catastrophe followed. Van Plank described three perceptibly separate somersaults in the air, landed on an ant-heap, and collapsed with the hue and expression of a disgorged aeronaut. He recovered sufficiently to take his share that evening of the viands at the supper-table, and more than his share of the conversation which followed that delightful meal. He was an interesting casualty—at least so thought Nettie Mostert, for she was markedly sympathetic, entertaining him with sprightly words and a vivacious air, with an occasional—very occasional—sly glance at Donald M'Kay.

'My husband's weakness is tobacco,' said Mrs Mostert.

'And my husband's game-pie,' said Mrs Brink.

'And my husband's handkerchiefs,' Mrs M'Kay chimed in. 'He has one of each colour in the rainbow, and many that the rainbow has not got.'

'Every man who calls himself a true man has a weakness of some sort. Mine has, at all

events, the virtue of variety, and variety is a far more satisfactory virtue than all the others put together. Want of variety is the only fault that I find in the two-stream policy. It is too fixed —too rigid. The two streams are going to run in two parallel straight lines to infinity. Otherwise it is an excellent idea.' M'Kay looked at Nettie as he finished.

'What is this two-stream policy that I have heard so much about?' inquired the manager of the Standfast Bank.

'It is a policy,' replied Van Plank, 'laid down by our great leader for the guidance of the Dutch Africanders. He says that there is no reason he knows to prevent the Dutch and the British in this country from living in amiable propinquity for all time, the Dutch stream side by side with the British stream, flowing in amity into the unknown future, each section respecting the other, each proud of its particular traditions, history, customs, and manners. Why should these noble ideas be condemned, as they have been by a portion—a small portion, I think—of the inhabitants of our great country?'

'The simile, to my mind, is rather a weak one,' said the bank-manager. 'Who ever saw two streams running together in that fashion like a railroad? They are bound either to unite or to part from each other. For them to flow together in parallel courses is against all stream law.'

'My revered leader said nothing about parallel lines,' said Van Plank. 'There is no reason why they should not wind in and out, so long as they remain side by side and don't mingle.'

'Does all this mean that intermarriage is prohibited?' asked the bank-manager.

'Most certainly!' pronounced Van Plank vehemently, with a glance at Nettie.

'Decidedly so!' exclaimed Oom Klaas, dropping the lid of his left eye. 'With all respect, Duggie; with all respect.'

'Don't mention it, Klaas; I agree,' said Oom Duggie, obscuring his right eye for his friend's benefit.

'But what is it all going to lead to?' inquired the Head of St John's School, Kimberley. 'You cannot lay down a law or pronouncement like that and expect it to be adhered to. Chance, temptation, opportunity, ambition, jealousy, and many trifles light as air may knock the two streams into one at any time, or lead them away from each other with disastrous results. America didn't bother about such matters; she welded all her conflicting human elements into one powerful whole capable of defying the world.'

Oom Klaas favoured Oom Duggie with an encouraging wink. They both looked at Nettie, who caught their glances and blushed slightly.

'A man of British descent,' she said, with an entire absence of enthusiasm, 'should seek a wife among his own people. Why should he desire to marry a Dutch girl?'

'Cupid,' replied the Head, 'and sometimes cupidity—human nature being what it is. Whenever this subject is discussed in my presence I am reminded of those beautiful lines of Longfellow's:

> The watershed of Time, from which the streams
> Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
> One to the land of promise and of light,
> One to the land of darkness and of dreams.

If your two streams turn away from each other, which one will flow to the land of light and which to the land of darkness, both stained with blood and fed with tears?'

Nettie seemed absorbed in the speaker's words. There was that look in her eyes which one sees in those of a young child viewing a beautiful object for the first time.

Van Plank observed the look, and said harshly, 'All the same, there is no reason against the two-stream dictum holding good for all time. Oil and water cannot mix.'

His tones roused the girl from the reverie into which she had fallen. She spoke tartly. 'I am sick of this eternal two-stream business. My ears are bombarded with it every day.—Come on, Donald; let us go down to the river. It is a beautiful moonlight night.'

Van Plank stared in undisguised surprise at her sudden change of front. 'I am sorry,' he said lamely, as Donald and Nettie left the room. They passed Oom Duggie and Oom Klaas, who were smoking a friendly pipe on the *werf* (farmyard), which the effulgent rays of the moon had converted into a space of brilliant light, and strolled on to the river.

'The Modder River is running strong just now,' said Oom Duggie.

'The Riet is also rising,' said Oom Klaas solemnly.

(*Continued on page 31.*)

SOME CURIOUS WAYS OF EARNING A LIVING.

By Clive Holland.

PROBABLY in no city in Europe are there more strange methods of earning a living to be found than in Paris. Indeed, it would seem that there must be something *bizarre* in the nature of the Parisian which predisposes him to adopt the most extraordinary means of gaining a livelihood when other more usual methods fail—means which, we imagine, would not appeal to the ordinary mortal.

The dog-washers, who ply their trade of cleans-

ing and beautifying the pets of the *bourgeoisie* and the *beau monde* of Paris along the *quais* by the Seine, are known to most tourists; and their operations seldom fail to attract a little crowd of idlers. Fido's toilet, including a bath with use of scented soap and towels, with hair curling and clipping, may cost anything nowadays from a franc to three and even four francs. In the case of the pampered favourites of fortune, such as poodles and other close-clipped dogs, the use of scented sachets for the bath-water is by no means an unknown 'doggie' luxury. This will frequently add a couple of francs or even more to the bill.

Far removed from the prosperous dog-barbers, who, almost without exception, seem fat and flourishing, with a cheerful outlook on life, are the unkempt tatterdemalions who haunt the precincts of cafés and restaurants, with the object of picking up unconsidered trifles in the shape of cigar and cigarette ends, and the tiny plugs of tobacco raked from pipes. With their crooked sticks, carrying bags slung over their shoulders, or, failing these, possessing capacious pockets, they rake beneath the little tables which line the boulevards, and announce with a grunt of satisfaction the finding of a cigarette or cigar end of greater than usual proportions. Strange as it may seem, these often weird-looking beings have grades in their trade, and there is a social distinction between the *trimadeur* who searches for these odds and ends of tobacco outside the big cafés of the Grand Boulevards and the *chiffoniers* who rake amongst the rubbish of the gutter with the same object, or frequent the low-class wine-shops of the poorer quarters and by-streets.

The professional mourner is a greater institution in Paris than in London; and, let it be remarked, he is a far more finished actor. There are men—the present writer has talked with one of them—who for the past forty years have done nothing to earn a living but mourn, at so many francs a time, for people with whom they were generally entirely unacquainted. Their great ambition seems to be to attend big funerals, and those who succeed in gaining employment at a funeral of any note are quite princes in the trade. For two or three francs many of these men will walk beside the hearse, looking as though the world were indeed a dreary wilderness, and the departed their dearest relative or friend. Watch them in a cemetery, and one realises how undoubtedly the dramatic gift is theirs. Attitudes and expressions are irreproachable, and if at such times the real mourners should note a thing of this kind, they cannot but feel that the money has been well earned.

There are several of these professional mourners in Paris who have grown quite rich from affected grief. One died not many months ago, leaving upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand francs invested in *rentes* and similar securities. Even the meanest mute who attends only second and third class interments may reckon, if his connection with the undertakers is a good one, to get a living at his lugubrious profession. Three francs and something of a meal is probably the lowest fee that self-respecting mutes would take, whilst twenty francs and a good feed is considered a very fair morning's or afternoon's remuneration.

Paris is a city of fairs, and during the year there are so many in and near the French capital that a large number of people find employment in connection with them.

Some years ago we made the acquaintance of a man whose sole apparent means of livelihood was the eating of an enormous quantity of a certain make of dainties not unconnected with the pork trade, so as to induce buyers to purchase. He used to be invariably seen at the stall eating! eating!! eating!!! and loudly proclaiming the delicious nature of the repast. To some people it might appear that the proprietor of the stall's ingenuity was of a somewhat unnecessary and expensive character, and that if the goods were worth anything they ought to have sold themselves. But that he found the services of *L'Homme qui Mange* (the eating man)—as the Parisians nicknamed him—valuable was vouched for by the fact that the Gargantuan eater travelled with his employer the whole round of the fairs, attending not only those in Paris and its environs, but even those farther afield in the Departments. How many meals this unfortunate man must have eaten without the shadow of an appetite is simply appalling to think of, but he seemed to flourish amazingly at his queer trade. He ultimately took a post in one of the travelling shows, and spent the remainder of his life, until his death about two years ago, sitting in a huge chair on the platform in front of the booth to exhibit his great bulk to the crowd. From being a man of ordinary weight and proportions, he became in the course of ten years enormously stout, and at the time we saw him last weighed the equivalent of twenty-three English stones, which, for a man of five feet eight inches in height, was considerably more than he should have done.

A more congenial trade is that of the trainer of singing-birds, who usually, though not always, lives in some little cottage possessing a garden on the outskirts of Paris. At St Denis there are several of these men, whose mission in life is to train birds to sing for the bird-fanciers; and in fine weather, if one is fortunate enough, one will hear human but bird-like warbling proceeding from one or other of the dwellings of the bird-trainers. The sounds are—feebly and imperfectly at first—imitated by the birds, which, however, in the end learn to sing, and thereby have their value greatly enhanced. The bird-trainers make quite a good income at this work, either by catching and training the

wild birds and selling them, or by doing what is more usual, when capital is small—training at so much per head birds supplied them for that purpose by the various bird-dealers in Paris.

One of these men once said, 'I can whistle nearly every note of most singing-birds so well as almost to deceive the birds themselves. It has proved a valuable accomplishment to me, for it has enabled me to earn a comfortable living in a comparatively easy way. A canary, for example, which does not sing is worth but a few francs, but a bird that sings as I teach it to do is worth ten times as much. I have often bought for two or three francs apiece birds which, after training, I have sold for thirty-five and even as much as fifty francs.'

But all strange trades in Paris are not so innocent or so praiseworthy as the bird-trainer's. There are other trainers, well known to the police, who take children when quite young, and teach them all the dodges which go to the making of expert thieves.

This training of thieves and desperados is quite a recognised profession, and those who follow it are many of them apparently, to judge from their conversation, as proud of having trained an expert thief as another might be of training a champion athlete or a successful racehorse. Although many steps have been taken from time to time to put down this iniquitous profession, it still flourishes more or less according to the activity and knowledge of the police in the lower parts of Paris.

But there is yet another gruesome and disreputable calling which is probably more followed in Paris than in any other European city, save, perhaps, Naples.

There are quite a number of men and women who train young children to be deformities, either for the purpose of selling them to shows or 'freak' museums which visit the various fairs throughout France, or that they may by their deformity gain the more easily a livelihood by means of begging. Quite a number of children are undoubtedly deliberately deformed each year in Paris for one or other of these purposes.

Their limbs are bound to their sides until they become withered and useless, or their legs are twisted when quite young so that they can be easily dislocated. In some cases, of course, these artificial deformities are only temporary; that is to say, a child one sees walking on its knees with its legs from its knees downward bent under it and apparently useless, crying out for alms 'for the love of God,' may later in the day and at night be seen up on Montmartre walking very much as another person would do.

Many of the Paris beggars, indeed, are wonderful impostors. Limbs which seem twisted beyond all possibility of use will be straightened and used when the owners have retired from the public eye at the end of their day's begging. But it is needless to say that all child deformers must be possessed of horrible instincts, and that most terrible cruelty is often practised in connection with the deforming process.

Then one other trade, not confined to Paris, but very much in evidence in the French capital, is that of the professional awakener. There are a number of people living in lodgings or in studios who cannot rely upon themselves to wake up at a reasonable time in the morning, and are thus willing to give some one half-a-franc or so a week to come and call them regularly at some time decided upon.

One old lady who lives in the Luxembourg Quarter has not only kept herself comfortably for the past thirty years as a professional awakener, but in a confidential moment admitted that she had saved not a bad nest-egg for the day of adversity or old age.

THE SPY WHO BLUNDERED.

By S. T. Felstead, Author of *German Spies at Bay*.

I.

THERE is in the Strand a fashionable hotel—for present purposes it may be called the 'Lombardy'—that attracts all the wealth and beauty arriving in our great metropolis, especially from across the Atlantic. Well-to-do Americans have come to regard it as their headquarters while in London.

Fame of another description came the way of this luxurious caravanserai during the war. Unknown to the proprietors, many German spies who came to this country in 1915 and 1916 installed themselves as guests. Most of these individuals were posing as American citizens, and as such were able to move among the beautiful women and well-dressed men who hailed from the States, without evoking the slightest suspicion that they were engaged on an espionage mission for the German Secret Service. This was the time when we were occupied in combating the efforts of a stream of spies of German-American ancestry who were then being recruited in the United States by Count John Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington.

II.

Charles (or, to be strictly accurate, Carl) Hansell, newly appointed German spy, followed the crowd of chattering Americans down the gangway of the big Cunard liner at Liverpool, feeling on excellent terms with the world at

large. Everything had gone well on the trip across, and he had little doubt that his flying visit to England as a traveller in timber would enable him to get away to Copenhagen with the naval information the Germans so badly wanted. So it was with comparatively few qualms that Charles passed through the ordeal of having his cleverly forged passport examined and *viséd*—proof number one that the English were too thick-headed for anything!

With the first trick, that of entering the enemy's country unsuspected, to his credit, an ordinary man might well have been content. But already Mr Hansell's head was beginning to swell, and when some of his fellow-passengers asked if he were going to put up at the 'Lombardy,' he answered, 'Sure!' in his best American accent, in which the German was barely distinguishable. Quite a gay little party travelled up to London, with invitations to lunches and dinners flying all over the place. Mr Hansell accepted all that came his way, although he forgot for the time being that he was not possessed of an inexhaustible supply of ready money. And that was the beginning of a series of blunders which were to land the amateur spy in a chair at the Tower of London, with a firing-party of eight Guardsmen to keep him company—temporarily.

It soon dawned upon Charles that the gay and expensive life of a fashionable Strand hotel could not be continued long on the miserable pay of a German spy. And here Charles made blunder number two. He did something he had been warned not to do except in a case of the direst extremity—that was, to write to some one in Rotterdam asking for money immediately. It was not the actual money which the Huns minded, but the risk involved; for of late the British had had the impertinence to make all sorts of inquiries in Rotterdam and Amsterdam as to what business was carried on at certain addresses. However, Charles had no option but to get money from somewhere.

Obviously it would be at least a week before a reply could come, so he took the opportunity to make a trip to Scotland, promising himself, as he counted out the fare from his meagre supply of ready cash, that, once out of England, he would take good care not to return. As a traveller in American timber Charles possessed an excellent excuse for making inquiries around shipbuilding-yards, and he thought that with luck he could collect enough information to satisfy the master-spy he was to meet in Copenhagen, and thus get the thousand dollars Count Bernstorff had promised him. After that, no more! Spying on the spot, in the heart of an enemy country, was not the simple matter it had appeared in Count Bernstorff's luxurious office in Washington. Living at an Americanised hotel in the Strand among people he knew was one thing; moving around the country with an accent which did not seem particularly popular, with very little money in his pocket, was another. So it was with something of a heavy heart that the spy boarded the train at King's Cross on his long journey to the north. And that was blunder number three—although certainly Charles could not be expected to know the precise psychological moment when he committed these *faux pas*.

In the particular carriage where the spy took his seat there happened to be ensconced in the corner a Scot, homeward-bound after many years in Canada. A genial soul, he had no difficulty in opening up a conversation with Charles, who was only too willing to talk to anybody and everybody. By the time the train had reached Doncaster the acquaintance had ripened fast. Charles had told his life-story—the one provided for him by Count Bernstorff; the Scot had related the story of his struggles in Canada, and of his return to his native land in the hope that he might be of assistance against the Germans. Charles had expressed his sympathy in suitable terms, and hoped that it might not be long before the 'damn Huns were thoroughly beaten,' adding that he, too, hoped to be of help to the Allies, as he was going to the big shipbuilding centres to offer large quantities of timber for sale. And that was blunder number four; for the Scot was one of the lumber-kings of Canada, and knew, to his sorrow, that the capacious maw of the Defence of the Realm Act had long ago seized all such profitable commodities. But, being a Scot, he said nothing to Charles.

III.

About the time that Charles Hansell was playing the German spy there had come into existence in the British contre-espionage service a 'black book.' In actual fact it was a register of addresses in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland where mysterious people lived, men and women without any visible means of livelihood.

To the postal censorship one day there came a letter to Holland which said that business was good, and would they be kind enough to forward the writer an immediate remittance of fifty pounds? Being suspicious of people who asked for money from Holland, we looked up our 'black book.' Undoubtedly an agent of the German Secret Service, was the report. Investigation at the source of the letter proved less reassuring than ever. Mr Hansell was an American gentleman, but was absent in Scotland for a few weeks, present address in that land not being known. And, worse still, at the American Embassy they knew nothing of Washington having granted any passport to such an individual, but would make inquiries by cable.

Fate was weaving its web fast around the

unsuspecting German spy. He had duly arrived in Edinburgh, and had been visited by the Scottish police, who, primed with the suspicions of the spy's travelling companion, had cross-examined him with a thoroughness that had made him squirm. However, they said nothing as to whether they thought he was a German spy, so Charles plucked up enough courage to make a flying trip to the Clyde, where he picked up all sorts of useful information concerning new warcraft. Quite unbeknown to himself, Charles was accompanied by an untidy-looking 'Geordie,' who slouched around whispering here and there, with the result that a surprising amount of news came Charles's way. Had Charles known the Scottish character better he might have suspected this untoward loquacity; as it was, he told himself the British were even bigger fools than Count Bernstorff had said. He even thought of reconsidering his decision of abandoning the profession of spy once he had seen the master-agent in Copenhagen.

Two apparently profitable weeks did Charles spend in Scotland. By the end of that time he had collected a complete record of everything the British Navy was about to do in the immediate future. Like a wise man, he had not attempted to send any of this information off by letter; he was keeping it in the form of minute marks on his underclothing. Apart from the risk attached to sending such things through the post, Charles knew by bitter experience that you could make a much better bargain by not parting with anything before you got the money.

There were many letters awaiting the spy when he returned to his hotel in London. Eagerly did he go through the packet handed to him at the bureau, and hastily open one bearing a Dutch stamp. It contained the remittance so badly wanted, and it bore no sign of having been opened. It was not for Charles to know that our contre-espionage had recently perfected a method of reweaving the paper of a slit envelope (though paper so treated shows a little thin if held up to the light). The spy's correspondent said little of importance. He was glad to hear Mr Hansell was well, and hoped that he might soon have the pleasure of seeing him in Rotterdam. Charles got a nasty shock which quite destroyed the pleasure of the previous letter when he opened one which proved to be from the American Embassy in London. It said that there appeared to be some little error in his passport; would he please bring it to the Embassy as soon as possible? It was a most uncomfortable night that Charles spent in his luxurious bed at the 'Lombardy.' The fact that the English police had not communicated with him was fairly comforting; evidently his real mission was not as yet suspected. So at ten o'clock the following morning he made his way to the Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens, where an official informed him that his passport was wanted to check the *visés;* he would get it back in a day or two.

IV.

Charles had a feeling of being between the devil and the deep sea as he left the Embassy and thoughtfully made his way up Victoria Street. Thoughts of flight crossed and recrossed his mind, with the firm conviction that he would have to hide somewhere in England.

Somehow or other he got through the day, and spent another miserable night wandering about the streets, getting to bed at three o'clock without anything having happened. With the morning he made up his mind to get out of London, chancing whether he would be caught for registering himself in a false name.

While Charles was deciding his movements other people were making different arrangements. The spy's forged passport and copies of his Dutch correspondence were in the hands of the contre-espionage.

Just about the time when the people in evening-dress were leaving the restaurant of the 'Lombardy,' two detectives from Scotland Yard quietly entered the hotel and made their way to the manager's office. As a result of the colloquy which took place the three men made their way to the third floor. Mr Hansell was busily engaged packing a bag when the party entered. As one of the detectives told him he would have to come to the police-station his hand gradually stole down into the bag beneath some clothes, but before he could withdraw it the two police dashed at him and bore him backwards, struggling like an infuriated tiger.

Charles Hansell did not succeed in evading the customary fate of the unsuccessful spy. He confessed everything, it is true, and even offered to make his way into Germany and spy for us. But had we permitted him to turn what the French expressively term *agent double*, there is no saying that he might not have turned *agent triple*, a proceeding much too complicated in such troublous times. So we merely antedated his certain end in the Tower of London, in a chair which had been occupied by a number of his countrymen.

TO THE MASTER-BUILDER.

MIGHTY Builder, Thou the master
Of creation, nature all,
Build us firmer, hold us faster,
See us not to ruin fall.
Send a ray to wanderers straying,
Blind, we crave a little light;
Lost and doubting, hear us praying
For a dawn on darkest night.

B. J.

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SEVENTH SERIES

WOODCOCK AND BIRCH WOODS.

By A. R. Horwood, F.L.S.

I.

IT was at one time—a hundred years ago—supposed that the woodcock did not breed in this country. But this fallacy has been entirely exploded. Formerly it may not have bred generally as it does now, but in any case its very shy habits probably caused it to be overlooked in those days. To-day it certainly breeds very frequently in the British Isles. Woodcock, moreover, are to be found in all parts of this country. In England, as breeding birds, they are more general, perhaps, in some of the southern counties, and in the eastern counties, their actual numbers increasing northwards. In Scotland they breed very generally, finding there excellent surroundings. They nest in the Shetlands and the inner islands, but not on the Orkneys or the Outer Hebrides, as there is not enough cover there. In Ireland also they are general, being particularly abundant in the most wooded regions in the west and the south-west, Galway, Clare, Kerry.

Seeing that it breeds now in the British Isles so much more frequently than formerly, or at least that its breeding is more commonly noticed, it is an extraordinary fact that there should be any doubt as to whether the woodcock is a resident and native bird. This may possibly be due to the fact that it disappears after the breeding season, from August to October. It is not likely that it migrates, for birds that have a breeding range that overlaps their winter quarters are residents in the overlapping districts. And it is not a gipsy migrant, having a regular winter domicile here. It disappears at the moulting season, but at such times all birds are very shy, and it is quite feasible that it is simply in hiding, for it is always a skulking bird.

Our resident woodcock are in autumn largely increased in numbers by the flocks that come over in October and November. They choose a clear night, if possible when the moon is full, and when the wind is in the north-east. They travel very rapidly, at probably not less than one hundred and fifty miles an hour, flying at a great height. Sometimes they arrive in a state of exhaustion, and numerous cases are on record where woodcock have been picked up in the streets of towns on the coast. Flight-shooters look out for them on our own coasts, and on those of Scandinavia, Denmark, and Holland, whence they come, after leaving their breeding-grounds in the far north. They are also trapped by the people on both sides of the North Sea. The bright lanterns of the light-ships and lighthouses often lure the birds to their doom, the woodcock dashing against them and being instantly killed. Though they are not gregarious, when a number of birds have collected on the coast awaiting the setting in of better weather, they may leave together in flocks, but as soon as land is reached these flocks break up.

On arrival they remain a day, perhaps, on the coast, and when the weather is open will move inland to the moors. They sit very close at such times, and it is not difficult, with dogs, to put them up. They then make easy shots. If the weather is frosty they seek the woods, which are the last to become frost-bound. When tired at sea coming over, they will alight on the smooth water in the wake of a vessel, and rest a few moments before continuing their journey.

II.

The woodcock's range more or less coincides with that of the snipe, though it is not found so far east as the latter. Both have the same feeding-ground. Woodcock are semi-arctic in range, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They breed as far as 65° N. latitude in west Russia, but no higher than 60° N. in east Russia and Siberia. They breed as far south as the Azores, and in the Canaries, Madeira, the Alps, the Carpathians, the Caucasus, and up to ten thousand feet on the Himalayas, as well as in Mongolia and the mountains of Japan.

They winter in extraordinary numbers in the basin of the Mediterranean, and in Persia, India, Ceylon, Burma, and China. Woodcock are not known to occur at all, however, in Iceland or Greenland. But a few reach North America, where there is also a smaller species, of a buffer colour. Two other species occur in Asia, in the East Indian islands and New Guinea. They disappear from their winter quarters in the Mediterranean region during the latter part of February, and in the Levant in the first half of

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March, and passing through this country and north Germany during March, they arrive in Sweden at the end of March or during April. Long before this time our breeding birds have paired; they have nests in advanced seasons in March or early in April.

I do not think there is any bird more particular in its choice of a haunt. What seems to attract woodcock most is a birch wood, the more so—as they must have water near at hand constantly to wash their long bills—if a little rill of clear water runs through it. In other parts the bird is partial to pine or other coniferous woods with little pools and rills. A wood of a mixed character, of oak with some birch and other trees, comes next in point of favour. It is all the more likely to hold cocks if it has a swampy bottom, with a watercourse running through it, lined with alder or willow; and in any case it should have plenty of brushwood or ample cover in which the cock can conceal itself by day. If there are a number of holly-bushes, or other shrubs which keep the ground free from frost and furnish a good litter of leaves, all the better. For when the marshes are frozen, or after dark nights, the woodcock will feed in the woods during the day near its place of concealment, turning over the leaves to find snails and insects. It is always an advantage for a covert to adjoin a swamp. In the absence of this the bird will fly several miles at night to reach one, as this forms its feeding-ground.

It is an extraordinary thing that woodcock will choose one of two coverts apparently equally suitable, and religiously, season after season, avoid the other. They may come yearly to such a covert for many seasons, and then suddenly forsake it for no obvious reason. Such are the vagaries of woodcock ways. They will also unaccountably disappear from their favourite covert, where for weeks they have been known to lie, and for days at a time may not be seen. This is usually due to weather changes, and is connected with their food-supply.

So skulking is the woodcock in its habits that this alone may account for its breeding in a district without the fact being known. It is extremely shy, and consequently very wary. Lying up in the coverts all day, not until dusk does it become active and restless. It remains in its place of concealment by day, moving no more than a few feet away, unless the previous night has been dark and it has not been able to feed to its heart's content, for it is a very voracious feeder, and will consume its own weight (twelve to sixteen ounces) of worms in one night. The woodcock is essentially a solitary bird, and however many cocks there are in a covert, they never associate with one another. Such actions as they appear to perform in concert are merely the promptings of a common instinct made evident at the same time, but obeyed individually. The bird sits very close and is difficult to flush. Its protective resemblance gains for it ample immunity from observation. And it is only by means of its big, lustrous eye that one is able to detect it amongst its surroundings. This eye is placed very far back, as the bird drives its long bill up to the nostrils into the soft mud, and if the eyes were in their normal position it could not do so. Woodcock are essentially nocturnal birds, flying to their feeding-grounds at dusk, and returning at dawn, hiding in the coverts all day. They migrate also by night, as we have seen.

III.

As I have stated, woodcock breed in this country much more frequently than they used to do. There may be several reasons for this, such as the more open winters of the last forty or fifty years, the last serious winter being 1890–91, and before that 1886–87. The more extensive planting of trees may also be reasonably regarded as another cause. Statistics kept at Alnwick show that numbers of birds breed there regularly, and marked birds are shot the same year in November, which in itself shows that they are resident and do not migrate. They breed in the same woods that they use in winter. The nest is placed in undergrowth amongst leaves and dried grasses, and is a hollow in the ground, lined with grass and leaves or moss. It is very well concealed, and the bird on the nest is not easy to locate. The eggs are usually four, sometimes only three, rarely five in number. They are greenish-buff or brown, with darker markings of brown or black, the blotches and spots being mainly at the larger end. They are pear-shaped, and arranged, like the snipe's, in a cruciform manner in the nest. It takes three weeks for the female to incubate her eggs.

At the breeding-season the male loses some of his shyness. He parades before his mate, strutting about with the feathers of the head and neck puffed out like a ruff, his wings drooped, and the tail spread out, and he also indulges in a nuptial flight termed roding, flying backwards and forwards, in a more or less straight course, across a ride or glade in the woods either early in the morning or at twilight, between six and seven o'clock. During this flight he utters two kinds of notes, one of which is a deep, hoarse croak, the other a shrill, sharp whistle, like 'bree, bree,' and 'whe-e-sp.' He flies with his feathers puffed out, and holds his long bill downwards, flitting about with a sort of undulating motion. If two males meet they usually fight, chasing each other.

When the young are hatched they are far advanced, and can soon leave the nest. In order to avoid having to travel backwards and forwards from the marshes to the nest, the mother will carry them down one by one between her legs to the feeding-grounds and back.

Usually she sits close on the nest, and has even been known to allow herself to be handled. But if there are young ones, both birds will try to draw an intruder away by feigning to be wounded, as does the partridge. They display great affection towards their young, which, being protectively coloured (in their down) like the parent birds, are able readily to conceal themselves.

In its ordinary flight the woodcock flies rapidly. It flies straighter than the snipe, giving a twist or two, and then rapidly dropping into cover again, as if shot, in such a manner as often to deceive the sportsman, who thinks the bird is hit.

Usually a silent bird, the woodcock in getting up makes a whirring noise, and sometimes utters an alarm-note like the snipe's, a shrill, rasping note, which is like the word 'skaych.' It also utters a few notes when preparing to leave its feeding-grounds in the early morning.

A nocturnal bird, the woodcock feeds to all intents and purposes at night. As soon as twilight comes it leaves the covert, flying low down a glade, and through an opening, by which it returns at dawn again. This using of a regular opening has caused the poacher to stretch nets across in which to catch cocks, and numbers are caught in this way. When it reaches the open the bird soars to a good height and flies rapidly to its feeding-ground, swooping down suddenly, nearly vertically. There it remains all night, feeding on worms, insect larvæ, and small shellfish, with some proportion of vegetable food.

Its bill is very long and slender, and lined with a number of large nerves, which give it a special sense of contact, so that when its bill is plunged in the soft mud it can readily sense a worm at the end of it. One bill overhangs the other, and the tip is delicately sensitive. As soon as dawn appears, woodcock wheel round and round and rise gradually to a good height, and fly rapidly back to covert by the opening by which they left it. Sometimes poachers throw up mounds across their feeding-grounds, leaving a gap here and there in which they set nooses or springs, and catch many in this way. They do the same in low hedges.

Woodcock-shooting is an excellent sport. I do not think they are as difficult to shoot as snipe. True, when they twist in and out amongst the trees in a covert they afford tricky shots; but on the whole they fly straighter than snipe, and not quite so fast. They are often sluggish in misty weather, and after a clear night and a heavy feed. As a rule they are shot in the ordinary course of covert-shooting, and form part of a mixed bag; but they may be walked up in line with dogs, or may be driven over guns. Placing guns in the last instance is a matter of local knowledge. They are fond of dashing down a glade or an open ride, and have their own openings for leaving a wood. These should be known. Woodcock are also to be obtained in the early morning and at twilight by flight-shooting. When waiting for them to come over between covert and marsh, it is well to lay a piece of white paper a little beyond one to attract notice, for then it is that a shot may be best put in.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

IV.

DISTINCTLY Clement was looking forward to his voyage on the *Empress of Prague*. He left the office tingling with pleasant anticipation.

And yet he had not found out the girl's name. Beyond the fact that her companion called her Loise, he knew nothing about her. He might have inquired from the shipping-clerk. He did not inquire. He was as young and as straight-minded as that.

He had thought about her a great deal between that time and the sailing of the boat. And because he thought in this fashion he was early at Paddington on the day that the boat-train left. He had got all his own luggage into the van with the celerity of an old traveller, and was looking out for her some time before she arrived.

He helped her and her companion, the Gorgon. He had already found them a compartment, and had secured it with a healthy tip. It was to be his own compartment, too, if she gave permission, and, delightfully, she did. He travelled with her all the way to Liverpool, but on looking back at it now, it had been rather a curious journey.

He had put certain things down to accidents—those accidents that will beset travellers at times. But now—he wondered.

In the first place, he had nearly missed the train. They had been sitting there, chatting, quite serenely, gazing with slightly amused contempt at those passengers of the breed always doomed to be late for trains. Then the Gorgon discovered that a rather special parcel left in the baggage-room yesterday (Heaven knows why!—the Gorgon seemed the sort of feminine mystery who would do just that sort of thing) had not been retrieved. When the Gorgon mentioned the parcel the girl Loise had made an exclamation of acute vexation.

Clement was young enough (and she was pretty enough) for him to seize such an oppor-

tunity of doing her service. He said decisively it might be rescued, and he asked crisply, 'How much time have we?'

It was the Gorgon who had pulled out her watch with (now he could see) astonishing celerity. The watch showed that there was a full thirteen minutes to spare before the train went. That was ample. The Gorgon gave him the cloakroom ticket for the parcel. The girl described its nature rather well in one or two words. She had been present when the Gorgon had handed it in, and indicated the shelf on which it had been placed.

Clement darted out to the cloakroom, not looking at the station clock, as he should have done. He reached the counter, put the ticket and a large tip on the zinc surface, and exhorted the attendant to hurry. The attendant smiled happily at the tip, examined the ticket, and said blandly that it was 'na-poo.' It wasn't his ticket at all; it was one issued by another station —Victoria.

'Hang!' shouted Clement; 'I must get that parcel. There it is over there.' The girl Loise's description and directions had helped him out. He told the attendant in vivid language who had left it. He was not kind to the Gorgon, but his picture of her was unmistakable.

'I remember,' said the attendant. 'Remember the lady wot was wit' 'er. A very pretty lady. All the same, you ain't got the right ticket.'

'Hang it all, man, don't argue!' shouted Clement. 'I've got to catch the boat-train.'

And when he said that the attendant had suddenly become very much alive. He snatched at the parcel and swung it over. ''Ave you got to catch it? Well, you've got to run blame 'ard ter do it. It's just about going out.'

As Clement, sprinting like the deuce, ran for the train he glanced at the station clock. Heavens! that wretched woman's watch must be frightfully and femininely wrong. The train was just due to leave.

He simply hustled himself by the ticket-collector at the platform gate. The man shouted at him, but Clement fought his way by—if they wanted to question him, they must do it at the other end. And he had no time to spare. The train was just moving.

He flung himself at the door of the guard's van. And the evil chance of such things seemed to be against him. A very large, a very bulky, man was trying to do the same thing. He was an idiot of a man. He stumbled and fumbled. He blocked the way with his hideous ineptitude. So stupid was he that Clement had the feeling that exasperated people do get; that is, the fool was doing it all purposely.

Clement Seadon was young and very active. While the excessive man still stumbled and blundered along beside a train steadily gathering pace, Clement nipped ahead of him, and with an agile twist was on to the footboard and into the van.

He turned at once to help the large fool, to find that he was too late. With a surprising access of nimbleness the big fellow was already in the train, standing beside him in the van; already saying with a sort of purring urbanity, 'Well, that was the nearest shave—nearer for you, sir. Really, I must apologise. I did not actually realise you were trying to get on the train. I thought you were a porter or some one trying to help me. I must apologise, sir.'

He said this with the utmost geniality, which, at the same time, seemed to be reserved. It was as though he spoke automatically the right things to say, but what he said had no relationship to what he felt. And while he spoke he stared fixedly across Clement's shoulder, and Clement was aware of the smallness of his eyes and their astonishing closeness together.

Still, everything had ended well, and Clement said so. He parted with this far too much of a man, and made his way along the corridor to his compartment. Here he was not at all sorry for the accident. Both ladies were in a lively state of alarm, and that alarm gave way to a cheery thankfulness at seeing him safely on board once more.

Or, rather, with the girl Loise that was how things worked out, and, so far as she was concerned, the journey was made even more attractive by the emotion this little episode had called up. It was not quite the same so far as the Gorgon was concerned. She seemed overwhelmed by the knowledge that it was her stupidity in the matter of her watch and the wrong cloakroom-ticket that had nearly caused Clement to miss the train and the boat. Her apologies were profuse, and she endeavoured to make an amende by correcting, rather late in the day, the time on her watch. And after that she sat silent during the journey, as though brooding over her folly. Clement did not mind that at all; he was far too much taken up with the vivid girl.

The rest of the journey was uneventful—unless (and Clement was now seeing things in a more acute light) one could see something grave in the tiny incident on the landing-stage. The incident really was trivial. It was the sort of thing that was so often happening to travellers.

The whole of Clement's baggage had gone astray.

Now that he looked at it, Clement began to see the strangeness of the happening. The fact that he had not been at all careless made it singular. Being a traveller of experience, he had not left his baggage to chance. There was a fair amount of it, for he carried guns and rods and golf-sticks and the rest of his sporting and living kit with him. He had seen every article out of the van, and checked off the lot. He had

found a very useful porter, and had given quite definite instructions.

He had done this quickly and swiftly in the manner of a tried traveller; then he had slid across the platform of the freight-shed to the ladies, for whom he had already found a porter, to offer any further help that was necessary.

He helped them, as a matter of fact, with their small parcels towards the gangway of the ship, when those parcels were taken over by the stewards. He had looked round as they all left the shed, and noted that his porter seemed to be successfully grappling with his own pile of impedimenta. He happened to notice, also, that the big man who had nearly prevented his catching the train was near his porter, and was apparently again exhibiting his complete inefficiency over his personal luggage.

Pleased with himself, Clement had boarded the *Empress*, and made his way to his cabin, encountering on his way the steward, an old friend of his. 'How do you do, Nicholson?' he had said. 'You see I'm back again. . . . And, I say, my traps are just being brought on; you might look to them, there's a good scout. The two suit-cases in the cabin as usual, and the heavy stuff to the baggage-room.'

Nicholson, who knew both his name and his manner of tipping very well, went off at once. He returned in twenty minutes, to give the surprising news that there was no sign of Mr Seadon's baggage on the purser's deck, where the incoming baggage was generally dumped, in the baggage-room, on the quay, or, in fact, anywhere.

Clement was both astonished and angry. Never since his green days as a traveller had he had as much as a single piece of baggage go astray. In fact, the happening was a shock to him, since he rather prided himself on his capability. But he did not waste any time in arguing. Nicholson, he knew, was not a man to make mistakes or to do things by halves. If he said the baggage was missing, it was missing. No time must be lost in finding it. For naturally it must be found, or he would have to postpone sailing. He could not undertake a journey without a spare stitch of clothes; he could not go on a sporting-trip with every item of his sporting-tackle left behind.

The stuff that was in Clement Seadon came out in the way he handled this contretemps. He wasted not a moment in vain search. He went straight to the Canadian Pacific shipping-agent, and put the problem up to him. The man belonged to a service that suffers attractively from an ideal of complete efficiency. Directly Clement had spoken of his disaster the agent began to hustle.

He was, of course, helped by Clement. Clement had the type of mind that pays attention to a porter's registration number when the porter holds up the metal plate upon which it is stamped to the hirer's gaze. Clement remembered and repeated the number, and left the matter in the hands of the agent. In half-an-hour his luggage was on board the *Empress*.

What had happened he never quite knew. A foreman had named the porter from the number, a dock policeman had stated that he had seen this man trundling the barrow-load of luggage away from the shed in the direction of the Cunard dock, and the luggage was run to earth there. The porter, on being taxed with his strange behaviour, offered a wild and absurd story of having been told that Mr Seadon had suddenly received orders to go by Cunard. A steward had come off the *Empress* just as he was going on to it, and given this very definite command.

He was, so the porter said, 'a littlish, mean-looking 'ound of a steward.' Nicholson was a big man. And, though the porter may have based his description of the offending steward on anger, Clement, with a sudden blaze of comprehension, now recognised how well that description fitted the steward who had just tried to turn the little lawyer off the boat. Had that steward tried to keep *him* off the boat also? It looked extraordinarily like it.

Thus, though he might have been inclined to scout, as something absurd and unreal, the whole idea of the gang of rogues who were working to accomplish the undoing of the girl Heloise and her (as the lawyer said) million pounds, actually the train of circumstances forced him to say limply to his uninvited visitor, 'You are rather stunning as well as other things.'

(*Continued on page 35.*)

POWDER-PLAY.

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. HAWKES.

The most exalted seat in the world is the saddle of a swift horse.—MUTANABBI.

EACH country and each race has its national sport, or sports, loved and practised equally by high and low; by the aristocracy, whether of blood or of wealth—in all countries the latter now predominates—and by the mass of the people.

The British have cricket, golf, and the two kinds of football; though Association, save in the services, the hospitals, and the universities, is now far too much spectacular and a matter of stage-management and the price of 'players,' hirelings like the gladiators in ancient Rome. (A flat-rate for half-backs is, I understand, a burning question at the present time among

these 'sportsmen.') Horse-racing, too, has become too largely a vehicle for gambling, a provider of dividends for course-owning companies and vast incomes for bookmakers. The French have no national game, *Jeu-de-Paume* and *Pelota* being confined chiefly to the Basques on both sides of the Pyrenees. Spain has her bull-fights, like Cnossos of old, and 'God's own country' baseball. To the Moor the national sport is the powder-play, and in this all who can, rich and poor, high and low, indulge on horseback or afoot on every occasion that offers: on holy days, at State ceremonial festivities, at weddings, and at all times when public rejoicing or festival is demanded. In the best powder-play the players are mounted, for the Arab and his horse are one. There is no contest save in management of horse and gun; no sides, no struggle between teams. The game dates from the remote antiquity of the race, and symbolises its history through the ages; splendid and gallant in performance, magnificent in its appeal to the eye and the senses, and futile in its essence. The intoxicating charge of the warriors in their finely coloured flowing draperies, the blaze and rattle of the firing, the thunder of the hoofs, and the sudden stop of the seemingly irresistible onrush, with the relapse into a slow, inevitable retrogression, present the picture history has drawn of the racial achievement of the Arabs.

Hilaire Belloc, who knows the *Maghreb*, sums it up somewhere in a sentence, telling how North Africa was 'swept into the Arab language and religion in one cavalry charge.' The flood of the Arab peoples, high with the fanaticism of Islam, surging to east and west, promising at its full a high intellectual predominance, checked and stemmed eventually at Tours, has been slowly receding through the progression of the centuries to an unchanging stagnation uninfluenced by temporary troublings of its waters.

It was my lot to witness once a powder-play —which the Moors call *La'ab-el-bârûd*—outside a city in northern Morocco, in which men say there live the descendants of the great Moorish families of Granada, with the keys and title-deeds of their former homes in the *Vega* of the *Genil* still in their possession. In passing, I may say that this has always seemed to me incompatible with the claims of the old families now in Granada to possess similar records of their Moorish predecessors. But Allah is the judge!

The occasion and the scene rise vividly to my recollection. It is the feast of *Meilûd*, the birthday of the Prophet. The setting is formed by the old walls of the town, with minarets beyond—walls built of the rammed mud of the colour of Devon earth, which gives its name to the Kasbah Al'hamra in Granada, and pierced by a fine gateway of that horse-shoe shape which seems modelled on the silhouette of a man clad in a hooded *jellâb* and facing windward. The gateway is made with a double turn, presumably to check the rush of a storming-party, while round the arch runs a scalloped pattern like the teeth of an open mouth waiting to close upon and scrunch the succulent intruder. In front is a vast open space, with a gentle slope from the foot of the walls, now dry and dusty, but muddy in the rains as Picardy or Flanders, on which are held markets, and which serve on festivals as an arena; fringed on each side by groves of trees which give a gracious shade from the African sun. All round is a vast concourse of Moors—townsmen, tribesmen, and country-people—vociferous, many-coloured, and of unceasing movement, fit subject for an Arthur Melville or a Brangwyn. Fully half are mounted; horses, mules, and asses of every quality and description abound. Some of the donkeys carry two or three, riding *mardûf*—a father and his sons, an elder brother and his juniors. The horses are wiry, but for the most part of poor quality, slack-loined, and with toast-rack ribs and ewe-necks. Most of the men wear the white *k'sa* or the brown *jellâb* and snowy turbans or the *shashia*, the Moroccan fez, though many of the countrymen are content with a twist of cord or camel's-hair, or for turban wear the scarlet felt covers of their guns twisted around their heads. Here and there rides a *Maghzeni* or Government official, or a 'warm man' of merchandise, with robes of a surpassing whiteness, rich cloth *selham* or burnous, and brilliant lemon-coloured slippers. In and out shamble shabby *askâris* or soldiers in fez and red jacket; while everywhere are Jews, male and female, in dark gabardines and greasy side-locks—each one a Shylock or a Jessica, 'the very Jew that Shakespeare drew'—their faces animated now, but stamped for ever with the racial imprint left by centuries of persecution. These have come from squalid homes—no index to their owner's true wealth—in the Mellah, or 'place of salt'—the Moorish Ghetto—which they inhabit with the right, granted to them for ages by each sultan, of pickling the heads of rebels or his enemies in salt before they are affixed over the city gates, like withered apples in the sun, or like the demon heads which are the fruit of the tree *Yacoun* in hell. One thinks of the gates of medieval London Bridge whereon there ripened a like ghastly crop. On the fringe of the crowd a lunatic (with tangled hair and chiefly clothed with dirt) indulges in Caliban-like gambols, unheeded and unmolested by the crowd, who, as their faith enjoins, regard him as one favoured of Allah, as the Irish peasantry do the village natural. Water-sellers with their skins, like the *Bhistis* of India, thread their dripping way through the press with hoarse invitations to a draught, '*Lâkhass-Hu'L-Mâ! Lâkhass-Hu'L-Mâ!*' ('For him who wants water! For him who wants water!'). Most of the crowd show traces of ophthalmia, smallpox,

or syphilis; for Morocco, like most Mohammedan countries, is steeped in vice, and the people are riddled with disease. The noise, the light, the colour, and the all-pervading, indescribable smell of the Orient intoxicate the senses. From somewhere comes the insistent throbbing of a drum, inevitable accompaniment of an African festival, the pulsating sound of which heightens excitement to the verge of frenzy, and indicates the direct origin of the orgiastic African syncopation to which the wives and daughters of the conquering Anglo-Saxon race dance with their men-partners, retained by arrangement, in the aristocratic dance-clubs of London and New York. Occasionally in a lull one catches the penetrating note of a *ghaïta* (the Moorish flute) with its indefinable melancholy appeal, now shrill, now wistful, like the twittering of a bird or the liquid bubbling of an unseen fountain. All is punctuated by occasional shots, which seem to fan the din as bellows urge a flame.

And now at one end of the cleared space round which the crowd is gathered appear a dozen riders on good horses, forming a rough line. The horses, stallions, mostly white or gray—though there is one roan—are of the true Arab type, the *'Abda* breed, fit descendants of the five mares of the Prophet; small and well-shaped heads, with black muzzles, good legs, and bodies well ribbed-up, though poor in the quarters (the result of being ridden too young in the powder-play, with its overstrain on the quarters in the sharp pull-up at the end of a run)—a defect noticeable in most good horses in Morocco. Their normal pace is a quick ambling walk which eats the miles. Whinnying fighters are these stallions, and I have seen in the Sôk at Tangier two upreared and fighting with their teeth and forelegs like Marseilles seamen outside a café on the Cannebière. The saddles are high-backed and pommelled, and of a red cloth—they seem too heavy for the stamp of horse—and have large, sharp-cornered shovel-stirrups of inlaid metal, and broad girths and breeching, both quite loose. The bridles are heavy, and the bits cruel, with severe curbs. The riders, *kaïds* from the country or men of position in the town, are mostly young or men of early middle-age, with faces no darker than one sees in Seville or in Naples, and beards of varying thickness, with a small line of moustache above. One is fairer than the rest, and seems to be the leader, his face like a Vandyke, with pointed beard and disillusioned eyes, resembling that of one well known in Maghreb-al-Aksa—Cunninghame-Graham, Gaucho of the Pampas, ex-legislator, man of letters, aristocrat, and fiery Socialist, who once, as 'Sheikh Mohammed-al-Fasi,' journeyed alone to Tarudant, in southern Sus. Another shows traces of black blood in his flat nose and thick protuberant lips. The horsemen's faces have for the moment lost their impassivity and are lighted with the excited expectancy of those about to play a part they love. Clad in spotless turbans, fine *k'sas*, and flowing *selhams*, each man grasps a rifle or a long flint-lock gun, like the *jezail* of the Pathan, with curved and ornamented stock. In order to take part in the powder-play a Moor will borrow or steal or part with his few remaining coins to hire a musket with which to make the powder speak. The signal given, the line of horse breaks at once into a headlong gallop; the sharp spike-spurs or the corners of the shovel-stirrups strike again and again into the horses' flanks. The noise of the crowd is hushed. Clouds of dust ascend. The riders scream and shout as they gallop, firing wild shots in front, to rear, and sides. Two whirl their weapons overhead, as their forebears did their long desert lances, and then, swinging them underneath their horses, catch them again on the other side. Others stand on their saddle and fire into the air, then drop back into the saddle, leaning forward over the stallion's ears and firing at the ground in front, or lie back in the saddle till their turbans touch their horse's rump, or hang on at the side and fire round the horse's shoulder. The reins are loose or held in the teeth. The horse is guided by knee and heel alone or gallops unguided where the others lead.

But for the difference of weapons one might imagine them to be the cavaliers of S'ąlla-ed-din pricking to combat with crusading knights on the plain of Ascalon, or the Emirs of the Cordovan Caliph thundering to do battle with Roland and the Paladins of Charles.

Up the gentle slope rushes the cloud of dust with its sharp glints of flame, its swaying, leaping figures in fluttering dashes of colour and heliographic gleams of metal, its maddened, straining, foaming horses. Suddenly, at the wall, it comes to a dead stop, as at the edge of some yawning abyss, the cruel bits throwing the stallions right back on their haunches, forelegs taut as steel rods. So must Sidi Okbar ibn-Nafi at the head of his desert squadron have pulled up his horse on the verge of the Atlantic after crossing the plains of the Sharf El 'Akab in his whirlwind conquest, and raising his spear to heaven, have shouted his cry, enshrined for ever in the stately prose of Gibbon: 'Allah! If my course were not stopped by this sea I would still go on to the unknown kingdoms of the West, preaching the unity of thy Holy name, and putting to the sword the rebellious nations who worship other gods but Thee!' Turning quickly, the whole cavalcade then return at a quiet walk to the place whence they came; the horses blown, and dripping blood from mouth and flank; the riders swaying gracefully in their high-peaked saddles with short stirrups, the excitement gone from their faces, which have resumed their normal air of dignity and gravity—their eyes fixed on the distance with an expression of fatalistic pathos surely such as was worn by

Bu Abd 'Allah, last Emir of El Andalus, as he turned (at the place still called by the Spaniards 'The last sigh of the Moor') for a sad, final look at the glories of his lost kingdom. This is well done, for it is considered a great point in the powder-play that the quietness of the return should be as great a contrast as possible, both in horse and in rider, to the fury of the onrush. The crash of noise from the crowd breaks out anew at the conclusion of the course, and another line of horsemen forms up at the far end of the ground to repeat the feats of the first. And so successive lines go through the morning, and continue again in the later afternoon. Presently one notices a change in the character of the players. The riders appear to be men of lower station, less richly dressed, with guns that fail to fire, and horses poor in quality and speed. And so it is, for all conditions of men take part in this national sport. The poorer horses suffer more, and ill-fitting bits and ill-used spurs produce more blood; though as a rule, whatever his class, a Moorish horseman is possessed of 'hands.' Some of the poorer folk who can find no horses burn powder on foot, tramping in a circle, with loud cries, and discharging their untrustworthy pieces. At last the crowd begins to thin, the enthusiasm to wane. Horsemen ride off within the city gate or quietly disappear into the landscape for country *kasbahs* and far villages. The families of Jews crowd Mellah-wards. The lunatic, the devils faint within him, walks like his prototype through dry places seeking rest. It takes some hours for all to disappear, and shots go on and dust still mounts into the dust-laden air. The sun declines; the quick-falling southern darkness descends. White minarets and walls take on a silvery tone in the half-light, and the sadness of the Eastern night enfolds the anachronism of it all, only to be broken by the long-drawn cry of the muezzin chanting from the tower the call to prayer, unsurpassed for beauty, full of the pathos of the Arab race, more poignant and arresting than any chime or stroke of bell, and bringing to the minds of all true believers the confession of faith in the unity of God enjoined upon them by the one-time shepherd-boy of Mecca some thirteen centuries ago.

PEGGY UTTOXETER'S ENGAGEMENT.

By C. L. M. Brown, Author of *The Fall Triumphant, Semi-Detached,* &c.

I.

'OH, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs Uttoxeter with rapture, 'I am *so* pleased!' She imprinted an ecstatic kiss upon her daughter's unresisting cheek, and regarded her with maternal pride. 'A bank manager—and such an estimable young man! You'll be the happiest girl in the world.'

Peggy Uttoxeter sat motionless, without replying. Her eyes failed to reflect her mother's triumphant exuberance. She seemed frightened.

'What's the matter, Peggy?' asked Mrs Uttoxeter. 'You look worried about something, dear. I'm sure you should be in the best of spirits to-night. Fancy Mr Armitage proposing! Of course, I had hoped. I won't say I hadn't *hoped*—we mothers have our little secrets, you know—but I never dared expect it would be so soon. Such a sensible young man, too; so different from most of the young men nowadays. And a bank manager, dear! It seems almost too good to be true.'

Peggy's lip quivered; then, without further warning, she burst suddenly into tears. 'I—I don't love him!' she sobbed piteously.

Mrs Uttoxeter lifted her hands in blank amazement. 'What!' she cried incredulously; 'don't—don't love a bank manager? What are you saying, Peggy?' Then her face softened. 'Poor child, you're overcome!' she exclaimed sympathetically. 'The excitement's been too much for you. Hush! hush! Come and cuddle up to mummy, then.'

But Peggy avoided the proffered embrace. 'I don't love him a bit!' she sniffed desperately.

Mrs Uttoxeter stared helplessly. 'I'm sure I don't know what you mean,' she said. 'I don't see how any girl could help loving Mr Armitage.'

'His moustache!' muttered Peggy incoherently.

'Why, Mr Armitage has a most handsome black moustache!' exclaimed her mother. 'Your dear papa had nothing like so fine a moustache when he proposed to me, and I'm sure I never repented accepting him. Quite an ordinary little yellow moustache it was. Come, Peggy, this is foolishness, you know, dear.'

'It—it scraped when he kissed me,' sobbed Peggy miserably. 'Oh, mother, I'm sure I shall never be able to love him one tiny bit—I simply *couldn't.*'

'Rubbish!' said Mrs Uttoxeter complacently. 'You're tired out, dear, and nervous. You must come along to bed, and I'll bring a little something up to your room. You'll feel a different girl altogether in the morning;' and placing a stout, capable arm round her daughter's slim shoulders, she led the still weeping Peggy resolutely from the room.

'A bank manager, my dear!' she murmured soothingly as they mounted the stairs together.

II.

A proposal is an extremely nerve-shattering experience. It goes to the heart of things, so to speak. Even to the most eagerly-sought-after damsel, to whom ardent suitors are no stranger than butterflies in a summer garden, a proposal can never be a thing of complete indifference. However glacial and calculating she may be, there is that in a proposal which brings a pleasing tingle of excitement, a certain swift throbbing of the pulse, a glimpse, as it were, into the infinite of life. Imagine the effect, therefore, upon a girl not yet out of her teens, to whom these vital matters of the heart have hitherto lain wreathed in a pleasing mist of romantic unreality. Can it be a cause for wonder if she flounder helplessly, like an inexperienced swimmer plunged without warning into sudden deep waters? It cannot. Any one would flounder.

To Peggy Uttoxeter the thing had come with the sudden, bewildering shock of a cosmic upheaval. She had lost her head. When George Armitage had unexpectedly pressed his suit in a quiet country lane (if the somewhat ambiguous phrase may be pardoned), she was overwhelmed. The thought of marrying Armitage had never entered her mind, even as the remotest of fanciful possibilities. Dazed and bewildered, she had murmured a meaningless 'Yes,' and before she fully realised what had occurred she felt his moustache upon her lips. It was like a horrible nightmare—a nightmare that refused to vanish with the dawn, that might never vanish at all; and her mother was jubilant about it.

At the breakfast-table next morning Mrs Uttoxeter exhibited a benign, though subdued, satisfaction. Studiously avoiding reference to Peggy's hysterical assertions of the night before, she devoured fried egg after fried egg with that zest of appetite which is the outward manifestation of an untroubled soul. She was pleased with Peggy; she felt the girl had justified her upbringing. In spite of one or two schoolgirlish outbreaks which had hinted at a hidden spirit of daring and adventure nascent beneath Peggy's quietly demure exterior, she had always been a good girl, and Mrs Uttoxeter had never doubted that she would make a prudent marriage. And now she was to marry George Armitage. How splendid! What an eminently satisfactory and comforting arrangement!

'Do have this other egg, dear,' said Mrs Uttoxeter persuasively. 'No? Well, I won't let it go out. What a beautiful morning it is!'

Peggy had no appetite. Through the leaden gloom of despair that had descended upon her spirit one single thin ray of hope still glimmered, and she reached out towards it as drowning men are reputed to clutch at straws. She must go and see Freddy. Freddy had always helped her out of scrapes in the past; might he not be able to come to her rescue in this last overwhelming catastrophe? She had a great and unbounded confidence in Freddy; if any one might achieve the impossible, it was he.

As soon as her mother had completed the discomfiture of the remaining egg, Peggy slipped away, and hurried in the direction of a house standing back from the road some hundred yards nearer the town. As she entered the gate a perturbed voice hailed her from the top of a large elm standing by the entrance.

'I say, Peg,' it wailed, 'I've got my beastly kite stuck in this tree. Give me a hand to get the bally thing down, there's a sport!'

The form of a small boy was partly visible through the leaves, perched on the edge of destruction, and gazing hopefully down upon Peggy.

'Really, Jimmy,' she said, 'I can't possibly climb up there to-day. You'll break your neck, anyway. Where's Fred?'

'In the hammock,' answered Jimmy. 'He won't come—I've asked him. Says he's reading, the rotter! I've torn my beastly bags, too!'

Without replying, Peggy followed the path round behind the house, and opened a small gate leading into the garden beyond. A hammock was slung between two trees, and over one side of it a leg, garbed in a gray flannel trouser and terminating in a stockinged foot, drooped negligently earthwards. Immediately beneath it lay a leather slipper.

Peggy started impulsively towards the depending limb. 'Oh, Freddy,' she cried, 'something awful's happened.'

The hammock wriggled uneasily, and a hand shot upwards in a convulsive clutch.

'Hullo, Peg!' said a voice from the hidden depths; 'what's the trouble?'

'Freddy, I—I'm engaged.'

The hammock gave a violent leap, like a somnolent monster stung suddenly by a gadfly, and the head and shoulders of a young man shot into view.

'What?' he exclaimed in a voice of utter astonishment '*What?*'

'I'm engaged,' repeated Peggy weakly—'to Mr Armitage. I want you to help me, Freddy'

Freddy struggled to a sitting posture and regarded her with a sort of dazed stupefaction. 'Armitage!' he repeated blankly; 'that—that—— *Good Lord!*'

'Yes,' said Peggy. 'He proposed last night, and I—I said, "Yes." Isn't it horrible?'

Freddy continued to stare in silence; then gradually his expression changed and his lips set grimly. 'Well, I'm sure you have my hearty congratulations,' he said coldly. 'I hope you will be very happy. I had no idea'——

'Don't!' cried Peggy. 'Don't talk like that! I want you to help me, Freddy—like you did

when I lost my shoe in old Colonel Baxter's strawberry-bed. Don't be horrid, please.'

Freddy descended and donned his discarded slipper. 'Do you mean to say that you don't want to marry this fellow?' he remarked slowly.

'Of course I don't! How could I?' cried Peggy desperately.

'Then what the dickens did you accept him for?' he demanded.

'I don't know,' groaned Peggy dismally. 'I was so flurried and upset, I didn't know what I was saying.'

'Then why not go and tell him you've made a mistake, and you don't think there'll be anything doing, after all?' suggested Frederic practically. 'It's quite simple.'

'Oh, I couldn't!' exclaimed Peggy. 'It wouldn't be nice. I should never be able to look any one in the face again. Besides, there's mother.'

'Well, that seems to finish it,' said Freddy. 'If you're such a silly ass as to tell a fellow you're going to marry him when you don't want to, you'll have to see it through, that's all.'

'But I didn't mean it,' wailed Peggy. 'I was so frightened. No one had ever asked me before, and'——

She made the remark in perfect innocence, but Freddy went scarlet to the temples. 'Well,' he said savagely, 'I should hang on to him tight, now you've got him, in case no one ever asks you again. I don't see what you come crying to me about, anyway.' He swung round and tugged viciously at the hammock-lashings.

'Oh, you beast, Freddy!' cried Peggy furiously. 'You nasty, mean beast! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live;' and turning on her heel, she ran back down the path and out into the road.

III.

Frederic Knowles climbed slowly back into his hammock and lay gazing up towards the green leaves above him, striving to pacify the varied and not pleasant emotions the recent conversation had stirred up. Peggy Uttoxeter engaged to George Armitage! The thing was impossible. But there it was.

He and Peggy had been friends from childhood; always he had vaguely realised that they would one day marry each other, as it were in the natural order of things, but he had never brought himself face to face with the question as a matter requiring immediate action on his part. It had never occurred to him before that they were now no longer a boy and a girl, but two grown-up persons to whom such considerations as engagements and marriages were no longer mere phrases, but urgent facts of life, pregnant with vital possibilities. Good heavens!

His first feeling was that Peggy had behaved shabbily towards him; but his natural fair-mindedness quickly banished the thought. After all, she was only a kid, really, and had been rushed into a predicament which she had done nothing to bring about. Besides, as she said, no one had ever asked her before. And in a fit of absurd pique he had been unforgivably rude to her. It was certainly up to him to get her out of this mess somehow; she had come to him for help. Besides—besides—he must do it for his own sake. He couldn't let her go. His feelings for Peggy were no longer gently complacent; they were eager, imperative, calling on him to act and redeem his past neglect.

'I'll go and see her this afternoon,' he decided, 'and apologise. Surely something can be done before it's too late.'

'I say, Fred,' said a plaintive voice, 'you might come and get my kite down, there's a sport! You're not reading.'

'Clear out, you little brat,' snapped Frederic angrily, 'or I'll come and punch your confounded head for you. Hop it!'

'All right; don't get your rag out,' said Jimmy, retreating sulkily. 'Pig!' he added defiantly from the farther side of the gate.

IV.

Frederic rang the bell and inquired whether Mrs Uttoxeter was at home. He was perfectly well aware that at this hour Peggy's mother was wont to enjoy a restful, wrinkle-banishing siesta, and that his mission would not be interrupted by her genial society.

'I'd like to see Miss Uttoxeter, then,' he told the maid.

He found Peggy in the drawing-room, tinkling the piano without enthusiasm. She stopped as he entered, but did not greet him.

'I've come to apologise for being such a brute this morning,' he said. 'I know you'll be a good sort, Peggy, and forgive me. I want to clear up this Armitage tangle, if we can.'

Peggy brightened a little. 'Whatever made you so horrid?' she asked, relenting rapidly before the glow of Freddy's obvious repentance.

'I don't know—something must have disagreed with me, I think. Don't let's talk about that, anyhow. What are we going to do about Armitage?'

'Do you really think we can do something?' exclaimed Peggy eagerly. 'Oh, how splendid! I knew you'd help me somehow, Freddy.'

'It's a case of "must," not of "can,"' declared Freddy earnestly. 'It's far too serious a matter to go on any longer.'

'It is,' agreed Peggy in sepulchral tones.

'Sure you can't just write and tell him it's all off?'

'Oh no,' cried Peggy. 'Oh, I daren't. It must be some other way.'

'Then we must make him break it off,' said Freddy decisively.

'But I don't think we can,' objected Peggy gloomily. 'He—he loves me, Freddy; he told me he did.'

Frederic snorted. 'You must show him he 's made a mistake,' he declared. 'What about cooking something and sending it to him?—one of those Madeiras of yours; that ought to put him right off.'

'Now you 're being horrid again,' said Peggy plaintively. 'You don't realise how serious this is.'

'I do,' he answered. 'I do indeed. The question is, what are you game for?'

'Anything,' cried Peggy impulsively. 'I 'm game for anything, Freddy, if it will save me. You know I 'm not a funk.'

Freddy pondered in silence. 'Then, in that case,' he said at length, 'I dare say the matter may be contrived. Let us proceed to weave the web.'

'Oh, do tell me, Freddy!' cried Peggy excitedly.

V.

George Armitage was a man whom nature had framed in a cautious mould; he looked before he leapt. Although he had studied with care the maxim of Solomon asserting that 'whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing,' and though fully realising that Solomon spoke with the full weight of experience behind him, he was also acutely conscious that, in these unquiet times, whoso findeth the wrong sort of wife findeth anything but a good thing—quite the reverse, in fact. Manners have changed since the golden days of King Solomon.

There was but little romance in George Armitage's disposition. He did not go to his wooing blithely at the call of spring, with a rose in his bonnet and a carol on his lips. He held very strongly that such a course was extremely liable to land a man into trouble of the worst kind. He was a discreetly judicious rather than a rash lover. What he desired was an amiable little body who would regard him with reverence and awe, a domestic acquisition not likely to overstep the bounds of a proper wifely devotion. After careful deliberation, and even then not without misgivings, the finger of choice alighted upon Peggy Uttoxeter, and she had been too startled to protest.

Peggy was not one of those wild creatures who voted, danced impossible and disgraceful dances, and shouted vociferously of their rights as women in the ear of terror-stricken man. George Armitage decided that he would be able to manage Peggy nicely. He was feeling rather braced with life.

Peggy had been spending the afternoon at a friend's house some distance from the town, and he had arranged to meet her on the way home when released from his duties at the bank. He strode along the quiet lane with an almost sprightly step, gaily twirling the flowing extremities of his copious black moustache, of which he was not unreasonably proud, and contemplating the agreeable vista of the future with placid content.

Turning a corner, he saw Peggy in the distance, and waved her a playful greeting with his walking-stick. She replied almost boisterously, and hastened to meet him. As she approached, Armitage was dismayed to observe that she was smoking a cigarette.

'Hullo, old bean!' she called out as she came up. 'You 're frightfully late, aren't you? I began to think you weren't coming. You really must try to be more punctual, you know.'

Armitage regarded her in pained astonishment. 'I beg your pardon,' he said with dignity. 'I came as soon as my responsibilities at the bank permitted me.'

'Oh, well, I 'll be lenient this time,' said Peggy. 'Don't let it happen again. How are things going, anyway?'

Armitage passed his hand over his brow. This was most unsatisfactory; he would never have believed it possible. He must lose no time in exerting a little authority.

'Very well, I think, thank you,' he replied stiffly. 'By the way,' he continued, 'I did not know you were addicted to the unseemly and—er—unpleasant habit of smoking. I hope this is only a chance indulgence.'

Peggy laughed with gentle amusement. 'Good gracious!' she exclaimed; 'what a quaint thing to say! You sounded quite antediluvian. You 'll be asking me to sign the pledge next!'

George Armitage tugged wildly at his moustache. Could this really be the same little Peggy Uttoxeter who only a few days earlier had demurely promised to be his wife?

'I do not at all approve of the attitude of the modern woman,' he began in a brave attempt at self-assertion. 'This tendency to independence, this aping of the meaner masculine vices'——

A peal of laughter from Peggy cut him short in confusion.

'I say, you really are priceless!' she observed. 'I must take you to one of our Woman's Progress meetings—you 'll be better than George Robey. Where *have* you been living all this time?'

'Woman's Progress meetings!' stammered Armitage blankly.

'Our local branch,' explained Peggy. 'We have some awfully good discussions—"Should Men have Pocket-Money?" you know; and "Can Husbands Think?" and that sort of thing. You 'd love it. I 'm hon. sec.'

'But—how is it that I have heard nothing of this before?' asked Armitage dazedly. He felt pained and shocked, as one who, thinking to cull an innocent bluebell, has grasped instead the prickly stem of a bramble.

'Oh, I have to keep it quiet on account of mother,' explained Peggy lightly; 'but as we 're engaged now, I knew you 'd like to know.'

'Yes—oh, rather!' choked Armitage.

'The women of yesterday,' continued Peggy,

'were content to strive for the mere equality of the sexes; that won't do for us girls of to-day. We are out definitely to establish our ascendancy, not only in the home, but in the—er—the Councils of the Nation.'

'Heavens!' groaned Armitage.

'I don't wonder you're stirred to enthusiasm,' said Peggy.

They were approaching now the outskirts of the town, where houses began to overlook the road, and George Armitage's nervousness increased. 'Surely, Miss—er—I should say, Peggy,' he said, 'you do not intend to continue smoking your cigarette openly through the streets?'

Peggy flung the offending weed away contemptuously. 'I suppose I'd better not,' she remarked; 'you have to be so frightfully careful in a place like this, especially when you're single. Wait till I'm married, though. By Jingo, won't I just wake them up! It'll be the beginning of a new era.'

Armitage groaned silently in the spirit.

VI.

He escorted Peggy home, and slowly retraced his steps, striving vainly to regain his shattered mental equipoise. A dark, disintegrating chaos had fallen upon him, filling his soul with perturbation. Where was he, and what did it mean?

George Armitage had never been thoroughly trustful of women; in early youth the painful story in Genesis had made a vivid impression upon his juvenile mind, fortifying the ingrained cautiousness of his nature. But even so, he could not bring himself to regard this glaring manifestation of feminine duplicity with the matter-of-fact cynicism it warranted. Had he been a man addicted to ventures of chance, he would willingly have staked the last coin in the bank's strong-room upon Peggy Uttoxeter's docility and gentleness of disposition. Even now, try as he would, he could not call to mind one single hint in her early unostentatious deportment that should have warned him of the unblushing Fury asleep beneath it. It was preposterous; and he was engaged to be married——

'Hullo, Armitage!' exclaimed a cheerful voice, breaking in upon his anxious reverie. 'You're looking worried, man.'

Armitage started. Before him stood Frederic Knowles, grinning pleasantly. 'Er—good-evening,' he said. 'Yes—business at the bank; great weight on my mind.'

'By the way,' continued Freddy, 'allow me to congratulate you on your engagement. I'm *so* glad, you know—we all are. It's a great relief to her friends.'

'What the dickens do you mean? A relief! What's a relief?' demanded Armitage huskily.

'Oh, nothing—nothing at all,' replied Freddy hurriedly. 'Only, you know, everybody says you're just the man to look after little Peggy Uttoxeter. It's a splendid thing for her.'

'Yes—yes. I suppose she has been a little—er—wild,' said Armitage tentatively.

'Oh, hardly wild,' said Freddy. 'I don't think I'd say *wild*. Of course, she's young, and girls get these peculiar ideas into their heads sometimes. Don't think I mean anything *serious*,' he added hastily. 'Good heavens, no! Just—well—perhaps you'll be just as happy to know nothing about it. I wouldn't worry myself; much better bury these things and make a fresh start. What? I've not the slightest doubt that everything will turn out all right, and you'll be perfectly happy. Well, good-night, and the best of luck;' and Freddy passed on.

Armitage strode on down the deserted road, a prey to an ominous host of doubts and fears. He felt like one standing on the perilous brink of ruin. Should he step back while there was yet time?

At length, anxious and undecided, he arrived home, where he found a note awaiting him. It was addressed in Peggy Uttoxeter's handwriting.

'DEAR OLD EGG' (it said),—'You really must shave off that frightful moustache of yours, old pippin! The Woman's League of Progress considers moustaches the very hall-mark of masculine arrogance, a sort of emblem of man's ridiculous, usurped attitude of superiority over women. None of its members is allowed to marry a man with a moustache; so out with the razor, old radish, and off with the offending monstrosity!—Yours till it snows in Hades, PEGGY.'

Armitage tottered and almost fell. Then, with a magnificent effort, he rose to the full dignity of his manhood. 'Never,' he cried defiantly, clenching his hands—'never will I be so craven-spirited. Let the Woman's League of Progress do its worst;' and sitting down quickly at his desk, he wrote a note regretting that, owing to unforeseen divergences of opinion and temperament, the engagement between Miss Uttoxeter and himself must be considered at an end.

'What an escape!' he gasped, as he placed the letter in an envelope, and moistened the flap with trembling tongue.

VII.

Frederic Knowles sat sideways on his hammock, swinging his legs restlessly to and fro. In front of him stood Peggy, with clenched hands and disorderly mien.

'I tell you, I'm a social pariah, Freddy,' she was saying unhappily. 'People shun me like the plague. Whatever did you say to George Armitage about me?'

'Nothing,' said Freddy. 'I never said a thing. I just sort of hinted, of course, that you were a

trifle—er—eccentric, just to put him off, you know; but I distinctly said it was nothing serious.'

'But I'm an outcast,' wailed Peggy. 'I've just been down the town, and I passed old Mrs Willoughby. She cut me dead, Freddy, and I distinctly saw her shudder when I looked at her. Then I met the curate in the market-place, and when I stopped to speak to him he simply turned tail and ran for his life down a side-street. It's awful.'

'You must have done it jolly well on Armitage,' said Freddy enthusiastically. 'By Jove, you must! I told you we'd pull it off if only you were game to try.'

'But I'm in a worse hole than ever,' cried Peggy. 'People don't think I'm safe to be about.'

'How is your mother taking it?' asked Freddy.

'Prostrate!' replied Peggy. 'Just lies on the sofa muttering something about "jilted by a bank manager—oh, the unnatural child!" She says I'm no daughter of hers.'

'She'll soon come round,' said Freddy cheerfully. 'I've got you out of the Armitage tangle, anyway.'

'And into another,' said Peggy. 'You'd better start getting me out of this, now.'

'The only thing I can suggest,' said Freddy, 'after having disengaged you from one fellow, is to get you engaged to another as rapidly as possible.'

'Good gracious! Who?' cried Peggy, regarding him with eyes big with innocent wonder.

'Well'—— said Frederic, descending from the hammock.

As I said earlier in this story, a proposal is a disconcerting thing for a girl—a most alarming and unnerving experience. Perhaps I should have added, however, that this depends in no small measure on who happens to be making the proposal in question. On occasions it can be quite an enjoyable little function.

. . . . . .

'Freddy,' whispered Peggy.

'Yes,' said Freddy.

'I'm awfully glad *you* haven't got a moustache, Freddy,' she murmured.

Frederic grinned idiotically.

CHILDREN'S STORY-BOOKS.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED TALES.

By Ethel L. M'Pherson.

BY a strange coincidence, John Bunyan and Charles Perrault, the author of *Puss in Boots*, *Red Riding Hood*, and *Cinderella*, were born in the same year (1628). Both wrote especially for children, and if the writer be not greatly mistaken, they were the first who consciously set themselves the task of providing literature for the nursery-folk. The one gave them *Emblems*, a book 'fitted for the use of boys and girls,' a collection of the dreariest, moralising, doggerel verse ever put together; and the other *Les Contes de Fée*, in which in fascinating prose he introduced to them fairy figures till then known only in the homely folk-tales handed down for countless generations.

Of course, quite unconsciously, in *The Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan told a tale of high adventure, which has never ceased to enthral imaginative childhood; but such was not his intent, and when once he began to write for youth, his pen lost its magic.

Under Puritan rule, the fairies of Shakespeare's England had been banished from hill and woodland, though one likes to believe that, in spite of the ban, they came stealing back in the twilight hour, at the bidding of delightful grannies, to haunt cottage and manor as of yore, and that at 'story-time' *Emblems* found no favour.

Meanwhile, in the more genial atmosphere of France, they were introduced to the Court of Le Roi Soleil by the bewigged and polished M. Perrault, who, in his sixty-ninth year, forsook his classic studies and his controversies with M. Boileau to write a little book which has placed him for ever among the best-loved of the Immortals. But it was an achievement of which he was shy, and instead of acknowledging the authorship, he attributed the stories to the pen of his young son.

However, so great was the success of *Les Contes de Fée* that M. Perrault's example was followed by every Court lady with a ready pen, and the result was a collection of many volumes, known as *Le Cabinet des Fées*.

Fairy-tales became fashionable, but the 'good people' of the woods and the moors took on a new guise, and became very like the ladies and gentlemen of Versailles, living in beautiful palaces, and taking their walks in summer pleasaunces, where crystal waters plashed in marble basins haunted by talking carp.

In course of time these courtly fairy-folk crossed the Channel; but for many a year the children of England knew nothing of fairies in russet or silk, save what they might glean from ballads and folk-tales handed down by oral tradition.

Romance was banned, and the Puritan morality, which was succeeded by the philosophy of the

eighteenth century, produced a crop of books calculated to inspire the luckless youngsters with the 'fear of the Lord and the broomstick,' or to turn them into the most hopeless little prigs.

It is true, the merry pen of Goldsmith relieved the gloom by writing of Tommy Tripp and his dog Jowler. Charles Lamb not only protested against the 'good-boy' stories of the day, but, what was more to the purpose, he wrote *Beauty and the Beast*, and contributed several stories to that delightful volume written by his sister Mary, *Mrs Leicester's School*, in which a group of charming little girls, met together for the first time, tell of the adventures which had befallen them in their short lives. The book now eludes search, but the few stories which may be found in Lamb's collected works give one an idea of its charm.

No wonder he grew impatient with the didactic books of the day, and wrote: '*Goody Two Shoes* is now almost out of print. Mrs Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery. The shopman at Newberry's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf when Mary asked for them. Mrs Barbauld's and Mrs Trimmer's nonsense lay about in piles.'

Sir Walter Scott was no more friendly than Lamb to the moral-literature of the period, and condemned it roundly. 'The minds of children,' he wrote, 'are, as it were, put into the stocks, like their feet at the dancing-school, and the moral always consists in good conduct being crowned with success. Truth is, I would not give one tear shed over Little Red Riding Hood for all the benefit to be derived from the history of Jemmy Goodchild.'

This is what one might expect from the most romantic spirit of his generation, and the author of *Tales of a Grandfather* to boot. Nevertheless the uplifted finger and warning voice of Mrs Barbauld continued to admonish, and even that gay and charming lady Maria Edgeworth, whose gifts as a story-teller are not to be denied, never forgot that she had a lesson to teach. Unfortunately she had a great respect for the judgment of her father and his friend Mr Thomas Day, that most tiresome of all philosophers, who wrote *Sandford and Merton*, which was no jest in its day, though it has supplied later generations with a butt for their wit. To these gentlemen Maria showed her manuscripts, and allowed them to insert whole passages of improving remarks.

Nevertheless, *The Parents' Assistant*—what a title!—is a most enthralling collection of stories, though one cannot accept the author's judgments. For instance, instead of blaming poor, generous, impetuous little Rosamond, heroine of 'The Purple Jar' and 'The Birthday Present,' one takes a violent dislike to her odious parents, who think of nothing but her lack of prudence, and who glorify all the 'baser virtues.' There are times, however, when one can agree with all one's heart, as in the case of 'Simple Susan,' and rejoice at the discomfiture of the wicked attorney—he is so horribly wicked—and at the rout of the butcher whose knife is at the throat of the pet lamb. All nice children, it seems, kept pet lambs in those days, and Susan, though she possessed too many virtues, was really a dear little girl.

In fine, Miss Edgeworth was an artist, and the blemishes in her work are adventitious.

The same may be said of Mrs Sherwood, author of that fascinating and at the same time horrifying work, *The Fairchild Family*, of which the three closely printed volumes are enough to provide any child with many hours of pure pleasure, if they do not succeed in reducing him to a state of religious hysteria.

Mrs Sherwood does not moralise after the fashion of Maria Edgeworth or Thomas Day, but starts with the atrocious assumption that the heart of every child is black with wickedness, magnifies every childish fault into an ugly sin, and has the Devil always in waiting to throw the unlucky youngsters as fuel to the eternal bonfire. Each chapter concludes with a prayer and a homily of the most gloomy character, and the estimable Mr and Mrs Fairchild encourage little Lucy, the youngest of the trio, to write down at the end of the day not only her evil deeds, but her evil thoughts. To remind three high-spirited children of our mortality the father takes them to look upon a dead body, and to prevent them from bickering he leads them to a gallows from which dangle the bones of a man who slew his brother in a fit of anger. One may well ask what possible merits such a book can possess, and the answer is to be found in the remark of a reviewer made concerning one of her other books; for Mrs Sherwood was a prolific writer. 'It displays,' says the critic, 'an admirable acquaintance with that marvellous little world the youthful heart, and is pervaded by a fine tone of elevated moral principle.' One may question the second part of the estimate, but it is just Mrs Sherwood's acquaintance with the youthful heart which makes her so delightful. In Emily, Henry, and Lucy she has drawn children living, real, and lovable, full of childish faults and childish charm. She enters into their games, takes them into the open air and sunshine—it is invariably summer weather, and the Fairchilds have a pleasant custom of going for picnics, and we are always told of the currant-turnovers and fruit-pies which filled the hamper. We know exactly how the dolls were dressed, and what delightful bits of gay silk came out of Mrs Goodriche's capacious bag of scraps when pin-cushions had to be made. The chase of the pet magpie and Henry's awful adventure with the bull thrill even a jaded 'grown-up.' During the absence of the excellent parents, the children, of course, get up late, neglect to wash, make buttered toast for breakfast, and, crime of crimes, cover the hearth with

greasy crumbs. It is all admirably told, even to the chasing of a pig down the lane. Such doings must have been very annoying in a well-ordered household, but one is hardly prepared to see them brought up for judgment before the throne of Heaven. Yet such was the case.

With *Sandford and Merton* and *The Fairchild Family* the 'improving' story-book reached its zenith, but it was long before it disappeared. Rhymes about *The Lazy Boy, The Proud Girl, The Modest Girl*, and *The Industrious Boy* were still popular, but they were adorned with charming pictures by Leech and Absolon, and in the early 'sixties the eminent 'Crowquill' embellished the tiresome pilgrimage of Gilbert and His Genius, a fat mid-Victorian lady of the ballet, whose slight wings could not possibly have lifted her plump person from the earth, with excellent black-and-white drawings. Not long afterwards Walter Crane began to illustrate the charming tales of George Macdonald, which were to be followed by *The Babies' Opera*, a book of pure beauty which was reissued by subscription a few years ago in all its glory of fine colour and exquisite type.

Then came the immortal picture-books of Randolph Caldecott and the dainty work of Kate Greenaway.

Long before this, however, revolt was in the air, and in 1846 there was published the first of the 'Nonsense Books' of Lear, which are likely to last while the world loves a laugh.

Lear was the literary godfather of Lewis Carroll, and in his rhymes there are clear foreshadowings of the wonderful tongue of the 'Jabberwock.' The student of that language will find its beginnings in the 'slobacious' light of Lear's moon, in the 'galloobious' feet of his sparrow, and in the 'strange and scroobious' ways of his characters.

The hand of 'Alice' gave the death-blow to the didactic story-book; fun, romance, and wonder, surely the birthright of children in all ages, were born anew; and since then childhood has had to its hand a boundless wealth of books to the making of which artists and men of letters have contributed generously, and for the sake of which patient collectors have 'ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes,' to bring to the nursery the fairy-folk of all nations.

THE TWO-STREAM POLICY.

PART II.

III.

NETTIE presented a charming sight the next morning as she walked down the slope to the bank of the river. When she arrived there she gazed around as if in search of something. The serious look in her eyes suddenly changed to one of a more pleasing character as she espied two stones most conveniently placed for use as seats. She approached them, and after a moment's hesitation seated herself and scanned the ground around her. She saw several cigarette-stumps, and in the clay soil the marks of shoe-heels—those of a man, broad and well defined, and of a woman, small and deeply imprinted. She sighed gently, and looked across to the opposite bank without interest; not, apparently, because the scene was a familiar one, but that her eyes betrayed a maiden meditation which was not entirely fancy free. The mellow notes of a bakbakiri shrike calling to his mate came to her from the other side of the river, and she smiled. The immediate response, rich in its variety and sweetness, filled her ears, and betrayed the presence of the mate, in her brilliant green dress, on a branch of a tree close by. Presently the wooer, eager on the love-trail, came across and joined the other, and the watching Nettie saw them kiss as lovers always do. Then she smiled once more.

IV.

The days passed on as is their custom, laggingly for some, over-hasty for others, until the first of the new year arrived, ushered in by a flawless sky and a rosy dawn of such tenderness that Oom Duggie's skin-clad Griqua shepherd, usually callous to beauty and indifferent to nature's finest efforts, looked at it as at a revelation. There had been heavy rains in the Orange Free State, and the Riet and Modder rivers were in full flood, hastening to their union near the railway-bridge, to pour in a united and resistless torrent to augment the waters of their august sister, the Orange.

When his after-lunch nap had braced him for the effort, M'Kay rode over to Mostert's homestead for a talk with his old friend, whom he had not seen for a fortnight, in consequence of a business visit to Cape Town. After the light-hearted greetings so characteristic of their relations M'Kay remarked, 'I sold one hundred and fifty head of your oxen for delivery in March, and about the same number of mine on the same condition, and at the same price. The rains are approaching, and the veld should be in fine trim soon. By March the stock will be fat and fit for slaughter. Then, Klassie, we must take a trip to the coast. The Strand for me every time; Muizenberg is too fashionable.'

'That 's all right, Duggie; and thanks for all you did. March, did you say? It might come off before March. Yes, I think it very likely.'

'We can't get rooms at the Strand before March,' said M'Kay; 'every hotel and boarding-house is booked full until then.'

'I wasn't thinking of the coast trip, Duggie.'

'Of what, then, were you thinking?'

'I was thinking of the efforts that that infernal *rooinek* [red-neck] of a son of yours is making to deprive me of my only child. He is here every night. I was obliged to tell them last evening that I would cut off the oil-supply of the *zitkamer* [sitting-room] lamp. They only smiled. "We must, then, revert to the old custom of the *zit op* [sit up] candle," said Donald. "I'll bring one over."'

'Better let them have the oil, Klaas. The candle idea is a trifle risky. Love burns longer than a *zit op* candle. My wife told me this morning that Donald had got into the habit of solitary evening rides, and I wondered.'

The two old friends smiled happily at each other. 'That old fence is very rickety, Klaas,' said Oom Duggie.

'*Verdoemd* rickety,' said Oom Klaas bilingually.

'Where is Nettie?' inquired M'Kay.

'Where is Donald?' asked Mostert.

'Now that you ask, I remember that he disappeared after breakfast. This is New Year's Day, and I suppose his blood called him to celebrate it.'

'It has, Duggie, I do believe. He has taken Nettie for a ride. Perhaps they have gone to honour the day at Rostoll's Hotel at the Junction.'

M'Kay smiled. 'We have handled this affair with credit,' he said. 'Klaas,' he resumed, with good-humoured raillery, 'you can always depend on a Scotsman for an original idea. I told you how to handle Nettie, and I encouraged you with my iron resolution. Where a Scotsman takes hold he carries a thing through. It is the Scottish spirit.'

'Yes, Duggie,' said Mostert mildly, 'whisky is a strengthening drink.'

For once in his life the ready retort failed M'Kay; or was it that his attention was riveted on the river? 'Look at the Riet,' he exclaimed; 'it is running level with its banks, and the Modder is doing likewise. The junction must be a fine sight. Let us ride down to see. Rostoll's whisky is not bad, Klaas, and we must celebrate the day.'

'Old Montagu Dop for me,' said Klaas, as he turned away to give the order to 'up-saddle.'

V.

They rode together in silence, Mostert puffing contentedly at his pipe, while M'Kay flicked the gnats from his face with an ox-tail. They flushed a covey of partridges, but took no notice. The breaking away of a steenbok, even the harsh scolding of a *knorhaan* (lesser bustard), volubly indignant at being roused from its afternoon siesta, failed to interest them. After a while M'Kay betrayed the trend of his thoughts by saying, 'Did you say they rode to the Junction?'

'I said I thought they did.'

Presently they arrived at Rostoll's, and dismounted. Entering the bar, they called for their favourites.

'*Gezondheid* [Good health],' said Oom Duggie, 'and damn the two-stream policy.'

'*Gezondheid*,' responded Oom Klaas, 'and to the devil with the two-stream policy.—How is the river running at the Junction, Rostoll?'

'Like the gentleman you have just mentioned, Oom Klaas. I have lived here for years, but never saw such a sight. Let us hope that the railway-bridge will hold.'

The two friends mounted and rode down to the tongue of land—the apex of the angle—at which the union of the Riet and the Modder takes place. They reined in on a small rise overlooking the junction of the two rivers.

'What a glorious sight!' said M'Kay. 'Look, Klaas, at that magnificent stream—the result of union, my friend. See the golden colour the sun has imparted to it—golden, Klaas; golden. If the British and Dutch elements in this country would but unite, they would go on to a broader and more tolerant life, with the sun of prosperity shining on them, brightening the current of their lives as the old sun is now glorifying that river.'

'Pray God, Duggie—pray God, it may yet come to pass.'

'Let us hope so. But who are those two people on the very extremity of the point? They are too near the water for safety.'

'Let us ride down and see.'

They proceeded, and presently Mostert stopped with a laugh and pointed to two horses tethered to a bush. 'Nettie's little mare and Donald's gray,' said he gleefully.

Dismounting, they walked towards the point. The seated figures before them, oblivious, apparently, of all but the rushing current, were gazing down-stream towards the railway-bridge.

'That can't be them,' pronounced Mostert. 'Nettie didn't have a white sash around her waist when she left home. She wouldn't wear a sash with a riding-habit.'

'Sash be blowed!' said M'Kay. 'Donald has got a white coat on, and your blessed sash is nothing but'——

'His arm!' interrupted Mostert, slapping his leg in exuberant joy.

'Yes, his arm,' replied the other; 'and that superfluous old fence now dividing our farms is prostrate at last.'

'Prostrate at last,' repeated Mostert emphatically.

'The man,' said M'Kay, 'who invented the two-stream policy, Klaas, failed to take account of one thing—a thing universal, strong, and impossible to control by pronouncements, platitudes, and policies.'

'What—is—that—thing?' inquired Oom Klaas between puffs.

'Love,' replied Oom Duggie, wiping his face with a pink handkerchief.

THE END.

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OUR INVASION OF HOLLAND.

BEFORE the war a frontier meant, as a rule, very little to the average tourist, except a somewhat perfunctory examination of his effects by Customs officers, though this often annoyed him, more especially when he was brusquely aroused from his beauty-sleep late at night, or in the dark, early hours of the morning. But at the present time, although we are supposed to be at peace with almost the whole world, a frontier is a barrier which is, in theory, impassable to those who are not provided with a duly viséd passport. And, in theory, it will thus remain impassable until wiser counsels prevail and passports are abolished.

At present the authorities forbid persons unprovided with passports to pass from Belgium into Holland, and *vice versâ*, and it is to be presumed that defiance of these regulations will be punished by most fearful and wonderful penalties; though what on earth these penalties really are no one seems to know.

It suffices to know that at present the crossing of the frontier is, in theory, strictly forbidden, and that trespassers will be prosecuted.

Now, a trespass notice is one of my pet bugbears. Whenever I see such a notice at home I absolutely yearn to trespass, and I am afraid that I have, time and again, defied trespass notices in my country rambles.

I hanker after forbidden fruit.

As a general rule I am a quiet, inoffensive, law-abiding citizen. During the war I implicitly obeyed both the letter and the spirit of the stern behests of Dora, just as I have to obey the stern dictates of my wife.

But there are occasions upon which the Old Adam gets the upper hand, incites me to rebellion, and spurs me on to do the things which I am strictly forbidden to do—though, of course, never dare I flout the commands that 'she who must be obeyed' issues.

Some years ago I had a bad attack of rheumatism, and, among other things, the doctor said that on no account must I drink beer. As a matter of fact I was not in the habit of drinking beer, and I had no desire to drink beer—until it was forbidden. Then my soul was possessed by an intense yearning for bitter beer. This craving gained such a complete hold over me that I promptly adjourned to a hostelry for a pint of bitter.

Then I was satisfied, for I had enjoyed one of the greatest and never-palling pleasures of life—that of disobeying doctor's orders.

So, being lately in the north of Belgium, within a few miles of the Dutch frontier, and having no passport visa to enter Holland, I was filled with a great longing to cross the frontier, and to trespass into prohibited territory.

There was nothing particularly attractive in that part of the country; nevertheless, like the Peri, I yearned to gain an entrance into the forbidden paradise.

I make no claim to be a hero, and yet, in spite of the direst penalties, I determined that, with three reckless comrades, I would invade Holland.

Without passports we invaded Holland, and without passports we escaped from Holland, practically scot-free.

The main road was barred, so we tried the coast. First came an easy walk along the red-tiled Digue to the north of Knocke, then a tramp, not so easy, along the soft sand of the shore, past German barbed wire, guns, and concrete dug-outs. Then, leaving the shore, we had a tiring switchback walk along the sand-dunes, through German trenches, littered with broken crockery and kitchen utensils, with here and there clips of cartridge-cases and the remains of formidable barbed-wire entanglements.

A military 'pill-box' occupied by Belgian soldiers gave us 'furiously to think,' more especially as one of the soldiers seemed to be hurrying down from the mimic fortress to intercept us. But he merely waved his hand and wished us '*Bon jour*,' so we pressed on our way, somewhat apprehensively, for we believed that we were now within a mile of the dread borderline.

A rifle-shot in our direction made us stand absolutely still. Our bravery began to ooze out from the bottoms of our boots, and we were almost inclined to lift up our hands and shout, '*Kamerad*.' But the disappearing white tail of a retreating rabbit, which was almost as scared as we were, seemed to indicate that bunny, and not the British heroes, was the target of the Belgian marksman.

The cessation of barbed wire ought to have made us know that we had crossed the frontier; but as we were under the impression that a creek, some distance ahead, divided the two countries, we walked, with a certain trepidation,

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over level, smooth turf, unconscious of the fact that we were indeed in Holland. The revolving sails of two windmills in the distance, together with the summit of a church spire peeping through the trees, bespoke the presence of a village, and, what was more to the point, gave promise of the potentialities of solid and liquid refreshment.

At length we reached the creek which we then believed to be the frontier, but which in fact belonged entirely to Holland. It was low tide, and thus the inlet presented an expanse of firm sand. Out came the camera to preserve a permanent record of the bold adventurers on the point of invading the country.

At the top of the steep grass bank on the opposite side of the creek stood a Dutch outpost —a woman—who watched us carefully and suspiciously. Still, undeterred, we pressed on. The outpost retreated. At the top of the bank there was a good view of the Dutch landscape. The whole character of the country in front of us was different from that which we had just quitted. We were made at once to feel that we were indeed in the Holland that is so well known from paintings and photographs.

All traces of war and of the ravages of war had been left behind. We were indeed in a land which had enjoyed the undisturbed blessings of peace. The land was better tilled; the farm-houses and buildings were larger, neater, and better built; the horses and the cattle were finer. A wide, sluggish canal, which we crossed by an iron bridge, and the causeway along the top of a high dyke, testified to the patient, persistent struggle against natural difficulties. Upon each side of each road was a row of pollarded willows.

As a linguist I am not a distinguished success. My French is excellent at home, but unfortunately when I am abroad no one seems to be able to understand it. When I start to speak people look very sad, and the longer I speak the more miserable do they become—it brings tears to their eyes. In fact, I often wonder what tale of woe I have been telling, more especially when I have been really trying to make a joke.

Of Flemish I have not the slightest knowledge, which is a great disadvantage in those parts of Belgium where only Flemish is spoken. And my Dutch is rather worse than my Flemish.

By the side of a stream sat a small, bespectacled Dutch boy, engaged in watching, or tending, some very quiet Dutch cows. He was an inoffensive boy who had never done me any harm; but I was a stern invader, and had no bowels of mercy. In dress he was very like an English boy, and very unlike the conventional Dutch boy in high, black, peaked cap, blue jeans, and wooden shoes, for he had a cloth cap, a tweed suit, and leather boots. He had done me no harm, but invasion is invasion, and I was pitiless. So I started to torture him most horribly by trying to speak Dutch. He looked scared. But there was no escape for him, and the enemy outnumbered him by four to one. So I persisted, and wished him 'Good-day.' Then I sternly inquired the name of the distant village which we were about to loot, and although we were aliens, he told me. The answer to my question was, of course, a tribute to the excellence of my Dutch, though his understanding may possibly have been assisted by my finger pointing to the windmills.

As the invading army marched along the high-road it passed men and women—mostly women —at work in the fields. They regarded us with absolute indifference, for they merely looked up for a moment, and then resumed their patient toil, unhasting and untiring. Our invasion evidently created no perturbation in their phlegmatic minds. At length we reached the village of Le Retranchment, which consists of two short streets, at the junction of cross-roads, with two windmills, about twoscore cottages, a large school, a church, and that which was very much more important, no less than two public-houses.

There was thus an embarrassment of choice. We selected the more handsome of the two inns, and boldly entered a large room, which reeked of tobacco-smoke, and contained a billiard-table and a small bar. Then serious business began. The proprietor spoke no French, and our Dutch had seen better days. Moreover, there was nothing in the room to which we could point in order to make our wants understood. But I knew one Dutch word, *Schnapps*, which I uttered with the utmost confidence, and the proprietor, with marvellous alacrity, tumbled to the idea that I wished him to join me in a small glass of *Schiedam*. This melted the ice, and made conversation more understandable and more fluent.

A little daughter of the house was called in to assist. She entered the room in her stockinged feet, for, like her elder sister, who smiled at us from the neat and scrupulously clean inner room, and the mother, who beamed at us from underneath a starched white bonnet, she evidently did not wear boots within doors. This young girl knew a little French, which she had learned at school, and acted as interpreter. Like the others, she became very sad before I had finished my introductory speech. We were, however, able to make them understand that we stood in urgent need of victuals and drink; but as we could not tell them the exact nature of the food, we graciously consented to put up with what they could understand. Coffee was, of course, comprehended; but in regard to eatables it was quite another matter, so we compromised on bread and butter, of which two huge piles, of almost Himalayan grandeur, but in reasonably thin slices, were soon forthcoming.

The proprietor was also the head waiter, and he looked the part, in his peaked sailor's cap

and blue-serge suit. Like the orthodox waiter at high-class restaurants, he smoked a short, black, clay pipe, which was warranted to kill at a hundred yards, and this pipe he smoked most vigorously while he attended to the wants of his unexpected guests; though, as a matter of etiquette, he put it down on the edge of our table while he poured out the coffee, but replaced it in his mouth directly this labour was accomplished.

The food was very good and very acceptable. Of course, the inevitable picture post-cards were on sale, and, of course, some were purchased and posted, as evidence that we had really been in Holland.

Then came 'the evil quarter of an hour of Rabelais'—the time for payment of the bill. The proprietor was apparently no dab at arithmetic. He was evidently embarrassed. Taking a half-sheet of note-paper and a short, stumpy piece of black-lead pencil, which he sucked, he called in the services of his daughter as assistant-cashier. After serious thought he made some fearful and wonderful calculations, and totalled the figures, which, for some unknown reason, he divided by two. Then he calmly informed us that the bill amounted to one hundred and sixty-five francs—which even at the existing low value of the franc meant about three pounds ten shillings.

It was now my turn to look sad. Holland was indeed revenged. We had merely wanted to buy a simple meal. It was not our desire to purchase the freehold. There must have been expostulation in my look, for he reconsidered his calculations. It was all those confounded decimals, and he eased the situation by transferring the point one place to the left, thus reducing the bill to sixteen and a half francs (about seven shillings).

Husbands in Holland must be obedient mortals. Indeed, I think that I should make a good Dutch husband.

Wives in Holland seem to be autocratic within the house. In fact, I think that my wife would make a good Dutch wife.

It seems to be the order of the day that shoes must be taken off before the home is entered. On our homeward way to Belgium we passed a small roadside farmhouse, outside which was ranged a row of heavy wooden sabots.

Before crossing the frontier we had one further moment of peril, for we had to encounter the Dutch army. He was, however, very peaceable, and looked peaceable in his neat blue uniform. As we were four to one, we were absolutely unafraid, and as he had his best girl with him, his mind was evidently more intent upon love than war. This terminated our danger.

A weary march along the dunes and sands brought us safely back to Knocke, dog-tired, but triumphant. At the end of the Digue was a garden-seat, a temporary restful haven after toil. With a sigh of relief I sat me down for a short rest. With a sudden ejaculation, not of relief, I promptly rose. That confounded seat had just been painted. I am not a greedy man, but I took far more than my fair share of that white paint back to the hotel, and smelled strongly of petrol the next day.

The municipal paint which I then stole was about the only thing I obtained in Belgium absolutely free of charge. It was also the only penalty inflicted for our unwarrantable invasion of Holland.

But is not the passport system absolute piffle?

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

V.

THE little man went on promptly with his hasty and hurtling attack. 'I know—stunning and absurd and incredible. It sounds all that, I know. To me it is all that—only, I've got to face things as they appear to me. I've got to act on the apparently incredible. I've so little to go on, yet so much. A huge fortune, that foolish girl's happiness, and all that sort of thing, are at stake.'

He seemed anxious to impress Clement with the soundness of his case, and it was now Clement who cried, 'But get on with it, man. You haven't too much time. You'll have to go ashore very soon. Tell me the facts.'

'Facts!' snapped the little man. 'The first is, she's going out expressly to find and marry this weak-will, this ne'er-do-well, Henry Gunning.'

'Why? Is she engaged to him?' demanded Clement, with peculiar interest.

'Engaged to him! Good gad—rubbish! Sheer quixotry. This is the story: They were brought up together—boy and girl. He was an unpleasant, feckless cub. His people had estates next old Reys's. Both of 'em went about as kids. There was a sort of calf-love. Both of 'em had it with a mild franticness—nothing else to do in the country for the young but to be calves. Then he did something idiotic, and he was shipped off to Canada. His guardians did it—parents dead then.'

'What was it?'

'Oh, general irritation with his spinelessness and low tastes, plus a crisis. They made use of that crisis. Matter of fact, he stole.'

'Stole! But could Miss Heloise have anything to do with a thief?'

'Oh, but a plausible thief,' snapped the little lawyer. 'With a plausible case. What he stole, he said, was his. As a matter of fact, it wasn't, and he knew it. It was a picture, an Old Master, belonging to his family. Family had died up to its ears in debt—for which his own bad habits were mainly responsible. Everything had been sold to settle those debts. He knew that all right. But he stole that picture, sold it, and went on the spree with the proceeds. There you get the type of man he is in a nutshell.'

'That doesn't explain Miss Reys's attitude.'

'Oh, he made a case. Said he thought he'd taken only what was his own. He bought her a silly little trinket, too, and made her believe he had sold the picture to get that. Absurd. But she was woefully young. She has a generous heart, and she was on the side of the scamp in affection. Well, that's the beginning. He left her with the usual vows. He'd been unlucky. He had an unlucky nature, so he told her; but he was going to the great and grand New World to carve out a fortune for her. He would return, like the hero in a story, rich and powerful, and all because of her—all for her.'

'Well, what next? Has he made that fortune?'

'Not a bit of it. He's the sort that doesn't. Hasn't the guts or the honesty. I don't know what he's done in the ten years he's been away; nobody knows. I suspect a mountain of beastliness. But one thing I know. He hasn't made that fortune.'

'You're sure?'

'My dear lad, isn't that why she's going out? Oh, of course, I'm running on too fast. Well, that *is* the reason, anyhow. First year or two there were plenty of letters. Then the letters dropped away. His were sloppy and disconsolate, I gather. He was the unlucky sort even in Canada, he let her know. Of course he was. Then the letters almost stopped. Then they stopped altogether. For years nothing was heard of him. Things went on with Heloise ever so much better. I thought she'd forgotten the ass. Then, quite suddenly, the whole of this business started again. Came at us, as it were, out of the blue.'

'And what precisely do you mean by that?' Clement asked.

'I can't quite explain. Know nothing definite, you see. First Heloise's father died. Been dead several years now. He left her in control of this fortune. Really an immense fortune. When I mentioned the figure of a million pounds I meant it. It is more than true. Heloise continued for a year or two in a state of happy ordinariness. Then she had another letter from the scallywag Gunning. I don't know what was in it, but it seemed to fling her right back to those old flapperish, calfish days. From what I could gather, Gunning was still fighting his luck. He was fighting (so he hinted) with dogged courage. He remembered his vow to her, and had kept himself staunch, unfettered, and upright because of it. He meant to redeem it. In fact, he hinted that there was a chance of redeeming it, if only his spell of bad luck would break. He had a big thing in view—a huge thing—that would bring him a great fortune. Then he would be able to come to her. But he didn't do more than hint at this big *coup* he had in mind. I told Heloise that that was the man all over; that he was merely exhibiting his vague and spineless nature. Stupid of me to say that. I was set aside as hard and unsympathetic at once, and nothing more was told to me. Heloise, naturally, thought it was his noble nature cropping out. He would tell her nothing until he had brought it off. He would be beholden to nobody until he had fulfilled himself. I said it was all rubbish; but Heloise, who thinks the best of everybody, clung to her view. . . . And then this confounded new companion supported that view, gave it a new strength.'

'How could a companion do any such thing?'

'I can't answer riddles; I can only guess. Perhaps I am too easily suspicious. I suspected the *old* companion when she so inexplicably left Heloise's service. Why? Well, it seemed illogical. She had an extraordinarily well-paid, extraordinarily comfortable job. It was the sort of job no woman of that kind would leave in a hurry. But she did. She said she had come into some money, a lot of it, and wanted to set up a little business on her own. Well, I couldn't find out how she had come into that money—a few thousands it must have been. I tried to trace a source. I couldn't find one. But she had the money from some one all right.'

'You suspect it was an underhand affair—she was paid?'

'I suspect only. No facts. This new companion made me more suspicious. She's a Canadian, or says she is.'

'Perhaps that's the reason Miss Reys chose her—a reason of sentiment,' said Clement.

'You've touched the crucial plausibility of the matter. That *is* why Heloise chose her. The departing companion recommended this creature—suspicious again. Heloise was not altogether smitten with her at first, but the fact that she knew Canada turned the scale. The sentimental note won. And then—too surprising for life, I think: an attractive coincidence, thinks Heloise—this new companion knows Gunning.'

Clement nodded. He, too, was beginning to think that the long arm of coincidence was beginning to suffer from strain. He was beginning to see a deliberate purpose underlying the whole business.

'It only came out casually, says Heloise,' went on the little man; 'but there's the fact—this companion who came to her by fishy means

knew Gunning. Knew him well enough to sing rather an attractive song about him. Oh, she made it all sound very ordinary. She had not *actually* spoken to Gunning or known him personally, but she had stayed at a place called Sicamous, where he was often to be seen, and where his name was very well known. He was known there as the Englishman whom Providence had a grouch against. He was also known as the Englishman who would be a millionaire some day. No, don't ask me why he was called that. That hasn't been told me. I suspect that my attitude of non-sympathy has been adroitly enlarged upon by that confounded companion. I've been kept out of it. All I know is that Heloise is filled with a sort of sentimental certainty that Gunning is out there in the wilds needing help. He is fighting a lone hand against circumstances beyond his strength. He is there working doggedly, with a great chance within his grasp; but for lack of means, for lack of support, for lack of money, he cannot make good. That's how I see it, and I can see how the sentimental side has been worked up to secure Heloise's sympathy. She feels he won't, he doesn't, write to her because of his pride. His self-respect, his sense of decency, his grit, and all that sort of bunkum forbid his writing to the girl he loves and wants to marry. That's how they are playing on Heloise's candid and sympathetic nature.'

'Well,' said Clement, 'it might be correct. Men are rather like that, don't you think?'

'*Men*, yes,' snapped the little lawyer. 'Fellows like you, real men, would be like that. But Gunning—I don't believe it.'

'That's rather drastic.'

'My boy, I know Gunning. We acted for *his* people too. Gunning is not like that. He's a moral tadpole. If he has changed, then the age of miracles has very certainly not passed.'

Clement thought this sort of talk led to nothing. He changed the line.

'And what's the big chance that lies before him?'

'I told you I didn't know,' said the little lawyer. 'I've been kept in the dark over that.'

'Is Miss Reys in the dark?'

'What do you mean by that? As I tell you, I think she is certainly in the dark concerning this foul plot that is being worked on her. But concerning this big *coup* that Gunning is supposed to be able to bring off—no. She knows all about that. She's been writing letters to people in Canada. The companion has supplied her with addresses, I take it. She's received replies that have convinced her of the genuineness of Gunning and his prospects. Of that I am certain.'

'You don't think those letters genuine?'

'I don't think anything connected with this trip to Canada is genuine.'

Clement frowned. Pondering, he said, 'Exactly what do you think these rogues, if they be rogues, are out to do?'

'I think they are out to get control of rather more than a million pounds sterling which at present belongs to Heloise.'

'How will they do that—if she marries Gunning?'

'How will they?' began the little lawyer in exasperation. Then he said more precisely and quietly, 'I will tell you exactly what I think. I think that, somehow, a band of rogues in Canada have found out from Henry Gunning that there is a sort of engagement between him and Heloise. They have learnt from the same source that Heloise is worth a million of money. They have that rascal in their power—it wouldn't be hard to get him in their power. They have seen that through him there is a very good chance of getting that million of money into their power.'

'You're making rather a long shot, aren't you? After all, they must have known that they would have to reckon with Heloise, who will have something to say in the matter.'

The little man waggled his umbrella fiercely.

'Not a long shot,' he insisted. 'They probably saw her letters to him. If they read those letters, they would see exactly the sort of girl Heloise is. She is fine, honest. She is too generous for this world. She is undoubtedly quixotic, as I have told you several times. They would see that a girl like that would respond to adroit handling. Her sense of honour would lead her to remain true to the letter of the bargain she made with Gunning years ago. Her sense of chivalry would send her out post-haste to his aid, if that aid was required. His very air of pride, grit, and reticence would move such a nature enormously. She would feel that he was making a tremendous sacrifice for her, and she would at once be willing to make a tremendous sacrifice in return.'

The little man paused, gazing at Clement.

'That's her nature; generous to folly. She gives greatly, tremendously, if her heart is touched. . . . Well, that's what these brutes have done. As I see it, they have assessed her, sized her up. They have made the most of her good qualities. They have put this plot into motion. Cunningly they have reawakened her interest in Gunning—first, by that letter from him; then they got rid of the old companion, and substituted this—this temptress from Canada. She has spent all her days playing upon Heloise's heart-strings. She has cast a spell, a glamour, a damned romantical glamour, over that poor girl. She has painted a picture of the stoic Gunning fighting against luck for *her*. Painted him proud and silent and full of pluck, refusing to call on her aid, though she has but to stretch out a finger, back up some scheme of his, and he will win—he will win a fortune and win her. Oh, they have painted for

her a beauteous and beastly picture. The sort of picture that can have but one effect on such a girl as Heloise. She has become inspired by it. She sees the great and the generous way. If this true man, Gunning, is too proud to cry for her help, then she should be proud to go to him and help him. She will make her sacrifice also. . . . So—so off she packs to Canada. She starts out like a sort of rapturous female knight-errant to the rescue.'

The little man had to stop, because his face and throat were working.

'And then, when she finds him,' he ended, his voice harsh with emotion, 'there 'll be a love scene—and a marriage—and then—— God knows what *they* will do then; but as sure as I 'm here, Clement Seadon, they 'll get that million—and I daren't ask myself *how they will get it.*'

Clement stood stiff with the tragedy that had suddenly burst in horror into that little cabin.

'I daren't ask myself how they will get that million,' the little lawyer had said with emotion, and Clement shuddered. He saw the gaunt and lonely mountains of Sicamous (wasn't that the place?); the dark, spruce-clad valleys, awfully lonely and awfully quiet. And in those silent valleys away from man—away from help and discovery—anything might happen.

He had a quick vision of the beautiful and splendid girl, and his skin crept with horror of—of the things that might happen.

He found that he had very little to say. He muttered lamely, 'You are sure she is going out for this?'

'To see Gunning? Yes. She told me so frankly.'

'But—but to marry him?'

'I think so. Of course, she wouldn't tell me that, but'—and a gleam in his eye relieved the horror of the moment—'but I, as her lawyer, have been called upon lately to settle heavy bills with all the milliners, dressmakers, and purveyors of dainty feminine apparel in the kingdom of woman's shopping. I don't want to let you into delicate secrets; but, even to the unsophisticated male, such wholesale buying seems to point to one definite end.'

'I am a—a bachelor in such matters,' said Clement, glad to get the topic off the disconcerting strain. 'But even with such preparations woman is not doomed to marriage. After ten years—Henry Gunning may not be likeable. A man of the type you have described is an unpleasant object when he goes to seed—as, no doubt, he has gone to seed.'

'That gives me no ground for hope,' said the little lawyer. 'He is plausible. He will probably get himself up to the scratch for the time being. Even this gang would see to that, don't you think? His very seediness may make him seem more romantic—women are so illogically and amazingly made. And then in a lonely place . . . No; the only safe and settled thing is to prevent the marriage—for you to prevent the marriage.'

Clement laughed with a touch of annoyed self-consciousness. 'After all you 've told me,' he said lamely, 'I 'll keep my eye on her.'

'No—make love to her,' snapped the little lawyer.

'Perhaps I can advise her.'

'Rubbish! Make her love you. Advise her! Good Lord, can any man advise a headstrong, well-educated young woman of the twentieth century? Advise her! Haven't I been advising her not to do this mad thing for months? She 's certain of herself. She 's so practical about the whole matter. Advise her! You might just as well try to advise Mount Popocatepetl to melt into the plain. Don't attempt to advise. Do! Love her. Marry her.'

A sharp voice came swiftly along the gallery outside. A boy, running with some urgency, was yelling a name.

'Marry her, man,' snapped the little lawyer. 'I 'm cut off from her. I can do nothing. I depend on you.' He listened to the boy's yells. 'My name. I 'm wanted.' He sprang to the door, ran up the alley-way to the gallery. 'Boy! Boy! I 'm Mr Hard. Want me?'

A shrill voice yelled, 'Lookin' fer you everywhere, sir. Hurry. Cap'n Heavy's compliments. You gotter get off the ship damn quick. Casting off now. Look sharp, sir.'

The little man swung round, called down the alley-way, into which Clement had come, 'Got to go ashore. Don't forget what you 've got to do.'

'I 'll do my best,' cried the confused Clement.

'Best! No good. Marry her.'

'But, you see, she mightn't'——

'Marry her,' snapped the little lawyer, already on the run. 'Don't give in to her. Make her marry you.'

Running, he passed along the gallery out of sight.

Clement stared after him in bewilderment.

'Holy romance!' he murmured to himself. 'Here 's a thing with which to begin a sea-voyage!'

He turned to go back to his cabin. Away along the gallery, by the staircase that led up to the smoking-room, he saw two men standing. They were standing watching him. They stood there for but a second, and then, with furtive quickness, they stepped back towards the staircase out of his sight.

It had been a matter of an instant. But Clement had recognised both of them.

One was the steward with the evil face who had tried to get the little lawyer off the ship, and had, so Clement felt, tried to get him off the ship, too, by sending his luggage astray.

The other was a tall, huge, almost excessive

man. A man with little, sinister eyes. The man who had all but prevented his getting into the train. The man whom he had seen close to his baggage before it went astray. He was there watching Clement, talking to the evil steward in an intimate way.

'Ah,' reflected Clement; 'so you *are* in this. You are one of them. . . . And now that I come to think things out, there was never any doubt of it.'

Clement Seadon sat down on his bunk to face the problem of saving the girl Heloise from a gang of rogues, of whom the companion, Méduse, this huge man, and the steward at least were members.

(*Continued on page 53.*)

TYPES OF HUMANITY.

I.—OXYPHERIC PEOPLE.

By P. Roualeyn Gordon.

THE human race is composed of all sorts and conditions of people, and no two persons are alike, either physically, mentally, or morally. Some are mentally superior to others; some are physically stronger than others. Some are built on the principle of slowness, their mind and their bodily movements being slow. Others are built on the principle of delicacy. The mind and the body are quick to act. Still others, again, are phlegmatic—nothing seems to arouse them, not even an earthquake. Some are bony—the bones predominate; some are fleshy; and others, again, are nothing but nerves. Hence, broadly speaking, humanity may be divided into different types. Each type is, more or less, a law unto itself. Each type has certain characteristics which are common to that type, although these may be found to some extent in other types, according to the temperament and the constitution of the individual. The word constitution is used to cover the mental, the physical, and all other characteristics appropriate to the particular type. Thus we find that one man is tall, slender, highly intellectual, apparently of a higher type than others. He is of an atrophic constitution, and predisposed to lung troubles, stomach troubles, or disease of the spine. Another man is small in stature, has a head large in proportion to the body, is highly sensitive to all external influences, quick in thought and action, of a fine quality of organisation, has a sedentary disposition and good artistic tastes. He is of a nervous constitution, and subject to diseases of the nervous system or the brain. Still another man is muscular. His muscles are well knit, and his movements suggest steel springs. Here the muscles are the predominating feature, and the man's constitution is said to be muscular. And so on.

The human body is a chemical composition of fourteen chemical elements (oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c.), and different constitutions carry these elements in different proportions, thus affecting the entire nature of the individual. For instance, in an ordinary man weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, there is, or should be, oxygen present in the body to the extent of about eighty-nine pounds. Chemical analyses usually differ, simply because one chemist analyses the remains of one man, another chemist analyses the remains of another man, perhaps of a different constitution and temperament. Each chemist reports the existing chemical elements in the body as he finds them. But the chemical analysis of the remains of a man after death may not represent the actual proportion as compared with the chemical elements in that individual when he was in perfect health, or as he was in his period of full growth. The food salts are often broken down during times of disease. The liquids, the oils, the fatty matter may be partially consumed during periods of disease. To obtain the actual proportionate chemical elements in a human being chemical analysis should be made of a man who dies in the bloom of health, during maturity and perfect manhood, after such a man dies suddenly from a blow, a bullet, or an accident. The chemical analysis of the remains of a diseased man necessarily does not tally with the chemical elements in a healthy man.

If, however, the oxygen exists in the body in greater proportion to the other chemical elements than eighty-nine pounds, that man has oxygen in excess in his system, which will affect his characteristics, habits, tendencies, disease tendencies, and everything else. When oxygen predominates very strongly in a certain individual, so much so that he is affected in every direction, his constitution is oxypheric, which means that his system carries oxygen to excess. Such a man is never anæmic; on the contrary, he is plethoric, if anything.

Oxypheric people usually have a large central body from the hips to the shoulders, the body being rounded, heavy, fleshy, and long. The lungs are very large. The face is well developed, and flushes quickly from exercise, emotion, passion. The eyes are blue or blue-gray, sometimes hazel, or gray-green. The man has a youthful appearance even in old age. He is, mainly speaking, the red-faced man. He is full of blood, especially red blood, and it is this superabundance of red blood that gives him the

red complexion so characteristic to him, and so different from all other constitutions. He is very animated and healthy. Indeed, he is so healthy that, if he suffers from any sickness, it is 'health disease,' caused by over-abundance of blood, high blood-pressure, excess of red globules, fibrin, albumin, which may clog the portal system or rupture some of the blood-vessels in the brain.

Not a great many people of this constitution are of the dark races. They are mostly found among white-skinned nations, especially among Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Americans, Irish, &c. They may, however, be found among darker races, though not to any great extent. Some of the most successful business men, farmers, orators, brewers, and sailors are of this constitution.

The oxypheric man is very generous, but he dislikes ingratitude worse than he abhors a rattlesnake. He is a very important wheel in the machinery of the world's progress. What would the world do without him? He is the great capitalist, the railway manager, the political reformer, the greatest friend to the labouring classes, although he is often disliked by them. The square-faced, large-necked, heavy-chested, heavy-set captain of industry, who gives work to thousands of workmen and sends his products to all quarters of the globe, is usually of this constitution. The labouring man, the union man, the socialist, the anarchist, and many other people who have small, narrow heads may rail against the oxypheric man, perhaps justly so; but he is, nevertheless, the greatest benefactor and friend to all, whether they know it or not, or whether they believe it or not. Place a large manufacturing concern, a great corporation, a nation, the affairs of a church, or any large paying industry into the hands of a narrow-headed person and see how long it will succeed. The world surely needs the wide-headed, commercial-minded, optimistic, daring, enthusiastic oxypheric man, however wealthy he may be, or however much money he may spend. Without men of this constitution the world would soon suffer in every branch of business, traffic, industry, and commerce.

The oxypheric man can think of the needs of large numbers of workmen better than they can think of their own welfare. He can pick the brains of other men and use their knowledge to his own advantage. He can use men better than they can use themselves. A large body, efficient lungs, tremendous vitality, executive power, talent, mental power, together with great quantities of oxygen in the system—these are needed to use men and matter, or to make things pay, or to strike out on one's own initiative, do pioneer-work of some kind, turn ashes into gold, become a money magnet.

This type of man is very magnetic. He has a strong personality, and, although sometimes so uneducated that he cannot sign his name, he can, nevertheless, mould human wills, direct human effort. As a general rule the oxypheric man is a great worker, but he is not a persistent worker. He can do as much work as three ordinary men when he gets his steam up, but he is not continuous. There are some men, of a different constitution, who never seem to tire; they plod along, day after day, year after year, fixed and unchanging in their habits, like eternity itself. These men are invariably of a high intellectual stamp, slow in movement, patient, sedentary, and unresponsive. They are like a mighty driving-wheel in a power-house—slow to start, but slow to stop when once in motion. The principle of eternity is at work in their very bones. They are the exact opposite of the oxypheric man.

Oxypheric people are under high pressure, dynamos of energy, 'live wires' in every sense of the word. They are like volcanoes; they make steam for brain and sinew like steam-engines. They sweat like a brewery—can actually be seen steaming on a hot day. If they could not convert the internal heat into steam by the evaporation of the perspiration, they would suffer, commit horrible deeds, become very ill. It is very easy for lean prohibitionists, emaciated reformers, starved vegetarians, and high-browed philosophers to condemn beer-drinking, for they do not know what it is to be of an oxypheric constitution. When a man of this constitution is deprived of his beer his system suffers. He must rid his system of internal heat. When he drinks beer, this internal heat is turned into steam through perspiration. It is given off from the body in the form of sweat. Beer-drinking, which is condemnable in most people, has a favourable, sanitary, and disease-preventing effect on most men of this constitution. Yet it is far better for an oxypheric man to make less blood and use foods that are not rich in potash and iron salts, leave meat alone, breathe less by decreasing the lung capacity.

Some people are perpetual, some changeable or fitful, others periodic, still others continuous, but the oxypheric man is climactic. He works steadily almost day and night for a year, or two or three years, when suddenly he breaks down. Then he becomes very ill, but recovers as quickly when his sickness has reached its climax. When he is ill, he wants an army of nurses, half-a-dozen doctors, a whole drug-store in the house, and everybody to wait on him. He is so sure that he will die that he even predicts the day, the hour, and the minute. When that minute comes, however, he does not die. He is the opposite of the atrophic man, who insists that he is well, even when on his death-bed. The atrophic man dies and does not know it.

The characteristics in oxypheric people, among both sexes, at different stages of life, in different climates, and in different environments, may vary a little, but not to any great extent. There

is no type of people similar to the oxypheric, nor is there another type with similar characteristics. Some oxypheric people have their ups-and-downs oftener than others, whether it is a question of success or failure. These ups-and-downs do not depend upon success or failure; they are a natural result of the uneasy oxygen in their system. People of this constitution go to extremes. They may develop very strong appetites for rich, clogging foods, until the fever in their blood comes to boiling-point, when they suffer. Then they go to the other extreme, and perhaps fast for some time. They may adopt a certain mode of life for years until they reach the climax, when they suddenly fall to the opposite point—the nadir. Oxypheric people are cumulative in desire—more, more, still more is written in their constitution—until they get what they feel is enough, which means they have reached the climax, when a reformatory period begins.

Because of their strong personality, people of this constitution are always welcome wherever they go. They are very popular with all classes. It is questionable whether an oxypheric man ever had an enemy, or whether he ever will have an enemy. People may talk about him, envy him, traduce him, plot against him, but nevertheless they all like him, and admire his strong nature.

Oxypheric people are very practical; they like the reality of things. They want to experience life in all its stern reality. Imagination plays no part in their scheme of life. For this reason they want to be always engaged in something of an active nature, something that enables them to mix with the people; they do not like being tied to work which demands close, mental concentration. They are interested in the creation, in all that grows and lives, whether it be human beings, animals, or plants. They are the great executives, organisers, pioneers, systematisers of the human race.

'N'RUNGWI,' THE HAUNT OF FEAR.

By Ralph de Pomerai.

PART I.

I.

'YOU can attempt to account for it how you like,' concluded the baron, 'but as a matter of fact there is no real explanation, and I, for one, have outlived that period of my life in which I was inclined to cherish the fond delusion that everything on this earth was capable of rational explanation. Perhaps I'm too old; maybe it's the tropics; anyhow, those are the actual facts.'

For a few minutes there was a strained and impressive silence. The evening was curiously quiet, and a strange hush seemed to pervade the veld. No sign of life stirred in the bush, whilst even the erstwhile noisy and querulous inhabitants of M'Pana's kraal, situated on a low, isolated *kopje* midway down the *vlei*, seemed to be slumbering. Far away on the western horizon the huge and rugged form of M'Jongwe reared itself, black and forbidding, against the paling splendour of an opalescent sky. In the native police cantonment a solitary dog barked, and then timorously subsided into a weird and plaintive howl. Andrews, the native commissioner, moved his chair uneasily. Marsden meditatively knocked the long-extinguished ashes out of his pipe on the steps of the *stoep*, and in the strained hush the taps sounded almost like hammer-strokes.

The telephone-bell tinkled imperiously and abruptly in the office behind them, and the spell was broken. Schienhanski, more familiarly known as 'the baron,' reawoke to the fact that he was still in command of the M'Rinkwa's outstation of His Majesty's Rhodesian Mounted Police, and bolted inside, calling to MacEwan that it was time for a sundowner. Every one stirred with relief as Mac, a tall, bronzed trooper, proceeded to comply with his chief's request.

'*Gadzema!*'

'*Inkos!*'

'*K'taura envoura, Chimbidza!*'

A few seconds later Gadzema, a broad grin on his ugly, shining countenance, emerged from the entrance of the mess-hut. Attired in the very latest thing in native limbo—a villainous affair in flaming scarlet, rendered more hideous by numerous broad black and yellow stripes—he carried two freshly filled soda siphon-bottles.

Simultaneously the general conversation recommenced, as MacEwan proceeded to affix new sparklet-bulbs to the siphons, while his dusky henchman made the round with the decanter.

'Hm! Of course, that yarn of the baron's about Kiteo's kraal and Johnston's revolver is ancient history to me,' remarked Andrews, 'and, frankly, I have so frequently come into close contact with the occult mystery of native life since I have been engaged in administrative work in this country that I have ceased to regard it as being in any way questionable. The phenomena of telepathy, premonition, and subliminal consciousness may be very little understood and still less recognised, but nevertheless they unquestionably exist.'

'It sounds all right,' I remarked; 'but, after all, the whole thing might have been a pure

coincidence. Kaffirs are pretty much alike, you know, and it doesn't follow because the baron imagined that he had seen old Kiteo before, and subsequently found the revolver in his hut, that Kiteo was the same native about whom he had dreamed. . . . Thanks! Easy with the soda.'

'What about old M'Budzi, then?' intervened Mac. 'For years that old heathen was the terror of the Fumbwe district, and police records attribute at least a couple of dozen deaths to his influence. Some of his victims committed suicide; others died from diseases that defied even the doctor here.'

'In other words, native poison—eh?'

'No; you are wrong there. That explanation will not do,' quietly intervened Marsden. 'I performed a most thorough autopsy in several cases, and found that death had occurred either from a peculiar form of heart failure or from something that curiously resembled premature senile decay. Three patients were nursed in my own hospital, and might easily have recovered save for the fact that they apparently lacked the will to live.'

'Or died of funk resultant from native superstition,' I retorted, with the unconscious egoism of a recently acquired degree and hospital experience. Then, observing that MacEwan was waiting to continue, I queried, 'Any more tales about M'Budzi?'

'Yes. We got sufficient evidence to justify his arrest in the end, and the native commissioners gave the warrant to Stephens, who arrested him at Karonga's kraal. Curiously enough, M'Budzi immediately told Stephens that Andrews had given him the warrant—normally it was the baron's job—and described exactly where and at what time it had been handed to him. He also described precisely what the N.C. was doing at the time. Incidentally he predicted the death of little Jimmy, and you will find it a fairly tall order to convince Andrews that there was no connection between that curse and the subsequent death of his son.'

'I thought Marsden told me that Jimmy died of pneumonia?'

'That's so,' admitted MacEwan.

'Well, where does M'Budzi come in?'

'Look here, young man,' interrupted Andrews somewhat heatedly, 'I don't want to be personal, but you're young, and have been in this country only about five minutes. You may imagine it to be modern and intellectual to sneer at evil influences and black magic, but I, for one, firmly believe that they exist. Say what you will, there are influences about persons and places that vitally affect one. Do you deny that the atmosphere of an old cathedral, in which for centuries our forefathers have worshipped, has a power to inspire or even awe one?'

'No! But'——

'Then why on earth should you deny the effect of the possession of a hideous and grotesque fetish which for years has been the object of fiendish and inhuman devil-worship? If you and I can reach to higher influences, why should a native fail to respond to an evil influence or curse, particularly when he fervently believes in it?'

II.

A lively hum of conversation followed this tirade of Andrews's, and during the next ten or fifteen minutes of heated argument various theories and solutions were keenly contested.

'It's all very well being sceptical,' intervened the baron, who re-emerged from the office at this juncture, 'but you cannot alter facts by refusing to recognise them. Look here, Matthews, if you really do want to hear some genuine and corroborated evidence relative to occult influence, you had better ask the doctor to tell you that affair about N'Rungwi and Camden's suicide.'

Blaygrove, the new pass-officer, and myself both confessed our ignorance of the N'Rungwi episode, while our familiarity with the bare official facts of Camden's suicide had been augmented by the current rumours that something mysterious had been associated with the event. It was popularly stated, moreover, that a peculiar incident, not altogether disconnected with Camden's death, had been the determining factor which had induced Dr Marsden to adopt his present mode of existence.

Marsden was a curious character in many respects. Tall, broad-shouldered, and spare, with keen, meditative, greenish-gray eyes which possessed a peculiar searching quality, hair prematurely iron-gray and thinned at the temples, he was a man who instinctively impressed one even in a crowd. Intense earnestness with a suggestion of sternness was perhaps his predominant characteristic. The jaw was square and determined, at times almost aggressive, yet the mouth and nose were curiously sensitive. His hands were delicate but powerful, the fingers long and slender, and pre-eminently those of a skilful surgeon. A remarkably brilliant student, whose degrees included pure science in addition to medicine, he had won a reputation both in surgery and at the School of Tropical Diseases that was still the envy of his fellow-practitioners in Liverpool and London. He had originally visited South Africa in 1906 on research-work in miner's phthisis. Later he went north on a shooting and scientific expedition, and in the following year suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in the M'Rinkwa's district as a medical missionary. The whole of his not inconsiderable fortune had been expended upon the equipment and upkeep of the M'Rinkwa mission hospital, dispensary, and surgery, and, to quote local comment, he had wasted his whole genius and experience on 'damned unappreciative Kaffirs.'

It was a strange freak, but no one doubted his earnestness. Most of us hated missionaries; but, then, Marsden was not a missionary in the usually accepted sense of the word. The Doc.

never preached—at least, not to us. We who knew him loved him; all respected him; while there was scarcely a European or a native in the whole country-side who was not deeply indebted to him. Naturally enough, then, we all turned to Marsden and demanded his narrative.

'Now then, Doc.,' as Marsden waved aside the proffered glass, 'surely you are not going to refuse a solitary sundowner. It 's up to you to tell this tale, so you might just as well ease it out.'

'All right, then. Just a spot. Thanks!'

Pipes were again lighted, and we all resettled ourselves to hear the Doc.'s story.

III.

'N'Rungwi, as most of you know, is a huge and weird, naked ironstone *kopje*, curiously resembling a hideous crouching dwarf, situated near the edge of the Kharmi Ruins. These ruins are half-buried beneath the dense and tangled tropical undergrowth at the north end of the Kameda swamp. The place is miles from the nearest kraals, and untraversed by any native tracks. For years it has had an evil and unhallowed name among the natives, and nothing on this earth would induce a Mashona to go within a mile of the place, particularly after dark. The whole swamp is fetid and fever-stricken. The very atmosphere reeks with the dank and sickening odour of decomposing foliage. No life stirs save where a loathsome and repugnant *mamba* or puff-adder writhes its sinuous length through the deserted débris. Its last human occupant was Makoma, the fiendish and inhuman witch-doctor, who was chiefly responsible for the late rebellion, and he seems to have selected the place as being the most secluded and awe-inspiring locality suitable for his nefarious and inhuman labours.

'It was in the autumn of 1907 that I left Lord Markham's shooting expedition at Tete—I had accompanied him as medical adviser and scientist—with the intention of crossing the frontier and trekking down to Salisbury, with a view to meeting my brother, who was in practice there. This being my first experience of Rhodesia, I was completely ignorant of the country-side and its inhabitants, my carriers being Portuguese and Blantyre "boys." At Kambudzi's I first heard of the exact location of the Kharmi Ruins, and incidentally learned some of the native stories about that dreaded spot. As a keen student of archæology and anthropology, I had been interested for some years past in these historical remains, and therefore determined to visit them, with the intention of spending a few days at the ruins in exploration and note-taking. You all know that to natives nine deserted habitations out of ten are haunted, particularly after dark, and as these ruins seemed to possess a peculiarly unfavourable reputation, I was not altogether surprised to discover that my "boys" refused point-blank to accompany me on my proposed expedition. I had previously experienced numerous similar superstitious prejudices, however, and being a scientifically trained student, I naturally enough treated their terror with supreme contempt, and made arrangements with my party to await me at Govera's, the nearest kraal south-east of the swamp.

'I reached the neighbourhood of the ruins on the evening of the following day, and, without any preliminary exploration, made my camp upon the summit of a small knoll near the edge of the swamp, and prepared a simple meal for myself prior to turning in for the night. Normally I am a remarkably healthy sleeper, yet curiously enough, dog-tired though I was, that night sleep was absolutely denied me. The atmosphere seemed curiously sultry and oppressive, and I was aware of the ridiculous impression as of some unseen presence, phantom-like and unintelligible. The death-like silence of the place was almost supernatural. The weird, dank chill of the swathing mist reminded me irresistibly of a charnel-house, and aroused almost physical repulsion. The whole thing was ludicrous, yet persistent. Eventually I diagnosed indigestion as the probable cause of my unhealthy mentality and resultant insomnia.

'The following morning I commenced my exploration of the ruins, and moved my simple camp nearer to the *kopje*. One incident occurred in the course of this movement up to the ruins proper which I thought rather amusing at the time, but which later appeared somewhat significant. "Brother," my mastiff, accompanied me on my preliminary exploration. He was erratic and uneasy, and fairly bristled and growled with uncertain ferocity as we explored some of the débris. Finally, as we entered a ruin within which a native hut, still in a fairly good state of preservation, was built, he stopped dead. His ruff bristled and stood on end; his fangs were bared. Suddenly he emitted a short, melancholy howl, and fled precipitately with his tail between his legs. It was over a week before I found him again.'

IV.

'A thick, heavy drizzle set in towards evening; so, preferring the filth and odour of the deserted hut to an attack of malaria, which would necessarily follow such a night spent in the open, I determined to utilise it. At length, in a contented and meditative frame of mind, I opened my pocket Browning and endeavoured to read myself to sleep. For some time, however, I found it impossible to concentrate my attention, strive as I would. Without, the drenching rain lashed the sodden foliage with relentless insistence, while miniature cataracts poured from the sagging eaves with insidious monotony. Occasionally a decayed branch would fall through the saturated undergrowth into the squelching morass with an abrupt and dismal splash, then silence again, and the unceasing pattering of eddying rain.

'A verse in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" eventually attracted my attention, and I soon became enamoured of the poet's philosophic optimism. Poem succeeded poem, until I gradually dropped off to sleep. Rest, however, was short-lived. I dozed fitfully, continually disturbed by ludicrously unpleasant and gruesome dreams, and eventually lay wide awake. Inexplicably my earlier mood had given place to a sense of morbidness, and I felt morally and mentally unhealthy. The very worst side of my nature seemed to predominate. Hours passed as I lay awake staring out into the darkness, while out of a faintly luminous sky the dim form of N'Rungwi leered and brooded. Then I again dropped off to sleep, and spent the remainder of the night in restless, dream-disturbed slumber.

'I have never been able to recall all the precise details of those dreams. Vivid though they were at the time, the majority of them became vague and obscure upon my awakening. Two, however, remained particularly clear and vivid in my memory. In one I seemed to be held under the spell of a hideous, repellent, and emaciated witch-doctor—presumably Makoma—who, in spite of the horror which he inspired, seemed to exert some strange influence and fascination over me. In the other I appeared bound to a horrible, blood-stained sacrificial stone, while over me towered the figure of the chief priest, with knife poised, waiting to deliver the fatal blow. Even now I can almost picture the fierce fanatical hatred and murderous lust that glowed in his wild, bloodshot eyes. Around him stood his bearded, white-robed attendants; while the amphitheatre beyond was thronged with a multitude of prostrate worshippers. Gray dawn tinged the heavens; warm roseate hues flecked the horizon; a solitary ray of livid light outlined the brow of the crouching dwarf N'Rungwi; the sacrificial knife gleamed; and then—cold and trembling, I awoke.

'Slowly the night passed in alternate nightmare and drowsy wakefulness. I endeavoured to sleep, first on one side, then on the other, and eventually discovered that the only position in which I could obtain even comparative peace was by lying on my left side, and thus facing the open doorway. The back of the hut particularly repelled me; the worst menace seemed to lurk there.

'It continued to rain all the following day, and about noon it literally poured. Disgusted, I retired into the hut. It was still unspeakably filthy and odoriferous, but it afforded the only available shelter. The rest of the day I divided between clearing the hut, compiling notes, and preparing my food.'

(*Continued on page 57.*)

THE HAMSTER.

'RAT Weeks' have of late drawn public attention to the immense destruction caused by rats in town and country. The hamster is a plague of which, as yet, we fortunately know nothing here in our tight little island, and long may we remain in ignorance!

The dreaded hamster is creeping slowly but surely across Europe. A hundred years ago this new species of vermin was unknown farther west than Russia. It had originally crossed the Ural Mountains about three hundred years ago, and when the war broke out in 1914 the hamster had spread its way as far west as the Rhine. It was known on the east bank. I do not know if it had been heard of on the west bank, though, without doubt, it will spread there, and—less quickly than the rat, but equally surely—westward to the shores of western France, where the Atlantic alone will stop its farther progress.

The hamster—there is no English name, since, luckily, we have not these pests in our country—is a rat-like animal, midway in size between a rat and a rabbit, browny-gray in colour, rather rounder than a rat, with a half-inch scaly stump of a tail. I have seen many, both alive and dead, and, unless the light is very good, it is easy to mistake the hamster for a large rat. The hamster has cheek-pouches, as have most animals which store their food. During the war the Germans called food-hoarders 'hamsters'—aptly named, too, for the hamster burrows in the open country, making big store-rooms containing grain, potatoes, berries, roots—anything eatable, in fact. The hamster does not burrow very deeply, and horses' hoofs frequently break in their nests and ruin their stores. Farmers say that hamsters once cornered are very vicious, and not many dogs care about tackling them. I once saw a hamster turn furiously in death to bite the carriage-wheel which had run over it. They breed rapidly, and have voracious appetites; once they get a footing on the land, it is extremely difficult to keep down their numbers. A farmer some time ago showed me a 'centner' (a hundredweight) of potatoes, grain, &c. taken from one hamster-burrow, so it is easy to imagine the damage a score of hamsters make on a farm.

Before the war it was a favourite plan for landowners to offer so much a head for hamsters killed; and when soldiers were billeted forty or fifty at a time on big German landlords, many an organised hunt has thinned the hamster population. The soldiers would open the burrow with a spade, kill the inmates with bayonet or spade, and the stolen potatoes, &c., would be taken back to the overseer. I remember in Thuringia seeing a big field after such a hunt. I counted

fifty-eight opened burrows, and was amazed at the aggregate of produce these hamsters had stored.

If a malicious German, during the war, had wanted to harm us seriously, letting loose a few hamsters to breed and spread in England would have done us infinitely more harm than a ton and a half of high-explosive bombs.

It is a curious law of nature that east to west is the law of progress for these creatures. It would be interesting to know the reason. Perhaps civilised man, with his permanent stores of produce, makes a better patron than the half-starved nomad of the eastern plains, and so the rat tribe faithfully follows us west.

In the third century, according to Professor Strong, the first rats entered Europe, crossing the Urals, and slowly but certainly working their way west. About the time of the first George the brown rat first reached our shores. Up till then our native black rat was the only rat we knew. The black rat was smaller, rounder, furrier, less repulsive than the brown rat, which so speedily routed the black one. Farmers say the two species have not interbred.

In closing, it is of interest to recall the Jacobite's horror and loathing of the brown rat—the 'Hanover-rat,' he called it. He claimed that the ship which brought the Hanovers to England first brought the brown rat also to our shores, ousting quickly the 'Catholic black rat' of the Stuarts, and all but exterminating it. Tennyson, in 'Maud,' mentions this:

> Curse me the British vermin, the rat;
> I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship.

Any one who reads Waterton's books to-day cannot fail to be struck by his intense dislike of the brown 'Protestant rat,' then rapidly increasing, and he will be interested in the successful measures the great naturalist took to keep the brown rat out of his estate, and his romantic regret at the threatened disappearance of the gallant little British black rat.

THE CHINOOK 'WAWA.'

By MABEL DURHAM.

I.

CUMTUX Chinook Wawa? No, of course you don't. Unless you had the rich and rare experience of being a sojourner on the Pacific coast in its early days, and sharing in its adventurous and colourful life, you may never even have heard of this strange speech, which, notwithstanding, is one of the linguistic curiosities of modern times. And it is not surprising if you have not, for in the older provinces of Canada, and even in those just east of the Rocky Mountains, there are many people who know nothing of this language, which was evolved to meet the commercial needs of mingled races, and which since the days of Captain Cook has been at one time or another the most widely employed speech on the whole of the Pacific slope from California to Alaska.

It is more than fifteen years ago since, a newcomer to the West, I stood in the general store of a village in the interior of British Columbia, and listened with eager curiosity while an Indian woman and a Chinaman talked animatedly in a language strange to me. I was puzzled as to what that language could be in which those representatives of so widely separated races could converse thus freely.

It seemed incredible that the native woman could have mastered the complex and difficult speech of the Oriental, and almost as unlikely that he could have achieved the gutturals of her tribal tongue. I spoke of it to friends who were old-timers in the West. '*Mika halo cumtux?*' they exclaimed, in affected surprise at my ignorance. 'Why, the Klootchman and the Chink were talking Chinook, of course.'

Even at that time one heard Chinook constantly in camps and villages, especially those in the neighbourhood of which were Indian reservations. But with the growth of big towns and the increase of population, many things which until a few years ago were distinctly typical of the Pacific coast are passing away, and one of them is that strange Esperanto of the natives.

In and near large centres of population it is heard now only on the lips of old Indians, for the younger generation of natives living near these places speak English. Nor is it any longer used in such districts by whites, except old settlers, prospectors, trappers, and those who have spent many years close to the natives, for new-comers to the country have no knowledge of Chinook.

But it is still a standard speech among the Indians of different tribes and the traders dealing with them in remote places, and its use still makes possible intercourse between aboriginal races far removed in point of distance as well as in customs and language. The number of stray words from it that seem to have found a settled place in the colloquial diction of the white dwellers of the Pacific slope show to what an extent the jargon was once used.

II.

If a stranger on the coast were to inquire casually how Chinook had its origin, he would in all probability be told that it was invented by the Hudson's Bay Company as a medium for

communication with the various tribes among whom their traders went. This is the commonly accepted theory concerning the lingua, but it is not correct, as any one will soon discover who takes the trouble to make a study of it and to trace its sources. Although the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company developed it, and, as one might say, organised it, and reduced it to a written form of speech, it really came into being by a process of evolution and in response to the demand of the time, to meet the need of the curious phase of life which resulted when white men and the primitive races first met on the coast.

When Captain Cook left England on his third great voyage to the Pacific Ocean—the object of which was to endeavour to find a north-east passage to the Atlantic, geographers and philosophers still believing that, although all attempts to discover a north-west passage from the other side of the continent had failed, the long-sought route might be found from the Pacific—he had in his company a surgeon named Anderson. This man was also a naturalist of considerable attainments, and at each of the strange lands that were visited in the course of the long voyage he made a close and careful study of the natives, their customs, language, religion, and mode of life, as well as of the flora, fauna, and physical characteristics of the countries.

When the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, so significantly named, in the spring of 1778 came ploughing their way across the Pacific from the Sandwich Islands, which they had discovered, they sighted Sir Francis Drake's New Albion somewhere off what is now the State of Oregon. But there was no harbour there, and the two little ships struggled on against the fierce March gales toward the north. When land was once more seen they were off the coast of what is now known as Vancouver Island, and there they found a harbour, in which they came to a safe anchorage, of which they were in sore need.

This was Nootka Sound (the name was given to it by Captain Cook), a place which was soon to become known in every country in Europe, and which was the most-frequented harbour on the west coast of North America for a third of a century afterward, at the end of which time it sank back into its prehistoric obscurity until ten years ago, when its name began once more to figure in the records of commerce, not as the source of the rich pelt of the sea-otter, but as a shipping-point for Vancouver Island timber.

When the great navigator, who was the first Englishman to set foot on the west coast of Canada, reached this harbour after his long voyage, his ships were badly in need of repairs. Here he found good water and plenty of timber. So the forges and the mechanics' equipment were set up on shore, some of the tall firs and giant cedars were felled, and the ships were given an overhauling. This work occupied a month.

While it was going forward the commander and the officers engaged in trade with the Indians, who swarmed around the ships in great numbers, making every demonstration of friendship and welcome. They offered for trade the skins of the sea-otter, the animal whose beautiful pelt was afterwards to become the basis of the fur trade on the coast, for which it was so furiously hunted that it is now practically extinct. In exchange the white men gave nails and bits of iron and other metals which were eagerly sought by the natives.

But Anderson employed his time in studying the people of the country, a task to which he brought a high degree of zeal and enthusiasm. He made a list of their words which he found to be in most common use, with their English equivalents. This keen observer who loved the study of mankind was even then in failing health, and before the end of the summer he died on one of the barren Aleutian Islands.

But the list of words which he had compiled at Nootka was published in the official account of the voyage, together with a lengthy description of the habits and manners of the people, which he had prepared in conjunction with Captain Cook, thereby furnishing a record which will always be of the very greatest value to the ethnologist and the anthropologist. This account of the voyage also told of rich sea-otter skins which had been purchased for a handful of nails, and had afterwards been sold for fabulous prices to Chinese merchants when the ships' company were on their way home. It was this news that electrified Europe and started a long line of trading-vessels towards Nootka.

III.

When Captain Vancouver came to the coast, fourteen years after Cook, he had with him the list of words which Anderson had prepared. He used them in talking not only to the Nootkans, but to the Indians on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Puget Sound, Burrard Inlet, the Gulf of Georgia, and wherever else his explorations took him. When he returned to England he had added many words to Anderson's list. This vocabulary was in the hands of every trader who came to the coast, and it was not long before Indians to whom the words were at first strange began to employ them also.

It was quite natural that they should do so. The well-known word *tyee*, for instance, was the Nootka word for 'chief.' When Vancouver met a chief of another tribe and addressed him thus, he and his people naturally supposed that this was the white man's term for chief, and they were prompt to use it in talking to the next whites who came their way. Likewise, another familiar jargon word, *mowitch*, was Nootka for 'deer.' Traders consulting the list begun by Anderson and enlarged by Vancouver,

when they wanted to know if deer were to be found in the district, said, '*Mowitch? Mowitch?*' with a sweep of the arm to take in the surrounding country. When the natives failed to understand, the strangers made a rude drawing of the animal. Instantly the Indians concluded that *mowitch* was the white men's name for deer, and always afterwards employed it in conversing with them.

As this was what happened with most of the words in the list, although many of them underwent changes and modifications, it will be seen that the common language, which afterwards came to be called Chinook, and has been likened to the lingua franca of the Mediterranean, had its origin in Nootka, for the words from the language of its people were those chiefly in use until Astoria was established at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811, when Nootka ceased to be the rendezvous of the traders.

Upon the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company on the coast the new language had already some form, although it was then that it received its chief impulse. The principal post of the company being at the mouth of the Columbia, in the country of the Chinook tribe, it followed that a large addition of their words should be made, as well as those of the Chehalis, a tribe occupying the territory immediately to the north.

Many more English words were now brought in, and French was introduced for the first time. The French-Canadian *voyageurs* who entered the service of the fur companies came in contact more closely with the lives of the natives than any other class of whites. They not only traded with the Indians, but travelled with them, hunted with them, found shelter in their lodges, and for long periods at a time lived with them on terms of close intimacy.

The words adopted from the several languages, both of whites and natives, were those found to be most easily uttered by all, except that objects new to the natives, such as articles of food, clothing, tools, and furniture were given their English or French names, and even in these some modifications in pronunciation had to be made in order to make them adaptable to tongues unaccustomed to the sounds. The gutturals of the Indians which presented difficulties to the whites were softened or dropped, and the 'f' and 'r' of English and French, which the natives were unable to pronounce, were modified into 'p' and 'l.'

A number of words were formed by what ethnologists call onomatopœia, a word formidable in appearance, but simple enough in meaning, merely signifying the imitation of natural sounds to indicate their source. A good example of this is the suggestive *muck-a-muck*, meaning 'food,' or 'to eat,' a meaning it would no doubt readily convey to a primitive people given to the enjoyment of their food without any of the restraints imposed by social amenities. *Lip-lip* was intended to express 'boiling water,' and meant 'to boil;' *tin-tin* signified the ringing of a bell, and hence any musical instrument; *tum-tum*, supposed to represent the beating of the heart, became the name for that organ.

Grammatical forms were reduced to their simplest possible expressions, and variations in mood and tense were conveyed almost entirely by the context.

IV.

The advantages of the curious mixed speech were quickly seen by the Indians, and it became a means of communication between tribes of different tongues, as well as between them and the new-comers. It was even used as such between English and French. It was at first most in vogue in the district near the mouth of the Columbia River, which was until 1843 the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company; but as it continued to receive fresh additions and began to assume a distinct and settled form, it gradually spread to the north along the coast, and inland along the Columbia and Fraser Rivers.

Horatio Hale, a distinguished anthropologist, who was a member of the United States exploring expedition which surveyed a portion of the coast in 1841, and who gave a report on the ethnology of Oregon, compiled a vocabulary of the trade-language, giving it at that time two hundred and fifty words.

The discovery of gold in Cariboo brought whites in contact with the tribes of the northern interior over a much wider extent of country than had hitherto been reached by the fur-traders, and the use of the jargon was extended proportionately, so that shortly after the middle of the nineteenth century it was employed throughout the entire territory from California to Alaska and from the Rocky Mountains to the coast, and there were few tribes in which there were not to be found some interpreters through its medium. It had, in fact, become an international speech, widely diffused among the tribes of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and Alaska, and of great service not only to traders, but to scientists, missionaries, and travellers. It is also easy to believe that the tribes benefited socially and morally through being able, by means of the conventional speech, to come to a better understanding with each other. Missionaries and students of the native races have made the claim for it that it stimulated friendly intercourse between tribes by enabling them to converse with each other, and that by means of it sworn tribal foes frequently became friends.

As the trade-language travelled north and east its vocabulary increased. In 1863 the Smithsonian Institute of Washington published a dictionary of the Chinook jargon, prepared by George Gibbs, whose collection comprised nearly five hundred words. Two later dictionaries were

published in Victoria, both of which gave about the same number of words. It was almost impossible to state the number with exactitude, for words which were early in use became obsolete later, while in different districts a certain number were locally introduced and not known elsewhere. In spite of its apparent poverty of words and the lack of grammatical forms, it possessed a considerable degree of flexibility and expressiveness, and, difficult of comprehension as this may be, it served almost every need of ordinary intercourse in the life of the past century on the coast.

The ease with which it was acquired, and the promptness with which it was adopted by the native tribes, led to a prevalence in its use that prevented a knowledge being gained of the original Indian languages, none of them being understood or spoken by a white person, with the exception of an occasional pioneer and a few missionaries. In recent years, however, some research-work along this line has been carried on by ethnological societies and other scientific bodies of England, Canada, and the United States.

V.

The language has not been without its literature. The most notable example was the *Kamloops Wawa*, published by Father Le Jeune, a famous missionary to the Indians of the Kamloops district. *Wawa* is the Chinook word for 'talk.' This was a little weekly paper which was published for about three years, beginning in 1891. It was in the Chinook jargon, and in Duployan stenographic characters. The system was learned by Father Le Jeune as a young man in Paris. After having tried, with small success, to teach the Indians to read in English characters, he undertook to teach them through this method of shorthand. He experimented with a boy who was a cripple, and who, through a sort of intuition, learned the system at a single lesson, and afterwards helped to teach it to others. The natives learned it quickly and eagerly, until a large number of the Shuswap, Thompson River, Revelstoke, and Nicola tribes could read in it. The little paper was circulated among them, and was used to convey religious instruction as well as secular information. All the work on it was done by Father Le Jeune, who reproduced it on a mimeograph. In the archives of British Columbia, at Victoria, are to be seen several volumes of this unique journal, which is undoubtedly one of the linguistic curiosities of the human race.

Mr Hale, when he compiled his dictionary in 1841, gave a description of the language as it was then in use in the territory around the mouth of the Columbia River, and said: 'The place at which the jargon is most in use is at Fort Vancouver. At this establishment five languages are spoken by about five hundred persons—namely, the English, the Canadian-French, the Chinook, the Cree, and the Hawaiian. The Cree is the language spoken in the families of many officers and men belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company who have married half-breed wives at the posts east of the Rocky Mountains. The Hawaiian is in use among about one hundred natives of the Sandwich Islands who are employed as labourers about the fort. Besides these five languages there are many others—the Chelalis, the Wallawalla, the Calapools, Nisqually, &c., which are heard daily from the natives who visit the fort for the purpose of trading. Among all these persons there are very few who understand more than two languages, and many who speak only their own. The general communication is, therefore, maintained by means of the jargon, which may be said to be the prevailing idiom. There are Canadians and half-breeds who have married native women, and can only converse with their wives in this speech; and it is a fact, strange as it may seem, that many young children are growing up to whom this factitious language is really the mother-tongue, and who speak it with more readiness and perfection than any other. Could the state of things which exists there be suffered to remain a century longer, the result might be the formation of a race and idiom whose affinities would be a puzzle to the ethnographers. The tide of population which is now turning in that direction will soon overwhelm and absorb all these scattered fragments of peculiar lineage and speech, leaving no trace behind but such as may exist on the written page.'

This prediction has come true only of the district of which it was written, for the lingua still lives and its usefulness continues, although in a region far remote from that in which it received its greatest development.

Mr Hale, writing again on the same subject in 1890, fifty years after he had made his first investigations, seems to have changed his view as to the persistence of the jargon, for he said then: 'There can be no doubt that it will remain a living and useful language so long as the native tribes continue to speak their own dialects. Rude and almost formless as it is, the spontaneous product of the commercial needs of mingled races, it has been the source of great and varied benefits. It may well serve as a model, or at least as a finger-post to direct us to some higher invention for subserving the larger uses of an advanced civilisation. Viewed in this light, and also as presenting one of the most curious specimens of a "mixed language" which philologists have had the opportunity of analysing, the jargon seems to merit a somewhat careful study.'

It is thirty years since this opinion was expressed, and although the use of the strange '*wawa*' is gradually lapsing as civilisation advances, it still serves an important purpose as a means of intertribal communication over a wide area of northern British Columbia.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

SPAIN is attracting an increasing general attention. There are the best of reasons for the remarkable interest being displayed in the country now by those whose attention is significant and of value. We may, then, consider a few aspects of this attitude and the causes of it, with some personal experiences and impressions, recent and acute, following upon previous and lengthy intimacy with the country and its people. It is stupid to suggest that any particular country is the most interesting, or the most attractive, or the most fascinating—all the enticing adjectives—in the world, as is often done in a careless way, for general comparisons are impossible when aspects, characters, and meanings are so different, and there is obvious dependence on the place and circumstances of the observer. How should we decide whether Pekin or Palestine would be the more attractive to an ironmonger of Birmingham, knowing nothing of his mental attitude to such localities, his inclinations, or his tastes? For a number of reasons I feel that the most interesting of all places is our London in its present hectic moods, still centre of world affairs and movements, a mainspring of human action everywhere, displaying on its surface such doubts, hesitations, and anxieties, with a certain recklessness that is born of them, in this period of transition. But in a general sense, recognising that what is old and matured and fixed is nicer for human study and interest than what is new and undeveloped and uncertain, we may look upon Spain as possessing a prime claim to such distinction. In history and institutions, in her art and architecture, in the manners and customs of her people, the character of her cities, the beauty of much of her coast and territory, and in her political and economic circumstance (with some emphasis here), she is scarcely less attractive than any other country, is far more so than many. She is a country waking from a long sleep to which she fell wearily after much misfortune. Her resources are immense, her people have high qualities, and her position in the world as a nation, unhurt by the war, is such that she herself, even as do the critical economists of other nations, feels that she has a period of enormous prosperity before her, can she but rid herself of some political difficulties with which she is afflicted. The cardinal fault of the British people, that they are too insular, too little aware and heedful of great things and movements outside their own island home, too little appreciative of the truth that Britain is not and has not been alone in strength and splendour, has not been diminished to the extent supposed as the result of glances upon war-time maps during the last few years. For just now, when even from the newspapers—which often tell so little—from trade, intellectual and other movements, it is evident that Spain is a fast-rising factor in world considerations, when more public and general interest is taken in her than at any previous time in our lives, there are some asking who and what is Spain, and how comes she with her 'decadence'—a term they have heard vaguely in this connection—to be now of any account. Some of our people often lightly link the name of Spain with a fancy of this 'decadence,' which they could not of themselves explain, and with bull-fights, which are no more of the worthy part of present Spain than prize-fights are of England. At this moment Spain is leaping to a new existence; she visualises a splendid future, and, within the limitations that stupid politics impose upon her, prepares to grasp at opportunity. Instead of speaking of 'decadence' to Spanish friends with whom I am permitted to be frank—Spaniards being at the same time the most sensitive and the most politely courteous of all peoples—I have suggested to them in unflattering sincerity that they are as a phœnix nation, rising again from the ashes of a glorious past, and that they, indeed, may be the first nation in history that, once fallen, has risen again. This is a reasonable idea; but the manager of a British bank in Madrid to whom it was submitted murmured that in a sense it was right, but did not go far enough, for in his view, and that of others, Spain is, after all, and despite her history and achievements, but as a virgin land waiting to be developed and colonised; while, again, he reminded me that the Spaniards, in their hope and pride, look upon their past, with all the great and romantic story of South America belonging to it, as but an incident, little more than an accidental affair, and, with a sublime belief in

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a majestic destiny, feel that all their real greatness and achievement have yet to come. Some think they may be at the beginning of the new period now.

* * *

For the student of world affairs, with politics and economics, therefore, also for the traveller, above all for the commercial people, Spain is worth the closest attention now. Let it be stated that many other peoples, and most particularly the Americans—and the Germans, of course—are appreciating this circumstance in a way and to an extent that the British people are not, and much to their advantage, as all may see who wander now in Spain. For Britain it sometimes seems that she considers her appreciation proved and all desirabilities and obligations satisfied by the establishment of a Cervantes chair of Spanish literature at some of her colleges and universities, the practical good of which is found subsequently to be somewhat small. The Americans and the Germans are teaching the Spanish language to as many of their people as will acquire it, and in many cases forcing it on them, for it is one of the three most useful and profitable languages in the world; in some respects it is the best of all. And it is a beautiful language, with a literature that is superb and fascinating. For these and other reasons Spain now becomes an increasingly favourite objective with Continental travellers. They have bent themselves that way as not before. Madrid and Seville and Granada have been thronged with foreign people to an extent unknown in other times—and it has followed that prices have risen high; the innocent may be warned that, vast in interest, Spain is now correspondingly expensive. She is not a country cheap for patronage; much otherwise is it with the Spain of this new time. Yet for the delight and the education and the starting of fascinating and useful thought upon the redevelopment of a great people, the establishment of a curious phase in political history, Spain is cheap to visit, after all—since in our present time we may feel that anything that is really good is cheap. Travelling in this country may be a taste to be developed, but it is one that holds and increases intensely. The introduction to it is sweetened by the circumstance that here is a people that, with all its deficiencies and difficulties, has not had its mind and feelings warped by that wrackful war. Three or four years ago some bleeding nations were prophesying final moral and material ruin for the Spaniards if they also did not fight and bleed. They did not fight—and they are not ruined in body or soul. The nations who fought speak honeyed words to Spain in these new days, and make friends with her.

* * * *

On an afternoon recently in Madrid I sat with Don Juan de la Cierva in his study, talking with him upon some points of the political state of Spain, her needs and prospects. Señor La Cierva is one of the foremost statesmen in Spain, has been Cabinet Minister, and is leader of one of the strongest divisions of the Conservative party. While thus conservative, he is much of a reformer too, seeks for progress in Spain upon historical and traditional lines. He would have abolition of most of the useless politics with which the people are encumbered now, but no revolution or republic. The distant islanders, associating Spain with decadence and bull-fights, suggest also from an impressive ignorance that this nation is always approaching revolution, and that soon it must come. Why they make such suggestion, except as a matter of instinct, they do not know; and the truth is that, many as are the troubles of this people, more and more persistent as becomes the proletariat here as elsewhere, there are few countries that are indeed farther from revolution—however near she be to it. That is largely due to the efficiency and popularity of a first-class king, of whom it is well said that he is the best statesman in his country, and the most sincere and indefatigable in his efforts. And there is no Spaniard who is more conservatively democratic, or who sees better than Don Alfonso the necessity of political reforms. On this afternoon, as we were conversing, I reminded Señor La Cierva that some years ago, when in the same apartment we spoke of Spain from our respective points of view and he taught me much, he lamented the excess of politics and politicians from which his people suffered as the *fons et origo* of most of Spain's perplexities and troubles. It seemed then, and seems more than ever now, that the chief obstruction to real progress is this excess of politics, for most of them are stupid artificial things, matters for fanciful debating, chimeras, useless, far separated from the realities of the period. I suggested now that, while Spain, upon the evidence of my own eyes and notes, has made the most marvellous progress in recent years, the appearance of her towns and cities, especially in the north, having improved amazingly, her people of all classes having acquired new looks of well-being, their natural dignity much enhanced thereby, only the politics seemed not to have improved. Perhaps, indeed, they had become worse. I had sat through afternoons in the Cortes and listened to the demonstrations there, deeply interesting and impressive in their way; had read the newspapers abounding in their political statements and their manifestations of intrigue; and in some way had hobnobbed a little with the politicians themselves, and talked their own politics with the people who follow them, an outstanding impression being the pity of it all, the folly of it, and the unreality. These ideas I submitted to the Spanish statesman.

'It is true,' Señor La Cierva said. 'It is no better than before—it may be worse; but if so, it is perhaps, after all, for good, since it may hasten an inevitable crisis. There must be a complete change in the organisation, complexion, ideals, and efforts of political parties in Spain, so that the necessities and the new opportunities of the country may be accommodated. The dynastic parties, as we have known them, have been violently shaken, but there is still an effort to maintain them. Yet, whatever their merits may have been in former times, they are no longer advantageous or even practicable. The organisation of these old parties in days gone by was really settled on a fiction. They had little or nothing to do with realities; they were concerned with fancies; they established polemics without foundations. Here in Spain matters of national interest and consequence have been dealt with and argued upon, not as living problems of the welfare of a struggling people which urgently demanded practical settlement, but as abstract ideas good for the exercise of parliamentary logic and oratory, and for creating those "crises" upon which Spanish politics have seemed to exist. This has been, therefore, a Spanish world of unrealities, and the whole world now so abounds in realities, grim and stern as not before, that the time for such politics is past. We must face new facts as developed in Spain as elsewhere; we must deal with those vital problems of existence and national welfare raised by the working-classes. The old parties as such cannot deal satisfactorily with these problems. They are in a state of decomposition, and new parties on broad bases, representing the social forces of the time, must be established to take their places.' From this Señor La Cierva, constant and severe critic of all Spanish administrations even when Conservative, spoke of the possibilities and desirabilities of the future. He would have for a Spain that could do herself best justice some reasonably settled form of politics and government which might strive steadily to certain determined and practical ends. Only on a broadly enlightened Conservative basis did he think that Spain could accomplish so much, and so he would have a new Conservative party without inner rivalries and sections, Liberal in spirit, infused with new ideas and with a new spirit, with democratic ideal and programme, national in the best and most practical sense, capable of embracing some political sections now characterised as Liberal. Such a party could satisfy the legitimate expectations of the labour and other classes—though mere revolutionaries would call for something else, as revolutionaries always do. This ideal administration from the Conservative point of view in a land unsmitten and undistracted by the war, though not unaffected by it, is an interesting idea for contemplation as apart from its special application to Spain.

Later in our conversation my candid informant dilated upon the material prospects of his country. He urged that her position is unique, that she has now more *brazos*, more arms, to do her work than ever before. The next census of the population will show that she has twenty-two millions of her own people here at home. There is a decrease in emigration. In these times, the world being condemned to too much taxation, a new prospect is opened to this country. Her expenses are relatively smaller than those of others; she is in a position to make a better economic development of herself. 'Look,' exclaims Señor La Cierva, 'at her vast resources—the big coalfields, development of which only now really commences; the mines of iron, lead, zinc; all the metals, the sulphur and sulphates, the country produces; her waterfalls—everything she needs. Political difficulties must not be permitted to let this great opportunity pass. The signs are encouraging; there is an awakening of effort; the people become keener. The technical schools which are being established everywhere are well attended. We are making many things that only recently we obtained from abroad. We have, for example, begun to make railway-locomotives; we are even making our own railway-carriages and sleeping-cars. Soon all our railway work will be accomplished by ourselves. Agricultural production increases; during the war we did much for other peoples. And despite the excess of politics, the people of Spain are in far better state than they used to be, and they know it. Look at them! They have the appearance of well-being. Better economic conditions make a people look better.' Other leading statesmen, like the Count de Romanones, ex-Premier, and various chiefs in this throbbing period of transition have said much the same things to me. These men are optimists, and not without reason. '*Mañana! Mañana!*' As with the 'decadence' and the bull-fights and the revolutions, other peoples have been told and repeat that in Spain the talk is all of the '*mañana*' and what will then be done, and never of to-day, and what is waiting for performance. There is a little truth in the idea, though not so much as is suggested. But Spain knows that a black night is past, and the dawn breaks bright.

* * *

This conversation—and the line of thought that remembrance of it induces—recalls another I had recently in the south, in Granada, with a man of different situation, outlook, and mood, but not less worth attention. We were seated one night on a terrace on the Alhambra heights. There was a flickering field of the city's lights in the plain below, a strange and somewhat mournful clanging of the bells from cathedral and churches, which seem to answer each other at intervals, and be moaning for times of glory that are past with the heroics of Ferdinand and

Isabella, who are sleeping here; even for the dazzling days of Araby that unhappy Boabdil, last Moorish king, brought to an end when he delivered the keys of Granada to Ferdinand, then crept with his scornful mother, Ayesha, to the hills. The Duke de San Pedro spoke to me on such an enchanting night upon the present state of Spain. He is an extensive landowner, and a great promoter of industrial and agricultural progress in these parts; he belongs to one of the oldest families in Spain, and the Catholic kings gave the duke the title of Conde de Benalua when the Moors were driven from Granada, and it is the title the present duke prefers. He is a highly intelligent man, strongly progressive in every tendency, outspoken, and candid. He is not a politician, and has a very wide outlook. He expressed some views as to foreign relationships, the truth of which I felt and had previously suspected, but of which no politician and few others would ever have ventured to speak. He told me of the new fruitfulness of Granada, how the valley was now producing in abundance, of the great prosperity of the sugar-beet industry he had started, of the land that in 1888 was worth but eleven hundred pesetas an acre, and is now sought for at nine thousand. He spoke of the disappointments of Spain, and the new hopes, and of her resourcefulness and determination. After a pause he remarked meditatively, 'You know you English are rather like ourselves. We two peoples have much in common; we go well together, hardly any better; we should remember that—you should.' The idea quickened me; many times the same impression had come to me. The average Englishman, with old ideas and prejudices strong in him, may consider this as the most stupid thing that ever was said about England and Spain. He will think of the Spain of the past, with its dignity of black and gold marked so much with blood and cruelty (was only Spain so bad?), of the Catholic kings and their Inquisition, of Philip and his Armada, of the tremendous failure of South America after winning it (was only Spain like this?), of the Cuban War, and then of Spaniards old and new in their fanciful forms and characters, such as Cervantes gave them. Then he may think virtuously of the magnificence of the English, and may smile at the idea of a likeness between the minds of these two peoples. Yet it exists. In foreign wanderings I have been impressed by nothing in the appearance and manners of peoples so much as by the similarity between the educated Spaniard and the Englishman. It is as exact as it can be between two different peoples. The Spaniard is a little more tranquil, more meditative and reserved, that is all—if one dare not add that he has the best of it in manners. If in a pageant of the world the people of some other nation had to play the part of England, one would choose the Spaniards for the show. They are, indeed, more like ourselves than the Americans, vastly more so than the French. There is an affinity between England and Spain that one day may be exerted in some new and striking manner. How like, again, are these nations in their histories!—though the histories of nations are never like each other. We in the north of America, Spain in the south, both floundering in arrogance and ignorance leading on to loss; the religious difficulties of a few centuries past, political developments and changes; and if democracy seems less advanced in Spain than in England, still it is the fact that in appearances of constitution and parliamentary system Spain is more like us than any other. The customs of the Cortes are similar, even to the king's speech at the opening of parliaments.

* * *

'If they could be brought to understand it properly,' the Duke de San Pedro said, 'the British people have a great business to do with Spain. The Spanish character and that of your countrymen go well together. We are both peoples of the sea. It is not quite the same as between ourselves and the French. In relation to France our history has been somewhat difficult. France and Spain have been opposed in some of the greatest struggles in Europe. We are not of the same race, and we do not think the same. But the Spanish and British peoples, as may not be generally appreciated, have a common origin, which is Celtic. In considering circumstances and consequences this is important; it is a reason why we have more in common with the English than with the French. A difficulty is that we have not been a commercial people. When the Napoleonic wars were over, Britain would trade with all the world save Spain, never with Spain. I have meditated for long upon that circumstance, and I cannot find an explanation. How was it? The British traders did indeed come to Jerez, but not to the rest of Spain. Why? The French and the Germans set many commercial movements on foot in Spain—railways, tramways, and so forth—but little was done by Britain. How was this? It was strange. The time has come for a change. The Americans are now coming to Spain in large numbers, and sometimes it seems they are taking the place that the Germans had here before the war. If the British wish to take advantage of the opportunity offered them and improve our relationship, commercially and otherwise, they must be speedy. But you English do not seem disposed to any great endeavour in our direction. One so rarely sees the English newspapers in the hotels and other public places; American and French papers are always to be found. In trading matters Britain is too close; she gives too little credit, so much less than others.' The Duke de San Pedro propounded an extensive list of British omissions. The conversation touched upon another phase of Anglo-Spanish

relations, actual, possible, and desirable. 'I think,' he said, 'that the case of Spain is at once interesting and a little difficult, but above all Britain should come to a clear comprehension of it. Spain has always been a nation of the sea. When machinery and industries came along, we were at a disadvantage. We are not by nature engineers, manufacturers, and so forth, even if we are moving somewhat in that direction now. We are sailors. Spain is at the period of a great resurrection. There are signs of great developments in every department of agriculture and industry. Our country is capable of much, but she is not sufficiently industrial, and she must pass through a period of education in this respect. Britain should lead her. It is to the interest of Britain that Spain should be strong. I do not know the mentality of the Foreign Office in London, but I think there must be agreement with what I say now. Difficult questions lie ahead of us, and other nations are interested. I have an idea of my own, and it is that in the future of Europe there will be a powerful triplice of an industrial and anti-war complexion, and it will consist of Britain, Spain, and Italy. I am sixty years of age, an old man, and I shall not see that idea realised, but it should come about—for the interests of us all. I am a civilian and a man of peace. I am an enemy of war. I think it is better to be agreeable and conciliatory with other peoples than to use the stick to them. I believe in reason and not in force, but reason must have an interest. Britain also is a nation preferring peace to war. But France likes war; she is a war-like nation. In the future there will be great difficulty with France. If Spain and Britain are in agreement, it will be good for all. The mentality of the English people is much the same as ours. Spain has been calumniated. She becomes rapidly more democratic. Her formulas and systems might in many ways be compared with yours. It has been urged against us that we are too much Germanophile. It is not true. At the Court, indeed, there are Germanophiles, but not men—señoras. And, of course, there are the clergy; but in general it is not so much that there are Germanophiles as that there are Francophobes. Such a distinction must not be overlooked.' . . . In that sensuous night at Granada, stirring to the imagination, prospects shaped themselves fantastically as one looked through the blue between the stars above and the twinkling lights of Granada down below.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER II.

I.

CLEMENT SEADON got up from his bunk almost as soon as he had sat down on it. He was young; that is, he preferred swift action to deep thinking.

'It's no good arguing about this,' he told himself. 'It's no good telling one's cautious soul that outside the cinematograph and the painted pages of fiction pretty young women *aren't* the victims of gangs of rogues in this the twentieth century. She is. I've seen her. I've seen the gang, and already felt them at work. I've had circumstantial evidence pumped into me by that hurtling little lawyer. It all sounds mad. It all sounds untrue. But it happens to be true. I've got to do something.'

He made a stride towards the door. He stopped.

'Ah, yes,' he reflected; 'I've got to do something—*what?*'

He suddenly realised how easy it was to say, 'I've got to do something;' how hard it was to do anything at all.

What could he do? Rush out and confront the gang with their villainies—idiotic idea. He'd probably be put into irons as an irresponsible madman. Accusing people wholesale of crime isn't done—anyhow, not with impunity—if there's no evidence. And there wasn't any evidence. If there had been any, the little lawyer would have acted upon it; the criminal gang would have been slapped into jail before the ship sailed. Heloise—what a really suitable name for her, Heloise; how it fitted her curious, slim, rather *exalté* kind of beauty!—Heloise would have been rescued even before she started for Canada. The voyage would not have been undertaken.

On second thoughts he was rather glad there had been no evidence. Gang or no gang, it was rather pleasant to think that Heloise Reys really would be with him on the *Empress* until they all reached Quebec. . . . And perhaps he'd be with her longer.

'All the same,' he reflected, 'this isn't going to be so simple as it looks. I only know indirectly that there is a gang at work to ensnare Heloise Reys and her money by means of a quixotic marriage with the scallywag Henry Gunning. Nothing to go on except suspicion. Also, I must remember that Heloise herself is, to all intents and purposes, on the side of the gang. She wants to get to Henry Gunning and marry him. She regards the one member of the gang she knows, this Gorgon companion, Méduse, not as an enemy, but as a tried, helpful, and trusted friend. If I do unpleasant and senseless things to the gang, I make Heloise my enemy, through the Gorgon. . . . Oh, it's infer-

nally complicated. This isn't a matter for clumsy, rough-and-tumble methods. This is a matter for wits, for brain-work, for guileful intelligence. . . . However, I fancy I have a good share of guileful intelligence.'

As a matter of fact Clement was doing himself rather less than justice. He had rather more than his fair share of keen wits; only, as one of his friends said, 'one never noticed it because he was so well tailored.'

Clement Seadon was one of those young Anglo-Saxons—and their number is not so inconsiderable as our enemies imagined—who were responsible for so many German failures during the war. They were so entirely unlike the things they were capable of doing.

Clement, for example, looked indolent. He looked easy-going. He looked as if he cared for nothing very much, and hadn't any particular intelligence. He was obviously very careful about the set of his clothes, and could be guaranteed to shine adequately in most sports and at any social gathering. He had blunt but neat features that conspired to give him a suggestion of geniality not easily moved from a habitual calm. People felt they could not take him quite seriously—until they suddenly bumped up against an extremely disconcerting and swift coolness of wit. Only then, when they had been 'stung,' as the Americans say, did they note the squareness of the jaw and the lips, and the square and quite definite power of his brow.

In the same way not a few men had learnt, to their cost, that the lean and beautifully-turned-out young man was not at all the dandy he looked. The leanness was the leanness of perfect fitness; the gracefulness was the grace not merely of muscles in superb trim, but of muscles that could function with abrupt efficiency, and, if necessary, with quite appalling force and painfulness. Too late many men had noted the strong lines of his tall figure, and the flat, thick shoulders that betokened a stayer.

Clement Seadon, in fact, was rather a drastic sort of young man to those who thought he didn't matter very much. In the Diplomacy where he had served before the war, several quite brilliant brains had chuckled at him for an amiable and well-dressed ninny, whom it was ridiculously easy to twist round the finger. They had thought this until a sharp reprimand from their Governments, and on some occasions instant dismissal, taught them that some people are not so simple as they look, and that the cheerful young man who had seemed to them so easy a victim had actually been twisting them round *his* well-manicured fingers all the time—not they him.

Clement was not in Diplomacy now; he had thrown up his job to go to the front. His father, his only relative, had died during the war, so that after the Armistice he had found himself in complete control of a very useful income, and with it a freedom to indulge his love of travel and sport, which, up to the war, he had been able to assuage only intermittently.

He was, then, a young man entirely free to do as he liked; a young man who preferred action, who did not ask for adventure, but wasn't so very sorry when adventure came along; and also a young man who knew quite well how to employ the considerable mental faculties he happened to possess. He was, as the little lawyer had felt, quite the luckiest ally Heloise could find in a battle against the powers of crime.

Clement, thinking near his door, turned the matter over. He must do something, but obviously he must do it carefully if he was to defeat the gang and to retain Heloise's good opinion at the same time.

'And obviously,' he thought, 'that means I can do nothing just at present. I can't strike at them until I know, until I find out their plot and have proof that they are criminals. What then? Consolidate my position with Heloise? Blessed word "consolidate." That's the first and only move. I must get to know her better; I must get her to trust in me. I must become intimate.'

At that thought he suddenly switched round and shook his fist at the place where he thought Liverpool must stand. The sound of machinery had told him some time ago that the ship had begun to move.

'Why *did* you talk of marriage?' he said with irritation, obviously referring to the little, headlong lawyer. 'Marry the girl! Marry her! That actually complicates things. I shall —I mean, I *should* feel just as much an adventurer, a conspirator, as this Henry Gunning person if I did—if I ever thought of doing such a thing.' And then, with the inconsequence of the young, he said, 'But she *is* astonishingly pretty and good company. . . . Oh, hang! that only makes it worse.'

As a matter of fact he really did feel that it would tie his hands, where, indeed, he had no desire to have his hands tied. He had already had a dim awareness that falling in love with Heloise Reys would not be an astonishingly difficult matter. He had felt this, vaguely, at their first meeting in the shipping-office. But to have the thing forced upon him, as the little lawyer had forced it upon him, was to make him feel like a plotter. It would add an underhand motive to an emotion he required to be free and genuine. It did worse than that. It made him a conspirator of a mean kind, for he was asked to enter the lists against a lover—or at any rate a sort of sweetheart—who was already in possession; he was asked deliberately to 'cut out' this nebulous, and probably iniquitous, Henry Gunning.

'Marry her!' he muttered. 'That's quite absurd, of course. I mean—well, it is quite absurd. She's got her mind set on Henry Gunning—and she wouldn't care tuppence

for a fellow like me. Indecent to think she would. . . . No; marriage is a bee in that old lawyer's bonnet. But I'll help. I'll do all I can to help her. And that's the first move; I'll now lay the solid foundations upon which real friendship can be based.'

He went very quickly to the door of his cabin. 'The first move, and I know how to make it.'

He went rapidly along the gallery. As he passed along the balcony that overhung the dining-saloon, he looked down at a little group of people collected about one of the tables near the door. Yes, old Maxwell was already filling up tables, and a few of the travel-wise were selecting them. Clement smiled to himself. He was glad he was travel-wise himself.

But before he got to the end of the gallery he was pulled up in his stride. His way was blocked by a very large, a very solid, a very immovable man. There was no getting past *this* human mountain. And the back of the human mountain was towards him, and he was obviously deep in some most absorbing contemplation. Clement said gently, 'If you don't mind.' And then he said, 'Sorry; do you mind my passing?' And then he said, 'Would you mind getting out of the way?' Then he touched the human mass on the shoulder, and shouted in his ear, 'I'm through. I've said everything I can remember. The next move's with you. Just move!'

The dinosaur heaved a little. There was a perceptible undulation over its surface. A voice came back: 'What's that?'

'I want to pass,' said Clement.

'Eh?'

'I want to'——

But Clement did not finish. The mass, as though the thing that had held its attention had suddenly released it, came round with an almost dismaying swiftness. 'How could such a bulk actuate with such rapidity?' Clement thought. A large man stood in front of Clement, bowing and apologising. A large man who seemed genial only on the surface, whose eyes were astonishingly close together, and looked steadily, not into Clement's eyes, but at something mystical across his shoulder. It was the large, fat man who had nearly caused him to miss his train, who had been somehow connected with the mishap to his luggage; the large, fat man who seemed instinctively to mix himself up in Clement's accidents.

'I owe you a thousand apologies,' said the big man pleasantly and without the slightest sense of feeling. 'I did not know you were behind me.' He smiled sleekly. 'It seems that I am foredoomed to stand in your way, sir.'

'That,' Clement's mind told him at once—'that is a threat—or a warning.' And he answered in his pleasantest, young-fellow-about-town voice, 'Does seem a habit of mine to come stealing up behind, so to speak.'

('And that,' he told himself, 'is also a threat, or a warning. Only, he won't see it. I'm much too well dressed.')

'Ah, behind, that has an ominous ring. Let us hope it is not ominous,' smiled the large man with his artificial geniality, and he stepped aside and let Clement by.

And Clement went on musing, 'But, by Jove! he *did* see. That was another warning. I shall have to keep my eyes on that large fellow. He, too, has wits and doesn't look it.'

As he spoke he turned and ran down the accommodation-stairs towards the dining-saloon deck. On that deck he received another small shock. Coming through the swing-doors of the saloon was the Gorgon. She came out briskly with the gait of an old traveller. She saw Clement, and she smiled. Clement thought it to be a smile with malice behind it. It was a smile of meaning. As she passed him she nodded, and said brightly, 'Well, we've started, then.'

A commonplace remark; one of the ordinary, stupid, current phrases of travellers by liner. It referred, possibly, to the fact that the ship had sailed, that the voyage had started. It might mean only that. On the other hand, it mightn't. In the light of that smile Clement reserved his judgment until he had gone into the saloon.

He greeted Maxwell, the chief steward, as an old friend, and asked if there were any good tables left.

'Nearly all the good tables,' said Maxwell. 'Not many old travellers on this trip. Very few have come along to choose dinner-accommodation. You can take almost anything you like.'

But Clement did not take what he liked. He examined the chart of tables, and saw that what he liked had already gone. What he had planned, what was going to be his first move, was to sit at the same table as Heloise Reys. That is, he had schemed to be her companion at meals all through the voyage. That was the recognised move of the wise and old traveller. But he had not been wise quickly enough. As he looked down the chart he saw the names 'Miss Heloise Reys,' 'Miss Méduse Smythe,' already inscribed.

And Miss Heloise Reys and Miss Méduse Smythe were to occupy a small table, a table that would accommodate only two.

He would not sit intimately with the girl at meals throughout the voyage. He had received his first check. He understood why the large, fat man had blocked his way. He understood why the Gorgon had smiled in that meaning way. She had been able to nip in ahead of him and secure a table that would cut him off from Heloise at least at meal-time—that time of singular intimacy. Indeed, that was the meaning of the Gorgon's smile, and her words, 'We've started, then.'

They had started the game of wits, and the first trick was against him.

(Continued on page 78.)

HOUSING SCHEMES OF ANOTHER KIND.

WERE there any 'good old days'? In answering this oft-repeated question one cannot help recalling the famous retort of Mark Lemon when asked, 'Is *Punch* as good as it was?' Said he, 'It never was,' and the remark might well be applied to the alleged deterioration of modern 'days.' Men of old may have lived on inordinate quantities of beef and beer, and gone about cracking other men's skulls in the most merry fashion; but it is equally probable that their wives complained of the exorbitant charges levied by the butchers, the bakers, and the leeches.

That there were some lucky folk then, as now, we have ample evidence; and in view of present-day difficulties with regard to housing, it is interesting to recall how by exercising their wits some people managed not only to 'feather their nest' at some one else's expense, but even to provide themselves with the nest itself.

A doubtful example of such seizure of opportunity is afforded by Swinsty Hall, a fine old mansion near Harrogate. Tradition says that the hall was built by a poor weaver who happened to visit London during a time of plague. The inhabitants had fled, and in their haste had dropped many valuable pieces of jewellery and ornament. Fellow-fugitives would not dare touch these articles, lest they should carry the awful infection; but the poor weaver from Yorkshire, nothing loath, collected a whole wagon-load, carried them to his home, washed them in Green Well Spring, and with the proceeds bought an adjoining estate, and built thereon the present hall.

Opportune action of a different sort caused a grateful monarch to bestow on its owner the manor of Archer's Court, near Dover. In days gone by our kings confined their activities to dry land as much as possible. When they did go to sea, therefore, it will be readily understood that they were quickly in need of assistance. Hence we find that Archer's Court was granted on condition that its owner should 'hold the king's head when he passes to Calais and by the workings of the sea,' &c. Fortunately for the present holder of the manor, we have a sailor-king, who does not require the services of a steward!

Scotland affords several instances of curious holdings. On the borders of Inverness-shire is a small tarn known as Loch-na-Chlaidheimh, a name which is pronounced *Clive*, and means 'Sword Loch.' Into this pool, some five centuries ago, the Earl of Athol cast his sword, at the same time renouncing in favour of the Camerons all claim to the adjacent lands until his weapon should be recovered. Nowadays a strict guard would probably have to be kept over such a loch after an Excalibur had been hurled into its depths, and doubtless similar measures for the protection of the property were taken then, for in 1826, when a small boy fished up a rusty sword, the Lochaber men quickly seized it and threw it back, lest its production should, at least, involve them in lawsuits.

Another Cameron would appear to be rapidly losing hopes of holding his property many years more, for the original charter gave it to him only for so long as snow lay on Ben Nevis. This really raises another question dealing with our changing conditions. Old men will still relate with pride how they built bonfires on the Thames and did other remarkable things during the 'hard winter' of such a date; the most arctic memory of the present generation would probably be the time when almost three inches of snow lay in Hyde Park. But in the days when the slopes of Ben Nevis were given to the Cameron, snow and 'the Monarch of Britain' were generally regarded as inseparable. Since then we have had several mild winters and hot summers, and on at least one occasion the owner had to erect a little tent to protect the last remaining patches of snow from the burning rays of the sun. It will be interesting to see whether, next time snow is getting scarce, the owner of the lands adopts the expedient of stuffing a vacuum flask with snow and leaving that on the mountain-side, as a more modern way of fulfilling the conditions of his charter!

Londoners will recall that annually in October the Corporation of the city renders to the Crown quit-rent services for two places alluded to as 'The Moor, in the County of Salop,' and 'The Forge, in the Parish of St Clement Danes.' The precise site of these properties does not appear to be known, though 'The Forge' is presumed to have been in the Temple. The rent for 'The Moor' is paid in the following manner. The city solicitor, in the presence of the king's remembrancer, produces two bundles of twigs, and with lusty blows severs one with a hatchet and the other with a bill-hook. This being done, the representative of the king pronounces it a good service, and, lo! another year's rent is paid. The service for 'The Forge' is even more simple, the city solicitor merely producing six horse-shoes and sixty-one horseshoe-nails, which are formally counted by the king's remembrancer, and accepted as the rent for that year. His Majesty, by the way, does not appear to have availed himself of recent legislation to demand ninety nails, or even one extra horseshoe!

Equally simple are the rent services by which are held the palaces of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye. For the former the presentation at Windsor of a banner bearing the lilies of France (in reference to the army vanquished by the

Duke of Marlborough) is considered adequate service; for the latter a replica of the banner carried by Napoleon's army at Waterloo is presented.

In conclusion, we may relate a good yarn that is told of a dispute as to property boundary between the Mackintoshes and Dunmaglass. 'Dunmaglass undertook to produce a man who would decide on oath the exact boundary, under penalty of being buried alive if he swore falsely. The man, on being brought to the spot, swore by the head beneath his bonnet and the earth beneath his feet that he stood on Dunmaglass's land. Inspection of his shoes and headgear showed that he had partly filled the former with soil from the acknowledged property of Dunmaglass, and that he had a cock's head in his bonnet. The Mackintoshes adjudged him guilty of perjury, and inflicted the penalty agreed upon' (Ward, Lock, & Co.'s *Guide to the Highlands*). The spot is known to this day as 'Living Man's Glen,' and is near Moy Station.

'N'RUNGWI,' THE HAUNT OF FEAR.

PART II.

V.

'I RETIRED at an early hour that evening, for, frankly, I was beginning to feel the lack of my two previous nights' rest; but, dead-tired though I was, sleep was impossible. Again I felt, with actual physical repulsion, the dank, shivering cold of the place. The very air breathed of death and decay, and behind it all lurked that ghastly, unseen, and intangible mystery that frequently induced in me an involuntary shudder. Pipe succeeded pipe, until at length I fell into a disturbed, nightmare-distorted slumber, only to awake with the first thrill of sheer physical terror that I had experienced since I was a boy.

'Something was bending over me, strangling me. Something loathsome, nauseating, and overpowering. I awoke, suffocating, gasping, fighting for breath, and struggling furiously. My hands were clenched, my chest bared, my eyeballs hot, strained, and misty. My blood pulsed and throbbed tumultuously, and a sensation as of intolerable weight oppressed my chest. Then came a visual impression of a hideous and grotesque form, a crouching, distorted, and satanic presence that brooded and glowered above me within a bare foot of my face, and was dimly discernible as a black and opaque shade, impalpable, yet faintly defined against the luminous darkness. I can never hope to depict the horror of it, as it crouched there, fiendish, shadowy, and intangible. Sheer terror froze my blood and paralysed my vitality. I tried to call out, fighting against a choking sensation in my throat, but no sound save an unnatural gurgling sob escaped my lips; and then, with a fiendish and sardonic peal of horrible laughter, that awful hovering form seemed to dissipate into the surrounding gloom, and in my distraught and morbid imagination I fancied that I could hear slow, ponderous, and deliberate retreating footsteps. It is impossible to tell how long my bodily paralysis lasted, but at length it passed, and my brain slowly cleared. My hands were still clenched, my body literally ached, nothing constricted my throat or chest, and yet so real and vivid was the apparition that I sprang from my blankets, groping for my torch and revolver, and staggered to the decrepit doorway.

'No sign of life stirred. The death-like stillness was unbroken save for the melancholy swirl of driving rain. Feverishly I encircled the hut, but the glare of my torch failed to disclose any trace of footprints in the soft, saturated mud. Wet and trembling, I returned to the warmth of my blankets, where I lay, rigid and immobile, peering out into the forbidding gloom. The menace of the place was awful; the night seemed blacker than before; while, framed by the entrance of the doorway, a silhouette against the exterior gloom, the ugly, squat, and hideous form of the brooding dwarf N'Rungwi seemed to bend over towards me, and to leer at me with vindictive and triumphal malice in the wan moonlight. I shall never forget the interminable remaining hours of that ghastly night. I was conscious of no actual physical danger, but rather of an awful atmosphere of accumulated repellent and revolting crime. I was overpowered by a sense of the incarnate presence of utter depravity and sordid evil. The place seemed to have become the storm-centre of all the hideous wickedness of countless æons of time, sapping my vitality, and dragging me down to its own depths of loathsome infamy. Insidiously my *moral* weakened, and then—dawn came, and I fled.'

VI.

'For hours I walked through pouring rain and drenching undergrowth, drinking in God's fresh air. Later I returned for breakfast, and determined to leave the place forthwith. This decision once made, I immediately proceeded to carry it into effect, and commenced to collect my impedimenta as a preliminary to departure. It was during these preparations that I discovered this little morocco note-book stowed away in the wickerwork of the hut fabric. It is, as you see,

Camden's diary. It records his visit to the ruins, and ends with these words:

'"*Evil itself seems to pervade this place. A sordid depravity is fouling my very soul. God! the horror of this place is driving me mad.*"

'Thrilled at my discovery, I read and re-read this diary. It contained record of far more than a mere account of the ruins. Among his personal reminiscences the names of M'Budzi and several other witch-doctors were mentioned. There could be little doubt but that for years past Camden had been attracted, fascinated, and yet at the same time repelled and disgusted, by his close personal contact with the darker side of native life. Patently the man was a perfect linguist and a walking encyclopædia of native superstitions and customs, his knowledge being all the more intimate owing to the fact that he had taken a native wife.

'Intimate association with native life had apparently proved his undoing, and in spite of his natural repugnance, he had eventually succumbed to the unhealthy fascinations of black magic, and to a number of morbid native superstitions. As a medical man he provided an interesting study in psychiatry, and although I knew nothing of Camden—apart from his journal—at that time, and had no idea that he was dead, yet even then I dreaded to picture to myself the result of the episode upon such a temperament as his. Ample evidence existed in the diary to indicate that he had deliberately visited the ruins in spite of the fact that he was fully aware of their past history and reputedly unholy influence, for an entry dated 15th December read:

'"*Back with Mamena once more, and yet I solemnly vowed that I would never return. Last night I talked with old M'Pana again, only to discover that he can still influence me as much as ever: strive against it as I may, there is something in that old heathen's magic that awes and fascinates me. The 'boys' swear that he is even more powerful than M'Budzi; certainly he is cleverer in concealing his handiwork. I wonder what he actually meant by all that strange jargon of his about the crouching dwarf of the Kharmi Ruins and my approaching fate. Is it possible that I shall visit N'Rungwi after all? The very threat half fascinates me. Perhaps Mamena's pleadings may hold me back . . . and yet, I wonder?*"

'I feared the worst, and therefore it was no surprise to me when, many months later, I became possessed of the actual facts relative to his death.'

VII.

'I meditated upon these events for a long time, comparing the records of Camden's impressions of the ruins with my own. I came to regard that diary as being additional evidence to my own experiences. At first I had not been wholly convinced that the affair might not have been the result of my own morbid imagination, but now the evidence seemed conclusive. Continued self-deception was impossible. Scepticism and rationalism had broken down before the awful mental reality of the previous night, and I, who had always prided myself on my healthy disbelief in the existence of disembodied evil, had for the first time in my life been literally confronted with the grim horror of its reality.

'I determined that, in order to preserve my moral self-respect, I could not afford to flee from this thing. In spite of my natural repugnance, I felt that it had to be faced, and that my higher self insisted that, if there existed an outside power of evil, it was equally certain that there must exist an exterior force of good. I cannot attempt to explain these conclusions, entirely foreign as they were to my usual logical and scientific analysis of fact. Yet so strong were these subconscious convictions that I determined to act upon them. In spite of all these excellent intentions, however, I undoubtedly dreaded the ordeal all that day until night actually arrived.

'Never before in my life had I deemed myself to be in any way superstitious, but perhaps, after all, hidden away somewhere within me, there existed an odd strain of sentimental bias. Whatever the cause may have been, the fact remains that I placed an old crucifix of my mother's, which I had in my possession, around my neck that night—I still wear it—and that I derived more confidence from it than even the most superstitious Mashona could have gained from the possession of a native charm. Incidentally I moved my improvised bed from its original position across to the entrance of the hut, so that I lay with my head practically in the open air.

'I prayed that night—a thing which I had not done for many years. My conceptions reached a higher plane than I had deemed possible. It is true that the dogmas of my old, though hitherto purely nominal, religion presented almost insurmountable difficulties to me, and yet instinctively I seemed to perceive their underlying beauty and central significance. I evinced no special enthusiasm for any particular form of religion, nor did I attach any importance to any specified theological system. My only tangible impression was that of a conscious realisation of good and evil, and a positive conviction that the good was stronger and more powerful than the evil. Furthermore, I realised for the first time the awful horror and tragedy that perpetually hovered at the back of all native life, and determined forthwith to devote the remainder of my life to its amelioration. I had no desire to seek native proselytes, but longed to assist them in combating their superstitious fears and prejudices.'

VIII.

'I lay in this meditative mood for several hours, experiencing an indescribable thrill of mental and physical exhilaration. Gradually I realised that I was excessively tired. A period of lassitude, physical exhaustion, and insidious mental numbness followed. Then the subtle influence of the place again commenced to impress me. Stronger and more menacing it grew. I pulled myself together with an effort. It was a fight now, and the struggle lasted all that night. Once, in the moment of my greatest weakness and deadliest fear, my fingers unconsciously clasped the little crucifix around my neck, and then, like a flash, I recalled the old power which I possessed when a mere child: the ability to send messages to, and receive them from, my mother. It was a form of telepathy often indulged in between us in my childhood, and I now recalled how, when she had given me the crucifix, she had bade me remember this strange link between us, and if ever in dire necessity to endeavour to avail myself of it. Trembling, I summoned all my remaining vitality and will-power, and sent out a feverish mental appeal. Again and again I renewed the effort, until I lay back utterly exhausted. Then came the subtle and intangible knowledge of answering aid, and the worst menace passed. True, that awful presence remained, but it now seemed to be held at a distance.

'Gradually I regained confidence. The sheer horror and abject fear disappeared. Then came a conscious realisation of immunity and power. Suddenly the presence seemed to fade, and again I fancied that I could hear those slow, deliberate, and retreating footsteps. Towards dawn I fell into a dreamless sleep, my first rest for four days.

'It was then Thursday, but in order further to convince myself of my immunity from the influence of the place, I remained at the ruins for two days longer. On Friday morning I made a thorough exploration of the neighbourhood. Around the débris containing the derelict Kaffir hut I discovered the remains of what was obviously an ancient ruined temple. The bases of many of the larger monoliths still remained in a state of fairly good preservation, and it was comparatively easy to reconstruct mentally the general plan of the original building. It had been an open-air affair apparently, possibly something after the nature of Stonehenge. The main axis of the temple lay north-east to south-west—in other words, roughly on a diagonal between the rising sun and N'Rungwi. The deserted hut, which I subsequently discovered to have been the infamous haunt of Makoma, lay nearly at its centre; while almost completely buried, with its lower extremity actually beneath the mud wall of the back of the hut, I unearthed the ancient sacrificial stone.

'I left the ruins early on Saturday morning, and late that evening rejoined my party at Govera's kraal. I was only just in time, moreover, for, thoroughly alarmed by my protracted absence, and fully convinced that I had paid the penalty for my insane rashness, my carriers had made preparations to vacate the kraal at dawn on the following day.

'Two months after my return to Salisbury I received a letter from my sister. You can all read it later, and you will notice that she states how, on the morning of 10th August, my mother was peculiarly weak and ill, it being found necessary to summon a physician. My old friend Dr Menzies was eventually summoned. He was plainly perplexed, and could only diagnose complete physical exhaustion, until my mother described to him how she had been awakened during the previous night by the sound of my voice, and how, being fully convinced that I was in terrible danger, she had focussed her whole strength in a desperate effort to assist me. The date of my vision at the ruins was 9th August.'

IX.

'Six months later I opened my medical station in this district, and here I heard for the first time the official account of Camden's death from old Sergeant Grahame.

'Camden, you will remember, was out on the North-East Frontier Patrol when he met his death, and very few facts were available. Jeri, his native police-sergeant, gave the only official account of the accident. It appears from his narrative that Camden set out alone at dawn on the morning of 16th January, leaving his carriers and "Black Watch" "boys" at Gumenjeri's kraal, five miles east of N'Rungwi, having made arrangements to meet them at M'Futa's kraal, some eight miles south-west of the ruins, on the evening of the following day. Sergeant Jeri and the rest of the patrol proceeded to this spot as arranged, but Camden failed to arrive until two days later. He had lost his horse, and according to the natives was looking wild, haggard, and dishevelled. From that hour onwards a change was observed in him. Jeri stated that he believed the *baas* to be bewitched. Instead of being his usual jovial self—his native popularity has never been equalled in this district—he was vile-tempered and suspicious. Frequently he flew into fits of ungovernable passion, so that none dared approach him. On the following day he became weak and dejected, and seemed to be suffering from fever. His "boys" made a *m'chilla*, and started to carry him back to M'Rinkwa's. Three hours later he suddenly sprang from the *m'chilla*, snatched his shot-gun from a carrier, and madly opened fire upon his following. Jeri was hit in the leg, one of the native police killed, and a carrier mortally wounded. Camden then bolted into the bush and disappeared. Later another report was heard,

and shortly afterwards a native trooper discovered the body in some undergrowth, lying beside his empty shot-gun. Camden's toe was near the trigger, and the skull was terribly shattered.

'Those, I think, are the bare facts of the case. I offer no solution. My life bears out my own convictions. I will leave you to interpret the episode as you may feel disposed.'

. . . . . .

For a few moments we smoked in silence, a semicircle of indistinct figures, dimly perceptible in the luminous darkness of the *stoep*, with features warmly outlined from the ruddy glow of half-a-dozen pipes. Low on the horizon a huge African moon raised its glowing face above the dim *umtassas*. The stars seemed unnaturally bright and distant; the barrack square gleamed white and ghostly in the gloaming; and intermingled with the unceasing strident song of a myriad crickets was distinguishable the monotonous croaking of innumerable bull-frogs.

Mechanically Marsden raised his empty glass. Silently Andrews reached for the decanter.

'Say when, Doc.'

THE END.

IN THE GREAT WATERS.

By Henry Hilton Brown.

LOCHROMICH was a parish divided against itself. Roman Catholics equalled Protestants; and although the different sections of Protestants probably disliked each other more than they disliked the Catholics, still on social matters they united and presented a solid front. Their pastors threw no oil on the troubled waters.

The Reverend Angus Macdonald, the Roman Catholic priest, was a good specimen of his class—a scholar, urbane, courteous, kind-hearted, yet an uncompromising son of the Church. The parish minister, the Reverend John Main, was the son of a Lossiemouth fisherman. A fisherman's son rarely deserts the sea; but John's mother had dreamed a dream, and had set her heart upon her first-born entering the Church. The wife is the business head of a fisher family, and so the matter was settled. The mother's desire was not realised without difficulty, but the long vacations of the Scottish university course permitted John to earn part of his living by sailing in his father's boat during several months of the year. Incidentally, and what is more pertinent to this tale, he gained such experience of practical seamanship that his father used to say, 'Gin John binna fit to steer his fowk through the strait gate, he's fit to steer a boat through ony gate in the Mora' Firth.'

At college John Main became inspired with a zeal and a fury against what he deemed the errors of the Church of Rome, such as was more common in the sixteenth century than in the nineteenth. When he was placed at Lochromich he found wide scope for his zeal, and frequent opportunity for raising his testimony. Sunday after Sunday he preached against the Pope, the Roman Catholics, and the doctrines which they held. Father Macdonald accepted the challenge, and replied with force. This state of war continued for a year or two, and Lochromich, as we said, was a parish divided against itself.

The 6th of November 1894 is a great day in the Lochromich calendar. That morning Father Macdonald sailed for Inchona to minister to a dying shepherd. He had scarcely reached the island when the wind veered round and rose to a gale. Big rollers coming in from the Atlantic foretold what was to be. About three o'clock a fisherman with a very white face brought word to the manse that the Father's boat was wrecked on the Black Skerry, a reef two miles off Lochromich, exposed at low water, but covered at high tide. The boatman and the priest had scrambled on to the Skerry, and were for the moment safe, but in a couple of hours the rollers would be sweeping over them.

The minister hurried down to the little pier. Men and women, silent and hopeless, were gazing towards the Black Skerry. They knew the danger, and so did John Main. A boat with the present wind could go to the Skerry and take off the priest and the boatman, but could not regain the harbour. The harbour is a poor one at best, and with a north-west gale inaccessible. The village occupies the only break in a rock-bound coast. There was, indeed, another practicable landing-place, but it was a terrible alternative. About a mile south of Lochromich harbour a wedge-shaped cleft splits the 400-feet cliffs, and runs inland for several hundred yards, terminating in a spit of shingle. The place is called in Gaelic Uaimh-nan-Uriskin, 'the Goblins' Cave.' From the cleft a narrow passage through bristling reefs and skerries leads out to sea. Smugglers have landed cargo there, but not on such a night. John Main knew that, difficult as it was, this landing-place gave hope of saving the priest and the boatman, and he resolved to try it.

Rejecting offers of assistance from men whose lives he was unwilling to risk, he told them to go round to the Uaimh and kindle a fire in the centre of the shingle spit, so that he might have a point to steer upon after dark. He laid aside his hat, coat, shoes, and stockings, and pushed

off alone in one of the smaller boats, hoisting as much sail as he dared. Cautiously approaching under the lee of the Black Skerry, he took off the priest and the boatman, and turned the boat's head towards the precipices. The boat rushed through the water, impelled by the gale, the little sail she carried almost burying her in the great seas. Darkness fell, but a gleam of light indicated the position of the Uaimh. Waves thundered on the cliffs, and spouted fifty feet upwards in snow-white spray which showed even in the dusk. Great billows, dark-green and foam-streaked, dashed up the narrow channel and broke with the noise of thunder on the shingle beach.

As the boat passed between the headlands the minister signalled to the boatman to lower sail. No words could be heard amidst the uproar of wind and sea. The boat shot into the channel of the Uaimh on the crest of a mighty wave. Barefoot and bare-headed, John Main stood up gripping the tiller—a Lossiemouth fisherman once more, stout-hearted, clear-eyed, steady-handed. Gallant fellows! In the old days the present writer knew many such; doubtless their sons are like them. The fire, built by men who knew that three lives depended on its accuracy of line, glanced on the wet rocks and shining seaweed, and scared the wild-fowl, and sent them screaming from their shelters on the ledges of the cliffs more than a hundred feet above. Onward the boat rushed past tangle-covered reefs, now almost grazing the ragged sides, coated with mussels and barnacles, and again narrowly escaping destruction upon a knife-edge in mid-channel. At last the breaker smashed on the shingle with a fearful crash and a roar of sliding pebbles. The boat whirled over and over like a toy, flinging her crew into the surf. But willing hands were ready. Half-a-dozen roped men dashed into the water and dragged ashore minister, priest, and boatman, amidst the cheers of Protestants and Roman Catholics.

So John Main justified his father's opinion by showing that he was fit to steer a boat through a very tight place. It is not for us to judge whether he justified the rest of the old man's saying, but it is certain that Lochromich is no longer a parish divided against itself. Minister and priest retain their doctrine, but with greater charity, and the people live in peace. If a cloud rises one will ask, 'Do ye mind the Uaimh-nan-Uriskin?' and amidst a hearty response of 'Aye, aye, that was a great day,' the temporary shadow fades away.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE MOTOR SEA-SLED—A NEW FORM OF AEROPLANE-CARRIER.

ALTHOUGH one might naturally suppose that our navy, in its employment of aircraft, would make use only of flying-boats, as being the most suitable type of flying-machine for fighting and scouting at sea, this was not entirely the case during the war, land-machines being carried by some of our fighting-ships, and flown from tracks along the decks or from platforms over the gun-turrets. The land-aeroplane is much lighter than the flying-boat, and can, therefore, climb more quickly, fly higher, and carry bigger loads. It can also manœuvre more effectively than its sea counterpart—a vital factor in air-fighting. So important are these advantages that the United States naval authorities have lately experimented with land-aeroplanes carried on and flown from a very fast type of motor-boat. This boat, known as the 'sea-sled,' is of unusual design. If a boat were cut in halves along the line of the keel, and the halves were placed side by side with the half-keels outermost, they would give a form of hull somewhat resembling the sea-sled. (Of course, the outsides would have to be planked.) The resemblance is very close at the bow, but the inverted V form dies away to a flat bottom astern. The propellers are exceedingly unusual, in that only the lower parts are immersed, the shafts, and even the bosses, being above the water-line. On the decks of these craft aeroplanes are carried, being secured by special releasing-gear which can be brought into operation immediately the speed is sufficient for flight. The sea-sled tried recently was fifty feet in length, and was propelled by four motors, each developing four hundred horse-power, and driving a separate propeller. Secrecy was maintained regarding the speed realised, but it could not have been far short of sixty miles an hour. In any case, it was enough to enable the aeroplane to rise. Naturally the speed was increased by the propellers of the aeroplane. One advantage over the flying-boat possessed by the aeroplane is that the latter, when mounted on a sea-sled, can be flown in weather that no flying-boat could face, the sea-sled, in spite of its high speed, being an excellent sea-boat. Had the war lasted long enough, it was the intention of the United States Navy to fly aeroplanes from motor-boats off the German coast for the purpose of bombing the cities of northern Germany.

THE MAKING OF CONCRETE PIPES.

Pipes made of reinforced concrete have been used for many years past for conveying water and sewage, this material being much less costly than iron or steel. Until recently such pipes

have been cast in moulds, but a centrifugal process, originated in Australia, has been lately introduced into this country whereby the cost of the pipes is lessened and better results are achieved. A tube, of which the bore equals the outside diameter of the pipe to be made, is carried horizontally on friction-wheels, and provision is made for rotating it at a high speed. After a cage of steel reinforcement has been put into the tube, a ring, equal in thickness to the concrete pipe, is fixed inside each end. While the tube is rotating, enough wet concrete is introduced to form the pipe, and this spreads out to a uniform thickness, the excess of water running off at the ends. Rotation is continued until the inside surface of the pipe is practically dry. Owing to the centrifugal force developed, the concrete is pressed against the mould and becomes very dense, while the inside and outside surfaces are highly finished. Pipes up to twelve feet in length can be produced by the new process, plant for working which is being laid down in Great Britain.

WAVE TRANSMISSION OF POWER.

Whatever form of prime mover be used to generate power, whether a steam, a gas, or an oil engine, or one operated by water or wind, the power has to be transmitted to the machinery to be driven. For short distances shafts, belts, or ropes are employed, but for long transmissions the only means hitherto available have been electricity, compressed air, a vacuum, and water or other liquid under pressure. For transmitting rotary motion electricity stands supreme, but the driving of reciprocating machines by such means is not so satisfactory. Recently a new form of connection between a prime mover and the machine to be driven has been invented, this being known as wave transmission, for which the medium is water, or some other liquid. In order to understand the principles upon which wave transmission of power is based, a trough of water may be imagined having at one end a float which is moved up and down by the prime mover, causing a series of waves to pass along the surface of the water. If a similar float was placed at the other end, it would be worked by the waves, and could be made to give out power. It will be understood that the water does not move along the trough, but each particle follows an elliptical path, as is the case with ordinary sea-waves. Only very small powers could be transmitted in this way, and wave transmission, although similar in so far that the water does not move along the connecting-pipe, is based on a different form of wave. As is well known, water is slightly compressible, and this fact is taken advantage of to set up a series of small compression-waves along a stout pipe containing water. At the prime-mover end a small piston is reciprocated at about forty strokes a second, and sets up compression-waves, these being utilised at the other end of the pipe to drive machines, such as rock-drills and riveting-hammers. The only serious competitor in such work is compressed air, which is much more cumbersome in use and involves far bigger losses between the power put in and that available for useful work. The piston and the hammer for the rock-drill or the riveter are in one piece, and they give a series of blows corresponding with the strokes of the piston driven by the prime mover—that is, at the rate of forty per second. The strokes of the hammer are very short, being about two centimetres in length, or some four-fifths of an inch. At a recent trial between power transmitted by waves and compressed air, a hole forty-seven and a half inches deep was drilled in Cornish granite in thirteen minutes by the former, the operation demanding about twelve horse-power. The compressed-air drill took fifteen minutes to make a similar hole, the horse-power required being twenty-seven. The length of the transmission-pipe was sixty feet in each case. For wave transmission a flexible steel pipe has been devised, which is made up of short lengths having spherical joints. It is very strong, so as to withstand the high pressure used, and consequently is far less liable to damage than the hose commonly in use for compressed air. The invention of a Rumanian engineer, Mr George Constantinesco, wave transmission was first used on aeroplanes to fire from machine-guns between the blades of the propellers, some thirty thousand sets of equipment being made for this purpose.

A NEW DEVICE FOR DEFEATING CAR THIEVES.

Many ingenious devices have been invented to defeat the operations of motor-car thieves. One of the most recent consists of a small steel case, measuring 12 in. by 9½ in. by 4½ in., which contains a powerful long-range electric hooter, with a note of such a character that the police would be attracted immediately it was heard. The slightest shaking or movement of the car operates the hooter. It is impossible even to remove loose articles, such as rugs, from a car containing this case without causing the hooter to give the alarm, if the person touches the car in effecting the removal. The instrument may be affixed to any part of the car. When the switch is at neutral, the instrument is quite unaffected by vibration or movement; but when the switch is turned on, which is effected by inserting and turning a Yale key, the hooter-operating device is almost uncannily sensitive. The Scotland Yard authorities, who have witnessed a demonstration of this appliance, state that it is considerably superior to any for a similar purpose which has been brought to their notice; further, that they are prepared to bring the final model before the notice of their officers, who will be instructed to stop any car giving the warning signal. It may be added

that the alarm is also adaptable for the protection of banks, post-offices, houses, warehouses, and other buildings.

AN ECONOMICAL HEATER FOR ROOMS.

The vast increase in the cost of heat for domestic purposes, whether derived from gas, coal, or electricity, which began during the war has given a great impetus to the invention of heating devices that are more economical than the open fire or the ordinary gas-stove. Among recent appliances for effecting this object is a gas-heater which is said to be capable of warming continuously for twenty-four hours a room having a capacity of 1500 cubic feet at a cost of 6d., the price of gas being reckoned at 4s. 2d. per thousand feet. The apparatus consists of a vertical tube varying in height from 3 feet to nearly 5 feet, according to the different sizes of the appliance. At the bottom of this tube is a bunsen gas-burner, surmounted by a firebrick cone. Outside of the tube is a cylinder, of such a size as to leave a narrow space between the two. Cold air from the outside of the building is admitted to the bottom of the outer cylinder, becomes heated in its passage upwards by contact with the inner tube or heater, and is discharged into the room at the top, thus both heating and ventilating it. The outer cylinder may be enclosed in ornamental wood panelling to suit the style of decoration in the room to be warmed. Four standard sizes of the heater are made for rooms with capacities varying from 1000 to 6000 cubic feet. The consumption of gas in the smallest size is 5 feet per hour, that in the largest 12 feet per hour.

REVIVAL OF CONCRETE SHIPBUILDING.

In spite of the set-back to concrete shipbuilding caused by the suspension of work on the Government barges and tugs after the Armistice, and the failure of these vessels in service, the concrete ship is by no means a back-number at the present time. Quite recently a concrete motor-vessel, capable of carrying 2200 tons, and having engines of 1280 horse-power, was built at Saigon, and is now in commission. Seven concrete ships are being built for the United States War Department, each with engines of 1100 horse-power; while the first of several tank-steamers, each of which will carry 7500 tons of oil, was recently launched. Hitherto excessive weight has been the chief drawback to the use of concrete in shipbuilding, but this difficulty is being overcome in two directions. First, lighter concrete is being made by mixing the Portland cement with coke or burnt clay instead of with sand and gravel, the weight per cubic foot being thereby reduced from 150 lb. to 110 lb.; second, with what is known as the unit system of construction, thinner skins are passed by Lloyd's and other classifying bodies. These developments have greatly reduced the weight of concrete ships without detracting from their strength, and they are now considerably lighter than wooden vessels with a like capacity for cargo. The behaviour of concrete ships in bad weather at sea is said to be excellent, and for some inexplicable reason they require less power to propel them at a given speed. Another advantageous feature is that barnacles and weeds do not grow nearly so fast on concrete ships as is the case with those of wood and steel, and the concrete is much more easily cleaned. The most outstanding feature of concrete ships, however, is their low cost for repairs and upkeep. For example, a 5000-ton concrete ship had a hole knocked in her side recently by collision with another vessel, but the damage is said to have been made good by a bricklayer and his mate for five pounds. Concrete ships are being built in this country and in Scandinavia at a lower cost than vessels of steel and wood.

WOODEN WATER-MAINS.

Before iron pipes were available for the conveyance of water from distant sources to the houses of cities and towns, recourse was sometimes had to wood for this purpose. In Boston, U.S.A., for instance, wooden pipes were laid down in 1789 to bring water to the city from the Jamaica Pond at Roxbury. A 50-feet length of this pipe was recently dug up when some new high-pressure mains were being laid. The pipes were made from pitch-pine logs with 2-inch and 4-inch holes bored through the middle. Except for the removal of the bark, the outsides of the logs were left in their natural state. Lead pipes with bores of $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch were inserted through cross holes for the house services, the pipes for the latter being connected by lead couplings. These wooden mains had a total length of fifteen miles, and supplied water to 1500 houses. They were discarded in 1840 in favour of 10-inch iron pipes.

MOVING A BUILDING INTACT.

We have long ago become accustomed to the moving of buildings intact in America, but the practice is so uncommon in this country that a recent instance is worth recording. The building in question is situated in Burnside, near Glasgow; it measures 60 feet square, and is two storeys in height. It was moved about 80 feet without interfering with its functions as a store and an office, even the telephones being kept connected during the operation. Built of wood and reinforced concrete, the structure to be moved weighed 150 tons. This load was gradually transferred to a wooden platform resting on iron rollers, which was inserted under the building. This operation complete, the platform was hauled along by means of winches and wire ropes until it rested over the new site, when the platform

was removed. The cost of the removal is said to have been but a third of that which would have been involved in taking down and re-erecting the building.

'CORONA' METAL—A NEW ALLOY.

There seems to be no end to the possible metal alloys having strength, or lightness, or a high resistance to corrosion, or a combination of two or all three of these characteristics. An alloy recently exhibited at Olympia, and named 'Corona' Metal, appears to have additional advantages, being capable, according to the makers, of resisting even the action of chemical fumes which rapidly corrode alloys of copper. In colour the new alloy closely resembles nine-carat gold, and it is said to be practically as ductile and as malleable as gold, while having a tensile strength of twenty tons to the square inch. It can be forged, stamped, rolled, and drawn into wire; and sound, clean, close-grained castings can be made from it.

ANOTHER HOME WASHING-MACHINE.

Owing to the high charges now made by the laundries, washing-machines for the home have become very popular, and those who have used some of the more modern machines will readily admit that they save a vast amount of hard, disagreeable work as compared with the old-fashioned wash-tub. Several of these machines have been described in these notes. In a recent machine the tub is hung on short chains, the result being that when partially rotated backwards and forwards by a handle provided for the purpose it rises towards each end of the stroke. It will be easily understood that very little effort is needed to swing the tub, as the motion closely approaches that of a pendulum. When the tub has been filled with dirty clothes, together with soap and hot water, a perforated wooden disc is placed in position, and held rigidly at the correct height by arms projecting from the framework of the machine. Finally a lid is put over the top of the tub to prevent splashing. As the tub rises at each end of its swing the clothes are squeezed against the disc, and the soap and water pass through the garments with a rapid cleansing effect. At each reversal of the swing the clothes are turned over by a series of struts fixed at the bottom of the tub. Although not an essential feature of the machine, provision is made for a wringer over the tub, fitted with the usual rubber rollers.

A REMARKABLE INSECT.

Few insects have so remarkable an existence as the American 'Seventeen-year Cicada,' a creature which is allied to the European species of the same family. This strange insect lives as a grub underground for seventeen years, and in the winged state for only some four or five weeks. According to *The Times*, in which appears the following description, motion-pictures of it have been taken recently by Mr R. L. Ditmars, of the New York Zoological Society: 'The adult insect is more than an inch in length, has two pairs of transparent wings, brilliant red eyes, and a dark body, mottled with red. Like their congeners, these cicadas have a biting tubular jaw, but it is too feeble to pierce anything except the softest bark, and it is doubtful if they feed during their brief aerial life. The males sing almost unceasingly. The female has a pointed ovipositor, with which she slits the bark of young stems, making holes at intervals, in each of which two eggs are deposited. This is the only damage done by the adult insect; but, as swarms appear in incredible numbers, orchards may be ruined. The best protection is to plant abundant thickets of soft young wood near the orchards the year before the swarm is expected. The eggs hatch in a few weeks, and the young cicadas, minute white creatures without wings, crawl out of the burrows, drop on the ground, and at once begin to bore into it. They have a sharp piercing mouth, with which they penetrate roots and absorb the juices. They tunnel downwards and forwards, throwing the earth behind them with a pair of digging-legs. They live underground for sixteen years, growing slowly, and moulting four times, with little change of shape. At the end of the sixteenth year they begin to tunnel upwards, boring through the hardest soil, making waterproof tunnels through swampy ground, penetrating gravel paths, or finding their way out at the edges of asphalt pavement, and all with such regularity that they appear on the surface at the beginning of May, in the seventeenth year of their existence. They then creep a short distance up a tree-trunk, and halt. Presently the back splits open, and the winged insect emerges as a soft and whitish mass. It creeps feebly an inch or two, and slowly dries. The short flying-life of courtship, singing, and egg-depositing begins, and when it is over all the adults die, leaving their progeny to their long underground life.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

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1*st.* All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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THE CABIN PASSENGER.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

PART I.

I.

A FRESH north-easter was blowing, whitening the crests of the waves. The *Silas N. Barnes*, ocean-going brig of two hundred tons register, was rapidly leaving the land behind her. Away on the starboard quarter the Farallones were fading in the distance, and San Francisco was a mere smudge of smoke astern. Captain Keynes and Mr Briggin, the mate, were looking down with disfavour on three men who sprawled, half-conscious, beneath the break of the poop. The captain was a wiry little man with hot blue eyes, and a beard which looked as though it had been fashioned out of fine copper-wire; a little red rat of a man who had bitten his way hard through life, and meant to go on biting it. In his youthful days he had served in various subordinate capacities on a variety of tramps, and had learnt the mysteries of the sea and of sailormen. He summed up his rules of conduct as 'a word (mostly a bad one) and a blow; and if a blow isn't enough, then a kick.' In his youth he had received kicks enough to cow the spirit of a less determined man. But young Keynes was far-seeing and ambitious. He told himself that if he lived hard, worked hard, and got on, he would in time find himself in a position to kick others. This praiseworthy idea dominated his life to such purpose that in due course he found himself in command of the *Silas N. Barnes*, with a reputation for 'hazing' that had earned him the awe and respect of sailing skippers from Lower California to Dawson City and the Arctic Circle. It had not been without practice that he had attained this eminence. He had started early—on his wife, in those days the only person whom he was privileged to kick. Possibly he may have overdone it a bit. Some wives are not sufficiently strongly constituted to afford the practice that a man has a right to expect. At any rate, her health had given way and she had died, leaving him with a daughter. It may have been due to his conscience, or it may have been an appointment as third mate, which had permitted him to exercise his talents on an occasional seaman; but the fact remained that he had never kicked his daughter. She was the apple of his eye. When old enough, she accompanied him to sea. And there were not wanting wondering suspicions in cowed fo'c'sles that if there was any one the skipper was afraid of, it was 'that there gal.'

Mr Briggin, the mate, was tall and dark, with the resigned expression of a pessimistic Mephistopheles. He too had served apprenticeship to the hazing business, although he allowed ruefully enough that he was some way from the mastery displayed by his captain. He had had to put up with a good deal of bad language in his present position, and had at times thought of bettering himself by applying for a separate command. But unfortunately for his worldly prospects, he had within him an incurable vein of sentiment; and the strain was called forth strongly by the captain's daughter. For her sake he would almost have served on the *Silas N. Barnes* as a foremast hand. Certainly he had no intention of giving up the position as mate until the day which he cherished in his mind, but never dared to speak of, when he could take her with him.

The three men who lay asprawl on the deck at the foot of the poop companion were of varying shapes and sizes. One was short and stumpy, one thin and slender, and the third was a man of vast proportions and powerful muscles. One and all of them, however, were alike in the pallid nature of their complexions and a stertorous quality in their breathing which told of mingled drink and 'dope.' Astern, a seaman stood by the wheel. For'ard, other members of the crew lounged by the fo'c'sle hatch, and a couple of Chinamen washed shirts on the deck. Aloft, the wind stretched the sails and hummed in the rigging.

'About time we turned 'em to, sir,' said the mate.

'About time,' agreed Captain Keynes, spitting disgustedly. 'Nice blooming lot they look, too. Not a sailorman among them, or I 'm mistaken. If I 've told Jacob once he ought to be ashamed of himself, I 've told him a dozen times.'

Mr Briggin grinned. 'He knows you 've a way of knocking 'em into shape, sir,' he answered with calculated flattery. 'He knows that if they

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ain't sailormen when he dumps 'em on board, it ain't long before they are, when you've got 'em. It's the system that does it.'

'If you call a bit of kicking about a system,' answered the captain morosely, 'you may be right. Anyway, it's the only thing that does with a lot of rotten shore-rats like these. So we'll turn 'em to, Mr Mate.'

He stirred the short man with the toe of his boot. The man grunted. Captain Keynes kicked him hard in the ribs. The sleeper sat up and stared about him with eyes in which the pupils blazed large and dark. He looked first at the deck and then upwards at the rigging. Then he staggered to his feet and groaned.

'Gawd!' he said. 'Done in again!'

'Git for'ard, Chalks,' said the captain, with a truculent allusion to his victim's pallor. 'Git for'ard, and no back-answers!' He emphasised the words with a punch in the man's ribs that sent him staggering backwards along the waist. The man arrested himself by gripping at the bulwarks, steadied himself a moment, and made for the fo'c'sle hatch with a clumsy, stumbling run.

Mr Briggin broke into a guffaw. 'The son of a gun's used to it,' he said. 'He won't give no trouble. He's been shanghaied before.'

'Better not,' retorted the captain viciously. 'I'd like to see the man that'll give trouble aboard this ship. Now let's turn this chap to,' he continued, looking down at the slenderer of the two remaining men. 'Looks a bit of a toff.'

He kicked the man, who groaned and stirred, but made no effort to sit up.

'Stuff's taken a good hold of him,' grunted the captain. 'Here, you!' he went on, addressing his victim. 'You stuck-up, collar-and-cuffs, good-for-nothing land-shark, shake yourself! Shake yourself, and lively now! Take that!—and that!—to help you to do it. You ain't flirting with your little bits of skirt at the Palace or the Waldorf Astoria now—not by a long chalk, you ain't. Up with you, d'ye hear? That's your sort!' as the man rose unsteadily from the deck. 'Now then, git for'ard.'

The youth stared about him. 'Huh!' he grunted in surprise. 'Where am I?'

'Break of the poop!' snapped the captain, 'where you ain't no business to be, sonny. Your place is for'ard. Git!'

'But there's some mistake,' stammered the young man. 'I'm not a sailor.'

'Then I guess we'll have to make you one. Git for'ard.'

'But see here'—— began the man.

Captain Keynes put his system in force. He landed the man a smashing blow on the side of the jaw that sent him to the deck. 'Any more back-answers, you slush?' he said, standing over him savagely. 'Git for'ard, I say! Do you know who I am? Well, I'll tell you. I'm Captain Hazer of Hazetown, I am! I'm Captain Hellfire of Hell! That's who I am. And while you're on my ship you're just an ordinary plain devil, and you'll work like a devil when I tell you. Git for'ard, I say!' he continued, landing the young man a kick. 'Git for'ard, and don't come here soiling my poop, or I'll land you another.—That's about settled him, Mr Mate,' he commented as he watched the unfortunate creature bolt in the direction of the forepart of the ship. 'We sha'n't have any trouble with him. When he's back in Frisco he can go to his millionaire papa if he likes, supposing he's got such a thing. And now for the third beauty!'

II.

'He's some man!' commented the mate, casting an eye on the vast proportions of the remaining sleeper. 'Jacob has done us proud with him. I wonder where he picked him up.'

'Don't matter a cuss!' answered the captain. 'It's me that's got to pick him up now. Here goes for his ribs—and a bit extra, because he's a big un.' He landed a kick in the sleeper's ribs. The man stirred slightly and rolled over on his back.

'Seems to me I've seen his face somewhere,' said the mate, staring hard and knitting his brows; 'somewhere—though where, I can't justly remember. Or, maybe, it's a picture in an "illustrated" he's like, or a "movie." Dash it! I can't think.'

'Don't try,' said the skipper curtly. 'Stir him up—like I do.'

Together they kicked the recumbent man, who groaned and tucked his arms in to his sides.

'Think he's ready, sir?' asked the mate tentatively. 'Jacob said he gave him a bit extra in the dope line because of his size. Better wait a bit.'

'Wait a bit? Not me!' answered the captain. 'It's time he was earning his grub. —Git up, you unexpected son of an unmentionable mother!' he continued, paraphrasing rudely. 'Git up, or I'll kick every rib you've got through your backbone.'

There was no immediate response. Before the captain could repeat the dose, Miss Keynes emerged from the deck-house on the poop and came forward to the rail. To the male eye she was not without attractions. Her eyes were dark and very bright; her hair was abundant and neatly coiled; her figure was trim in its dark-blue reefer-jacket and skirt, and swayed easily to the movements of the brig. Those whose taste in female character runs in the direction of a certain shrinking modesty might have found her wanting. Miss Keynes had not been brought up in a school favourable to the cultivation of such virtues.. She was direct in speech, self-confident, and well able to

look after herself. Her heart had not as yet been touched, and the mate's half-hinted sentiment had so far aroused in her nothing but the feeling of contempt which she considered such 'slosh' justly deserved.

'Hallo, poppa!' she said, daintily descending the companion as she spoke. 'Turning 'em to?'

'You betcher!' answered Captain Keynes judicially. 'Just you watch me stir up this chap!' He kicked again.

'He's a big man, isn't he?' said Miss Keynes, looking down at the vast proportions of the sleeper. 'He ought to be useful. Don't break him.'

Captain Keynes grinned. 'I'm treating him as tenderly as if he was my own son,' he answered, with another kick. 'I can't say fairer than that.'

'Well, I'm glad I'm only your daughter,' answered Miss Keynes, smiling appreciatively. —'What do you think, Mr Briggin?'

'Your father's a man!' answered the mate with gusto. 'And you know it.'

'Of course I do,' replied the girl, squeezing her parent's arm. 'That's what I always say. Poppa's a man. Show me the man that'll stand up to him. When I meet him'——

'Yes?' queried the mate encouragingly.

'Oh, I guess I'd have to marry him.—Wouldn't I, pop?' replied the girl, with a frank laugh.—'It would be too good a chance to miss.' She glanced at the mate with mischief in her dark eyes. 'But I guess he's not aboard this ship,' she continued saucily, 'so I'll stay as I am for the time.—Stir him up again, poppa.'

Mr Briggin looked embarrassed. It appeared to him that he was undergoing a challenge—a most unfair challenge to mutiny; or if not a challenge, then a senseless taunt. He swore under his breath and glanced reprovingly at his tormentor. Fortunately the captain was too preoccupied with his victim to pay much attention to what was going on. He had squatted down by the sleeper's head, and was pressing his thumbs hard over the man's eyebrows. Long ago a broken-down doctor had told him of certain nerves in that vicinity that were exquisitely painful when pressed upon, and he had treasured the knowledge. On the present occasion the treatment proved successful. The sleeper stirred, struggled, and finally got to his feet. He was certainly a magnificent specimen. He stood six feet two inches, and possessed the proportions of a Hercules. His mighty legs were all too vast for the duck breeches which the crimp had afforded him. His open shirt revealed a torso that would have set sculptors raving for marble. He drew a long breath that filled his chest as a balloon swells with hydrogen, and exhaled it again with a roar. His head was bullet-shaped, his ears a trifle thick, his features not amiss except for the nose, which had been twisted, apparently by a blow. Just for a moment he appeared dazed, and his movements were tentative and uncertain.

'Where in snakes'—— he began.

'Git for'ard!' said the captain sharply.

'But say, boss'——

'Git for'ard, do you hear, you swine?' said the captain. His fist shot out to the point of the big man's jaw. Almost any man would have gone down under the blow. But this one was the exception; he took it fairly, and it seemed to clear up his faculties and put new life into his limbs.

'Nearly on the ropes that time,' he said, grinning hard into the captain's infuriated countenance. 'And now take that, you little monkey!'

His fist shot out in its turn, and the captain made two somersaults backwards and landed against the poop ladder. He remained very still.

The mate gave a roar. 'Mutiny!' he cried. 'Mutiny!' He put his hand in his hip-pocket, and withdrew it. A revolver flashed in it. A moment later the weapon was twisted from him and thrown into the sea. An enormous paw gripped him and turned him round, and a huge knee was thrust violently into the small of his back.

'Now, see here, sonny,' said his assailant. 'I'm a peaceful man, and I don't want more trouble than I can help. Where am I?'

'*Silas N. Barnes*—brig—for the Islands!' gasped the mate, addressing the sky, which for the moment he was facing. 'Let go, damn you! You're breaking my back.'

'*Silas N. Barnes!*' answered his assailant without for a moment relaxing his grip. 'And what am I doing aboard the *Silas N. Barnes*—eh, sonny?'

'Killing me!' gasped the mate. 'And I believe you've killed the captain. Let go! Let go, I say!'

'What am I supposed to be here?' asked the man, staring hard at the recumbent figure of the captain, over which Miss Keynes was bending in dismay.

'Ordinary seaman,' answered the half-choked mate. 'And you'll be hanged for this, as sure as I'm alive, when we get back to port.'

'Well, this is a rum go!' said the man coolly. 'Jim Pickett—world's heavy-weight champion—shanghaied on a blooming pork and molasses boat! Now, see here, sonny,' he continued, dragging the mate over to the recumbent figure of the captain and standing him up against the break of the poop, 'you stand there. Stand there, and don't move. If you stir a finger, I'll dot you one; and if I dot you one, you'll see stars! *Stars!*'

Mr Briggin had been known for some years on the western seas as a 'hard case;' but for the moment he deemed it incumbent upon him to adhere strictly to the instructions given. Mr Pickett, after assuring himself that the mate had no intention of moving, looked down at the

captain and at the girl leaning over him. He smiled benevolently.

'Say, missie,' he said, 'I guess they wasn't giving short measure in the looks line when they ladled your share out to you. And you may say I said so.'

'Go away, you great brute!' said Miss Keynes indignantly.—'Mr Mate, why don't you send him for'ard?'

Mr Pickett burst into a vast laugh. 'Why don't he send me for'ard?' he asked. 'I guess *that's* why!' He shook an enormous fist with appreciation.

Before the exasperated mate, who had almost screwed himself up to the point of a further assault, could answer, Captain Keynes sat up, rubbing his head and staring about him. 'Did anything hit me?' he said vaguely, glancing up at the nearest yard as though uncertain that it was still in its place. His eyes travelled on to Mr Pickett. Memory returned to him, but uncertainly, so that he recalled merely the fact that he was dealing with a member of his crew. At once he was on his feet, vicious and indomitable. 'You hulking lout!' he shouted, addressing himself to the astonished Mr Pickett. 'What are you standing aft for, you fresh-water lubber? Git for'ard, you slush! Git for'ard—where you belong! Stir yourself, or, as sure as I'm here, I'll trail you over the stern for shark-bait.'

Mr Briggin gasped.

Mr Pickett rolled his eyes from the angry skipper to the girl. 'This your poppa?' he inquired. 'Fiery little beast, ain't he? Say, missie, you tell him I'm not a sailor. You tell him I'm coming as passenger, this trip—and all for the sake of your pretty face.'

'You'll come as'—— began the amazed captain. 'You'll come as—— I'll tell you what you'll come as if you're not careful. You'll come as salted pork—that's what you'll come as. And you'll go as far as Celebes, or thereabouts, where they ain't too particular what they eat so long as it's meat. Git for'ard now. We don't carry no passengers on this ship.'

He aimed a well-directed kick at the pit of Mr Pickett's stomach. It was his favourite offensive, and had been known to lay men out for days and days. But Mr Pickett was unperturbed. With a swift, prehensile hand he grabbed the captain's foot, turned him about, caught him round the waist, and sitting down on the lower rung of the companion, dragged him across his knee.

'See here, little man,' he said, 'I guess you've too much talk for my liking. When I was a lad, and had too much talk, they spanked it out of me. I'm going to spank it out of you.'

He suited the action to the word, bringing down a mighty paw over and over again on that part of the captain best adapted for the purpose. Mr Briggin stared, apparently paralysed through sheer astonishment. Not so the girl. She attacked Mr Pickett, slapping his face vigorously.

Mr Pickett grinned appreciation. 'You're a nailer!' he said, continuing his chastisement. 'You go on tickling me, my dear, and I'll go on tickling your poppa. He's got to learn manners before I'm through with him, and I'm going to see that he does it.'

Miss Keynes drew back, disconcerted. Her ear caught certain remarks that her father was pouring forth in a spate of wrath. She blushed up to the roots of her hair. Regardless of her embarrassment, Captain Keynes adjured the mate by the memory of his mother to call all hands to his aid.

Mr Briggin awoke from his trance, and ran for'ard. 'All hands on deck!' he shouted. 'All hands! Lay aft here! Lay aft, —— you! and stand by to suppress mutiny.'

III.

Six or seven men came tumbling up the fo'c'sle hatch. The two former victims were amongst them. Of the rest, three were Chinamen. Their astonishment when they beheld their dreaded captain undergoing chastisement of a type more suitable to a ten-year-old boy than to a grown-up man halted them amidships. They stood in a group, gaping.

'Now then,' yelled the mate, 'what are you waiting for? Lay aft here, and rush that man. Put him in irons.'

Between their fear of the mate and uncertainty as to the issue, they advanced slowly a few more paces. Mr Pickett perceived that it was time to act. He rose to his feet, grabbing the captain by the back of the neck and the slack of his trousers. He swung him lightly as one swings a sack.

'Know who I am?' he shouted. 'Any one here seen me in the ring? Any one here seen Jim Pickett when he knocked out the Chicago Dodger in three rounds? Any one like to have a go at me? Then come on—one at a time or all the lot. I ain't particular.'

Lifting the captain above his head, he hurled him at the mate, and the two went rolling over and over in the scuppers. He made a charge forward, and the crew scattered and fled before him to the safety of the fo'c'sle hatch. He turned, and perceived Captain Keynes and Mr Briggin getting to their feet again, and charged them, bellowing like a bull. They did not wait for him, but swarmed up the main shrouds with the activity of monkeys. He turned to the girl and favoured her with a grin of gratified pride.

'Sort of man I am!' he said, slapping his hands together. 'Don't you be afraid of me. I'm quite harmless when I'm not roused. This bit of a scrap has made me thirsty. I'll just nip into the cabin and see if there's a highball to be got.'

He ascended the companion, reached the

deck-house, and paused at the door. He looked upwards at the rigging, and at the captain and the mate, who were looking down at him. 'You 'll come down when I tell you!' he shouted significantly. 'Not before. If I find you on deck when I come out again, you 'll see stars!'

He dived into the cabin. Captain Keynes exploded in further profanity.

'Mr Mate,' he said sharply, 'slip down and turn the keys in the doors—both doors. Look sharp!'

The mate turned an eye upon him of infinite reproach.

'I 'm giving orders, Mr Briggin,' said the captain testily. 'Didn't you hear me?'

'Missie!' called Mr Briggin softly, addressing the girl. 'Just lock the cabin doors, will you?'

Miss Keynes looked up with a trace of contempt. 'I 'm sure I don't mind,' she said, 'if you 're afraid to do it yourself.'

Mr Briggin would have protested his courage but for the uncomfortable likelihood of having to prove it. As it was, he remained silent. Miss Keynes went softly up the companion, locked the port cabin door, slipped round to the starboard side, and locked that door also. Then she looked up. Captain Keynes and the mate descended cautiously.

'Sure you 've locked it?' asked the captain, wiping his forehead.

Miss Keynes nodded.

'If I get home safe to Frisco after this,' said the captain viciously, 'I 'm going to have a talk with Jacob. I 'll larn the little beast to ship prize-fighters aboard of me.'

'That 's all right, sir,' said the mate a trifle sullenly. 'But the question is what we 're going to do with him now we 've got him.'

Captain Keynes scratched his head. 'I guess we 'll have to think,' he said, after a pause. 'He 's safe where he is for the present.'

He put in the whole of the afternoon thinking. The crew had been called up again, and went about their various duties. The brig bowled on merrily, all sail drawing to an eight-knot breeze. But never before had her skipper been so silent; never before had he been so slack in calling the attention of his hands to their numerous shortcomings. Somewhere about one bell in the first dog-watch a certain feeling of emptiness reminded him of fresh complications.

'About time for tea, Mr Mate,' he said sullenly.

'Just what I was thinking myself, sir,' answered Mr Briggin.

There was an uncomfortable pause.

'Well, damn it!' said the captain at last, 'he 's got the tea, and he 's got all the stores, and he 's got the tinned meats and the fresh butter. What in thunder are we to do?'

'There are the crew's stores,' suggested the mate tentatively.

'Cracker hash, by thunder!' snorted the skipper. 'Well, I suppose it 's the best thing we can do.'

He moved forward to the galley for a word with the cook. Before long he and his daughter and the mate were busy in the waist with three tin pannikins containing the unsavoury rations of the fo'c'sle.

Miss Keynes screwed up her pretty nose after each mouthful. 'You 're not going to sit down under this, poppa, are you?' she asked, after a time, putting down her half-filled pannikin.

'You betcher!' answered the skipper venomously. 'We 'll have to hold on until to-night, though. When the swine 's asleep, we 'll unlock the doors and get him before he wakens. He 'll pay for his larks then, or I 'll eat the blessed brig.'

(*Continued on page 88.*)

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA TO-DAY.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.

PART I.

I.

AMERICA of to-day is never the America of yesterday. One cannot revisit it and recognise it as the same old place. Its 'Movies' are symbolic of its palpitating, highly concentrated and condensed life. Even its house chairs are on rockers. The resting American is in perpetual motion. His cities are in a continuous state of feverish change.

Life in New York is so appallingly rapid, and lived at such intensely high pressure, that one becomes convinced it must be very short for its inhabitants. Coming from the Old World to the New, one cannot conceive average New Yorkers living to be old. Surely they must wear and tear themselves to frazzles by middle age. Is this why one so rarely sees an old person in street or office?

I saw an old woman of perhaps eighty years walk slowly through the lounge of America's largest hotel. The apparition startled me, as I suddenly realised she was the first really old person I had seen since landing. Every one stared at her. She was a novelty. Where does America hide her old people? No one seems to know. Perhaps there are none. White hair is to be seen everywhere—on the heads of shop and office girls and young men; but white hair in America has no connection with old age, and hair-dye is practically unknown.

On the voyage out sixty years appeared to be the limit, and those who boasted this age were but a handful. The three thousand odd souls who packed the liner were just a cheery mob of cosmopolitan youth of intense energy and above the average good looks. There happened to be few British born. A number of Americans in deep mourning were returning home from the European battlefields, where they had searched, as a rule vainly, for the graves of their dead.

There are many people who start out on a voyage with one strong desire—to sit at a 'nice' table in the dining-saloon. The 'nicer' it is socially, the better.

The wild scrimmage to share seats with the mighty begins the moment the liner has pulled away from the shore. I leave my seat to chance. I am not concerned with the mighty, but with human interest everywhere, that will reveal to me something I may have missed in life.

My table was eventually made up by an intelligent Scottish girl, a young British officer, my secretary, and two American men whom I at once named the 'Moon Child' and the 'Live Wire.' By those names they were known and addressed throughout the voyage. They immediately adopted nicknames for each other. The Moon Child was 'Jack Johnson.' The Live Wire was 'Sherlock the Jew.' I pointed out that Shylock was the correct pronunciation, but the suggestion was never accepted.

After the first meal or two, when we had thawed out the young officer, we were the cheeriest table in the saloon.

'Be pleasant to every one' is a golden rule to be observed on a voyage. It makes a mighty difference to your fellow-passengers, and it even helps that great potentate, the captain of the ship.

Though the antithesis of each other, the Moon Child and the Live Wire were pure American types. The former was a big, burly young man of bulldog breed, a rough diamond from Texas, and a born mystic. He was very homesick, and often seasick, and when he was feeling abject I used to sit down beside him and talk of his children. That made him well again, and the snapshots were brought out of his pockets, and we sat absorbed in the most absurd trivialities connected with 'the twins' and the coloured nurse-girl. He assured me he had never told a lie, and to illustrate the superiority of truth over fiction he gave me the following anecdote.

Once he was carrying six bottles of beer through a very rough Texas street, and every man he met stopped and inquired, 'What have you got there?' 'Beer,' promptly replied the Moon Child. The inquirers all smiled knowingly and passed on. No one believed the truth, and the beer came safely home.

Only once did the Moon Child fail me at eight o'clock breakfast during the nine days' voyage. He confessed at once that he had fallen, and had accepted sherry from a fellow-passenger.

II.

The Live Wire was a totally different type—a shrewd, hard-headed New York financier, and quite incorruptibly dry. He also was homesick for Wall Street and his little dog, and there was no side-stream in European politics which he had not navigated. We had many deeply interesting discussions on the financial and economic conditions of our respective countries, but by common consent we conversed apart, simply because so many of our British-born or naturalised subjects dislike facing the truth temperately. My experience was, they either denied the facts or walked away in a rage. This common attitude is a great mistake, as it gives the impression of ignorance. The Britisher who visits the States ought to acquaint himself before sailing with the present financial situation. It is the common property of all Americans, but unfortunately known to few here. It will save him from many painful shocks and much irritation if he remembers the truth, that we owe America one thousand and forty-seven millions sterling (see White Paper for July 1920), not allowing for the adverse exchange. He will be forearmed to meet a subject which constantly crops up as a matter of course in serious conversation.

The average Englishman's ignorance of the financial situation I found to be a common cause of friction between the two nations. How much more dignified it would be, in place of angry denial, to face truth with friendly acknowledgment!

Another foolish point of friction I often heard discussed was America's late entry into the war. An American is hurt when taunted with this. His explanations of the immense racial difficulties he had to overcome and reconcile before he could come in were generally received with ignorant incredulity. Tell an American that he had to come in to save his own skin, and he is wounded to the quick.

Despite his repudiation of President Wilson and all his works, he firmly believes the Wilsonian statement that young America went forth to war imbued with the spirit of the Crusader, to fight for a high ideal. The plain and quite obvious truth is that Uncle Sam considers Europe terribly ungrateful to him. His patience is great, but there are times when he is driven to remind John Bull that Britain implored him to come in. He asks not for thanks, but for simple acknowledgment. He is apt to inquire how France and Britain would have acted had they been called upon to cross three thousand miles of ocean to help America to conquer a terrible foe that threatened her very existence.

That question I never feel capable of answering, but unhesitatingly I say that the dignified and generous attitude which is worthy of Great Britain would be a frank recognition of all

America did for us in our terrible ordeal. Do not let us forget her financial help, for which we are not yet paying any interest, and without which we could not have continued the struggle, even if some of us are apt to minimise the military assistance which poured in to the tune of millions from across the ocean.

Another fact we must realise is that cultured America is intensely proud of going dry. I never met one American who was against total prohibition, but I wish to emphasise the fact that I mixed only with the business community, and did not enter at all into what is termed society. Truly, going dry is an amazing achievement to study on the spot. Picture the Ritz Hotel in London or Paris at 8 P.M. on any night—the crowds, the beautiful clothes and jewels, the music, the choice viands, the many little dinner-parties going on—and nothing but water to drink on the table. Because of this lack of alcoholic beverages is the same brilliant scene enacted in New York lacking in conviviality? Assuredly not. As the great silver jugs are carried round, and the clear iced water is poured into crystal goblets, one marvels why, when the good God has given us Adam's wine free, we should spend money on intoxicants.

Turn to another side of American life, and watch gangs of brawny men labouring in grilling heat at excavation-work. A huge machine, operated by half-a-dozen men, drives four gigantic iron fingers into the face of the earth. The fingers tear away earth, stones, and rubble, and fling them into a great receptacle below. When it is full a lever is turned, the receptacle swings round, and hangs above a motor-driven wagon. The bottom of the receptacle falls out on hinges; the contents drop into the wagon. Other men are drilling into the ground, pumping the subsoil dry. The noise is terrific, the heat grilling, sweat pours from the grimy faces, the activity is continuous, but in a corner is a stall with iced water, and the men move to it constantly and take long draughts.

In the train, where there is no class but one universal class, you can go to the end of the Pullman car and put a penny in a slot. Out falls a white paper cup. Turn a tap and out gushes pure iced water. In the bathroom which adjoins every bedroom in the hotel you will find three taps—hot, cold, and iced water. As one moves about Dry America a profound respect for so mighty an achievement takes possession of the mind, and one realises the plain truth that it takes a very great nation to go dry. You may be for or against prohibition, but the fact remains that America has won a stupendous victory which will have its repercussion all over the globe. One comes swiftly to resent the oft-repeated statement that the British workman cannot do without his beer or spirits. Do we really believe that our men are incapable of doing what others in a far more trying climate have accomplished? One must visit America to realise what temperance can accomplish for a wonderful nation.

III.

When I first visited New York the Custom House was an expensive terror. Now it is a joke that costs nothing. Tips are abolished. If you tell the simple truth you will have no trouble. It is permissible to take in, free of duty, fifty cigars and three hundred cigarettes. No one who knows the America of to-day will want to smuggle in clothes. I found American clothes much cheaper than European clothes, and beautiful at that. For ten dollars you could buy the best sports-coats in infinite variety. For twenty-eight dollars you could become possessed of an exceedingly smart frock. When you had bought the hat to go with it, you had expended twelve shillings and sixpence more. Fruit and vegetables are very abundant and cheap. An American banana, price twopence, has little resemblance to our bananas. It is twice the size, and of very delicious flavour. I am told the sea-voyage robs it of this distinctive taste.

The prices in the good hotels are similar to those of England, but the food is much superior, and being so abundant, it is badly wasted. The waiters always help one to far more butter and rolls than one can eat at a meal where there are many other dainties. The portions served are too large for any one person to consume. In a New York hotel no one knows whether you take your meals in or out, and if you desire to live well, and yet economise, let me recommend 'Childs.'

'Childs' richly deserves mentioning. So far as my experience goes, these popular American restaurants are superior to similar establishments in London. There is a 'Childs' in all the main streets of the great cities, and they are conspicuous for their spotless purity. Floors, walls, ceilings are tiled in white, and the tables are covered by a white substance I took to be celluloid. It holds no stains as marble does, and retains its spotless whiteness. Male and female employees are dressed from head to foot in white, and change into clean clothes every three days. The food is half the price of that in the hotels, and first-class. All visitors to America should remember 'Childs.'

When you first enter a great American hotel, you will be arrested by the intolerable temperature. I took the temperature in the lounge of the Hotel Pennsylvania several times, and never found it below eighty-five. The outside temperature was only seventy-five. This heat makes business very trying to the British, as all offices and shops are similarly hot. The explanation is that owing to the noise of the street traffic all doors and windows must be kept closed, and the winter artificial-heating does not escape. It is wise to ask for the highest bedroom to be got. On the fourteenth floor of the

hotel the window of my room had to be closed before conversation was possible; but one can get fresh air at that altitude, and the view, especially at night, is wonderful. In spite of the overheated atmosphere, the American woman always wears her furs inside the hotels during summer. I have come to the conclusion that she is a very hardy flower. She is flower-like to look upon, with her exquisite daintiness, and her tiny little hands and feet. I did not find it true that American women spend their days in shopping, eating candy, and listening to lectures, whilst the men are toiling to death in the city. The men toil no harder than in other cities, but they make much more noise about it. Women run all the Government offices, and sit in all the responsible seats in the great hotels. In the latter places they work in shifts. No hotels or big restaurants ever close at night. Trams run all night, and taxis are as numerous between 3 and 4 A.M. as they are between 3 and 4 P.M.

I looked out of my window at all hours of the night and early morning, and could see no great diminution in the traffic at any time.

IV.

I sometimes sat down for half-an-hour beside the girl in one of the information-bureaux of 'the largest hotel in the world.' She had her seat, her table, and her 'phone in the hall close to one of the many doors, and her shift was from 4 P.M. to midnight. A never-ending stream of inquirers came to her, and she never hesitated a second in her replies. She was a 'Cook' and a 'Bradshaw' in one, and she never stopped smiling. There she sat with her flower-like head beautifully dressed, her tiny white hands perfectly manicured, reeling off her replies. It was all one to her whether you inquired the direct route to Mespot, the fastest train to Palm Beach, or the nearest shop for buying white elephants. She sent you right there with written directions and her sweetest smile. One afternoon whilst I sat by her I counted thirty-six replies she gave as to departing trains, and I never saw her consult a time-table. It is well to remember that any station in America will present you with a time-table for nothing. In England a 'Bradshaw' costs two shillings.

This wonderful girl, typical of thousands in the States, confided to me that she did not expect to live long. She answered questions all night whilst she slept. She got a fortnight's holiday a year, and no Sundays. In another part of the hotel sat rows of women with 'phones clamped to their heads, attending to a continuous stream of people who came to consult them. They lived in a maze of numbers for eight hours at a stretch—an amazing exhibition of endurance in such an atmosphere.

The American woman does not 'make up,' and I saw no beauty-shops. It is the rarest thing to see powder on a woman's face, and rouge seems unknown except to those who are constantly visiting Europe. Leaving the complexion to nature is common to all classes. The only powder I saw was on the faces of a few coloured women. The effect may easily be imagined. This absence of 'make up' is very striking to the traveller coming straight from England, where rouge and powder are so prevalent. Other first impressions are the vast crowds, the very defective and badly kept roads, which jolt one horribly, and the total absence of dogs. During a fortnight I saw two dogs in New York, being led late at night in a by-street. No dog could exist in the day-time in the main streets. It would be trodden to death very speedily.

By night New York is a blaze of light owing to the extravagant use of electricity in advertising. This is a comparatively new development in American life, and its cost must be a negligible quantity, as even tiny shops have elaborate electric devices above their doors, and no one bothers to switch off the lights by day. In every hotel bedroom I was shown into all the lights were on. Eclipsed by brilliant sunshine, they added considerably to the temperature.

It is not always easy to guess what the great advertisements pictured by electricity are intended to advertise. For instance, every night a huge cat played in the sky. It chased a mouse, and its paw was constantly darting out to catch its prey, and its tail switched violently. In another part of the sky hung something more comprehensible—a gigantic motor-car, which flashed red, white, blue, yellow by turns. The enormously tall buildings appear to have no window-blinds, and every room is lit up. Undoubtedly New York is a wonderful city to look upon when night has fallen.

The traffic congestion is very unpleasant, and the crossings are dangerous; but in such great arteries as Fifth Avenue traffic is regulated all the time, as our railways are controlled at night, by signal-boxes placed in the middle of the road. In those boxes stand two men using red and green lights. Police in the street beneath see that the signals are obeyed.

'The largest hotel in the world,' the 'Pennsylvania,' prides itself on supplying from within its walls everything that man or woman can possibly need. If you lose your luggage and prefer a new outfit rather than go to bed, the management guarantees to 'fix you up' in half-an-hour, at any time of day or night. It must be remembered that the hotel is going as strong at 3 A.M. as at 3 P.M.

In your bedroom your 'phone is the great adjunct. You don't see a chambermaid (they come on in shifts) unless you specially desire to do so. I had been in the 'Pennsylvania' a week before I met one of mine; and, strange to say, they don't seem to expect tips, as they are hard to find when one leaves. Even when found,

the young lady is probably a shift you have never met before. In the corridor they wheel about a tiered contrivance with their tools, and a receptacle for waste-paper at one end. They will sell you, there and then, any toilet necessity you may happen to require. Your bed is not made till night. The American habit is to air the beds all day. If you require 'maiding,' you tell the lady of the bureau of your floor, and she supplies you with an attendant for elaborate or plain dressing, according to your requirements; but your bedroom and the bathroom attached are elaborately supplied with self-helps. If you want your shoes brushed, and your skirt or your trousers brushed and pressed, you 'phone to say so. You then place the articles in a cupboard attached to the room door, which is termed 'The Servitor.' It can be opened by the valet in the corridor. In a short time a tiny bell rings, and without opening the room door you open your 'Servitor,' and find that your order has been executed.

When you awake, let us say at 7 A.M., your eye at once falls upon a newspaper lying on the floor by the door. You pick it up, and find it to be the morning issue of the *New York Times*. Attached to it is a coloured slip of paper, upon which is printed: 'Good-morning; we trust you have slept well. Kindly accept to-day's paper.'

(*Continued on page 92.*)

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War, The North Afire, The Undying Story, Phillip in Particular, The War Cache, Green Ladies, Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

II.

THE gang had scored the first trick, but it was not altogether a signal advantage. It put Clement on his mettle. First, it enabled him to appreciate exactly the type of rogues he was dealing with. There was going to be nothing timid about their methods. They were bold, and they were clever; they were going to take hold of every advantage and push it home ruthlessly. Clement did not mind that at all. He could be bold and ruthless, too, and because of his seemingly casual manner, his boldness and his ruthlessness could be carried off in a way which would baffle them.

In fact, no later than that afternoon, Clement, with an apparently thoughtless inconsequence, began to baffle them. He played for the second trick—and won it.

It was obvious that from the first the gang meant to block him out from Heloise's side; they were going to hedge her about, prevent even the dawning of an intimacy with him. Clement smiled as he saw the little comedy being played. The Gorgon clung to the girl tenaciously. And to double the guard, so to speak, the large, fat rogue was called in.

They were clever. They played with infinite skill. The mountain of a man was drawn in with brilliant casualness. Heloise and the Gorgon looked at Ireland over the taffrail. They talked about Ireland. They speculated about Ireland. The Gorgon made a conspicuous mistake about an Irish headland—and there was the large, fat man putting her right, standing already one of that little group, pouring out attractive facts about Ireland with a pleasant, well-informed politeness.

It was one of those swift ship-board acquaintances. The fat man, the apparent stranger, had skilfully inserted himself into the duologue between the Gorgon and Heloise, and the Gorgon had, as skilfully, drawn him into the circle. Clement, who had been hovering in the background, saw what it meant. One of them, now, would always be at the girl's side, effectually putting a stop to any particular and personal approach of his own. The three watched Ireland until they had had enough of it. Then they walked the deck a little. Then the two ladies sat down, and the fat man, with invincible politeness, walked away. Clement exchanged a few words with the two women in their deck-chairs; pleasant words, but of no effect. The Gorgon showed no signs of moving; Heloise was too polite to move away from the Gorgon.

The lunch-bugle went, and they were parted. After lunch the Gorgon and Heloise were inseparable. They sat on deck-chairs again. Tea came. Clement found that the Gorgon had whisked the girl into an alcove in the lounge. He was about to join them boldly, when the big, fat man materialised with his unexpected swiftness, crossed the lounge, and planted himself in the only other seat available. Clement smiled, and sat and had his own tea, and waited. He watched the trio. Presently his chance came. The fat man and the Gorgon suddenly involved themselves in one of those conversations in which the third person plays the part of a listener only. As the two talked, as Heloise listened, Clement crossed to them swiftly and quietly—and snapped the girl from under their very noses.

It was quite simple. It was one of those simple acts that baffle the clever. Clement slipped round behind the discussion, as it were, and said to the girl, 'Coming for a stroll, Miss Reys?'

And Heloise came—came alone. There was nothing for the others to do. To break off their discussion to fence with this pleasant young man would have looked strange. To come out with the girl was certainly impossible, for they had not been invited. They had to remain, ostensibly unconcerned, if they were not to draw attention to themselves and their actions.

And in his casual way Clement clinched his victory, *did* draw attention to any future 'blockading' action the precious pair might attempt.

He took Heloise up to the boat-deck, that encumbered deck upon which strolling is an impossibility. He found chairs, and placed them in a spot that could only accommodate two, and was also quite neatly screened from casual view. As they sank into it he sighed, 'Oh, well, this is very much better.'

'It isn't strolling, anyhow,' laughed Heloise.

'Oh, I didn't want to stroll; I just wanted to be selfish,' smiled Clement. 'I wanted you to myself. There seem to have been millions of people about you ever since we came aboard.'

'Scarcely millions,' she smiled back. 'Only my companion and that rather stout, quite pleasant man.'

'Only those,' said Clement, underlining the personality and the actions of the pair deliberately; 'but they do seem to be rather clinging. Always there appears to be a great crowd barring the way.'

'Always,' she laughed. 'But we've been on board only half-a-day.'

'Perhaps I was looking forward,' said Clement, ingeniously emphasising his point. 'I saw it happening every day, every hour of the day, for the rest of the voyage.'

'You're unnecessarily gloomy,' laughed the girl, not altogether displeased at the interest this good-looking young man took in her. 'It won't happen every hour every day.'

And Clement, with an inward chuckle, thought it wouldn't. He left it at that. He had, he knew, won that trick. Not merely would he have *tête-à-tête* talks with Heloise in future, but he had so emphasised the attitude of the pair of rogues that their attempts to shut him out from Heloise must only engender suspicion in her mind.

After a moment's silence Heloise said, 'You're rather hard on Mr Neuburg. He's a very pleasant person, and quite well-informed about Canada.'

'I'm quite well-informed about Canada myself,' said Clement.'

'About shooting—sport,' she teased him.

'That—and other things,' Clement laughed back. 'I know appearances are against me, but, really, I'm rather well up in other things—industrial things, for instance.'

It was a casual remark delivered with an inconsequence that covered up the deliberate meaning Clement had put into it. And it struck home, as Clement had intended.

'Really!' she cried. 'Industrial things—you know something about Canadian industries?' She was eager at once.

'Quite a lot,' said Clement. 'You see, even if I didn't happen to be keen—which I am—I'd have to take a personal interest. I've money invested in quite a number of Canadian concerns—agricultural machinery, fruit-farms, grain areas, mines'——

'Mines!' breathed the girl. 'Do you know something about mines?'

Under his casual easiness Clement Seadon thrilled. He had suspected from the beginning that the venture in which Henry Gunning was supposed to need backing must be mines; the district in which he lived pointed to that. But here was confirmation of that suspicion. He had touched the matter which was the foundation of the plot at his first attempt to find out. And he had also obviously done more. He had made the girl feel that he was a sympathetic and knowledgeable person to whom it would be easy to talk about mines and the prospects of mining. And, in fact, he *was* just that person. He was sympathetic towards her—as she leaned towards him, slim and vital in her beauty, he knew it was astonishingly easy to be sympathetic—and he did know a good deal about mines, too. He said so.

'I know, I think, a very fair amount about mines. Oh, not merely on the investing, the money-getting, side, but on the practical side too. I once went out for three months with a prospecting-party—not as a fortune-hunter, but as one who wanted to learn. It's rather a fad of mine to get to know things, to learn how things are done from the bottom up. As some of our money was invested in mines, it seemed to me that I should have a working knowledge of the whole proposition. So I went out with the party, and got a good practical grip of that side to support my knowledge of the financial side.'

'And you did your prospecting—where?' she asked, a little breathlessly.

'Oh—in Canada,' he said. And then he paused. Should he risk being specific? Would it frighten her to hear the name of the very place where Henry Gunning, her old lover, was living; and would that put her on her guard against him—as she had been on her guard against the questions of the little lawyer? Or would it, on the other hand, draw out confidences? He rather felt it might. He was, so far as she knew, quite outside her concerns, and she might want to learn things, just as he wanted to learn everything as early as possible in order to know how to act. And then, as he hesitated, she said with extraordinary eagerness, 'In Canada! But what part of Canada?'

Her eagerness decided Clement. 'In British Columbia,' he answered, as a man mentioning something of no purpose. 'To be exact, in the mountain-valleys in the south of B.C.

There's a whole string of valleys there with rather beautiful lakes in 'em. We started at Nelson, on Okanagan Lake, and worked up northward. They mostly grow apples and peaches there, but there was a good deal of mineral about, we'd heard. Anyhow—I say, I hope I'm not boring you—anyhow, we pushed slowly up those valleys to a little one-horse place called Sicamous'——

'Sicamous!' she cried, her eyes very bright, her cheeks exquisitely flushed, and for a moment Clement wondered if he had done right to mention that name. 'Sicamous! But that's real luck—for me, I mean. I actually want to learn something first-hand about Sicamous—and about the mining in those districts.'

With a throb of excitement and satisfaction, Clement, looking exactly like an Englishman who was no more interested than he should be when a pretty woman gave him her confidences, leaned forward to hear the next important words. And——

'Oh, Loise. . . . Forgive me, Miss Heloise. . . . Where did you put the aspirin tablets? . . . I have a terrible headache. . . . I went to the cabin, and could not find them. . . . And I've looked for you everywhere.'

Before them stood the Gorgon smiling apologetically, wearily, but at the same time determinedly. She had arrived just at the right moment to interrupt revelations.

(*Continued on page 83.*)

AFFORESTATION.

By the Rev. JOHN TAYLOR, B.D.

AFFORESTATION is a subject that has been very much before the British public in recent years. Even before the war it was felt that far more timber should be produced in this country than was being done. The proportion of land under trees in Britain was much smaller than in other countries. In Germany the acreage was 26 per cent.; in Austria, 33; in Belgium, 17; whilst in England it was only 5, and in Scotland a little over 4.

Since the war the need for afforestation has become still more crying. During the war between four hundred thousand and five hundred thousand acres of forest in this country were cut down. In other words, about half the forest-land of Britain has been depleted of trees.

Let us first consider the indirect advantages of afforestation. Forests increase the beauty of the landscape. Tulliallan Forest was one of the largest and best-grown forests in the Lowlands of Scotland. In the autumn the tints of the fading leaves were wonderfully beautiful. In the spring the various greens of the foliage were lovely beyond expression. Even in the winter, when the boles of the trees and the branches were splashed with snow, the trees were things of beauty. Of that forest the greater part of the trees were cut down during the war. What was formerly occupied by woods is now a bare moor. And what a change for the worse has taken place in the aspect of the landscape!

Another indirect advantage of woods is that they provide shelter to crops and cattle from cold and destructive winds. A well-grown belt of wood, sufficiently broad, affords far better shelter from injurious winds than a stone wall does. It is well known that many high-lying exposed fields would go out of cultivation but for the protection afforded by woods. Even in the case of low-lying ground shelter-woods are sometimes necessary. On the shores of the Moray Firth the wind sometimes blows in from the open sea with great violence. The soil is very sandy, and in the case of fields not protected by shelter-belts, the soil, consisting as it does almost entirely of sand, is blown away, and is frequently found after a storm in wreaths on the roads.

Forests, again, cause the water precipitated as rain to flow away more slowly. In this way they help to reduce violent and destructive floods. In the Alps, the Tyrol, and the Pyrenees many of the woods in the higher parts of the mountains have been burnt down by goat-herds and others. The result of this wanton destruction is that many of these high-lying parts are now subject to floods and avalanches, where such disasters were unknown in the past, and millions of pounds are being expended in reafforesting these high grounds that have been depleted of trees. And in Scotland we have in many places disastrous floods which could be prevented by the high-lying grounds of the catchment area being afforested.

A further indirect gain from woods is that the trees by means of their roots bind the soil together. They prevent the soil and other materials from being washed down from hillsides and deposited on the fertile valley-lands forming the banks of the river lower down. A double injury is thus prevented—namely, the denuding of the hillsides and rendering them unproductive; and, in the second place, the covering of the low-lying fertile ground with gravel and stones, and so making it unfit to produce crops. Even when the soil consists of sand pure and simple, the roots of trees bind it together and prevent it from being blown about. In the department of the Landes, in south-west France, there is a strip of sand-dunes from one hundred to three hundred feet in height, and four miles in breadth, lying along the shore of the Bay of Biscay, and extending to two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres.

These dunes were being blown by the prevailing west wind towards the east, and were burying cultivated land and even houses, when, at the end of the eighteenth century, Nicolas Thomas Brémontier devised the plan of arresting the scourge by planting the dunes with maritime pines. Two hundred and ten thousand acres have been thus treated. And not only has the destructive easterly movement of the sand been arrested, but these coast-lands, which were formerly a desert, are now producing valuable timber, turpentine, and resin. In Scotland the Culbin Sands, at the mouth of the Findhorn, have been similarly treated, but there the trees planted have been Scotch fir and Austrian pine. These sands, which were formerly an unproductive desert, are now a remunerative forest. During the war a considerable part of the woods was cut down, supplying us with valuable timber, which was then sorely needed by the nation.

Forests increase the healthfulness of a district. In them there is very little dust; and it is well known that dust is deleterious to health. Another effect of forests is that they reduce the extremes of heat and cold, and make the climate more temperate, and so more healthful. Again, the sweet odours emitted by pine-trees are not only grateful to the senses, they are also health-giving; and so we find sanatoria frequently placed beside pine-forests.

Forests give increased employment to people in the country. A thousand acres of rough grazing under sheep would give employment to one shepherd and one gamekeeper. Under trees a thousand acres would require ten foresters and two gamekeepers. And this is not all. The busy time on farms is the slack time in forests. The foresters and the gamekeepers would thus be available to help the farmers in the hay, the corn, and the potato harvests, when they often have great difficulty in getting people to help them. For obvious reasons it is of the greatest importance to keep as many people as possible in the country.

The direct utility of forests is chiefly due to their produce. Their principal product is timber. Year by year we are using more timber and importing more from abroad. We are doing this notwithstanding the fact that we have practically ceased to build our ships of wood. We use wood for railway-sleepers, telegraph-poles, pit-props, house-furnishings. Perhaps the main reason why we use so much more timber now than formerly is that we require a very large amount for wood-pulp for paper-making. Two million tons of timber are required to produce the wood-pulp used in Britain annually. Think of the enormous quantity of paper used for newspapers, for books, for wrapping up parcels, for letters. Beautiful fibres closely resembling silk are now made out of spruce timber. This vegetable silk, as it is called, is woven into scarfs, &c., and is sold in our drapers' shops. It fetches a very high price. In 1908 five thousand tons a year of this fabric were being produced in Europe, and this quantity bade fair to be very much increased. Other direct forest products are turpentine, resin, and materials for tanning.

We thus see that for various reasons it is of great importance that the acreage under forest trees should be much increased. Suppose that a landlord has some ground which he is inclined to think should be planted with timber trees. His first step is to find out whether it is suitable for afforestation. If he discovers that it is suitable, his next step is to find out what tree or trees it is most suitable for. If the ground be very wet, alder will probably be the best tree to plant. If it be high-lying, birch and Scotch fir will probably be the right trees. Spruce and larch must never be planted together. If they are so planted, an insect gives rise, in most cases, to galls on the spruce. From these galls emerge insects which alight on the larches and produce a numerous progeny, which suck the leaves of the larches, lower the vitality of the trees, and eventually kill them outright. It is not easy to fix on the right tree to plant, and a mistake in this matter often foredooms the forest to failure. The best plan is to apply to the Forestry Commission recently appointed by Parliament, and they will send out an expert free of expense to advise on this important point.

The next step to be taken is to make an estimate of the cost of preparing the ground and planting it. If the area to be planted with trees has been occupied by trees previously, all the branches and débris of the trees cut down will have to be removed. This is usually done by burning. The bark of the stumps left in the ground will have to be removed to a depth of six inches below the surface of the soil. This is done to do away with the pine-weevils. The rabbits must also be got rid of. To prevent their return a fence of wire-netting must be put up round the area to be afforested. Ditches, drains, and roads require to be put to rights. The next thing to be done is to plant in the prepared area seedling-trees, usually three years old. Owing to the present high price of labour, materials, and plants, reafforestation involves considerable outlay. And as a forest of Scotch firs, spruces, and larches, the trees commonly planted at present, normally takes seventy years to come to maturity, the landowner who plants can hardly expect to be the one who will reap. Moreover, when the great expense incurred and the compound interest on the money laid out are taken into account, some landowners are of opinion that the money that will be obtained for the trees seventy years hence will not prove an adequate return for the outlay. One objection to this view is that nobody knows what the price of timber will be in seventy years;

but the chances are that it will be greater than it is now. Another thing to be taken into account is that many landed proprietors have cut down a large part of their woods during the war, and have got record prices for the timber sold. As in most cases they did not plant the trees cut down, it is only right that they should replant the areas depleted of trees. If the replanting is unusually expensive, the prices for the timber sold during the war were unusually high. But if the owner feels that he has not money that he can lie out of for such a lengthy period, he should apply to the Forestry Commission, and they will inquire into the case. If they are satisfied that the forest is being conducted on sound principles, they will give him a loan of money on easy terms, to be repaid when the mature forest is cut down and the timber sold. If the landowner objects to this arrangement, the Forestry Commission may take a lease of the ground, afforest it themselves, and pay an annual rent for it.

Another way of reafforesting an area is what is called 'natural regeneration.' The steps in this method are as follows. At the time the wood is cut down a number of trees in fruit, called 'mother-trees,' are left standing all over the ground. Sheep are put on the ground thus partly cleared to eat down the heather and the blaeberries (*Vaccinium Myrtillus*), and so enable the seed falling from the mother-trees to reach the soil. After a time numerous seedlings spring up. Indeed, so numerous are they that they have to be thinned. One remarkable thing is that rabbits do not so readily attack them as they do seedlings that have been transplanted. The great objection to 'natural regeneration' is that it frequently takes a considerable time to complete. The time is sometimes as much as fifteen years. Its advantage is that it is much cheaper.

THE FLOTSAM OF FATE.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking.*

I.

THE old man sat by the garden gate in the pale evening sunshine, and watched the scene at the open mistal door with amused understanding. A family of little mongrel puppies besported themselves there in the light; while their mother, the mongrelest mixture of all mongrels—for she was a pukka sheep-dog—basked under the wall, and watched her children with proud solicitude. But the object of the old man's amusement was the father of the brood—a gaunt, smooth-coated sheep-dog with big ears and bright yellow eyes, a dog as much like a dingo as any dog but a dingo could be.

Dingo did not know he was being observed, and so he had dropped his habitual reserve towards the puppies. One of them had him by the ear, and a second was striving manfully to drag his forelegs from under him. The old dog was giving himself up to their gambols, a martyr to the cause, enduring it all with bored amusement, while now and then he paused to fondle and caress one of the woolly mites.

The little family scene was brought to a close by the opening of the door across the yard, and a young man came out of the house. Instantly Dingo's attitude changed. Ashamed of his condescension, he began to strut away, stiff-legged and full of dignity; and when one of the balls of wool ambled after him on clumsy puppy legs, he turned with a growl and harmlessly rolled it over. The puppy returned to its mother, and, secure between her forelegs, growled its puny vengeance in awful puppy thunder.

The old man laughed. 'Dingo thinks a lot of them wee mites when there isn't any one looking, Ben,' he observed.

The young man seated himself at his father's side. To him the little scene had meant nothing. A good shepherd and a hard soldier he may have been, but he did not understand dogs. He regarded them much as he regarded horses—as useful just in so far as their capacity for work extended, and of no further interest. Ben Inglis was known by the shepherds of the hills to possess no heart where animals were concerned, and no one liked him the better for it.

'Good dogs, too, they ought to make,' the old man rambled on. 'Dingo springs from the best stock in the hills. He comes from an older shepherding family than you and me, Ben. And Nell—well, I reckon we could get twenty pounds for her any day we chose. I call to mind'——

'Better get it, then,' the young man answered briefly. 'I reckon nothing of her kind on these big moors—too short in the leg to get over the heather.'

Dingo ambled up and looked into the old man's eyes. He did not look at Ben. Since the young man's return to civil life he had done little to win the favour of his dogs. The old man moved uneasily. He loved all dumb creatures in his slow and muddle-headed way. 'Sell her!' he cried defensively. 'Sell our Nell!'

But just then the woman of the house appeared, and chided the old fellow for sitting without his hat. She said he would catch his

death of cold—which was exactly what he did do. It was his third cold that spring, and he was very old. Next day the doctor came, and went away looking grave.

Three nights later Ben was wakened by Nell and Dingo howling in unison across at the mistal. For some minutes he who had seen death in a thousand ugly forms was afraid to rise, but at length he did so. The old man was dead.

II.

The shepherds came from far and near to the funeral, as shepherds do. They looked neither so happy nor so picturesque in their mourning-garb as in their workaday clothes. Ben, with an eye to the material conditions of life, did not omit to mention that he had a promising litter of puppies to dispose of. So, when the sorrowful work of the day was ended, several prospective puppy-purchasers followed in Ben's wake to the granary, where, on a fusty sack in the corner, Nell nursed her brood.

She snarled when the strangers approached, and forbade them to touch her treasures; but Ben cuffed her with his cap, and one by one fished out the squirming balls for inspection. None of the men was much impressed, for, though to Nell the loveliest things on earth, they were very ordinary puppies. The scene was one of merriment and laughter, and to the sheep-dog that was the sore point. They had handled her puppies roughly, and—*they had laughed at them!* Yes, they had laughed at Nell's puppies!

Who can read the heart of the sheep-dog? All day Dingo and Nell had idled forlornly about the farm. They had hated the strangers, and the whole atmosphere of extraordinary events. They did not contemplate the future, but the present was all significant. They had looked from face to face, searching for one they felt they would not find. They knew that the man whom they had loved and served since their puppy days would never again fondle their ears and look into their eyes. They knew that he was dead, and that the old beloved order must now go.

Nell's heart was heavy with strange, dim sorrow, but now a new anxiety possessed her. Her motherhood was the ruling factor in all her thoughts. The men had handled her puppies roughly and laughed at them, and in some subtle way she knew that the future of her darlings was insecure. The one man she could trust was gone; there remained only one whom she had never come to know.

Nell went into the next room when the strangers had departed—a little, dark store-room festooned with cobwebs and piled high with rusty dunnage. She had some notion in mind of hiding her puppies from the strangeness and uncertainty of it all, but the prompting instinct was not quite clear. She tried to hollow out a bed on a spiky heap of mole-traps in the darkest corner of the room, but had to abandon it as not the thing she wanted. She went back to her puppies and nosed a foolish little wisp of hay over them, trying to hide them, trying the best she knew, but her poor, clumsy mother efforts merely left her with a sense of dazed bewilderment.

With the coming of darkness the promptings of the wild dog grew in strength, and acting on impulse, she caught up one of the balls of wool, and carried him whimpering into the night.

Dingo, her slave and guardian, was there to meet her. He seemed at first bewildered, but soon he grasped the general idea. They slipped from shadow to shadow together, pausing and listening. Up the stream they trotted, taking no heed of the rabbits—running flank to flank through the fragrant night shadows. When Nell's jaws ached, and she put the puppy down to rest, Dingo indicated his eagerness to take up the load, but she would not let him. She was afraid he would drop it, I suppose—which is probably what he would have done. Carrying puppies was not his department.

Through the dark ravine Nell led the way, where the shelves were draped with slender ferns, and the rolling of a pebble echoed eerily along the rocky corridor. This was a silent place, where man seldom trod, and at the head of the long defile the waters separated, so as to enclose a tiny island in their sparkling embrace—an island piled high with driftwood among the rocks.

This tiny plot of ground was sacred to Nell's possession. She had regarded it as her own since her puppy days. Here she had basked in the sun when she wanted to be alone; here she had buried her treasures in idle moments; and here to-night, deep in a nest amidst the wreckage, she hid her puppies one by one. She knew that running water all around would help to hide them, but, alas! her half-dead wolfish instincts took no count of foes other than those she knew.

III.

When at daybreak Ben went to the granary and found that Nell had hidden her puppies, he beat her savagely, not because she had done wrong, but because he was angry. Easily now he might have won her confidence and love, but his savage action merely kindled anew her sense of distrust and injustice. She sneaked away to her island, and hid there all that day; and Dingo, willing in his boundless energy, did the work of two. 'Then, if she wants to hide herself, she mun feed herself!' growled Ben, which was only a vain threat, since no one had thought of feeding the dogs since the old man fell ill.

Thus Dingo slaved all day for the master he did not love, and at night he returned to an

empty food-bowl. This did not trouble him much, for with the coming of dusk the cloak of civilisation fell from him, and he loped off into the night on breathless exploits.

Keeping to the hollows, never showing himself against the skyline, Dingo made a detour when another hunting-dog crossed his path; then, peering over the ridge, he saw a family of rabbits nibbling the grass below. Like a wild cat he flattened down and got between them and their burrow; then, quick as a hawk a-wing, he sped into their midst, and a thin-edged scream went up on the night stillness.

Civilisation tends to kill all sense of fatherhood in our domestic dogs, but among the dogs of our hills, where two live together far remote from their kind, the laws of love and loyalty shine forth untarnished by man's hand. Dingo and Nell partook of the habits of the wild, and so the loftiest instincts still were theirs. Thus Dingo, empty though he was, hastened to his lady-love with his prize, and laid it at her feet.

For many days Nell did not return to the farm. Dingo lived his dutiful civilised life all day, and at night he and Nell ran wild together—wild as the red fox of the hills.

At length Nell returned, shamefaced, and doubtful as to her reception. She stood in the offing with ears acock, and gazed at the man—awaiting a friendly word, a sign, when she would grovel penitently at his feet. But Ben was piqued by the knowledge that the dog distrusted him. The thoughts and ways of the dumb creatures were a closed book to him, and so, muttering angrily, he took the rusty gun from its place in the oak ceiling, telling the woman of the house that he would 'learn that dog to run away from home!'

That was exactly what Ben did do. Nell's prompting instincts warned her to flee for her life, but she took a burning charge of shot with her, and thus her whole future was sealed. She knew now, beyond all doubt, that not only would her puppies be unsafe within the reach of this man, but that even her own life could not be trusted in his hands. Nell had left the farm for good.

IV.

Ere many days were past the news leaked out that Ben's little, long-haired bitch was running wild. Old shepherds shook their heads thoughtfully, and said they had known such things to happen before 'when the old man died.' A lank, lean fox came down from the hills, and the poultry-yard of a neighbouring homestead was littered at dawn with the evidence of his visit. Nell was blamed. The keeper took to parading the hills at night, and one night Nell came face to face with him. There was a flash of fire, and again she fled for her life, bearing with her a stinging charge of shot. Thus Nell became an outlaw, regarding all men as her foes—a fugitive of the heather, wild as the winds that swept the bracken-slopes, a skulking vagabond of the shadowy ways who moved in hourly peril of her life.

Dingo continued to live his double life. In day-time he looked the whole world in the face; at night a human footfall sent him bristling for cover. He and Nell learnt the tricks of the relay chase and the ambush; every art of the wild wolf was known to them, but always, always they hunted in silence. The whole wide hills were at their feet, infinite, boundless under the stars. They spent their nights as nature intended, endlessly free, but skulked at dawn to the places fate had assigned them.

Nell had relinquished all claims and obligations towards mankind. The law of the human race no longer bound her. Man had made it clear that she was an outlaw, and as an outlaw she was free to act and choose. But as yet she had harmed nothing that was sacred to man's possession. More than once she had stood with shining eyes, watching the fleeing sheep as they scattered like ghosts into the night, but the lessons of her youth bade her not to follow, and Dingo seemed fearful lest she should. Yet she lacked nothing of the treachery of her sex, added to which was the far more perilous venom that comes with motherhood to the creatures of the wild, and it was only a matter of time ere the savage life she led would tear asunder the last of her civilised bonds.

It came in a thundery night, when the woods were astir with the drip, drip of water, and the very air was heavy with lifeless oppression. No rabbits were about, and Nell and Dingo had penetrated far up the valley, over the high boundary wall, and into that sacred strip of forest where the keeper's cottage nestled, surrounded by the plenteous life that lay within his keeping.

In the depths of a thicket Nell stopped suddenly, one paw upraised, eyes shining, staring into the shadow of a windfall just ahead. Dingo, circling silently, got the other side of the clump, and slowly they closed.

Out of the thicket burst a mottled fawn, and well the two dogs knew that above all other creatures the red deer of the range were sacred to man's keeping. They had been thrashed in their puppy days for so much as looking at them, for many a shepherd had lost his place on the great estate for carelessness which led to the destruction of the royal game.

But to-night Nell's schooling was set at nought. She was hungry, and the sight of that fleeing, bleating fawn was more than any hunting-dog could resist. The fawn dodged cleverly as Nell dashed in. Then from the dripping foliage there appeared an apparition of shining eyes and stamping forehoofs—the mother of the fawn! She dashed for Nell, who doubled for her life,

barely missing the savage blow that would have pounded her into the leaves. With bristling mane and slashing fangs Dingo hurled himself upon the doe, and bore her crashing to the ground.

The fawn, too, fell. Then from the undergrowth there rose a second fawn, and yet another doe rushed madly to its defence. The fighting fire blazed from the sheep-dogs' eyes; the desire to kill bore down and overwhelmed all other thoughts and cautions. Systematically, savagely, they closed upon their new quarry, till the undergrowth around was trampled flat, and the earth was beaten black with pounding hoofs.

The keeper, half in his dreams, heard the frenzied barking of his dogs, and, fully awake, he listened breathlessly. Distinctly he heard the crashing in the undergrowth, followed by the bleating of a fawn. He arose with a chill of apprehension, and went silently out. This was the thing that he had feared; this was why he had dallied abroad at night-time, searching for the wild dog of the hills. Silently, swiftly, he made his way up the mountain-side, listening, pausing, stooping, endlessly alert. A doe dashed by him in the gloom, wild-eyed and terrified; then, running her trail like hungry wolves, came two dogs he knew—Dingo and Nell.

Two shots rang out, but the darkness baffled him. Dingo stopped in his tracks and looked at the man; then guiltily he turned and fled with Nell into the spangled darkness.

Dingo was not touched, but the escape had brought home to him the knowledge of his guilt. He knew that he had done a dreadful and unpardonable thing. He knew that he was doomed. Yet in his soul there was no penitence; only, he wished to hide from man, to live to do the wretched thing again.

V.

Over the high boundary wall they sped—back to the island at the cañon-mouth. At the water's edge they stood, staring with wonder at the flood. The stream had risen since they left from the merest trickle among the rocks to a roaring cataract, which bore on its racing bosom strange octopus shapes, rearing up, and disappearing into the smother of foam. A bellow of thunder shook the hills as Nell plunged in. The current caught her and whirled her like a straw against the rocks of her island den. Gasping, dripping, she dragged herself out, and Dingo boldly followed.

Only just in time, for the puppies lay in a pool of water. The surrounding cataract was rising rapidly; little brown trickles were overwhelming the island, and here and there the driftwood was already astir.

Thus Nell's mother instincts had betrayed her. 'Like to like' is the law of the wild, and the dog who turns wolf must sooner or later pay the wolfish price. Nell led her puppies to a loftier mound, and there, side by side, she and Dingo stood. The brown flood surged up to their very feet, the undergrowth bent beneath it, and with a roar the invading flood poured into the hollow of the island.

Nell turned to her puppies, and caught up the foremost. A new fear was upon her—the fear of a power with which she could not contend. It was as though the avenging hand of God had fallen upon them in the hour of their guilt.

Dingo stood at his mate's side, willing, yet hesitating; then he, too, caught up a heavy, dripping pup, and turned desperately to follow her.

Nell trotted to the end of the island, carrying her load. Bravely she waded in, and boldly Dingo followed. Here the two waters met with a giddy upheaval of foam. Directly below was the dark ravine, where the flood pounded for a mile against the scowling cliffs, with many a cataract and many a whirlpool.

There was no turning back. Side by side they went their way, playing the last great game together—game to the end, side by side in their last fierce voyage of discovery. Whirled like straws, they were swept into the central race, struggling heroically to hold aloft their precious loads. And in the sullen twilight gray a flash of lightning touched with fingers of fire two drifting shapes, tossed like cast-off garments into the cañon-mouth, to be borne away through the depths of that corridor of death.

MOORLAND MEMORIES.

THE breezy slopes with heather brown,
The daisied turf below the hill,
The foaming river rolling down,
The brook that babbled by the mill—
By fancy's light I see them still;
Still from the shore the curlew's cry
Awakes the echoes, sharp and shrill,
And coldly gleams the dull, gray sky.

Again I hear the gray goose call
While flying far across the wold
To seek his bed 'mid osiers tall
Within the winding valley's fold;
Where iris, fern, and marigold,
With lilies fair, by lake and rill,
Disclose each grace in beauty's mould—
Such sights and sounds—I love them still!

When glares the noonday sun too bright
From cloudless, unhorizoned skies,
Or when, with day's soft wavering light,
The desert breeze around me sighs,
I long to live where rivers rise
'Twixt heath-clad mountains, forest-crowned,
And listen to the wild-fowls' cries—
Heard through the tumbling torrent's sound.

D. M. MACRAE.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

LIBER MIRABILIS.

By Dr CHARLES M. CLARKE.

I.

SURELY, if ever a work of fiction deserved to be so designated, it is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—in the first place, on account of its extraordinary success as a novel, for the original publisher in London produced and disseminated through the trade one million and a quarter copies within one year; G. Routledge issued four hundred thousand copies of a shilling edition; Piper, Stephenson, and Spence a quarter of a million at sixpence; while nearly every other firm published one or more editions. Even at the present day, almost seventy years later, the afterglow of success still obtains, as the writer will show presently. In the second place, the effect the book produced was of national importance, for, by the attention it attracted to the slave question, it undoubtedly brought about the American Civil War, which led up to the emancipation of the black population on that continent. As a work of fiction, if on no higher ground, it claims eminence, it being a most powerfully constructed work of absorbing interest—an interest which never flags, and which holds the reader spell-bound; all the characters in the story stand out in bold relief and marked contrast.

The book had the questionable honour of being included in that literary chamber of horrors, the Index Expurgatorius. Still, in spite of the fulmination of the Vatican, it was translated into every European language, and even into Chinese and Japanese.

As the writer is the last living link in connection with the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in England, a brief account of how the book reached the British public may be acceptable to the present generation.

In the spring of 1852 a young man in the employ of Putnam of New York crossed the Atlantic, bringing a copy of the original edition (in two volumes). He hoped, in view of the interest the book was arousing in America, that he might be able to dispose of this early copy to some London publisher, and to this end entrusted the negotiation to Henry Vizetelly, who brought the work under the notice of Charles H. Clarke (the writer's father). Clarke carried on a large printing business in Bouverie Street, and had recently in connection therewith started as a publisher at 148 Fleet Street. Vizetelly warned Clarke that the next steam-packet might bring over another copy of the book, so that an immediate decision was imperative. Clarke took one of the volumes, slit it down the back, and handed one moiety to Salisbury, his partner in the printing concern; the other he gave to Frederick Greenwood, while retaining for his own perusal the second volume.

Greenwood's report was that at the end of an hour he was in a tremble lest the interest of the story should sink from the height it had risen to, and that from that point he read on with ever-growing confidence and admiration till he came to the night scene in which Cassy maddens Legree with fear. But that chapter, after what preceded it, answered Clarke and Salisbury's question conclusively to his mind, and next morning he handed back his portion of the book, with the advice to settle the matter at once, and print quickly.

The decision to accept Vizetelly's offer was arrived at on the last day of March, and on the 15th day of April the first English edition (consisting of five thousand copies) of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was issued at two shillings and sixpence by Charles H. Clarke, 148 Fleet Street.

But the trade hung back, the subscription list proved small, and the publisher was reluctantly compelled to regard the production as a failure. For some months the sales were inconsiderable. However, this state of things soon underwent a change, for in August a phenomenal review, five columns in length, appeared in *The Times*. From that date the run commenced. The initiative given by the 'Thunderer' was speedily followed by all the other papers, and the book at once leaped into unexampled popularity. For many months the resources of printer and binder were taxed to the utmost extent; each department worked night and day at high pressure, and on one day alone no fewer than sixty thousand copies were delivered to the wholesale trade.

In the autumn of that year Clarke despatched his confidential clerk, S. O. Beeton, across the Atlantic to interview Mrs Stowe, and convey to her (in the form of three drafts amounting to one thousand guineas) an honorarium in recognition of the enormous profits he was reaping from the publication of her book. This was, I

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believe, the first instance on record where an English publisher realised any moral obligation to share his gains with the American author of a successful reprint. On Beeton's return he was taken into partnership, and thenceforth the firm was carried on under the title of Clarke, Beeton, and Company.

II.

During the following year Mrs Stowe visited London, where, amongst other functions in her honour, was held at Willis's Rooms a *soirée*, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, at which I had the honour of sitting beside her. I vividly recall her personal appearance. Her forehead was high, broad, and intellectual; her piercing brown eyes were set rather wide apart. She had a long, prominent nose, neither aquiline nor Grecian, but a combination of both, with well-cut sensitive nostrils, and a remarkably short upper lip, which allowed her front teeth to be slightly exposed; a large but particularly well-shaped mouth with full rosy lips, below which was a long, determined, though slightly retreating chin.

Her complexion was rather sallow, save for a bright tint of carmine on her high cheek-bones. The shade of her hair was a rich chestnut-brown; it was worn smoothly to show the shape of her head. Running from the summit of her brow diagonally to the nape of her neck was a narrow velvet fillet, from which at the back was bunched up a cluster of curls, while at either side of her face, concealing the ears, hung five full ringlets about seven inches long.

With regard to her costume, a narrow white-lace collar encircled her throat; her gown was of black silk. She stood somewhat below middle height, and carried a full bust, which was accentuated by a sort of loose pelisse open in front, coming down as far as the elbow and worn over the body of her dress. She gave me the impression of being independent in the matter of corsets, and looked a happy, healthy young matron.

Mrs Stowe's manner was extremely vivacious; her voice, pitched in a high key, was musical, and she spoke rapidly in a staccato style with a strong American accent.

In the position I occupied I could not help overhearing her conversation with my father, to whom she related how she was 'roused to such a pitch of indignation when the Fugitive Slave Act was enacted in the States' that she then and there vowed, if her life was spared, to write a book 'which should rouse the nation's conscience to boiling-point.' That she succeeded in her attempt is a matter of history. Then she proceeded to say that the first portion written was the death of Uncle Tom, which, on its appearance in the pages of the *Washington Era*, created so great an interest that she followed it up with other incidents, and expanded it into the form in which it eventually came before the public. She said she 'never expected to realise more from the work than enough to purchase a good silk dress.' As a matter of fact, the sum she received for the serial rights was only about sixty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars, to be accurate).

A quarter of a century later Queen Victoria received at Windsor Castle the Rev. Josiah Henson, who was the original model from whom Mrs Stowe drew the character of Uncle Tom, the main incidents in connection therewith being the actual experiences of Henson during his slavery. In a subsequent volume, *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the authoress gives prominence to the fact, and cites chapter and verse in proof of the accuracy of her indictment of the outrageous conditions under which the slave population existed.

It was during his visit to this country that I had the good fortune to hear the grand old negro minister lecture at Hackney, and I was on that occasion introduced to him. I discovered him to be a most delightful and entertaining old gentleman, brimming over with a fund of anecdote most humorously narrated. He appeared replete with vigour and vivacity, in spite of his seventy-eight years and the hardships of his early life.

Earlier in this article I stated that the afterglow of popularity still remained in the literary firmament; this is evinced by the fact that fifty years after the initial production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Sampson Low issued an *édition de luxe* at two guineas, while shortly after the house of Cassell produced the book, sumptuously illustrated, in some twenty monthly parts at sixpence. But it remained for J. F. Longley to eclipse all records by issuing an unabridged edition of the work, consisting of one million copies, at the popular price of one penny!

At the present day nearly every publisher has a set of stereo-plates from which this wonderful book is continually reprinted, the aggregate sales amounting to some seventy thousand copies annually.

There are a dozen dramatic versions of the story, which are constantly being played at theatres throughout the world; and the latest development is the successful production of the story in film form for exhibition at cinema-houses.

All this, I think, substantiates my claim that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is without doubt *Liber Mirabilis*.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

III.

THE Gorgon did interrupt revelations, but, as Clement had planned, the trick he had scored was a most useful one. More useful from the fact that the pair of rogues did not know how effectively the inconsequential-looking young Briton had taken measures against them. At all events, they still continued the tactics of trying to shut Clement off from intimacy with Heloise—the very method to which Clement had delicately drawn the girl's attention.

And, of course, the girl noticed it. She began to notice that the Gorgon was always at her side with a sort of leech-like doggedness. She began to notice that the massive Mr Neuburg inevitably took up the siege, as it were, whenever her companion was away. Mr Neuburg talked cleverly and also incessantly, but he wasn't young, and he wasn't that rather attractive and comfort-giving Mr Seadon. Without realising anything of its meaning, Heloise began to perceive that Mr Seadon was, as he had laughingly suggested, being barred out by a crowd.

She was a high-spirited, determined, if high-minded young woman, and she began to chafe under this restraint. She began to show irritation. The honey of Mr Neuburg's unfailingly amiable information and chatter no longer captivated her ears. She showed conspicuous lack of concentration if Clement Seadon happened to be walking the deck; indeed, increasingly, she cut right across Mr Neuburg's flow of honey with, 'Oh, do excuse me for a moment; I must say something to Mr Seadon.'

And sometimes she said it for the entire afternoon.

And as the massive and mountainous man was rebuffed, so was the Gorgon. Her tactful interruptions of *tête-à-têtes* began to meet with but ill-concealed rebukes, and Heloise would say to that curiously impassive woman, who smiled with the mechanical meaninglessness of a doll, 'Do you really want me? Is it really necessary?' Or even, 'Yes, presently; it will keep.'

Certainly Clement's trick had been a good one. He had succeeded in turning their own weapon, their blockade, against the pair. It was they who were becoming unpopular—noticeably so. And, to give them credit, they were quick to understand what had happened. They left Heloise alone; they did not intrude. The Gorgon showed a certain resentful stiffening when Clement dawned upon the social horizon; but her curious and, Clement thought, sinister impassivity, that remarkable sense of smiling without feeling or pleasure, stood her in good stead. She remained quiet, showing no sign of emotion. The massive Mr Neuburg drew off too. He was still a friend, but he no longer absorbed attention. He sat quietly by himself, watching Clement.

Clement knew he was being watched, studied. He knew that a definitely acute brain, in that large and surprisingly nimble man, was keenly occupied with his personality, was deciding how much brain and capacity there was in a man who looked—well, looked nothing more imposing than a lad-about-town. And Clement knew that the intelligence that was busy considering him was not one to be despised. He did not know the extent of the gang that was working to ensnare Heloise, but he felt that Neuburg was probably the brains of it, the master-mind, and that he would act in a masterly manner, leaving very little to chance. To checkmate such a fellow would call for all his ability—and perhaps all his strength and courage. He had looked into the face of this man who also smiled without animation, and who gazed always at something over one's shoulder when he talked—Clement knew that that face masked a personality that would stop at nothing.

All the same, though he was constantly on the alert, Clement made the most of his opportunities with Heloise. It was for the good of Heloise—and it was extraordinarily attractive for himself. He wasn't going to marry her. That was absurd. How could he? Only—only, she was decisively and radiantly pretty. The singular glowing curd-whiteness of her skin, the vividness of her beautiful and delicate lips against the coolness of that skin, the clearness and steadiness of her eyes—all these things gave him an ever-sharpening sense of delight when he set eyes on her.

And her step suited his so perfectly. On board ship one is immensely appreciative of any fellow-passenger whose step suits one perfectly. Her tall figure swung so gracefully, so untiringly, beside him as they walked, no matter if the sea was as smooth as polished glass—which the Atlantic rarely is—or whether there was a 'lop' on. She was as physically fit and as hard as he was, and she took the same zest in out-of-door things. He felt a sort of comradeness, a rightness, in the fact that they should stride up and down the promenade-deck together in such a perfect unison as almost to suggest they were one.

As though they were one! But, of course, that was idiotic. They weren't one. There was no suggestion of their being one. One—that meant marriage. And that question didn't come up. Although, of course, the little lawyer had said—— 'Oh, hang the little lawyer!' he muttered.

'Whom were you hanging?' asked Heloise, who was near, and who had heard the most lethal part of his muttering.

'I was hanging this top-heavy sea,' said Clement genially. 'I wanted to show you the captain's bridge—I've got permission—but with this lop——'

'Show me the captain's bridge—now,' she laughed back. 'The lop doesn't matter—not a *hang*.'

That was part of her attraction. She really didn't care a hang about things that made other people uncomfortable. She enjoyed risks. She was daring enough to go anywhere, see everything. They adventured into all the strange and usually unseen parts of that splendid ship, even as far as the boiler-room. She was eager; she was interested in everything; she had a zest for life. She was an ideal chum. More and more he began to perceive that she was the ideal chum—anyhow, for one particular man. And presently he was saying, not 'Hang the little lawyer!' but 'Hang Henry Gunning!'

Because both had a healthy disregard for exposure, and a healthy regard for fresh air, they became almost the sole occupants of the breezy boat-deck. There they sat daily, and talked; there in the evenings they sat, and sometimes did not talk.

They could not look at the wake. The wake was the special privilege of the second-class passengers, whose quarters were aft; but they did sit very close together in the curious, velvet mystery of the night, the gentle heaving of the great ship lulling them into a great content with one another, their intimate loneliness made perfect by the spacious quietness of the stars.

In these talks they found splendid affinities. They found that they liked so many similar things; not merely sports, books, theatres, the open country, and the other solaces of life, but more significant things. They found that both cared most in life for character: for honesty, straightness, generosity, high-mindedness. They liked intelligent people rather than merely jolly ones. They liked people who did things rather than people who played at doing things. They found that they had a common austerity of ideal in their way of looking at problems—would rather be the losers in any transaction than do anything underhand; they would take the difficult path if it was the right one, rather than the easy if it was wrong.

This brought them dangerously near to the core of the matter they were both engaged on, dangerously near Henry Gunning; but both instinctively veered away from that.

Yet Henry Gunning, or, anyhow, something of him, had to come into the matter. He came in only by implication. Heloise did not speak of him at all as she gave Clement little scraps of her past life. A simple enough life, and rather lonely, as is the life of a girl who has lost her parents, and who, on the whole, prefers to satisfy her individuality her own way rather than follow the crowd.

But he had to come in when she spoke of her journey to Canada; though even in this he came in only as 'a friend, an old friend whom I am interested in.'

This happened when they talked about Sicamous one night.

'I am going as far as Sicamous, at any rate,' she had said. 'And that reminds me, there are things I wanted to ask you about Sicamous. . . . Perhaps you remember—we were interrupted?'

'Something about mines, wasn't it?' said Clement with a careful casualness.

'Yes—I want you to tell me all about mines in that area. Now, please tell me.'

Clement laughed with a touch of dismay.

'But *all* about them. That's a terrifically large order. In the first place, there's nothing to say about them—and then there's everything.'

'That sounds enigmatic. You'll have to explain.'

'I mean by that that there are not so very many mines. Those at Nelson, on Okanagan Lake—silver-mines, they are—are perhaps the most important. But, on the other hand, it's always supposed that there are great possibilities among those rocky valleys.'

'Ah,' breathed the girl, 'there are possibilities, then.'

'Not thinking of going in for mining, are you?' Clement teased, and with a reason.

'N-o,' said the girl. 'It's rather—it's rather because a friend of mine is interested. Deeply interested. I wanted to learn if there is any foundation for—for expecting big things, immense returns, from mining in the Sicamous district.'

Clement was excited. Then it was mining. That was the venture Henry Gunning was supposed to need backing for. He answered without any show of his emotion. 'What exactly are your friend's interests—silver, copper, gold?'

'All of them,' she answered quickly, and Clement thought he saw the character of Gunning at once in that retort. Your unsuccessful prospector is rather like that. He hasn't merely a Golconda of one metal up his sleeve; he has all the rare metals in the world, only asking to be picked out of the surface—if only some one will oblige with the money to buy picks and other necessities. 'All of them,' repeated the girl. 'I understand that—that the claims (that's right, isn't it?) pegged out show rich veins of gold, copper, and silver; and there's also nickel—even platinum. Is—is that possible?'

'I will say,' said Clement candidly, 'it's held to be possible. Prospectors are always saying

that the whole of the district is a likely place for—yes, for all those minerals.'

'These particular claims have been assayed, and have shown excellent results.'

'They have, however, to be worked, I take it,' said Clement. 'With mines you can't really tell until they have been worked.'

'Oh—so,' faltered the girl rather pitifully. 'Then don't you think there is a possibility of an—an immense fortune in such claims showing such good sample results?'

'There might be. There is always that possibility. On the other hand, I should advise your friend to go with extreme caution.'

'You're not—you're not very stimulating,' she said ruefully.

'I'm just being as honest as I can,' said Clement, with a meaning she could not appreciate, for actually he was. His whole instinct told him to pour the coldest of cold water upon that mining scheme; and yet he couldn't altogether in fairness do that.

'I believe you are,' she said softly; and with a surprising intuition she added, 'I believe you'd be honest even against your own interests.'

In the tiny and quite significant pause that followed that touch of curiously personal intimacy, Clement felt bound to say, 'You see, Miss Heloise, mining is a risky venture. You can throw away more money (and more easily) in mining than you can in anything else—not even excepting theatres and newspapers. There are so many things that make it a gamble. The lode or stope may peter out. There may be immense difficulties in cutting shafts. There may be fatal drawbacks in the matter of transport, of working, of labour, and scores of things. Mineral-finds that look good at the first assay may not pay for their keep when they come to be worked. I know these valleys. We came across some seams that looked good. They looked enormously good to a tenderfoot like myself, for example. But the experts, the hardened men, with the party wouldn't look at them. Nothing in them. Not worth the blasting. Your friend certainly would be advised to move with the greatest care in this matter.'

The girl was silent for a while.

'It hurts so to shatter people's dreams,' she said in a low voice. And then she added on a lighter note, 'But I remember—you talked of difficulties that turned on transport. Most of the difficulties do, don't they?'

'Yes; it's lack of transport that kills most mining ventures.'

'Well,' cried the girl, with glee, 'that's a difficulty that doesn't hold good here. The railway runs within a very short distance of the claims. Doesn't that make it sound more hopeful?'

Clement thought; then he said decisively, 'It makes it sound hopeless.'

'Mr Seadon!' she protested, aghast.

'It does,' said Clement, sure of himself. 'Miss Heloise, if those claims are only a very short distance from the railway, then they are claims that could not have been overlooked until now. Don't you see? Railwaymen, engineers, prospectors, scores of people must have had a chance of poking round. If there had been anything good there, it would have been found long ago. Found and exploited. And as it hasn't happened—well'——

'You think there is no chance at all,' said the girl in dismay.

'I think,' replied Clement impressively—this, he felt, was his great opportunity; he must drive home truth into the soul of this girl, though it was a painful truth—'I think that you—that your friend should go into this matter with the most scrupulous attention; that you—that your friend should commit himself' (in his stress he overlooked the gender he had employed) 'in no way. All the dealings should be made through unbiassed experts—unbiassed, Miss Heloise; some big mining consultants with a reputation for straight dealing. Nobody locally. Please, Miss Heloise, I urge you—I urge you to impress upon your friend the need of the greatest care.'

The girl gave a gasp. It was a gasp of misery. Clement felt sore and sorry for her; but he must say what he had to say. Then she replied with pain, 'So you think—you think there might be something—underhand about such a venture.'

'Yes,' said Clement slowly; 'I think there is a great possibility of there being something underhand in it—from what you tell me.'

'O-oh,' sighed the girl, in pain, and she fell back in her chair. She was overcome. Clement knew why she was overcome. His confirmation of the suspicions that the little lawyer Hartley Hard had fired at her had forced her soul to face a terrible conviction. She sank back in her chair in anguish.

Clement, inexpressibly sorry for her, followed her action with his eyes. He would like to help her; he felt in his heart an almost agonised desire to spring to her aid, to do something to soothe her wounded soul. She was so gentle, so young, to have suffered such a shock. He half turned in his eagerness to help her.

Something—a shadow where there should have been the gray-blue light of the open sea—caused him to lift his eyes.

Behind her chair, close behind, crouching against the bow of the boat that shielded them from the wind, filling up the space through which Clement should have been able to gaze straight out to sea, he saw a figure; a great, a bulky, figure; the black, the stealthy, figure of a mountain of a man—listening.

(*Continued on page 99.*)

FOREIGNERS IN ROME.

By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.

In the year 1580 Montaigne speaks of Rome as then being '*rappiécée d'estrangiers, une ville où chacun prent sa part de l'oisifveté ecclésiastique.*' Had he been writing hundreds of years earlier or later, he might have made the same remark—at least, in so far as it concerns the presence here of inhabitants of other lands. For Rome is essentially the city of pilgrimage of the world. It is the source whence all civilisation, so to speak, springs; and it is, besides, for vast numbers the river-head of that great stream of religious belief which has flowed with more or less force, but with uninterrupted urgency, through all the centuries with which humanity, for all practical purposes, need concern itself. In this respect there is no other city in the world comparable with it; nor is there any wherein the remains of the past speak so directly to the antiquary or to the lover of the picturesque. The grandeur that was Rome, in Poe's phrase, should hardly have been put in the past tense, for, if there is no such grandeur here now as when the greater Cæsars ruled, there is the grandeur of civilisation superimposed on civilisation, and we have, instead of one complete form, several: Christian Rome overlaying Pagan Rome, the splendours of the Renaissance piled on those of the Republic and the Empire. The result has been that nowhere so markedly as here are so many remains of the past of a great people left in their native ground. To appreciate the glorious art of Greece one need not go farther than the British Museum, where the Elgin Marbles, ravished from a calmly regardless land, are sufficient for, as Ruskin would have put it, a life's liberal study. But to understand Rome no such short cut is possible. You must come to Rome for that. And another point differentiating these two great sources of art and culture is this: Greece is for all practical purposes a thing of the past. It lives in its remote wonder. Its original makers, so to call them, its Praxiteles and the rest, had no successors in the middle or later ages. Rome, on the other hand, can show a kind of apostolic succession in such masters, from those who first drew their inspiration from Greece to those—Bernini, the great exponent of the Baroque, and even Canova, the master of graceful line—who have carried on the glorious tradition throughout the ages. After Augustus had beautified Rome, a succession of Popes—every one knows the outstanding ones in this connection: Leo X. and the rest—began another Rome, and the genius of Michelangelo and Raffaele, Bramante and Carlo Maderna, carried on the splendid tradition, and kept the sacred lamp of art burning for a thousand years.

Hence it follows that Rome asserts herself as a vast museum, but with this difference, that instead of imported beauties, we have them where they were conceived, preserving the very atmosphere of their creators and of the various centuries which saw their birth.

It is hardly to be wondered at, then, that such a centre should have attracted all the great minds of the world, and should have become the Mecca not only for those who have come at various times to Rome for change or from curiosity, but also for those who have been attracted hither by religious sentiment. Even a casual glance will show to the stranger that Rome is proud of its distinguished visitors. As you walk through the Medici gardens you will see statues of Goethe and Victor Hugo; it was the Eternal City that inspired the *Roman Elegies* of the one, and the *Angelo* and *Lucrèce Borgia* of the other. When Mendelssohn was in Rome, he not only indited those characteristically delightful letters, but at least once determined to leave here a memorial of himself in his better-recognised medium, for, speaking of the singing of the nuns in Santa Trinita dei Monti, he remarks: 'I have composed something to suit their voices, which I have observed very minutely, and I mean to send it to them. It will be pleasant to hear my chaunt performed by persons I never saw, especially as they must in turn sing it to the "barbaro Tedesco," whom they also never beheld.' It was, too, at Rome that Gogol wrote his *Inspector-General*, the one bright gleam shining on the otherwise dreary expanse of Russian literature. There is a large memorial tablet affixed to the house where the genius of the North produced his work amid such alien surroundings.

British writers have been more largely represented in Rome, however, than those of any other country. From the days when Milton and Evelyn stayed here to those when the Brownings came hither from their beloved Florence, there has been a succession of English and Scottish literary visitors, no little of whose work has been influenced by Rome's atmosphere. Milton stayed for two months—October and November—in 1638, and during that time was a frequent visitor to the Vatican library, whose keeper, Lucas Holsteinius, delighted in showing him the treasures collected there. It was Holsteinius who presented him to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, who, we are told, on one occasion exhibited a particular condescension to his visitor by leading him into the room in the Barberini Palace when a concert was going on, and presenting him to the assembled guests. It is conjectured that it was here that the poet heard the wonderful singing of Leonora Baroni, of which he makes mention. Milton is also

recorded as having dined at the English College in Rome, among other English visitors, the Traveller's Book of the college containing this entry: 'The 30th October. There dined in our College, and were hospitably received, the following English gentlemen: Mr N. Cary, brother of Lord Falkland; Dr Holding of Lancaster; Mr N. Fortescue, and Mr Milton, with his servant.'

A few years later another notable Englishman was in Rome, in the person of John Evelyn, in whose *Diary* will be found references to this visit, with which most people are familiar. One remembers how he describes, for instance, the gardens of the Villa Borghese as 'a real Elysium of delight, a Paradise,' and how he speaks of the Piazza Farnese as being the spot where 'the gentlemen of Rome in summer take their *fresco* in their coaches and on foot.'

The number of illustrious Englishmen who visited Rome during the eighteenth century would fill a list of portentous length. It was the moment when the fashion of making the Grand Tour was at its height, and all Italy was scoured by young men of birth. Many of these young men became in after-years notable or notorious, and if they are not all likely to be remembered so well as are Thomas Gray and Horace Walpole, many of them stamped their personality on their own day, and have left names, in literature, art, or politics, which have survived Time's obliterating hand.

But it was the earlier years of the following century that saw in Rome a constellation of genius which has never been equalled in earlier or later days. Every one knows how Keats came to die here. Severn's journal has recorded all the sad facts, all the 'hourly anodynes' with which that bright spirit tried to soothe his last days of despair. There is the house where he breathed his last, close by the glorious steps which lead to Santa Trinita dei Monti; there, beyond the city walls, is the beautiful cemetery where he lies—'one whose name was writ in water,' as he himself bitterly expressed it, by the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, with his devoted friend, Severn, sleeping beside him, where

> A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

That line is, as we all know, from Shelley's beautiful lament for his dead brother-poet. Shelley's heart lies not far off, in the new cemetery; that heart which was rescued from the funeral pyre on the shore of Lerici by this other poet's faithful friend, Trelawny, when Shelley's body was burnt in sight of the cruel waves that had cut short his 'thin-spanned life.' Years before, Shelley had been in Rome, and here, amid the ruins of what were once those splendid and surprising baths of Caracalla, he had written his *Prometheus Unbound*.

'The third among these sons of light,' to borrow another line from *Adonais* and daringly to adapt it—I mean Byron—was also one of those to whom Rome was familiar. Indeed, in all sorts of places among his works—in *Childe Harold*, *Don Juan*, and his incomparable 'Letters'—you will find references showing an intimate knowledge of the city of so many a poet's dreams. One can add to these great names that of a far lesser contemporary, Rogers, who has recorded how he loved to wander about in the vicinity of the tomb of Caius Cestius, and whose poem *Italy* attests, if not great poetic powers, at least a tender feeling for the home where the Muse has numbered some of her greatest votaries. His remarks on the cemetery where so many enthusiasms lie quenched, so many hopes have been cut short, so many memories linger, deserve remembrance better, I think, than much of his verse.

'It is a quiet and sheltered nook,' he wrote, 'covered in winter with violets; and the pyramid that overshadows it gives it a classic and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land; and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother-tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourself; and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read the inscription no longer.'

Yet one other great name comes before us, perhaps the greatest of all, that of the glorious magician, the simple, gentle-hearted Scott. Among the vast crowd that makes up the literature of the world, there is no figure that so appeals, I think, to every one as that of the noble writer who has left us the most remarkable legacy ever bequeathed to any country. At home, I am told that Scott is not now read. I rather think that publishers' returns would tell a different tale. He certainly is abroad, and his name is hailed with delighted recognition where later, and maybe for the nonce more fashionable, authors would be surprised to find theirs absolutely unknown. He may be no longer read, in the sense that one may say Balzac is no longer read, or Rabelais, or Dante, or Homer, but he is for ever, as much as these, an immortal—an immortal not only in view of his incomparable gifts as prose-writer and poet, but because of his glorious attributes of sterling character. When Scott came to Rome—he stayed, by-the-by, but a short time (1832) in the Via della Mercede, in the house where the sculptor Bernini had once lived—he was a broken man. He was fighting that heroic fight with Death's hand at his throat which has alone placed him beyond the pale of his peers. I think in all literature there is nothing so fine as that indomitable

struggle and that superb victory over circumstance.

I have incidentally mentioned the great Balzac, and this reminds me that he, too, was one of Rome's visitors in the early years of the nineteenth century. He has left a record of his impressions, as we might expect: '*Cet air m'inspire quelque chose de grand et de généreux que je n'avais point auparavant: si je rêve deux heures au bord du Tibre, je suis aussi savant que si j'avais étudié huit jours.*'

One can well imagine that that photographic brain would thus assimilate almost instantaneously impressions which it would take the ordinary man weeks to absorb. The French quickness of perception was at its *apogée* in Balzac; but others of his nation have visited Rome and have caught its flavour, so to speak, and its atmosphere, in almost an equally vivid way. One has only to read some of Madame de Staël's descriptions of Rome to realise how carefully she had noted the salient characteristics of the city. I recall a notable passage about the Villa Borghese and its gardens as an instance in point; just as I do those minute, almost guide-booky accounts of the Sistine Chapel with which a recent writer—Zola—has ramparted about his remarkable book on Rome in *Les Trois Villes*. But perhaps it must be conceded to an American to have described the city, in a novel, more meticulously and systematically than any one has ever done, for in *Transformation*, or, as it was originally called, *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne has noted with loving care all those 'points'—and how innumerable they are!—which differentiate Rome from any other place in the world.

It would be obviously impossible to aim at anything approaching to completeness in giving a list of all those foreigners of distinction who have visited, lived in, and described the Eternal City. Such a list would not only include writers from Montaigne to Maupassant, Edmond About, M. Bourget, Browning, who has given us some wonderful word-pictures of it in *The Ring and the Book*, George Eliot, and the rest, but would take note of men in all sorts of different walks in life, from Luther, who once celebrated Mass in the Augustinian Convent adjoining St Maria del Popolo, and Erasmus, to Claude Lorraine and Nicolas Poussin, who lived and worked close by, and the great Turner, who stayed, during the winter of 1828–29, at No. 12 in the Piazza Mignanelli, and was there to be seen continually sketching at his window. It would include, too, those sad relics of the great House of Stuart—James III. and Charles III., who lived and died in Rome; Queen Christina of Sweden, who sleeps peacefully here after her feverish life; and those members of the Bonaparte family who, at the bidding of their forceful relative, kept a royal state in the palaces of an ejected nobility.

THE CABIN PASSENGER.

PART II.

IV.

SOMEWHAT comforted, they finished the meal, and the two men returned to their duties. Miss Keynes drifted aft. A bacchanalian strain from the cabin announced that Mr Pickett was making merry with Scotch highballs. Curiosity tempted her to one of the cabin port-holes. She peeped in. Just at that moment Mr Pickett happened to be peeping out. He had a glass in his hand, and at once raised it to his lips.

'Your very good health, missie!' he said. 'Guess your poppa keeps a first-rate tap—sure! But if his tap's good, his daughter's better; and you can tell him I said so.'

Miss Keynes at once turned away from the port-hole and surveyed the ocean with a silent scorn that failed of its effect in that it was directed to an object behind her.

'Say, Daisy!' said a voice in her ear.

Miss Keynes stiffened slightly.

'Daisy!' repeated the voice.

Miss Keynes turned with marked exasperation. 'My name isn't Daisy,' she said sharply, 'and I'll thank you not to call me Daisy.'

'All right, Phyllis!' said Mr Pickett cheerfully. 'Anything to oblige. Say, where's your poppa?'

'Poppa's very angry with you,' said Miss Keynes, tapping the deck with her foot. 'I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he kills you after this.'

'Don't you let that worry you, Phyllis,' replied Mr Pickett good-humouredly. 'You tell your poppa that if he isn't good I'll come out and spank him some more. But say, you're a nailer, sure! You're a peach—and some peach! Say—put me wise—how did your poppa come to have a gal like you? Your mother must have been an uncommon fine-looking woman.'

'In the first place,' began Miss Keynes icily, 'my name isn't Phyllis.'

'What is it, then?' asked Mr Pickett sharply.

Miss Keynes had an unguarded moment. 'It's Lucy,' she said, and at once regretted her speech.

Mr Pickett grinned. 'Guess that's what I wanted to know,' he said sapiently. 'Lucy!' he repeated, savouring the name on his tongue. 'Little Lucy! Well, say, Lucy, I've got your

pop's spirit-kettle in here. I was just going to make a nice, hot cup of tea. Like one? I'll hand it out to you in a brace of shakes.'

Miss Keynes attempted a dignified silence. But the sudden longing in her eyes spoke for her. Then, aware that her countenance was expressing assent, she said 'No' very decidedly.

'Sure?' persisted Mr Pickett genially. 'A nice, hot, strong cup of tea—with sugar in it?'

The evening breeze fell chill. Miss Keynes shivered a little. 'You brute!' she said.

'Two lumps?' suggested Mr Pickett.

Miss Keynes glanced about her. She was for the moment alone. 'If you're quick, then,' she said hurriedly.

'Just a minute,' said Mr Pickett, grinning triumphantly. 'The water's boiling.'

Two minutes later he handed a cup out at the port-hole. Miss Keynes gulped it greedily; then, with guilty haste, she passed the cup back.

'Don't suppose I forgive you for what you've done just because I drank it,' she said sternly.

'Feeling better, Phyllis?' inquired Mr Pickett tenderly.

'A little,' she admitted grudgingly. 'But, look here, how long are you going to keep us, poppa and the mate and me, out of our cabin?'

'Ah,' replied Mr Pickett placidly, 'I guess we'll talk of that in the morning.'

'And do you mean to say that I've got to stay out on deck all night?' asked Miss Keynes with indignation.

Mr Pickett's reply was to the effect that so far as *she* was concerned she was welcome to enter the cabin right there and now. Miss Keynes walked away, her head in the air and her cheeks scarlet.

V.

It was with considerable indignation that she approached her father and asked him what steps he intended to take to ensure her a night's rest.

Captain Keynes eyed her sourly. 'That's all right,' he said at last, spitting. 'That's quite all right. I guess the cabin goes. I guess we'll get in when we want to get in.'

He condescended a hint or two of his plans, and Miss Keynes went about looking decidedly more cheerful.

At eight bells of the middle watch Captain Keynes, his daughter, the mate, and three of the sturdiest seamen stole to the starboard door of the deck-house. They listened intently. The wind had dropped a little, and the night was clear and starlit. A steady, rumbling snore came from the cabin, and reached out into the immensity of space as the ripples of water reach out from a stone thrown into a pool. Very softly the captain unlocked the door.

'Now!' he said under his breath. 'Steady does it. Once in the cabin—all together!'

He pushed the door. It did not yield. Captain Keynes swore under his breath. It seemed incredible to him at that moment that he should have overlooked the fact that the door could be bolted on the inside as well as locked from the outside.

'Try the other side, Mr Mate,' he whispered.

Mr Briggin passed round to the port side, and came back to report that the door there had also been secured. One of the crew suggested the use of a spar as a battering-ram.

'And what in thunder's the use of that?' asked the captain angrily. 'We don't want to get into the cabin when he's awake; we want to get in when he's asleep. I've no mind to spend the rest of the night up the rigging, if you have.'

'Seems to me,' said Mr Briggin hopefully, 'that if we were to get the hose in at one of the windows, we could make it pretty uncomfortable for him.'

'We could make it pretty uncomfortable for ourselves when we got back there,' growled the captain. 'Talk sense, Mr Mate—talk sense!'

'Well, sir,' retorted the mate, 'if you can tell me what better we can do'——

'Nothing!' growled the skipper. 'Nothing! In the morning we'll just have to parley. It goes against the grain, but we'll have to parley. There's nothing else to be done,' he added bitterly. 'He's got my shooting-iron inside there.'

'And mine's over the side,' said the mate with equal bitterness. 'Well, I suppose it's as you say, sir. But if ever I get to Frisco, I'll drag Jacob through the docks by the hair of his head.'

VI.

It was a somewhat dejected party that assembled early in the morning for the proposed parley. Captain Keynes had nursed his wrath through the night-watches, but though it had grown beneath his fostering care, he had so far failed to find any method by which he could give it effect. Mr Briggin was physically cold, but deep within him his soul was warmed by the fires of jealousy. He had seen—but still strove to believe that he had not seen—a cup of tea handed from a cabin window to a willing recipient. He looked glum, and felt glummer. Miss Keynes, too, was inclined to be snappish. No nice girl likes to feel that her eyes are red and her nose blue and her hair out of curl. And all this Miss Keynes knew, just as well as though she had seen it; with the added exasperation of not being able to get at a mirror where she might make doubly sure of it, and might possibly remedy it. The whole party, in fact, were depressed. Nor was their depression lightened by the very aggressive cheerfulness of Mr Pickett, who had had a good night's sleep, and whose face, framed in the circle of the port-hole, was reminiscent of the man in the moon.

'Morning, cap'n!' he said. 'Any little thing I can do for you this morning? I guess it's a birthday with me to-day, and I would be pleased

and proud to oblige—anything from a bag of biscuits to a three-round mix up with the gloves. You've only to name it.'

Captain Keynes eyed him sourly. 'See here,' he said, ignoring Mr Pickett's facetiousness; 'I guess you've got a bead on us. I reckon it's up to me to throw my hand in. Well, I throw it right in. It's a hard thing for a man like me to do, but there it is. Now, this is what I've got to propose: for the rest of this trip you'll be considered as a passenger—as a cabin passenger.'

'I guess I consider myself as that already,' answered Mr Pickett dryly. 'But fire away.'

'You'll have the use of the cabin, you'll bunk there, you'll have your meals there, and you won't be expected to work the ship,' went on the captain with the air of one making vast concessions, 'on one condition.'

'Let's hear it,' said Mr Pickett. 'You see, that's how it stands at present. But fire away.'

'The condition being,' said the captain, 'that bygones is bygones. Me and the mate and my daughter is to have the use of the cabin as well. Food and drink we share alike. Maybe you don't know it, but we're for the Society Islands with a general cargo. Well, when we get to Papeete I'll put you ashore, and you can take the steamer and go to Frisco or Honolulu or—or anywhere else you like. That's my proposition, and I can't say fairer. Is it a cinch?'

'After the way you've behaved,' said Mr Pickett, surveying the captain and the mate with some sternness, 'it'd serve you right if I kept you on deck for the rest of the trip.' His eyes wandered towards the girl, who was gazing on him with a disdain somewhat tempered by her consciousness of her present unprepossessing appearance. His face cleared. 'As it is,' he continued genially, 'if I let you in, it'll be for the sake of little Phyllis there. She's a peach!—a peacherino!—and I guess she looks as if it would do her no harm to be put in a hothouse.—Eh, Phyllis?'

'My name's Lucy,' snapped the girl, 'and I'll thank you to call me by it.'

'Sure thing, Lucy!' answered Mr Pickett with a grin. 'I guess I won't forget. Well, see here, are you coming in out of the cold?'

'Guess you'd better open the door,' said Captain Keynes, smothering his rage, and affecting a sheepish grin. 'She can't go in until you do.'

'And neither can you, says you,' replied Mr Pickett. 'Well, I'm going to open. But, see here—no monkey-tricks! I've taken the liberty of collaring your shooting-iron; so, if you, or any of your folk, try anything on—well, I guess they won't know what's hit 'em. That's all.'

'I'm a man of few words'—— began the captain with dignity.

'Mostly bad ones, I guess,' interjected Mr Pickett, unmoved.

'But what I says goes,' continued the captain. 'Our bargain's a bargain till we reach Papeete.'

'It had better be,' answered Mr Pickett thoughtfully. 'That being so, I guess I'd better let you in.'

He threw the door open, and stood back in the centre of the cabin very much as though it had been a twelve-foot ring. Captain Keynes walked in, followed by the mate. After an appreciable pause, Miss Keynes followed. The cabin was a neat one, with a further cabin for'ard which the skipper had given up to his daughter for her own use. Two doors opened, one on each side, to the deck; and for'ard of these, two other doors gave admission to the bunks of the captain and the mate. At the stern was a small cupboard, surmounted by a mirror. Miss Keynes took one look at herself, and with an angry exclamation dived into her cabin, banging the door behind her.

Captain Keynes looked about him. 'There's not too much room,' he said, addressing Mr Pickett abruptly. 'We weren't expecting passengers, you see. This room to port is mine, and the mate berths to starboard. You'll have to put up with the cabin settee to sleep on. This hooker ain't the *Empress of India*.'

'Not by a long chalk,' agreed Mr Pickett cheerfully. 'I don't mind roughing it a bit, and I won't deprive the mate of the cabin settee. His berth will do for me, I guess. I've got the key in my pocket now.'

'And where do I'—— began the mate angrily.

'Now, don't get ratty,' said Mr Pickett. 'It's just a weakness of mine, and you'll have to humour it. I've a fancy for having the door locked when I go to sleep. If I had to sleep in the cabin, I should have to lock you all out on deck; and what a nuisance that would be!'

Captain Keynes bit his lip. 'You don't trust me?' he said.

'Oh, I wouldn't say that,' answered Mr Pickett. 'Only, it's nice to have a key.'

'Well, we'll let it go at that,' said the captain, to Mr Briggin's intense disgust.—'Mr Mate, you'll have to do the best you can. We'll have to oblige the passenger.'

He turned on his heel and walked on deck. Mr Briggin followed; he was feeling both astonished and sore. 'See here, sir,' he expostulated; 'do you mean to say you're really throwing your hand in? Do you mean to say you're going to give that beast best?'

'You wait!' replied the captain, permitting his feelings to escape in a burst of viciousness. 'You'll see! You just give me a bit of time to think.'

'And I'm bunking on the cabin settee whilst you're thinking,' said Mr Briggin in dudgeon.

'You are!' answered Captain Keynes sharply. 'And you'll bunk in the fore-peak, if I tell you. Don't *you* go trying the funny dodge on me. I've had as much as I can stand of it from him.'

'Of course, sir, I'm not saying no,' answered the mate, drawing back. 'But I'd like to know what you're going to do about him, all the same.'

Captain Keynes considered the point thoughtfully. 'That's only fair,' he admitted; 'and, as far as I can see it myself, I'll tell you. No use doing anything on the voyage. I don't see that there's anything to be done. But when we fetch up with Papeete—well, then, you'll slip ashore and get a couple of gendarmes. Tell 'em to bring their swords and shooting-irons. They don't stand much nonsense, the French. Once they're aboard, we'll hand our blooming passenger over to them as what he is—a mutinous seaman. Six months is the least he'll get when I've finished with him.'

Mr Briggin's face cleared. 'Six years is what he deserves,' he said; 'but I guess six months is better than nothing. I'll lay,' he added jealously, 'he'll have no blooming tea-parties in jail.' He hailed the cook. 'Galley ahoy, there!' he shouted. 'Galley ahoy! Bring breakfast aft, and look sharp about it. And bring it hot.'

Captain Keynes nodded approval. 'I can just about do with some breakfast,' he assented. 'Just slip into the cabin, Mr Mate, and get my glasses, will you? There's a trail of smoke away to the nor'ard.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the mate. He went aft in the direction of the cabin.

VII.

Meanwhile Mr Pickett had also come to the conclusion that it was time for a meal. The cabin locker was filled with many delicacies—tinned meats, butter, biscuits, and tea. Hitherto he had subsisted on these, making tea for himself on the captain's private spirit-kettle. But now that harmony had been restored, he felt that he need no longer be expected to provide his own meals, and he was just about to leave the cabin to make inquiries as to breakfast, when the door at its upper end opened, and Miss Keynes emerged from her private apartment, greatly improved in appearance. Her dark hair was neatly dressed; her eyes had had the sleep bathed out of them; her nose had, in some manner unknown to mere mankind, resumed its normal tint. Mr Pickett was duly impressed.

'Hallo, Lucy!' he said; 'you're looking fine.'

Miss Keynes stamped her foot. 'How dare you call me Lucy?' she asked angrily.

'Well, I guess you asked me to,' retorted Mr Pickett, unabashed. 'But I'll make it Phyllis, if you prefer it.'

'You'll call me "Miss Keynes" when you speak to me,' said the young lady, with sharp disdain.

'Couldn't think of it,' replied Mr Pickett promptly. 'It doesn't seem to interpret my feelings towards you.'

'I'm not interested to know your feelings,' said Miss Keynes, regarding him haughtily.

'Guess you might be if you really knew 'em,' replied Mr Pickett persuasively.

Miss Keynes regarded him pensively. Her curiosity was aroused. 'Poppa'd be very angry if he heard you,' she said.

Mr Pickett grinned. 'Guess I could find a way of soothing him,' he answered.

'Well, I think you ought to be sorry for the way you've treated him,' said Miss Keynes loftily. 'You've come aboard his ship; you've turned him—you've turned everything—upside-down; you've kept him out of his cabin; you've made him treat you—you, a member of the crew—as a cabin passenger! You ought to be sorry.'

'Well, I guess your pop ought to be sorry that he's treated me as he has,' replied Mr Pickett. 'I didn't want to be brought on board this slush of a barge. I wasn't asked. I came away through having a drink with a man I didn't know. I wasn't in Frisco for my health. I came there to meet Sam Codger, the Californian heavy-weight. Purse of ten thousand, and half the cinema rights. Now, thanks to your pop and his poisonous gang, I've lost a good chance of forty thousand. I'll not be able to show up, and my backers'll have to forfeit. Call that nothing?'

'Forty thousand!' said Miss Keynes, impressed in spite of herself. 'Do you mean to tell me you can make all that money by fighting in a ring?'

'All that and more,' replied Mr Pickett. 'Mean to say you've never heard of me? Sakes alive! Where were you reared?'

'Of course I've heard of prize-fighters,' said Miss Keynes loftily; 'but I never took much interest in them.' She paused, and permitted her glance to rest a moment on Mr Pickett's vast form with delicate disparagement. 'I've always considered them rather a low class of men,' she added icily.

'But you don't now?' said Mr Pickett, ludicrously hurt. 'You don't now—now that you've seen one?'

'Oh, I don't know that I think you very much of a man,' went on Miss Keynes, pursuing her advantage.

'You wait till you see me stripped,' said Mr Pickett hastily—'in the ring, I mean,' he added, reddening. 'Look here!' (He threw off his jacket.) 'No—don't you be afraid. Look here!' (He rolled up his sleeves, displaying a mighty pair of biceps.) 'There—just you feel that! That's the sort of man I am.'

In spite of herself, Miss Keynes was impressed. She advanced a pace or two in Mr Pickett's direction. Filled with pride, he put his arm beneath her nose. Her small, firm fingers descended upon the muscles and strove to make an impression in them. In vain! She might with equal effect have pinched a bar of steel.

'I say!' she exclaimed. 'Isn't it hard!'

'You betcherlife!' answered Mr Pickett, much gratified. 'Now, just you look here!' Extend-

ing his arm, he brought his huge fist within an inch of her eye. 'How'd you like to get a knock with that?' he asked.

Miss Keynes blinked hastily. 'Not much, thank you,' she answered. 'I should think it would feel like being kicked by a horse.'

'As far as you were concerned, it would be like being trodden on by an elephant,' said Mr Pickett pridefully. 'An upper cut with that would give you a first-class ticket for a better world. That's the sort of man I am. Well—what about it?'

'What about what?' asked Miss Keynes, staring.

'What about it?' answered Mr Pickett luminously. 'You've seen for yourself, and I've seen for myself. You're a peach! I'm a knock-out! Say, what's to prevent us hitching? What's to prevent our going in harness for the rest of our naturals?'

'Oh, thank you,' replied Miss Keynes hastily; 'but when I get married, I think it will be to some one who, if he does hit me, won't be able to give me a first-class ticket for anywhere.'

'Say, who's talking about hitting *you?*' demanded Mr Pickett in an injured tone. 'You don't suppose I've got an arm like this for hitting girls with? Not this child! No. But say, put it that you were my wife, and any young spark got gay with you. Well?' He doubled his fists and threw himself into a pugilistic attitude. 'Say,' he continued with an enormous guffaw, 'that young guy would get the surprise of his life! You can bet on that.'

'I dare say he would,' said Miss Keynes coolly. 'But I don't intend to trouble you.'

'No trouble,' replied Mr Pickett calmly. 'It would be a pleasure.'

'Well, it's a pleasure you're not going to have.'

'I guess I'm going on trying,' said Mr Pickett. 'We've plenty of time before us.'

'You seem very certain,' mocked Miss Keynes.

Mr Pickett grinned. 'That's what the Chicago Dodger said to me in the ring,' he remarked. 'Guying me, he was. I reckon he's saying it now on the other side of his mouth.'

'And I suppose,' said Miss Keynes, after a pause, 'that if you did get your way, and if we did get married, if I was to say anything you didn't like, you'd make me say it on the other side of *my* mouth?'

'No, I wouldn't, Phyllis,' said Mr Pickett tenderly. 'Now, don't you get worrying about the name. It's a name I like. If you and me was hitched, and you said anything I didn't like, I guess I'd just put my arm round you, and lift you on my knee, and put your dear little head on my shoulder.'

Miss Keynes gasped and struggled—not because of his words, but because of the practical illustrations by which he was making them plain. At the same moment Mr Briggin entered the cabin in search of the captain's glasses. He paused and stared.

'Don't apologise, boss,' said Mr Pickett, regarding him cheerfully. 'Phyllis and me was just rehearsing a new piece.'

'Let me go!' said Miss Keynes, struggling desperately.—'Mr Briggin, make him let me go.'

The mate sighed. He was not a coward, but he could not but feel it hard that his lines should have been cast in such difficult places.

'Can't you hear the girl?' he said wrathfully. 'What do you call yourself?'

Mr Pickett did not appear to hear him. 'A new piece!' he repeated dreamily. 'And I guess it's on for a long run. The first performance is at an end.' He let go of the girl, who sprang to her feet.

'There isn't any piece,' said Miss Keynes, brushing back her hair angrily.

'Oh yes, there is,' said Mr Pickett nonchalantly. 'Like to know what it's called? Well, it's called *The Girl who took the Right Turning.* —Say, Mr Mate, I reckon it's about time we had breakfast.'

(*Continued on page 104.*)

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA TO-DAY.

PART II.

V.

AMERICA has her difficulties, like other nations, and to arrive at a faint understanding of the greatest of these one must realise the enormous size of her foreign population. No visitor to New York should miss Chinatown at night. There is much of great interest to be seen in its joss-houses, restaurants, shops, gambling-rooms, and opium-smoking dens. The people are wonderfully clean, and their quarters, though strangely malodorous to European nostrils, are superior to those of other foreigners around them. There is a joss-house in Mott Street well worth a visit. It contains a great shrine of magnificently carved ebony, within which carved figures covered with gold-leaf are placed. Before the shrine stands a massive table, upon which are arranged the brass jars, joss-sticks, sandal-wood urns, and all the offerings and sacrifices peculiar to this worship. It is before this table that, after lighting his incense-sticks and his sacred paper, the Chinese worshipper makes his devotional salaams, pours his libation of rice-wine, and repeats the ritual of prayer enjoined upon him.

Do not leave Chinatown without walking

through the peculiarly repulsive dark passage where numerous murders have taken place. Also call in at the restaurant of that famous Chinaman, 'Chop Suey,' and taste what he puts before you. I had dressed rice, preserved fruits, and delicious tea, and when I asked for the bill I was told the honour of my company was payment enough; yet they did not know me from Eve.

Do not be daunted by your curious-looking neighbours, nor by the several notices hung round bidding you 'Look out for your hat and coat,' but glance about you at the exquisite carvings and needlework. You will meet with nothing but smiles and the greatest civility. Such cannot be said for the inhabitants of Judea, a network of streets which are interesting but horrible. Six and seven storey brick tenement-houses are crowded to their eaves with humanity. A certain square mile holds a quarter of a million Jews. Eight people in one room without a window is not uncommon.

Between eleven and midnight is the best time to see this quarter, when all the dwellers are in the streets, sprawling before their doors or massed on the pavements. At this hour tiny children are swarming everywhere. I saw many women clad in rags, with fine diamonds in their ears and on their dirty fingers. Visitors are not kindly received in this quarter, and one must be prepared for unpleasantness. It is wise to remain deaf to all rude remarks.

The same warning applies to the Russian quarter at night. It is situated in Chatham Square, East Broadway. Half-a-century ago it was a fashionable thoroughfare; now it is the Central Avenue of the Russian and Polish quarters, in so far as those people can be separated from Jews, Bohemians, Hungarians, &c., who throng a square mile of marvellously crowded tenements.

The Bowery is not what it was in Thackeray's day, when he demanded to be taken there immediately he landed in New York. The houses have been greatly improved, and the Americans have left it, and given way to the Jews.

VI.

If you wish to catch a train from one of the great New York stations you must allow more than the regulation ten minutes, after entering the building. There is no crowd—the place is too vast—but you have quite a long walk before you catch sight of a train. The Grand Central Terminal covers an area of seventy-nine acres. These monumental gateways out of the city must be a sore trial to the old and the delicate, though undoubtedly they combine beauty and magnitude with convenience and serviceability. Incoming and outgoing travellers are segregated, and never meet. No one ever sees a train or a platform until he ascends or descends, as the case may be, by elevator to his particular zone. No train ever whistles. All move silently in and out, operated by electricity. The outward-bound hall, or 'concourse,' as it is called, which contains all the facilities usually found in the waiting-room of a railway-station, is 275 feet long by 120 feet wide. Underneath it lies the suburban concourse, of similar dimensions.

On entering the Pennsylvania Station one passes through great colonnaded façades suggestive of ancient Rome. This suggestion is further carried out in the construction of the general waiting-room, which is a model of the famous Roman baths of Caracalla. The cream-tinted stone which has been used for the entire interior structure was brought from the quarries in the Campagna, near Tivoli, Italy.

Having entered the station, one walks through a long, wide arcade bordered by fine shops. This ends in the Loggia, with enormous restaurants on either side. Beyond lies a wide and long flight of steps which are most fatiguing, and one begins to speculate as to where the trains are. At the bottom of the steps lies a waiting-hall 227 feet by 103 feet. Lofty columns of mellow-tinted walls meet the eye, and opening off the hall are smaller waiting and dressing rooms. The journey to the train is not yet ended. One passes on to the concourse, 340 feet wide by 210 feet long, and having negotiated this obstacle to one's quest, one arrives at length at a high grille. The trains are still invisible. The eleven platforms are all below this level, and each one has its own ascents and descents and passenger and baggage elevators.

I have said one sees no really old people in New York, and after catching a train from one of the great stations one begins to have a suspicion why this is so. Those who survive the appalling rush of the city are compelled by existing conditions to stay at home.

The porter, No. 14, who attended to me was obviously Scottish, and I asked him what his name was, and where he was born. He answered, 'My name is James Calder, and I was born at the old Toll House, Queensferry.'

I inquired if he had ever known a William Calder. 'Yes,' he said, 'I had a cousin, William Calder, who worked all his life for W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.'

On my telling him that Robert Chambers *secundus* was my father, and that William Calder was an old friend of my girlhood, we shook hands warmly, and he refused my tip. He met me on my return from Washington, and saw me off to England from the pier.

Unless you know the ropes you will find yourself stranded with your baggage, and unable to get it moved on arrival at Washington's mammoth Union Station.

The coloured porters, exceedingly smart in pale-gray uniforms with scarlet facings, turn a deaf ear to all pleadings. Your business is, whilst still in the train approaching the city, to give

your baggage-check to the uniformed 'solicitor.' He gives you a receipt, and delivers your luggage promptly to any part of Washington. You pay on its arrival.

Hand-baggage can be taken on a taxi, but it is most important to have as little of it as possible, as you will be obliged to carry it yourself—first down a very long platform, next through a waiting-room 220 feet long, then through a concourse 760 feet long, which boasts an arched ceiling said to be the greatest ever built. You will then pass through a series of triumphal arches, and finally let your burden drop on the pavement and try to catch the eye of a coloured taxi-driver. I do not pretend to know what the gorgeous porters are used for. They scorned all passengers and dollars with eloquent contempt. On your leaving the city an express man calls for your luggage, but if you live near the station you see a long stream of people every morning carrying their own. This station, so badly served, cost eighteen million dollars.

VII.

Washington, as every one knows, is a beautiful town. Its magnificent public buildings are embowered in luxuriant foliage, and every street is lined with trees. There are many public parks with plenty of shade, and the roads are so wonderfully smooth that it is difficult to hear the approach of motor traffic. Caution is very necessary at every crossing. The policeman who directs traffic stands on a platform under a huge umbrella. The city is dominated by the gleaming dome of the Capitol, which, like most of the other great buildings, is approached by innumerable white marble steps, and tiers of terraces profusely decorated with fine statuary. To appreciate the many interesting groups which surround the building several hours are necessary.

On the south side the colossal groups represent Columbus, and here it is that since the days of Jackson the inauguration of the President of the U.S.A. has taken place, in full view of the surrounding multitudes.

One enters on the Rotunda, and in this vast and somewhat obscure space only a colossus the size of 'Old Liberty' would seem appropriate. In spite of the imposing grandeur of the Capitol, one gets an impression of absolute homeliness and simplicity, owing to the freedom with which it can be entered by all and sundry. Working-women, carrying babies, school boys and girls, and tourists like one's self stroll in to rest in the Senate chamber whilst senators are speaking. The galleries are open to the public, and accommodate a thousand persons.

One end is set apart for women when they desire to be exclusive, and behind are their parlour and dressing-rooms, with attendance. Whilst I sat listening to Senator Sherman thundering forth on nothing more exciting than agriculture, conducted char-à-banc parties kept passing in and out in constant succession.

In the Hall of Representatives the galleries hold twelve hundred persons, and are divided into sections. Those not public are reserved for diplomats and the friends of congressmen. Any one can obtain from the doorkeeper a plan of the house, showing where the representatives are seated. The Speaker sits at a raised desk, and below him are the marble desks of clerks and reporters. The Speaker's policeman, the sergeant-at-arms, sits within easy call, and his symbol of authority, the mace, reposes on a marble pedestal on the Speaker's right.

The Capitol is so immense that at least two days ought to be devoted to seeing its interior. The different points of interest are many, and there are two large public restaurants, and many resting-rooms for both men and women, and elevators to the different floors.

It does not bear the faintest resemblance to our beautiful old St Stephen's, save that the laws of a great country are framed within its walls. It is at once utterly simple and magnificently imposing.

I believe that the majority agree in thinking that the Library of Congress possesses by far the most beautiful interior in Washington, besides its true claim to be the largest and most magnificent library building in the world. The public are free to enter and use it, and it ought to be seen by night, when electricity illumines the brilliantly enamelled brick, the marble, and the heavily gilded stucco. The roof dome is of copper. For many years sixty American architects, painters, and sculptors worked on this unique adjunct to the Capitol, and controlled hundreds of skilled labourers. The floor of the main entrance-hall and the various gigantic candelabra are specially worthy of notice. The former is a lovely mosaic of coloured marbles, surrounding a brass-rayed disc showing the points of the compass. The candelabra are of bronze, and gold, and marble, in the form of gods and goddesses bearing globes and torches. One lovely lamp-standard is a Greek altar. There are 100 miles of book-shelves, with a capacity of 3½ million books and 84,000 volumes of newspapers.

The practical work of the library concentrates in the Rotunda, where the superintendent and his assistants can communicate with all parts of the building by a system of 'phones and pneumatic tubes. An underground tunnel containing an endless carrier, upon which books are sent back and forth at great speed, serves the legislators in the Senate for immediate use. The available space for all purposes is largely in excess of that of the British Museum, and the books may freely be read by any one. This reading-room or rotunda is an enormous hall, its ceiling domed to the roof. The floor is occupied

by seats and desks, and on the top floor of this sumptuous library there is a public restaurant.

VIII.

Every stranger ought to visit the Treasury, an imposing building close to the White House. There three thousand women count and recount the State bonds, notes, and revenue stamps.

The packets of 1000 sheets, in requisite size for printing four notes, are deftly counted and scrutinised by girls whom long practice has made wonderfully expert. When any imperfect sheets have been removed, the packets are sent to the bureau of engraving and printing. These notes are carried every morning in an armoured steel car. They are first counted by three persons in succession to reduce to the vanishing-point the probability of error. They are then sent to the sealing-room, where the sheets of four unseparated notes are passed through the small steam-presses that place upon them the red seal of the Treasury of North America, or, as it is abbreviated upon the seal itself, 'Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil.' United States Treasury notes bear engraved facsimiles of the U.S. Treasury, but national bank notes are actually signed in ink by the president and cashiers of the bank using them.

It is in the room adjoining this that one sees that marvellous development of the human hand and eye which enables girls entrusted with the final counting of Uncle Sam's money to do so with a rapidity that is bewildering.

Directly the seals have been printed upon a packet of 1000 sheets of notes they are passed to another machine, which slices them apart. This produces 4000 notes, which are done up and handed to another clerk for final inspection and counting. Untying the packet, and holding it in her left hand, with the face of the notes upwards, she lifts the right-hand end of every one of the 4000, scrutinises for imperfections in texture, printing, sealing, or cutting, sees that numbers are in due order, and that nothing is missing. Standing watching her, I felt thankful that the responsibility was not mine.

One girl passes on an average 23,000 notes a day, surely a speed performance which becomes one of the most wonderful in the range of human industry, when one remembers that habitual application to routine-work is apt to breed not only carelessness, but a sort of mental blindness. Each person to whom the packets are temporarily entrusted is obliged to 'receipt' for them, so that their history may be traced from the paper-mills to the cashier's desk. Though each packet contains 4000 notes, the value of the notes in question may vary from one dollar to four million dollars.

The personality of those three thousand girls interested me greatly. Many of them are very pretty; all wear white muslin and lace blouses; all have their hair elaborately dressed; and their tiny hands are manicured.

The air of the halls is completely changed every six minutes, and there is a welfare worker for each department. The top floor contains a hospital and a large restaurant, and on the roof are a winter and a summer garden and a recreation-ground. There is also a library, open to the public, containing 20,000 volumes.

The White House looked very charming as I saw it lying bathed in sunshine, and surrounded by the vivid green of its lawns and early summer foliage. For America it is quite an ancient dwelling, the foundation-stone having been laid in 1792. In 1814 the British set fire to it, and when it was repaired it was painted white to hide the ravages of fire on its freestone walls. The White House grounds and public rooms are open to all, and on the terrace just behind the house the city children gather on holidays.

The President takes first place in social life, and he begins the year by holding a reception from eleven to two o'clock. The public enter during the last hour, after the Diplomatic corps, officers of the army and the navy, and high officials have been received. Later in the year follows a series of dinners and receptions. An invitation to dinner may not be declined without serious reason—no previous engagement can exempt the invited. The President leads in the lady of highest official rank; the President's wife follows next, upon the arm of the highest ranking gentleman. The Chief Executive is addressed in conversation as 'Mr President.' His wife enjoys all his privileges. She receives first calls from all, and returns no visits. Those who desire an interview must apply in writing. America's President and his wife are, therefore, less accessible than was the late Francis Joseph of Austria, who, when I was last in Vienna, received any one, even beggars, who chose to turn up any Monday afternoon.

The President and his wife can accept or reject invitations as they please, but under no circumstances whatever can either of them cross the threshold of any foreign embassy or legation, though members of their family may do so. At a reception the aides present each person to the President, who always shakes hands. The ladies assisting him shake hands with each person who offers a hand to them. A knowledge of this fact on the part of strangers will avoid mutual embarrassment. Some ladies of the ultra-fashionable world make deep curtsies instead of shaking hands, but the custom is not encouraged.

Women attend the New Year reception in smart visiting clothes and hats. Men dress as for any other ceremonious daylight event. At night evening-dress is imperative.

IX.

There is one amusing habit which I discovered in Washington, but nowhere else—the person-

alities indulged in by many shop and restaurant attendants. The girl serving you, or taking your order, will suddenly break off business negotiations by exclaiming, 'My! what a pretty ring! My! that's a mighty smart hat!'

She then proceeds to examine your clothes and ornaments at leisure. When satisfied, she executes your order. You will not resent this seeming liberty; it is done in such a simple, child-like way. Don't say 'Good-morning' on leaving. Say, 'Good-bye.'

I made a bad mistake which rankles still, though I did ask forgiveness. I was sitting next a woman who suddenly turned to me and asked abruptly, 'What state are you from?'

I replied, 'I 'm from Europe.'

'My! Aren't you American?'

'No.'

'What are you over here for?'

'Business.'

'What business?'

'That's no business of yours,' I retorted crossly, for I was tired and hot.

'Wal, now; fancy your taking my kindly interest like that!' she exclaimed, and I saw actual tears start to her eyes. 'I thought maybe you were a stranger and I could help you.' The gentle reproach in her voice heaped coals of fire on my unhappy head. When I spoke again I was abject. She turned out to be a well-known public speaker, and we became great friends.

Though the ways of some American women may seem to us abrupt, the manners of the American man towards women leave nothing to be desired. I confess they amazed me.

If you step into an elevator that contains, let us say, twenty men, twenty hats are removed with a promptitude that suggests pulling a string. If you are resting in a dark corner of a hotel corridor and a passing man spies you, he uncovers instantly. What is even more wonderful, if you pass along a crowded Pullman car looking for a seat, every man offers his. This is simple truth, and it was no use secretly thinking such un-European civility must be due to the dignity of age or distinguished personality. You do not pass many hours in the United States before discovering that all women are treated alike in this respect.

The great shops in the different towns are often very interesting. If you go to Philadelphia, do not miss 'Wanamaker's.' You will find yourself in an enormous white marble hall, domed to the roof. Round it run marble galleries, and at one end is a gigantic organ. This fine instrument gives recitals every hour, and it is pleasant, whilst strolling about the galleries, to sit down by the balustrade, listen to the music, look down and up to the other galleries, and watch the busy scene. Mr Wanamaker, the multi-millionaire originator of those stores, is over eighty years old, yet he never comes later to daily business than half-past eight. In such shops you will never be asked to buy. You may stroll about at your leisure, and there are no shop-walkers, as in our country. Even if you do not stop there, do not leave Philadelphia without seeing the Bellevue Stratford Hotel. I suppose it is the last word in hotels, and extraordinarily sumptuous—indeed, far too much so for ordinary travellers. Yet it is very representative of modern America. Its cost must have been something fabulous, owing to its profuse decoration and the actual works of art scattered about everywhere. Though you do not need to live extravagantly in it, obviously it is intended for those to whom money is no consideration. It was here I noticed quite a modern innovation which was unheard of ten years ago in the States. In one of the great restaurants of this hotel, where I had several meals, I saw schoolgirls enter alone, and in twos and threes. They were ladies, and behaved with perfect self-assurance and quietness. They ordered their meals very carefully, and with no eye to economy, and they all smoked between courses. Money seemed no object. Ladies now smoke freely in all the great restaurants, but not in the hotel lounges. I found great changes in Delmonico's in New York in this respect. Formerly not even men smoked there. When I first visited New York, thirty years ago, my husband and I dined there, and at a table near sat the late James Gordon Bennett, owner of *The New York Herald*. A mutual friend came up to our table and said, 'They 're betting at Gordon Bennett's table that it 's your double and not you, for he says he saw you in Europe only last week.'

There is a yarn going the round of New York that the ghost of Gordon Bennett haunts his old offices in Broadway, so incensed is he with the editorial change that has come over his beloved newspaper. He was always heart and soul for Britain, and could not bear even to hear us criticised.

I find it not easy to write of modern America without conveying a suspicion of exaggeration to those who have not been there lately. I am confessedly an ardent admirer of Uncle Sam, his sons, and his daughters, but I have striven to be strictly impartial in the fleeting impressions I have set down.

The longer one stays in the United States, the more one hopes that the joint inheritance of Britain and America in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln may smooth the way of mutual sympathy, effort, and restraint. No matter what the trials and provocations of the future, it is surely impossible that Britain and America can be aught but friends. There is no need to emphasise the fact that this desire animates the faith held by millions of men and women of goodwill on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE END.

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THE POLAR ESQUIMAUX.

IN association with a great many Arctic expeditions the so-called Polar Esquimaux have played a most useful and important part, owing to their capabilities in connection with hunting and travel in the Far North. The tribe consists of some two hundred individuals, whose habitat is on the north-west coast of Greenland, between 76° and 79° north latitude, and in consequence of their presence there this desolate region has formed the 'jumping-off' ground for various exploring-parties. Especially has this been the case of late years in regard to the Danish expeditions which had for their main object the determining of the outlines of northern and north-eastern Greenland.

The state of isolation in which these people lived for so long, without any connection with the rest of mankind, was remarkable. Their nearest neighbours to the south, the Esquimaux from Upernivik, had never fallen in with them, although they had seen their sleigh-tracks on the ice of Melville Bay. It would seem that in Danish North Greenland the existence of such a tribe was believed in from an early date, as in his diary for the year 1771 Paul Egede states that a 'colony' had been established at Upernivik in 73° N.L., and at the same time remarks that 'there are said to be people living still further north—in 75° N.L.'

In the year 1616 Baffin reached the entrance to Smith Sound, which he believed to be a bay. This voyage gave an impulse to the whale-fishery in Davis Strait, which the Dutch began in 1619; but two hundred years elapsed before the existence of the Polar Esquimaux was proved. In 1818 the British Government sent out an expedition under Sir John Ross ('the elder Ross') with the object of finding the North-West Passage. With the two ships *Isabella* and *Alexander* he sailed up Baffin Bay, visiting the Danish colonies on the west coast of Greenland on the way. The vessels then continued on north, past the most northern regions which had hitherto been visited by the whalers, and entered Melville Bay (75° 54'), where they found a tribe of Esquimaux who had never seen a white man before, and whom Ross christened 'The Arctic Highlanders.' From his ship he had seen eight dog-sleighs in Prince Regent's Bay to the east of Cape York. Much difficulty was experienced in getting into actual touch with these people. Scared at the appearance of the new-comers, they sent their women and children into the interior, and only after the display of considerable diplomacy were the men induced to come on board.

Ross states that they believed themselves to be the only inhabitants of the earth, and he adds that they evidently had no idea that other human beings lived farther to the south.

The voyages of Ross, and of Parry in 1819, through Lancaster Sound induced the English and Scottish whalers, who had till then conducted operations in more southern latitudes, to proceed to the newly discovered areas in the north.

Memories of Ross's visit in 1818 are still extant among the Polar Esquimaux. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, says that there still lived in 1903 an old woman whose grandmother had foretold that a large boat with masts would make its appearance from the sea, and, lo! one summer's day, after the winter ice had broken up and only a little strip remained between Cape York and open water, the ship turned up, and came alongside the edge of the ice. Ross had named two promontories at the entrance to Smith Sound after his ships, and instead of proceeding farther in a northerly direction, he sailed down the west side of Baffin Bay without finding any North-West Passage, and returned home with a merely negative result.

After that there came more and more vessels to Cape York and its vicinity, amongst them the ship *North Star*, which passed the winter of 1849–50 in the bay, which was named after it, and where the settlement of Thule now stands. It is well remembered by the Esquimaux.

In 1850 a ship arrived at Cape York under the command of Captain Austin, who was taking part in the search for Sir John Franklin. He took away with him one of the tribe called Qualaseg, who was afterwards baptised under the name of Erasmus York, and was drowned in England in 1856.

In 1852 another expedition, under Captain Inglefield, got into touch with the Polar Esquimaux. On this occasion Inglefield Gulf was discovered, and for the first time Smith Sound was traversed by a ship, and so found not to be a bay. Later on many expeditions sailed up through Smith Sound, which proved to be a passage to that northern Arctic Sea where so

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many had expected that open water would be found, and therefore a route to the Pole.

The American Captain Kane was compelled to pass the winter of 1853–54 in Rensselaer Harbour (78° 37′ N., 71° W.). Some members of his expedition made an ineffectual attempt to reach Upernivik in August 1854. They were obliged to live for some time in a stone hut, and would undoubtedly have perished of hunger had not the Polar Esquimaux enabled them to return to their ship in December. Kane was the first to give detailed information with regard to these people; his interpreter, Hans Hendrik, was a West Greenlander, who, however, left the expedition on its return home, and spent several years among the Cape York Esquimaux. When Dr Hayes's American expedition came to these parts in 1860, they took him and his family on board to act as 'Tolk.' The winter of 1860–61 was spent in Foulke Fjord at Etah.

Some few years afterwards a migration of Esquimaux took place from Baffin Land, and these introduced among their 'Polar' brethren several new means of livelihood.

In 1891 Peary began his series of expeditions with a stay among the Cape York Esquimaux. He wintered for the first time in 1891–92 in M'Cormick Bay, and in 1894–95 in Bowdoin Bay, on the north side of Inglefield Gulf. In 1896 and 1897 he only made summer journeys to the Polar Esquimaux territory, in order, amongst other things, to secure certain great blocks of meteoric iron of which Ross had heard. On his fifth expedition in 1898–1902 he sailed his ship far up the northern part of Smith Sound, and, following the example of the whalers in Hudson Bay, took with him a number of Esquimaux to act as hunters and to drive the dog-sleighs. In 1905–6 and 1908 he acted similarly. On the first of these two expeditions he had on board no fewer than seventy Polar Esquimaux, or about one-third of the male portion of the tribe. On the return voyage, late in August 1906, eight of the Esquimaux families became dissatisfied with their rations, and left the ship in Lady Franklin Bay. These families spent the winter in the Lake Hazen region, to the west of Robeson Channel. The following spring they travelled over the ice to Etah, on the Greenland side, where Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, found them shortly afterwards, none the worse for the long journey, most of which, on account of want of dogs, they had performed on foot. In 1907 the American Whitney Expedition came to Smith Sound with Dr Cook on board. The latter spent the winter at Annatok, to the north of Etah, and started therefrom on his much-discussed North Pole expedition. Professor Steensby writes: 'In this connection the principal interest for us is that he showed the Polar Esquimaux the way to the musk-ox region of Ellesmere Land, which had been discovered by Sverdrup.'

Of late years the Danes have kept up a connection with these dwellers in the Far North, from which the latter have benefited in no small degree. From April 1903 to January 1904 Mylius Erichsen and the other members of his expedition resided amongst them—for the most part on Saunders Island; and in return for the hospitality extended them by the Esquimaux, the Danish Government sent supplies of firearms, ammunition, &c. From April 1907 until May 1908 Rasmussen lived amongst them in regular Esquimaux fashion; and in the summer of 1909 the Danish Missionary Society sent him to found a mission-station in North Star Bay, the party including several scientists. A house was built, and two Greenland missionaries remained there. Rasmussen also established a trading-station—'Thule'—in the neighbourhood of Umanak, on Wolstenholme Sound. Since then Rasmussen has been several times amongst these Esquimaux, and from his trading-station he and his associate, Peter Frenchen, made a journey with dog-sleighs to north-east Greenland.

Owing to the events above referred to, the conditions of life for the Polar Esquimaux have no doubt been considerably improved, inasmuch as for their bear and fox skins they can now obtain various products of civilisation; but since the introduction of firearms they have lost a good deal of their skill with the primitive weapons which they formerly employed; and it is to be remembered that communication with these remote parts of north-western Greenland is extremely uncertain, and supplies of ammunition are, therefore, not to be relied on.

When the Polar night, which in the Cape York region lasts for one hundred and two days, comes to an end in February, the Esquimaux leave their winter dwellings, and proceed with dog-sleighs to the best places for walrus-hunting on the edge of the fast ice, where they live in snow-houses. In early spring they also shoot and harpoon the seal. When May comes round the ice becomes, as a rule, insecure; the sun shines all day long; and, the snow-houses being no longer suitable, the Esquimaux return to tent life. The great bird colonies have once more become inhabited, and in June large numbers of birds and eggs are taken there.

As recently as 1891 bows and arrows were employed in reindeer-hunting in autumn, but three years later firearms had completely taken their place.

'The real bear hunting-ground,' says Eivind Astrup, 'lies to the south of Cape York, on the frozen surface of Melville Bay. There on the desolate wastes, far from home and kindred, the Esquimaux have fought many a desperate battle with the mighty white bear. Courage and presence of mind are necessary for such a conflict, and it is by no means every one who can bring it to a successful issue.'

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

IV.

CLEMENT SEADON had definitely warned Heloise Reys of something underhand, something malignant, lurking behind the reason for her journey to Canada. The master-mind of the gang who wished her evil had heard him give Heloise that warning.

That meant only one thing. The big man Neuburg knew that Clement had struck a blow that endangered his criminal plan—Clement was certain it was criminal. He must know that Clement would continue to strike at that plan until he had broken it, until he had opened Heloise's eyes completely, rescued her from the evil web by which she and her great fortune were to come into the clutches of the gang. And knowing that, Neuburg would strike too.

Clement Seadon did not minimise the other's abilities. He knew quite well that to secure Heloise's fortune of over a million pounds the massive rogue would stop at nothing, would dare anything—would even remove any one who threatened his scheme. What exactly he would try to do Clement did not know; but he was on the alert. He would be ready for anything and everything.

Clement was thinking these things over as he sat in his cabin but a few minutes after he had seen that great and sinister figure crouching, listening, in the dark. The conversation with Heloise, the warning against dabbling in mining, had already come to its natural end, and Clement had seized the first opportunity to take the girl away from that place where the big man was watching and listening. He knew that Neuburg had heard all. He knew that he would brook no interference with his dark intentions.

Clement knew that, and put the consideration aside. It must wait on events. What he was thinking about now was the effect of his warning on Heloise. He thought of her with pity, and with intense anger that one so supremely lovable should be made the sport of a cruel plot.

'She's got to be rescued from those blackguards,' he told himself. 'That any girl should be in the clutches of such a gang is horrible to think. That Heloise should be the girl—it's more than horrible; it's vile.' He thought of her, so slim, so exquisite, so high-minded, a victim of her very honesty of soul. 'But she won't be a victim,' he growled. 'I'll save her. I'll beat them.'

And again he began to think how he could do it; but now he wanted to do it swiftly, so that she might be snatched from the clutches of Neuburg and his fellow-rogues at once.

Had he, he wondered, made an effective stroke that night? Had he, by his strong warning against something sinister at work behind this story of a great mining venture, opened her eyes—fully opened them, made it possible for her to break off this—this beautiful folly of going to the aid of her girlhood's lover?

He examined the doings and the sayings of that evening, and told himself—No.

She was not, he knew, one easily to be put off from what she considered the right, the honourable, line of action. He had opened her eyes, perhaps, to the possibilities of fraud in the matter of the mines, but she was not of the type to accept any judgment until she had rock-bottom proof of its soundness. She would go to Sicamous; she would see Gunning; she would go into the matter of the mines. Not until she had received expert opinion would she decide. There was, of course, always the possibility that the mines might be a genuine proposition.

But she would go to Sicamous—that was the crux. He was sure she would do that. She would see Henry Gunning—because seeing Henry Gunning was the whole reason and meaning of this trip. And seeing Henry Gunning—that was the great danger, Clement felt.

Seeing Henry Gunning—how many emotions that would recall to a nature so sweet and so genuine as that of Heloise! There would be a glamour about the reunion. There would be all the fine, the tender, emotions of girlhood—that period of splendid unrecking emotions. She would see Gunning through a rose-tinted mist of memories. . . . And that infernal gang would see to it that Gunning made the most of it.

They would bring him up to the scratch. They would see to it that he was presentable, that he was lover-like, that he minded his p's and q's. They would coach him, insist upon his playing all the cards that would win her at such a poignant moment. He would be the decent, honest, heroic man fighting nobly against ill-fortune. He would be the Galahad-soul who, loving her, was yet so proud in his love that he could not bring himself to sue for her until he had made good.

That would be the rôle played by Gunning, and it might very easily be a winning rôle. She might so readily succumb to the glamour of memory, of the moment, of his manly attitude; succumb before she had time to learn exactly what type of man he had become, before a protracted intimacy had rubbed off the gilt, and shown her the truth of him. . . . Yes, they wouldn't give her time. They would force her to marry Gunning before he had a chance to reveal his real, present nature. And once she had married him——

Clement stopped thinking; it was unbearable to think further. 'She mustn't marry him,' he said fiercely. 'She can't marry him. She must be prevented at all costs. I've got to find a way.'

And as he thought that, the little lawyer's admonitions came back to him—came back to him, and he wasn't irritated. It seemed, after all, that the little lawyer was infinitely wise. What other way was there? What other way was workable?

'Yes,' he muttered, 'what other way is thinkable—even apart from the scallywag Gunning? . . . Clement, my dear ass, do look things in the face. What's the good of beating about the bush? You do love her. You can't bear the thought of her loving any one else. You do want to marry her. . . . And it is the real and only way to save her.'

He thought on, turning over all the aspects of the matter. 'Yes—and I think I can make her love me. . . . Yes, I think I can do that. I think she likes me. I think we hit it off tremendously. I think the—the beginnings are there. If I only pressed matters; and, by Jove! I will press matters. I *do* love her, and she'll love me. I'll make her. I'll force her to love me. I'll tear her away from those rogues by love. . . . I'll make her marry me. . . . She shall marry me.' He smiled happily at his decision. 'It's the thing I want most in the world,' he finished. 'And it will put a spoke in their wheel.'

V.

And even while he was contemplating putting a spoke in the wheel of the gang, they were actually putting a spoke in his.

The big Mr Neuburg, who had overheard Clement warning Heloise, was not a rogue to waste time. Directly the young man's eyes had turned back to the girl—although Mr Neuburg, it should be said, had no idea that Clement had seen him—and the conversation had become commonplace, the big man slipped from his hiding-place, with that curious silent swiftness which went so strangely with his bulk, crossed the boat-deck noiselessly, and went down to the promenade.

He found the Gorgon sitting there, and he dropped into the seat beside her. What he had to say was not very much, but it was apparently to the point. She listened attentively, nodded, and when he finished she rose immediately and went down to her cabin.

But before she did so she took from him a paper.

'Make this your opening,' Mr Neuburg said. 'I know you are clever; this is a time for being very clever. Be very natural; be very sympathetic; do not show this letter has any significance for you.'

When Heloise, tired and dispirited, came down to the cabin, she found her companion already half undressed and not very talkative—she never was. It was no different from any of the going-to-bed scenes that had taken place since they came on board; that is, it wasn't—until Heloise, stretching out her hand for her hair-brush, that inevitable feminine implement, encountered a folded sheet of notepaper. She picked it up absently. It was a letter, a business communication, that had been folded lengthways in three, and the printed heading was on the outside. She read the name of the firm who had sent it—Rigby & Root.

'Méduse,' she said in a surprised voice, 'did I leave this lying about?'

'Did you leave what lying about, Loise?' said the companion in a quiet voice, though, for all her apparent indifference, her singularly immobile eyes seemed to gleam below the surface in the moment before she turned to see what 'this' was.

'This letter—from my lawyers?'

'Yes, you did,' said the companion. There was the nicest tinge of reproach of a grown-up's chiding in her voice; it was beautifully done. 'You did—on the promenade-deck. Yes, my dear Loise, it was on the very deck. I actually kicked it out of my way before it occurred to me that it really was a letter, and not a dirty piece of paper. Then I picked it up, and saw that heading on the outside—Rigby & Root. And I was surprised—your lawyers, of course; I knew that—so naturally I brought it straight down here.'

'How could I have taken it up on deck?' said Heloise, puzzled.

'That I don't know,' said Méduse pleasantly—'unless you are like me, and use the first thing that comes to hand as a book-marker. It's not always wise. I remember once opening a book at a young women's religious-instruction class, and the piece of paper I had used as a marker slipped out for all to see—and it was a handbill of the most lurid sort of play—a very fast play even. You see, I'—— Her manner was gossipy, perfect, but she did not have to carry her garrulous anecdote to a finish.

First Heloise said, 'But a lawyer's letter!' And then with a sort of gasp she cried, 'But it's not my letter.'

The Gorgon switched round, smiling indulgently. 'My dear—but I saw the name at the top—Rigby & Root.'

'Yes, it's from Rigby & Root,' said Heloise in a curious voice, for she was at that moment, and abruptly, a prey to strange emotions, sudden emotions of doubt and suspicion.

'Well, if it's from Rigby & Root'—— said the Gorgon indolently.

'It's addressed to Mr Clement Seadon,' said Heloise in a dry voice.

The Gorgon's look of smiling amazement was an admirable piece of acting. 'But, my dear,

whatever are your lawyers writing to Mr Seadon about?'

And that well-barbed dart was fired with beautiful precision. Without the slightest appearance of interest, of malice, the Gorgon had underscored the significant fact that Mr Clement Seadon was connected with the little lawyer, Hartley Hard (a partner in Rigby & Root), who had shown himself so prejudiced against Henry Gunning and Heloise's journey to Canada. She looked at the girl, her eyebrows raised in faint amusement and surprise. 'What could Mr Hard be writing to Mr Seadon about?'

Heloise did not read other people's letters, but the circumstance made it impossible for her not to read that short and very business-like communication. It was an unthrilling communication. It dealt with the sale of certain stocks, and the buying of certain bonds. It was not signed by the irritating Mr Hard. 'It's not from Mr Hard,' said Heloise. 'It's from Mr Root himself.' (Rigby was dead.) 'And it's about nothing in particular—just business. Apparently Rigby & Root are Mr Seadon's lawyers also.'

Heloise had an air of dismissing any implication of underhand conduct. But she had not dismissed it. The surprising fact, brought before her mind so suddenly and neatly, made her feel that she had been trusting somebody who could not be trusted. He was in league with the man who had tried to hamper her movements. She tried to tell herself, of course, that there was no ground for such a thought; people can have the same lawyers without conspiring with those lawyers. But the shock of it, the coincidence of it, cut the ground from under her. This young man who had only just now taken pains to set her against Henry Gunning and his mining schemes was intimate with her lawyers, who had also taken pains to set her against Henry Gunning. The facts seemed too pronounced to admit of coincidence. And while she was feeling thus, sore, rankled, the clever companion pushed the barb of suspicion a little deeper.

'How strange that you should both have the same lawyers!' she said with an air of innocent wonder. 'How strange that he should know that Mr Hard who has been so annoying to you!'

It was, of course, the attitude of Méduse Smythe to pretend that she had little or nothing to do with Heloise's trip to Canada. She pretended all along to play a passive part. All the initiative was supposed to come from Heloise. Heloise alone was supposed to have been responsible for the sudden reawakening of tenderness for her boy lover. Heloise alone was supposed to have thought of the chivalrous idea of travelling to Canada to see Gunning again—and perhaps help him. It was Heloise alone who was supposed to be responsible for the determination that carried the project through; who had, in spite of all opposition, started out on this journey to Sicamous to find a proud and yet staunchly loyal lover. Méduse Smythe was clever. She had the master-brain of Mr Neuburg to prompt her, and she had played her cards subtly, so that, although it was she herself who had inspired the high-minded girl to undertake this adventure, she was yet able to pose as no more than a lucky and accidental link in the chain of circumstances. Heloise thought of her only as a companion who was but faintly and sentimentally interested in an act of her employer's life over which she had no control. It was to keep up this air of being altogether outside the business that Méduse had observed, not that Mr Hard had been annoying to 'us,' but that Mr Hard had been 'so annoying to *you*.'

Her attitude gave her so many advantages. Thus, when Heloise said in answer to that little flick on the raw, 'I wonder whether he knows Mr Hard?' Méduse was able to reply with an admirable and impersonal air, 'Well, it didn't seem important before, but it may explain why he has monopolised you since you came on board.'

Heloise was suddenly aware how easily, how frequently, she had slipped off with Clement Seadon. Had he monopolised her? Why? She remembered how she had talked to him about Sicamous, about mining; how he had warned her. . . . Was that the reason? His lawyers were her lawyers. . . . Her lawyers had warned her, too. Was that the reason?

And then, as the girl sat quietly, feeling suspicious, miserable, hurt, the clever Miss Méduse Smythe improved the shining hour. She fired another little barb. 'Of course, you are both young, and he is very handsome, and has charming ways with him. I could understand your getting on so well together—indulging in even a little ship-board flirtation.'

Heloise gasped. She was acutely conscious of Clement's good looks, his charming ways. Had they been used to an end? And flirting—had she flirted?

'You think I have been flirting?' she said in a low, breathless voice.

'You?' smiled Miss Méduse tolerantly. 'Oh, no, I don't think you flirted, my dear. I know how you feel about your Mr Gunning.' Heloise winced; she had not been feeling very much about Mr Gunning lately. She was unpleasantly reminded of her inconstancy—as Miss Méduse Smythe meant her to be reminded. 'I knew *you* were safe enough,' the smiling companion went on, 'but I don't know about that young man. He seemed—well, yes, I must say, I think he flirted.'

That practically ended the conversation. A conversation with apparently very little in it, but a very telling conversation, all the same. When Heloise went to bed, she carried it with

her. And as she tossed, unsleeping, its different phases kept turning over in her mind, turning over and over with something of the steady throbbing of the engines in their ceaselessness.

So that, while Clement Seadon, also awake, was tossing in his bunk, the throb of the engines beating out entrancingly the thoughts, 'I'll marry her . . . I love her, and I'll marry her . . . I'll make her marry me . . . I'll save her through loving her,' Heloise lay awake, asking herself, 'Is he in league against me? Is he deceiving me? After all I thought of him, isn't he tricking me? His lawyers are my lawyers. He has wormed out my secret from me—where I am going—what is the venture poor Harry Gunning needs support in—things my lawyers did not know. Things they wanted to know? Was that accidental, or was it cunning? Is he fighting against—Harry?' She shivered in disgust at herself. 'Harry . . . have I acted honourably towards Harry? I have flirted with this man—flirted! I've enjoyed his company; I've come to like him.' She could not go on. She dared not go on. She dared not put her feelings for Clement Seadon under close examination. 'I've behaved dishonourably. I've forgotten Harry for this man who has—has been working against Harry.' Her heart chilled. 'Perhaps his—his flirting with me was part of his plan against Harry. . . . And he knew about Harry?'

The whole of these thoughts jumbled and tumbled together in her anguished mind. The duplicity of Clement Seadon became entangled with her own inconstancy towards Henry Gunning, until, in the end, they became one and the same thing, and Seadon was the arch-villain responsible for all—as the adroit Mr Neuburg and the clever Miss Méduse Smythe had meant him to be.

And so, when the morning came, Clement rose, saying with immense purpose, 'I'll do it to-day. It's the last day; to-morrow we land. I will tell her I love her to-day. I'll *make* her love me.'

As he vowed this with great cheerfulness, Heloise, rising jaded, worn out, with a mind incapable of clear and unprejudiced thought, said, 'I must find out. I'll put it to the test. I'll confront him with this letter—with what I feel. And if I am right'——

She knew pain, a little pain, but that only strengthened her resolve. If she found out she was right, then it would be finished. Clement Seadon would not be allowed to intrude into her life again.

(*Continued on page 120.*)

MORE DUST FROM AN ENGLISH LAWYER'S PAPERS.

By G. H. Browning.

I.

A FEW weeks ago the wise judges of the law did a curious thing. The Court was called upon to deliver judgment in a case of forbidden fruit, and their dictum sounds strange in the ears of simple laymen. It was an old, old question that had sown dissension between erstwhile friendly neighbours; the apple of discord, in a literal sense, was cast down between them, though the prize might be said to involve not so much the vanity that yearned for the judgment of Paris as the desire that consumed the soul of Ahab when he turned his face to the wall and would eat no bread.

The story of the quarrel is this. There were some trees standing in the plaintiff's garden—apple-trees loaded with a goodly show of fruit. Now, the branches of the trees spread far over the walls of the garden, and overhung the grounds of a neighbour. There they displayed their luscious fruitage, and there also they cast their shade, and so trespassed upon the neighbour's undoubted rights. For it is a law of the realm that he who owns a piece of land possesses not only the ground down to the centre of the earth, but also the sky above it as far as the highest heavens. Hence, if another man's trees overhang your land, you may with impunity cut down the offending boughs. This neighbour, therefore, in the exercise of his well-established rights, lopped off the wandering branches of the apple-trees and cleared the air. So far, so good. Right is established, and no one legally aggrieved. But having done this, the neighbour reasoned with himself something after this fashion: 'If the law empowers me to cut down the branches of these trees, it will, logically, permit me to use the fruit which was growing upon them. Otherwise I must either suffer good fruit to go to waste or accept the burden of carrying it to the owner of the trees.' Apparently a reasonable argument; and, deeming it so, he took the apples and sold them. Now, apples were scarce that year, there had not been such a scarcity, or such high prices for apples, within the memory of living man, and in consequence the arbitrary one realised quite an appreciable sum for his lightly obtained crop.

At this point the owner of the trees stepped in. He, whilst admitting the right of his neighbour to abate a nuisance by cutting off the straying branches, argued (and here, again, very logically, it would seem) that all the law in the land could not in any imaginable circumstances make the fruit of his own trees become, willy-

nilly, the property of another. So they argued it out, and there was much talk 'about it and about,' but apparently, like old Omar, they came out by the same door where in they went, for in no way could they come to an agreement. Accordingly, therefore, the discussion was transferred to another place where decisions are made and enforced. The owner of the trees sued his neighbour for the value of the apples. The Court considered the facts and the ancient principles of law which have governed such decisions throughout the centuries, and in the end it decided that, although the neighbour was quite justified in dismembering the trees, he was not entitled to appropriate the apples; and the ingenious reason for the judgment was that directly the apples were severed from the trees they became what the law terms 'chattels,' and the ownership of those chattels remained in the plaintiff. So the neighbour had to pay.

II.

This pastoral subject reminds one of another, which has a law as old perhaps as any in our land. It is the subject of the swarming of bees, and it may be that those disabled soldiers and others whom the Government, in an attempt to restore the shattered industry, is now assisting to establish themselves as apiarists will be interested to know the lore of our forefathers concerning an aspect of this profitable phenomenon.

'A swarm in May is worth a load of hay,' says the old tag; and when, in May or otherwise, a goodly proportion of your bees suddenly grow joyous to the point of delirium, and wing madly away from the hive to seek new quarters elsewhere, it will be well to consider what are your rights in following them across your neighbour's land. Mr Tickner Edwardes, in his *Lore of the Honey-Bee*, tells us of an old writer who laid down the law as follows: 'If they' (that is, your swarm of bees) 'will not be stayed, but, hasting on still, goe beyond your bounds; the ancient Law of Christendome permitteth you to pursue them whithersoever, for the recovery of your owne.' But the ancient scribe proceeds to instruct us that if the bees go so fast and so far as to pass beyond your sight and hearing, you will lose all right and property in them, and be reluctantly compelled to abandon the nomadic insects to whomsoever may secure them. It is not, unfortunately, quite clear whether this 'ancient Law of Christendome' may still be relied upon to-day, for many disputes have arisen on the subject in modern times, and evoked but vague and unsatisfactory decisions in the courts; but in a recent case a judge gave the bee-keeper's rights some favourable treatment by supporting the old-time dictum.

It is said by another old writer that, by one of the laws of Alfred the Great, all bee-keepers were bound to ring a bell when their bees were swarming, in order to give notice of the fact to their neighbours, and it is suggested that the old custom of beating on a pan with a key when the bees were 'up and busy in the swarm'—a rite religiously practised by the early apiarists, and still performed by some old-fashioned folks—served at least the useful purpose of acquainting their neighbours with the fact that bees were abroad with whom they had no right to intermeddle.

Even if the bee-keeper of to-day is, in fact, within his rights in traversing the premises of his neighbours, it may be assumed without doubt that he must not in so doing cause any damage to growing crops or to hedges and banks, for otherwise he will be mulcted in the pecuniary amount thereof.

III.

There are some quaintly subtle distinctions in the nomenclature of legal crimes and misdemeanours, and some interesting rules which are observed by the Courts. For instance, if you, being so unwise as to go off for the day and leave your house and all its treasures unguarded, should find on returning that your premises had been robbed, you would immediately cry, 'Burglars!' But the law, immune from your own natural excitement, would not call the depredators by that name, for the English legal system bestows the name of burglary only when a house is broken into (with intent to commit a felony) between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M.; at other hours—that is to say, roughly, in the day-time—the offence is 'house-breaking.' The Scots law manifests a justifiable impatience of such technicalities. To it, if a man breaks into your house with intent to steal, he is a burglar whether he comes at early morn, or dewy eve, or in the full glare of day; and the injured householder, lamenting the loss of his gold albert, will no doubt share in the feeling whole-heartedly.

Years ago the lawyers waged a battle-royal over the question of whether a suicide was chargeable with the crime of murder! Of course, the practical layman dismisses such hair-splitting with a contemptuous 'Pshaw!' but the study of law inculcates, indeed requires, a habit of close and accurate thinking, so that it is proper for practitioners to cultivate precision in their choice of terms. This academic question of 'suicide' or 'murder' was thrashed out with a great display of learning and eloquence till not an aspect of it had been neglected; but it was the non-existence of the person chargeable with murder that proved one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of those who pressed the claims of that crime. Nevertheless, suicide is regarded by the law as a form of murder, as we can see from the phrase *felo de se*—murderer of himself; but an attempt to commit suicide is not chargeable as attempted murder.

Then, whilst we are on this agreeable subject of murder, it is the practice in many coroner's courts never to permit a butcher to serve on

their juries, presumably because of the indifference to blood and violent death induced by that trade. No law appears to exist in support of such a practice, and it is probably the result of pure squeamishness on the part of the persons responsible for selecting the jury, a feeling which no doubt inspires due gratitude in the breast of the culprit.

That word 'culprit,' by the way, is a singular word, a word with a whole history in its form, and one whose associations carry us back to the time of the Norman Conquest. After the armies of William had subdued England, the Norman-French tongue was adopted by the educated classes, including, of course, the members of the legal profession; and when in course of time a mixed Anglo-French speech developed with the blending of victors and vanquished, it was duly adopted by the lawyers. Later still English, in a modified form, reasserted itself throughout the country and was used by everybody—except, in this case, the lawyers. These gentlemen presented an impenetrable front to the re-established native speech, and, amazing as it seems to present-day folk, persisted in the use, for the purposes of their profession, of the old Anglo-French, or, rather, of an extraordinary jargon of that order which they themselves coined, and which was utterly unintelligible to any one else. In this dialect the reports of legal proceedings were written, and hence arose our word 'culprit,' in a remarkably adventitious manner. There are two theories concerning the origin of the term, but the correct one is probably as follows. It is supposed that, after a prisoner had pleaded 'Not guilty,' the Clerk of the Crown replied, '*Culpable: prest d'averrer notre bille*,' which meant, in effect, 'He is guilty, and I am ready to prove it.' Now, it was the practice of the court-writers to enter up the records of the cases in abbreviated language, and this formula—being but a formula, and one which was repeated in thousands of cases—accordingly appeared on the rolls as 'cul. prist. &c.' The next link in the chain of circumstance was forged years later when the peculiar lawyers' language was forgotten, and these entries were mistaken for an appellation hurled at the accused.

Thus the word 'culprit' took its shape.

IV.

Fifty years ago there was a curious form of action called a 'suit of jactitation of marriage,' a mysterious term which clears a little when we remember that the Latin *jactitare* means 'to throw out publicly.' The suit served as a remedy to any person who was subjected to the annoyance of being reported by another party as having married him or her, and the offence was defined in the legal text-books as 'the maliciously posing or giving out by one party that he or she is married to another.' The person aggrieved sought his or her remedy by applying to the Court for a declaration of nullity and a decree putting the talkative one to a perpetual silence. This remedy is still available for present-day victims; but whether it has succeeded in deterring offenders or people have forgotten its existence, no suit of this kind has been instituted for many years, and the action may almost be regarded as obsolete. Still, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that some day a lawyer will surprise both judges and newspaper readers by unearthing the obsolescent form for the benefit of some suffering client, and then we shall see the Courts blowing the accumulated dust of years from their ponderous tomes to seek out the statutes and the cases bearing upon the subject. And perhaps an enterprising journalist, musing on the case, will write a tasty column for the edification of the curious, and moralise on the waxing and waning of legal forms, and their habit of waking from death-like trance to sudden life.

THE CABIN PASSENGER.

PART III.

VIII.

IF anything could have compensated Captain Keynes for the state of affairs on board, it would have been the weather. Day after day the wind blew out of the north-east, neither squally nor puffy, but with a steady decision that kept all sails drawing and the brig under full canvas pressing steadily south. Day after day the weather grew warmer and the sun's splendour more apparent. It was, as the captain expressed it, 'a bum voyage, and, for all the blanked seamanship you wanted, you might as well have lashed the helm and gone to sleep.' As a matter of fact, he did find some compensation in it. Fiery as he was, and implacable as he was said to be, it was not within his sailor's heart to watch his ship reeling off the knots without a certain satisfaction. Moreover, a rapid voyage promised a quicker end to his troubles, and a speedier revenge. He made no attempt to be anything more than civil to his guest, repulsing with a certain brusque sharpness any efforts to create a more genial feeling. He spoke little to the boxer, avoided his company as much as possible, and told himself that his time was coming.

But no fine weather and no rate of sailing could compensate the mate. With eyes sharpened by jealousy, he watched the growth of intimacy

between Mr Pickett and the captain's daughter. He was quite unable to account for it. He had never seen *Othello*, and, if he had, would not have seen anything in it. Yet Othello's was the method that Mr Pickett was unconsciously pursuing. It was, perhaps, too early for him to say with the Moor:

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
> And I loved her that she did pity them.

But, for all that, he found Miss Keynes quite ready to listen to the details of a series of prize-fights, and to thrill as he described 'the right hook to the jaw' that had settled one, and the 'kidney punch' that had terminated another. He also described with some warmth an unofficial scrap he had had with a Japanese professor of ju-jitsu who had nearly gouged out one of his eyes. It was one of his pet grievances; the grievance of a professor of one art confronted by another which poached on his preserves. 'The little snake!' he said warmly. 'Call that fighting! But I settled him. They took him home on a stretcher. I guess he's got all the bonzes in Japan praying right now that he doesn't meet me again.'

Miss Keynes smiled appreciatively. 'I guess he has,' she said demurely. 'I guess *any one* that's met you once won't want to meet you again.'

'I say,' said Mr Pickett, much hurt, 'you do say such things!'

'Any *man*,' answered Miss Keynes, tempering the harshness of her insinuation in her enjoyment of her power over him. 'Any *man*.'

'Ah, that's different,' replied Mr Pickett, more satisfied. 'Say, Phyllis—now don't get mad—what about that hitching?'

Miss Keynes surveyed him with her head thrown back and with a challenging smile. 'Oh, we needn't talk about that,' she said coolly. 'For one thing, my father would never consent to it.'

Mr Pickett appeared depressed. 'I can't think why your pop's so nasty to me,' he said wonderingly. 'I've been doing all I can to be nice to him, and the pesky little varmint—now don't get riled—your pop, I mean, don't seem to thaw a mite.'

'Well, you see,' said Miss Keynes judicially, 'different people have different ideas of niceness. I dare say he doesn't know that when you put him over your knee and smacked him, you were trying to be nice to him. His point of view wouldn't be the same as yours, you see.'

'Do you think, if I was to say that I was sorry I walloped him'—— began Mr Pickett.

'I don't think I should, if I were you,' said Miss Keynes with a faint smile. 'He mightn't like to be reminded of it.'

'Well, I don't know what else I can do,' said Mr Pickett despondently. He thought for a moment, and his face brightened. 'Unless'—— he said. 'Look here! When two men have fought it out—fought to a finish—they shake hands and are real good friends. Suppose I was to go off right now and give your pop a real good hammering—knock his clock right round—and then put my hand out and call it square—how would that do?'

'Oh, I don't think it would do at all,' said Miss Keynes, smiling in spite of herself at this generous proposal. 'And, besides, if it did succeed, if it really made pop friendly to you, you'd have to do with me next. I suppose you'd want to knock *my* clock round too?'

'No, I wouldn't,' said Mr Pickett, an unaccustomed tenderness creeping into his voice. 'No, I wouldn't.' He glanced at the girl as she leaned against the railing, her clear profile and dark curling hair rising and falling against the horizon. 'Do you know what I'd do to you?' he went on, leaning a little forward. 'Do you know what I'd do to you?' he repeated, his lips very near her cheek.

Miss Keynes jumped back from the railing. 'Oh, look!' she cried. 'What a big sea-gull!'

'Damn the sea-gull!' said Mr Pickett, pardonably annoyed. 'Confound the sea-gull! I was asking you a question. I wanted to know if you knew'——

'Oh, you want to know too much,' replied Miss Keynes with a merry laugh. She turned on her heel and made for the cabin. As she reached the door she threw a saucy glance over her shoulder and disappeared.

Mr Pickett smote his leg. 'I guess that gal is as slippery as an oiled eel,' he said. 'But I'm going to get my hooks on her before I've finished.'

He drew a long breath and looked about him. As his eyes travelled forward to the waist of the ship, he became aware that Mr Briggin was regarding him with no goodwill. Very slowly, and as though for his own gratification, he doubled his fist, admired it, drew up his right arm, felt his biceps, and punched an imaginary opponent. Then, greatly relieved, he strolled to the opposite side of the deck and ignored Mr Briggin's existence.

IX.

Mr Briggin nursed his wrath as best he was able; and it throve; and thriving, it became irrepressible. In two days it had reached the stage of vocal expostulation. On the afternoon of the second day he had to endure for a full hour the sight of Miss Keynes sitting on a deck-chair, whilst Mr Pickett stood before her and discoursed to her of further 'turn-ups.' He waited until the prize-fighter had left her, then took his place. 'Say, Miss Keynes,' said the mate, with what he meant to be admirable tact, 'what are you doing with that chap?'

Miss Keynes regarded him with a delicate affectation of surprise. 'I'm doing nothing with that chap,' she said mockingly.

'I guess your pop won't be pleased,' said Mr Briggin.

'He hasn't said anything to me,' retorted Miss Keynes.

Mr Briggin nodded ruefully. The captain's apparent complacence had been one of his most unpleasant surprises. 'If he hasn't said anything, he thinks the more,' he suggested.

'Perhaps he doesn't want to get smacked again,' said Miss Keynes with undutiful levity.

'He thinks the more,' repeated the mate firmly, 'and so do I.'

'You!' said Miss Keynes, tilting her chin. 'May I ask what have you to do with it?'

'Say now,' said the mate, much hurt, 'you ought to know by this time that I wouldn't think anything that wasn't for your good.'

'Oh, I'm much obliged to you, thank you,' answered Miss Keynes promptly. 'But you might as well know right here and now that I've only one poppa on board this ship. One's enough, thank you. I don't want any more. And you're not the one.'

'I don't want to be,' said the mate, reddening. 'And you know very well I don't want to be.'

'Well, then, why are you talking as if you were?' demanded Miss Keynes. 'Anything that wasn't for my good!' she mimicked. 'Just as if you were my poppa and I was your little girl!'

'I wish you *were* my little girl,' said Mr Briggin with much tenderness. He leaned forward. 'Say, why not *be* my little girl?'

Miss Keynes eyed him with calculating innocence. 'I don't see how I can be,' she said, 'as you didn't marry my mother.'

'It's that all-fired bruiser!' said Mr Briggin, starting back as though he had been stung. 'You never treated me like this before he came on board. And as for what you're doing with him'——

'And as for what I'm doing with him,' broke in Miss Keynes coolly, 'both poppa and you ought to be very much obliged to me for what I'm doing with him.'

'And what's that?' asked Mr Briggin slowly, his attention arrested.

Miss Keynes nodded her head impressively. 'Keeping him quiet,' she said. 'Keeping him quiet,' she repeated, after a pause. 'He was very angry with poppa—and very angry with you. You've seen the sort of man he is. Well, if it wasn't for me you wouldn't be having such a pleasant voyage. You'd have spent most of your time up the rigging, and poppa wouldn't have had a minute's peace. You neither of you know what he threatened to do with you. And just because I'm keeping him quiet, you come and scold me.'

'Do you mean to say'—— began the mate, puzzled.

'I mean just what I say,' answered Miss Keynes with dignity. 'I'm keeping the peace. And instead of thanking me, you round on me.'

Mr Briggin pondered with a gradually lightening mind. 'Say, Miss Lucy, you're a wonder!' he said at last. 'I hadn't thought of it in that way.'

'Men don't seem to think at all,' replied Miss Keynes, pressing her advantage. 'And after all the trouble I've taken'——

'Well, you won't have much more of it, at any rate,' said the mate, now thoroughly convinced. 'To-morrow we ought to raise Tahiti, and the day after we'll be in Papeete. And then—well, then that guy will have to look out for himself. Your pop's got it in for him.'

Miss Keynes looked up slowly, speculation in her eye.

The mate nodded. 'Got it in for him,' he repeated. 'Once we're berthed, I go ashore and fetch the gendarmes; and our passenger gentleman goes to clink for the mutinous hound of a seaman that he is.'

'Say,' said Miss Keynes, savouring the information slowly, 'that's a brain-wave for pop.'

'Oh, your pop's got brains,' replied the mate. 'He's kept it pretty dark, hasn't he?'

'He has,' admitted Miss Keynes. 'He never even told me. How do you know?'

'Because he told *me*,' said the mate triumphantly. 'So, when we get to Papeete, why, then you and me and your poppa gets a bit of our own back.'

'Yes,' agreed Miss Keynes; 'we get a bit of our own back.'

'Thought you'd be glad to know,' said the now thoroughly reassured mate. 'Well, so long! And when he's off the ship, then you and me will have another bit of a talk together.'

Miss Keynes smiled at him coquettishly. 'About me being your little girl?' she asked.

'Rather!' said Mr Briggin with a guffaw. 'Say, why not fix it up now?'

'I think,' said Miss Keynes pensively, 'that I'd rather wait until he *is* off the ship.'

'Oh, well, that won't be very long,' said the infatuated mate, nodding. 'I guess we'll talk of it then.' He walked forward, chuckling. 'Mrs Briggin!' he said, addressing the sea and the sky. 'Mrs Briggin! Dandy sound, hasn't it? "About being your little girl"!' he quoted rapturously. He turned suddenly, and beheld the cook at his elbow, grinning from ear to ear. He smote him on both, and pushed him into the galley

Aft on the poop Miss Keynes sat very still, her pretty forehead knotted in thought.

X.

On the following morning the lofty mountains of Tahiti showed above the horizon. In the late afternoon they closed with the land and ran down the coast towards Papeete. Mr Pickett had never yet beheld a tropical island. He stood beside Miss Keynes by the port railing, his eyes travelling over the land. The rugged mountain-slopes ran down to a belt of foliage,

thick with the leaves of the banana. Farther down the coco-nut palms thrust their graceful fronds to the sky, and a line of white breakers marked the reefs protecting the shore. The sun shone down brightly, illuminating a fair scene. All the poetry in Mr Pickett's nature bubbled to the surface, and it was with a rapt and somewhat dreamy air that he turned to his companion and spoke.

'Say,' he said lyrically, 'that's a pretty bum place, ain't it? Seems a kind of shame that a place like that belongs to a crew of naked savages. Sort of place where you and me ought to go ashore together. Guess I could call all the chiefs together, and knock their clocks round, and make 'em see reason. Then I'd be the big chief of the island—sort of king; and you'd be the queen, I guess. We'd make things hum.'

'If by naked savages you mean the French,' said Miss Keynes with a smile, 'you'd better not let them hear you. The island belongs to them. Your ideas are about a hundred years behind the times.'

'The French!' said Mr Pickett, somewhat crestfallen. 'Say, it's a pity we didn't come here a hundred years ago.'

'You'd probably have been eaten,' replied Miss Keynes coolly, 'unless they made up their minds you were too tough.'

'I'm no chicken,' said Mr Pickett proudly. 'I guess they'd have had to catch me before they cooked me. But what does your poppa expect to get here?'

'Copra, oil, fungus'—— began Miss Keynes promptly.

'Fungus?'

'The Chinks eat it back in Frisco,' explained Miss Keynes. 'It's a paying cargo. Then there's oranges'——

'Oranges!' said Mr Pickett tenderly. 'There'll be orange-blossom there, then?'

'Out of season,' replied Miss Keynes saucily. 'And, anyway, it's no use to us. It's the fruit we're after.'

'If your father was to get the fruit and you were to get the blossom,' suggested Mr Pickett, 'perhaps you'd both be pleased?'

'Perhaps we should and perhaps we shouldn't,' said Miss Keynes.

'And what am I going to get?' inquired Mr Pickett very tenderly, enfolding one of the damsel's tiny hands in his immense paw. 'What am I going to get—eh?'

Miss Keynes turned to gaze into the eyes that were gazing into hers. Her face was dreamy and abstracted. 'I'm not quite certain,' she said slowly and softly. She paused as a tiny smile flitted about the corners of her mouth. 'I'm not quite certain,' she repeated with even more softness; 'but I should say about six months!' she finished decidedly.

'Eh?' said the startled Mr Pickett, dropping her hand.

'About six months,' she repeated, nodding her head. 'Yes. I guess poppa's got it in for you. You don't suppose he's forgotten the way you took charge when you came aboard? Directly we draw up to the pier, poppa's going to send for the gendarmes. You'll be arrested, and charged with mutiny on the high seas. Six months! You'll be lucky to get off with that.'

'Will I?' cried the astonished Mr Pickett. 'And where do you suppose I'll be all the time? What do you suppose they'll say if I choose to raise a stink? There's an American Consul here, I guess. Where'll your pop be when I tell him how I've been doped and dragged on board his one-hoss brig—eh? I guess he'll have the whole United States sitting on his chest.'

'Don't shout,' said Miss Keynes coolly. 'Some one might hear you. And talk sense! How are you going to prove who you are? You're entered on the ship's books as Job Brown or Abel Jones or something—I don't know what. Pop isn't supposed to know who you are. You're just a seaman signed on with him. And you're a seaman who has mutinied. And when it comes to a bit of swearing between a ship's captain and a seaman, you'll know when you've been at sea as long as I have that the captain has the pull every time. You'll be in clink before you've time to say six words.'

Mr Pickett gazed at her, round-eyed. 'The little varmint!' he exclaimed. 'The little red-headed varmint! Say,' he went on, with reproach, 'I reckon you're in this little game?'

'I only heard of it yesterday,' answered Miss Keynes.

'Then who told you?' asked Mr Pickett. 'Your pop?'

'The mate,' replied Miss Keynes. 'Now don't get excited!' she continued rapidly as Mr Pickett clenched his fists and turned on his heels. 'Don't get excited, and don't you go looking either for poppa or the mate. You can't raise dust enough now to make any difference. You'll have the whole crew on you, and you'll be worse off when you get ashore. If you want to get out of this fix, you'll have to depend on me.'

'On you?' said Mr Pickett, staring. 'On you? Say, is that a cinch? Are you going to stand by me?'

'If you'll do what I tell you,' said Miss Keynes.

Mr Pickett stretched out a horny hand. 'It's a go!' he said. 'Put it there! I'm going to stand by for your orders.'

Miss Keynes took the outstretched hand, smiling a little shyly. 'I think you're very wise,' she said. 'Because, if you do,' she went on, with what Mr Pickett regarded as a wholly adorable hesitation, 'perhaps—later on—I may stand by for yours.'

'Gosh!' exclaimed Mr Pickett enthusiastically.

'Me for the orange-blossom every time. Now—right ahead! What am I to do?'

Miss Keynes knitted her forehead a moment. 'You've got to sprain your ankle,' she announced after a pause.

'Sprain my ankle!' exclaimed Mr Pickett in amazement. 'What good will that do?'

'Silly!' said Miss Keynes. 'You've got to *pretend* to sprain your ankle. You can slip going down the companion. You can't walk; you can only hop or limp. You can't stand. You've got to lie on board until they come to fetch you.'

'I don't see'—— began Mr Pickett, puzzled.

'You've got to trust me—altogether or not at all,' answered Miss Keynes. 'If you do, you'll do as I tell you. If you don't, we'd better call it off right away.'

'Altogether, then!' answered Mr Pickett heartily. 'When do I begin? I'll go and do it right now.'

'As soon as you like,' answered Miss Keynes. 'You'd better do it straight away. The mate's watching us. I can see him aft. Go and fall down the companion.'

Much astonished, Mr Pickett went off to obey his orders.

Mr Briggin, who had seen merely the conclusion of the interview, lounged forward. 'We shall hitch up alongside to-morrow morning,' he said carelessly. 'The skipper's going to heave-to outside the reef for the night. Too dark to get in.' His eyes travelled up the naked spurs of the mountain-side. 'That's Orohena,' he said appraisingly. 'Rummy sort of names these savages give their mountains. Now, if I'd had the naming of it, I'd likely have called it Mount Lucy, or Mount Mrs Briggin. But, then, I was always a bit poetical.'

(*Continued on page 125.*)

THE ROMANCE OF DIVING.

By STUART MARTIN.

I.

NEXT summer will see the biggest salvage operations undertaken around the British Isles which have ever been organised in the history of salvage. Already the British Admiralty have marked out the location of over a thousand ships which were sent to the bottom by German submarines. D.21 is the official number of the chart which has been prepared, and it embraces the entire south coast of England and the east coast up to Yorkshire. On this map are little black dots which represent ships of from two hundred tons to ten thousand tons now lying on the ocean-bed. Before the end of the summer many of these ships will be raised, and will be hauled into dry dock to be repaired and refitted. All of these ships lie in water not more than a hundred and fifty feet deep.

From several of these ships divers have already brought up bullion to the value of many thousands of pounds, but in others it is the cargoes which represent the real wealth. The recovery of sunken treasure always appeals to the imagination of the landsman. To the diver romance is lost in the near approach of danger. Every diver knows when he goes down the rope-ladder that it needs but a very little thing to happen and he will never see daylight again. The sliced air-tube, entangled lines, the punctured suit, the possibility of being 'blown' to the surface, all these dangers drive romance from the diver's mind. It is not every man who can be a diver. Candidates are selected very carefully, whether for the Admiralty staffs or for salvage companies. Fat men are no use; there must be no cardiac disease, no constitutional complaint, no history of fits, no varicose veins, and no smoking or drinking to excess. For deep-sea diving, men over forty-five years are very seldom employed. Consider that the weight of an ordinary apparatus is about one hundred and seventy-five pounds; a forty-pound lead weight is hung on the chest, and another on the back; and sixteen pounds of lead are fixed to the brass sole of each boot. Generally the diver carries a knife in a sheath at his side, and it is to this small dagger that many owe their lives.

One of the most famous divers of recent times was Alexander Lambert, a man of iron nerve and tremendous courage, whose record is full of triumphs over almost unsurmountable difficulties. On one occasion he was engaged in fixing copper sheets to a coal-hulk off Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean, and for several days in succession a shark visited him at work, and hung around waiting for a chance to make a rush. Each day it ventured nearer. Lambert, by opening his air-valve, frightened it off once or twice. It soon got used, however, to the swirl of escaping air, and after a few days refused to take any notice of it, but waited, eyeing the diver all the time. Lambert determined to rid himself of the intruder, and one morning, when he went down and the shark arrived as usual, he signalled to his attendant for a large knife and a rope with a noose. These were lowered from the boat above, and down in the gloom of the ocean-bed a grim drama was swiftly played.

The diver held out his bare hand as a bait to the shark. The monster moved forward, slowly at first, then turned on its back for the attack. Its great jaws opened. Quick as thought, Lambert withdrew his hand, plunged his knife

several times into the white belly, passed the noose round the shark's body, and signalled to the attendants to haul it up. It was dragged to the surface, struggling and fighting; and Lambert returned to his work.

The most dangerous foe encountered in the ocean depths is the octopus. If this horrible creature once gets its tentacles fastened on a diver's suit, it seldom lets go until it is killed. There are cases on record where the struggle has terminated only when both diver and octopus have been hauled to the deck of the salvage-boat locked together. Captain Gardiner, of the American Salvage Company, was once working at a wreck, when he was horrified to see the long arm of an octopus waving in the water near him. The remainder of the creature was hidden in a dark cavern. Gardiner waited until the slimy horror had crawled into its resting-place, and then he signalled hastily for a charge of dynamite to be sent down. This he laid at the entrance to the hole and blew the octopus to pieces.

When the same diver was at work on another occasion a thirty-foot beam fell across his life-line and air-pipe, blocking all way of escape. With great coolness Gardiner cut both life-line and air-pipe, holding the end of the latter between his fingers until his suit was filled with air, when he floated to the surface. He was for ten minutes with his fingers pressing the air-pipe before he reached the top.

Then there is the case of the diver Pearce, who some years ago was helping to salve bales of cotton from the s.s. *London*. A chain, at the end of which were four large, sharp-pointed hooks, was lowered to him, and Pearce's work was to fix the hooks into the bales, which were then hauled up. After fixing one of the bales, Pearce signalled to the attendants to try whether the strain would hold. While he was feeling with his hand to ascertain if the bale had started, the hooks gave way, and tearing through the packing, one of them pierced his hand through the palm. Being unable to signal, he was dragged in this excruciating state from the bottom of the hold to the upper deck, where he collapsed.

II.

Perhaps the most prominent instance of salving specie was the recovery of ninety thousand pounds sterling from the *Alphonso XII.*, which sank off Point Gando, in the Grand Canary. The ship lay under one hundred and sixty-five feet of water, and besides the great depth, there were bad weather conditions to contend with. The pressure of water was seventy pounds to the square inch—enough to crush the life out of a man but for the resistance of the air in his suit. Lambert, whose name has already been mentioned, was the diver engaged to search for the specie. He blasted his way through decks, doors, and two saloons, and great was the excitement when the chief of the expedition sent home a cable: 'Lambert has got both scuttles open and got into the magazines. The boxes of gold are there.'

It was Lambert also who saved the situation when the Severn tunnel was flooded some years ago. A door in the drainage-tunnel had been inadvertently left open. The door was a quarter of a mile from the shaft, in which the water had risen about forty feet. Lambert went down, and began to creep through the narrow passage. Débris floated thick in the flooded tunnel, but with rare coolness and courage he crawled among the wreckage for that long and dangerous quarter-mile, and succeeded in closing the doors. It was owing to this daring act that the pumps were able to overcome the water, and the work of completing the tunnel proceeded.

Another case of salvage of specie was that of the s.s. *Skyro*, which sank off Cape Finisterre in 1891, with ten thousand pounds worth of silver bar and a valuable cargo on board. Although an expedition was sent out the same year, it was not until six summers afterwards that the specie was raised, and that entirely owing to the pluck of a Spanish diver named A. Erostarbe. The depth at which the diver worked was never less than one hundred and seventy feet, and he had to use dynamite to get to the bullion. During the time she had been in the water the deck of the ship had collapsed to within a few inches of the cabin floor, and when Erostarbe finished his work there was no part of the wreck standing higher than himself, except the engines and the boilers; it was just a heap of scrap-iron.

In the wreck of the *Hamilla Mitchell*, which was lost on the Leuconna Rock, near Shanghai, with specie valued at fifty thousand pounds, the divers had a narrow escape from pirates. Lloyd's agent, on the instructions of the underwriters, visited the wreck, but reported that he considered the cargo and the treasure irrecoverably lost, as the depth of water was so great (one hundred and fifty feet) and the position too dangerous. Nevertheless, salvage-work was undertaken by Captain Lodge, who consulted Siebe, Gorman, and Co. as to the gear he would require, and with suitable apparatus left England along with two Liverpool divers, Messrs R. Ridyard and W. Penk. The search for the wreck lasted some time among the rocks, and it was discovered that the ship had broken in two, the afterpart, containing the treasure, having rolled into deep water. Ridyard, after considerable difficulty, got to the specie-room, and found most of the coins lying in heaps, the worms having eaten the wooden boxes so that they were riddled with holes. Four successful trips were made, and then, as Ridyard felt thirsty with his exertions, Penk volunteered to go to the top of the island and fetch some cool spring water. As he filled the bucket he saw about a hundred sailing-boats coming from the mainland in their direction;

and when he reported this to Captain Lodge, the latter identified them as piratical junks. The Chinese had heard of the treasure, and had come to rob the men who were risking their lives for it. Orders were given to slip anchor and chain, but as the junks came nearer the wind went down, and the three treasure-seekers took to the oars. Ridyard was already in an exhausted state, yet he took his spell at the oar for some time, till suddenly the wind sprang up. They set sail quickly, but the pirates kept up the chase till night came on, and then, under cover of the darkness, the Englishmen made Shanghai safely with their valuable cargo of bullion, amounting to forty thousand pounds. The balance was recovered later.

III.

No man can count the millions of pounds sterling that have been recovered from the sea by divers. They have done valuable work, too, in building harbours, cleaning and repairing shattered keels and propellers, destroying dangerous wrecks, and blowing up submarine rocks. Every ship in the British navy has her complement of divers. Not long ago the Admiralty recompensed J. P. Lingan of the sloop-of-war *Shearwater* for saving that ship from a grave off the coast of Mexico. In 1912 the *Shearwater* was cruising in Mexican waters, when a gale swooped down and tore a propeller from its shaft. Resort was immediately had to the sails, but it was found that steering was almost impossible because the big arch, or well, under the stern in which the propeller had revolved made the rudder's work ineffective. The officers saw that if they were to bring the ship to port this well must be boarded up. Lingan was sent down to do the work.

Though hampered with a heavy diving-suit and by the weight of water, he was able to adjust himself to the bad rolling of the ship and handle the heavy timbers passed to him. He fastened the boards so securely that they could be shifted in only one place when the *Shearwater* reached port, even though she had been battered by heavy seas on the way.

But that was not all. When Lingan was working in that cramped position under water, crouching in a narrow tunnel with the green waves trying to suck him out, sharks were prowling round the ship's stern watching him hungrily, ready for him if he slipped off his perilous foothold. At times they came quite close, as if they knew he was already theirs and desired to wait no longer. They would have plucked him from that archway as an urchin picks a whelk from its shell, but just above him stood a guard of armed men, who aimed and fired and aimed again at the dark fins flashing through the heavy waves. That is but an instance of one of hundreds of ships which have been able to trail their wounded sides to port because divers have bound together the gaping holes in their timbers till they were dry-docked.

And all these vessels were saved, and all the treasure was lifted from the sea, and all modern docks and harbours have been built on solid foundations because one man sat down in his study at the beginning of the nineteenth century and pondered how mankind could live unharmed in water. That man was Augustus Siebe, who invented the first diving-apparatus of lasting service in 1819. It was an 'open' dress, and was worked in conjunction with an air-force pipe. It consisted of a metal helmet and shoulder-plate attached to a water-tight jacket, under which was worn a close-fitting combination-suit. Although good work was done in this dress, a diver could not bend or crawl much while wearing it. If he fell, the water filled his dress, and unless quickly hauled up he was in danger of drowning. After many experiments Siebe introduced, in 1837, his 'close' dress, which, with improvements, remains that now universally worn.

It is interesting to watch a diver being dressed. First he removes his own clothes, and puts on a great quantity of warm underclothing—guernseys, long stockings reaching over the knees, and in some cases a woollen cap. These are all needed because of the cold experienced at great depths. Then a shoulder-pad is put on, and the attendants wriggle the diver into the rubber suit. Outside stockings and a canvas overall are added to protect the dress, and then the helmet is screwed on. When the diver has stepped over the boat's side, two men are told off to man the pump and look to the 'lines.' A tap on the helmet signifies that all is ready, and the diver waves his hand and sinks slowly out of sight.

Round each man's waist is a life-line, inside which are the telephone-wires; a mouthpiece is fixed inside the helmet. The signal code is still in force, however, and is in use almost as much as the telephone. It is possible, indeed, for the attendants in the boat to put two divers in communication with each other by simply turning a switch, the conversation being carried on through the tiny telephone 'exchange' above; and constant communication is kept up between the divers and the men above, who are always on the alert for signals. One pull on the breast-rope signifies 'Are you all right?' An answering pull from the diver means 'Yes;' but if the pull is given on the air-pipe by the attendant, it means 'Search (or remain) where you are.' On the other hand, if the diver pulls the air-pipe once he wants 'less air.' The person receiving the signal repeats it to show that he has understood; and the signal which sends a thrill through every 'tender' is four pulls on the air-pipe. It means 'Haul me up,' and no diver ever gives these four pulls unless something has gone seriously wrong.

The greater the depth to which a diver sinks means the greater the pressure, and it is reckoned

that no man can safely work under more than a hundred and fifty feet of water. For instance, the divers on the *Oceana*, which was wrecked in 1912 off Folkestone, and from which £747,000 of bullion was recovered, had a pressure on their suits of nearly forty pounds to the square inch; but Admiralty divers—who are the most scientific in the world—have sounded two hundred and ten feet. At that depth the pressure is about ninety pounds to the square inch, and there is also the fact to be reckoned with that the deeper a man goes the less daylight is available. Water-tight electric-lamps have been devised, but even with their aid it is difficult to see more than a few feet in the sea, and consequently the men work more by instinct than sight. The electric-lamp, moreover, is a great attraction to fish of all kinds, which swarm round the divers' helmets, peering with startled eyes at the strange intruders into their world.

In some waters these fish become such a nuisance that divers eject paraffin-oil into the water round the lamp—and if there is anything a fish detests, it is paraffin-oil.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MISSING BANKER.

TO some persons the ultimate solution of a mystery is much more interesting than the mystery itself. To others a mystery which is never cleared up presents the greater interest. It is to the latter class of persons that the following story will appeal. It is a tale taken from real life, and, as we shall see, one which has been told and sifted in the law courts on more than one occasion. But neither judges nor any other persons interested in the case have been able to arrive at a definite conclusion as to what really happened.

On 10th February 1892 there appeared in the obituary column of the *Standard* the following notice:

'LIDDERDALE.—On 30th January, on Miss B. A. H. Vining's yacht *Foresight*, William Robertson Lidderdale, of Ilminster, the result of an accident on 8th January, alighting from a carriage when in motion.'

Although unusual, there is nothing particularly mysterious about the above notice, and yet it is a link in a very strange chain of circumstances.

William Robertson Lidderdale was the manager at Ilminster of an important branch bank, and had occupied that position for a considerable number of years. He was in easy circumstances, and a person of good repute in the town. He was an officer in the local Volunteer Corps, this being before the days of the Territorial Force. He was engaged to be married to a well-known young lady in Ilminster, and the wedding had been arranged to take place on 14th January 1892. Lidderdale had known the lady for some years, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that he was deeply attached to her.

On the 8th of January Lidderdale drew £1020 in notes from his own bank-account, and proceeded to London to meet a solicitor in connection with the purchase of some property on behalf of a client. It would appear that he had arranged to meet the solicitor in the railway hotel at Paddington, and he was seen to enter that hotel. For some unexplained reason, the solicitor did not keep the appointment. Lidderdale was seen to leave the hotel, and from that moment *he completely disappeared.*

On the day after that on which Lidderdale left Ilminster, his fiancée received a letter from him saying that he had arrived safely in London, and that 'the first person I met on the platform was Miss Vining.' He went on to say: 'Her old lover is dead. I was soon told what she wanted, and got rid of her.'

Now, who and what was Miss Vining?

Lidderdale used to tell his friends that, happening one day to be in the railway-station at Bath, he saw a lady struggling to open a railway-carriage door which had got jammed. He opened the door for her and assisted her to alight. Later, as a carriage drove past him in the streets of Bath, the hat of a lady who occupied the carriage was blown off. Lidderdale picked it up and restored it to her, and, to his surprise, she turned out to be the heroine of the station incident. The recognition was mutual, and the lady either introduced Lidderdale then and there to her mother, who was in the carriage with her, or took him home with her and effected the introduction. In any case, Lidderdale soon found himself on a footing of friendship with the ladies, which later developed—at least so he said—into a warm attachment to himself on the part of the daughter.

According to Lidderdale's story, Miss Beatrice Vining—for that was her name—was a wealthy Spanish creole, who was said to be possessed of a house in Bath, a flat in Westminster, a carriage, and horses. Subsequently she acquired a yacht, and named it *Foresight*, in honour of Lidderdale—that word being the motto of his family. Lidderdale used to relate that he visited Miss Vining and her mother at Westgate, and although no yacht of the name *Foresight* appeared in Lloyd's Register, yet it was stated in court that a coastguard had been found who said he remembered seeing such a yacht at Westgate about the time Lidderdale was supposed to have visited Miss Vining and her mother. But this

does not seem to have been confirmed in any way.

Lidderdale stated to his friends that Miss Vining was most anxious that he should marry her—their association appears to have been quite an innocent one, and the mother seems always to have been in the background—but by this time he was engaged to the Ilminster lady, and apparently had no desire to marry Miss Vining.

After his disappearance, Lidderdale's friends inserted urgent advertisements in the press, appealing to Miss Vining to come forward and give information regarding his death, but with no avail. Miss Vining and Lidderdale—save for one subsequent incident—utterly and entirely disappeared, never to be heard of again.

Just once was the veil slightly raised. Some time after the disappearance Lidderdale's fiancée received a package, addressed in unknown feminine handwriting, containing a Jubilee sixpence and a Christmas card she had given to Lidderdale (the Christmas card being in the form of a cheque drawn on the 'Bank of Love'), £500 in bank-notes, and some of Miss Vining's visiting-cards *with the address cut off*. On one of the cards was written, in what was then thought to be Lidderdale's handwriting, the words, 'Was true to you.' And that was the last that was ever heard of Lidderdale.

The whole circumstances ultimately came to be investigated in the Probate Court in connection with the winding-up of Lidderdale's affairs, and an application was made for 'presumption of death.' The case was adjourned time after time in the hope that some further light might be obtained, but, so far as the writer knows, the matter still stands where it did.

Incidentally, at one hearing of the case—in 1918—a book named *Lost for Love* was produced. This book was said to have been given by Lidderdale to his sister. On the title-page was written Miss Vining's name in Lidderdale's handwriting, and also his name in what he had told his sister was Miss Vining's handwriting.

What we do not know is whether or not Miss Vining ever existed at all. Was she a mere myth, a figment of Lidderdale's imagination, originally invented by him to humour his own vanity, and elaborated to support the invention and to satisfy the curiosity of the friends to whom he had described her? It is true that he used to show Miss Vining's photograph—or what he said was her photograph—to his friends, but none of them ever saw her in person. Indeed, no one could be produced who had seen either her or her mother, and careful investigation and diligent search in connection with the legal proceedings failed to trace the house in Bath, the flat in Westminster, the yacht, or the carriage and horses.

Yet on the 8th of January 1892, six days before his wedding, the man walked out of the life he had been leading and in which he was popular and respected, gave up the woman he was engaged to and to whom he appeared devoted, abandoned his position, his money, and his friends. And why? Nearly thirty years have passed, and no one has been able to answer the question. There was no suggestion of insanity, and it is unlikely that he was decoyed and murdered, in view of the receipt of the packet sent to his fiancée.

At the time of Lidderdale's disappearance it was stated that a Miss Vining—but Julia and not Beatrice—had also disappeared from her home. She was of humble origin, but of attractive appearance and well educated. Her home was in a small town in which Lidderdale had worked as a bank-clerk before going to Ilminster. But no evidence was ever actually produced to show that Lidderdale knew her—although, as the town was a small one, he probably did—nor was it ever shown that she and Lidderdale had corresponded or kept in touch with each other.

In fact, up to date, the story ends with the notice in the *Standard* and the receipt of the packet of bank-notes, &c., and we are left to speculate as to what was the real explanation of the disappearance of 'The Missing Banker.'

THE SONG-MAKER.

I.

Out of my dreams of old,
Out of my dreams I'll mould
Cloud shapes of beauty untold,
I'll weave me a passing song.

II.

From the measured tread of the years
And their sad abyss of tears,
From the night's gray haunt of fears,
I'll fashion a passing song.

III.

In a silence and idle dreaming
When the summer the earth's redeeming,
O there's nothing so real as seeming
To make but a passing song!

IV.

I'll fashion a goblet for sorrow
Where grief may lie hid on the morrow;
A chaplet of joy I'll borrow
To make but a passing song.

V.

Out of pain and its ache of heart,
Out of pleasure which none may part,
With a never-wearying art
I'll sing me a passing song.

VI.

Comes night with her dusky embraces
In star-woven, desolate places,
Where cloud with rolling cloud races,
And blowing winds speed home-along.

VII.

By the cooling voice of a stream
As it flows with a silvery gleam,
Enclosed in an exquisite dream
Then fashioned shall be my song.

W. M. PARKER.

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SEVENTH SERIES

AFTER GRAYLING IN PERTHSHIRE.

By RONALD M. LYELL.

THERE is a river in Perthshire, not unknown to anglers, whose lower reaches remind one of a typical south-country chalk-stream rather than of the mountain-torrents of Scotland. It presents a complete contrast to the mighty river whose tributary it is, for its banks are neither rocky nor formed of gravel, but sedge-lined, and they slope down so abruptly from the brink that wading is out of the question. So sluggish is the current that a stranger to the place might easily be at a loss to tell the direction of its flow; it appears more like a canal than a river. There are no broken shallows to catch the eye, no projecting rocks to harbour lusty trout or to create swirling eddies. The river keeps the same even tenor of its course throughout, either when its surface is lashed into miniature waves by the keen wind that blows down its valley from the north, or when the surface is undisturbed by any breeze.

Though forbidding of aspect to the angler's eye, and lacking those distinctive details which he knows so well, this stream has few rivals in the north—or south of the Tweed, for that matter—in the heavy weight of the fish it breeds. Grayling they are, it is true, and the grayling is a fish which in Scotland is not appreciated at its true value. Their presence in the river at all calls for some comment. They are not native fish, but were introduced in a misguided but well-intentioned attempt to rear trout and grayling side by side for the purpose of providing the angler with sport the whole year round. That success was possible is proved by the rivers of Yorkshire, where trout and grayling thrive in the same streams, but it is well to remember that more winter grayling-fishing is done on these same streams than anywhere else in the British Isles. When, owing to the war, the number of winter grayling-fishers decreased, the grayling immediately began to oust from their place the trout native to the river.

In the venture on this Perthshire stream little or no account was taken of the prolific breeding of the grayling. They found the stream to their liking, and, settling down, throve so heartily that the trout, once the lords of that region, were forced completely into the background, the capture of one in a day's fishing being almost a rarity. If the grayling had been keenly sought for by rod and line during the winter months all would have been well; as it is, they are complete masters in the river.

But as grayling-fishing was our intention, it was with no misgivings that we set out in the late afternoon one summer day to test upon that river, for the first time, the deadliness of the dry-fly. The day had been warm, with a strong wind, which kept driving large, fleecy clouds across the sky. Towards afternoon the wind began to abate, and by six o'clock it had dropped completely.

We arrived at the high stone bridge some two hundred yards above the junction of the stream with its mighty parent river, and, while fitting up our rod and attaching to the thin, level line a two-yard tapered cast, intently surveyed the portion that lay up-stream.

There was no breath of wind, and the river was undisturbed by any ripple, while the trees on the opposite bank were distinctly mirrored on the glassy surface. The only signs of life were the swallows that wheeled and dived in the pursuit of their insect food. Far up-stream a fish rose once, twice; the spell was broken, and we hurried along the right bank in the direction of the rings that were rapidly spreading towards the sides.

On arrival at the spot it was found that the insects on the water were small specimens of a dun, of which the Red Quill seemed an approximate representation. A Red Quill was attached to a 4 × gut point, and, after a dip in paraffin, was despatched to the fish, who promptly refused it, and gave up rising altogether.

As the whole of the long summer evening still lay before us, it was decided to walk farther up-stream, and to spot any rising fish on our way. The first rise was not seen till nearly ten minutes past seven, when a good fish put up his head close to our own bank. As he was lying in a little bay between two bunches of rushes, the cast was by no means easy, and four attempts were made before the fly could be brought to the fish's notice. When it was observed, he took it down very quietly.

Those deprecators of the grayling who state with Charles Cotton that the grayling is 'the deadest-hearted of all fishes' would have had

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their eyes opened by the behavour of this particular fish. It fought for its liberty as fiercely as any trout, and just as we were congratulating ourselves upon foiling its wily tactics, and were towing it upon its side to the bank, in apparently utter exhaustion, it gave one final plunge, and the hook came away.

Our thoughts were soon diverted from this reverse by the appearance of a swarm of ants, and a few fish began to feed, not hastily, but with that steady attention to business that the angler rejoices to see, knowing as he does that it is the surest indication of a heavy basket. A Red Ant was substituted for the Quill, and a fish was risen at the very first cast. All went well this time, and after a spirited struggle, in which a bed of weeds played no small part, a shapely grayling of a pound and two ounces was brought to bank. On examination his gullet was found to contain several ants, a discovery which fully confirmed our determination to stick to the pattern we had mounted, the more so since three fine fish fell victims to its charms in rapid succession, weighing 1 lb. 9 oz., 1 lb. 13 oz., and 2 lb. respectively. It was a peculiar fact that though two-pound fish were by no means a rarity, yet we never, on this or any other visit to this stretch, succeeded in catching a grayling of greater weight.

A fish, which looked well worthy of our attentions, was next seen to rise above a partially submerged log some little distance up-stream. A long cast put the fly directly over him, and he accepted it without hesitation. But it often happens that the fish which seem to expect no guile are the most desperate when hooked, and this grayling was no exception. Before we were properly alive to the situation he had dived under the log, and the cast came back to us, minus the fly and the gut point.

By the time this damage had been repaired the fish had given up their diet of ants, and were rising, with lavish display of azure back-fin or broad tails, to some minute object apparently lying flat on the surface. The Red Quill was put over several fine fish without effect, and, baffled for the moment, we gave up casting and studied the movements of the fish. Then it occurred to us that the fish were feeding upon spinners, or duns, which, their life's mission of laying eggs accomplished, were floating exhausted down-stream with wings spread flat upon the surface. The sun had set, and detection of the species was almost impossible; but we decided to chance it, and fastened to the cast a copy of the female Sherry-Spinner, the imago of the Blue-Winged Olive. With this pattern, however, no sport was found; though several fish came up for a look, on closer inspection they retired with disdain.

As a last resort, we cut off the spinner, and put on instead the rough imitation of a nymph at the moment of breaking its nymphal casing and emerging as a complete subimago. The imitation's body was of yellow silk, dubbed with light fur from the hare's ear, and a short pale-blue feather from the underside of the waterhen's wing was the means of representing the insect's legs. As this feather's fibres are soft and pliable, they are easily agitated by their passage through the water, and represent effectively the swimming motions of the nymph. The pattern succeeded beyond our wildest expectations. Two fish were killed, each over a pound and a half, and another two-pounder as well.

Darkness had now set in, and it was only possible to see indistinctly the rings made by rising fish. The cast had often to be made in the direction of the sound, and it was in this way that a third two-pounder was lured to his fate, together with a smaller fish of 1 lb. 7 oz.

We slowly retraced our steps in the direction of the stone bridge, and had reached the spot where the first fish was hooked and lost, when there came from the tiny bay the sound of a great splash. As we had not yet taken down the rod, a cast was made at random in the direction of the sound, and at the second attempt a slight pull was felt. A quick, but not too violent, response on our part was answered by a tremendous rush, which nearly emptied the reel, and, in the darkness, the sound of a heavy fish jumping was heard from the middle of the river. Silence followed, broken only by the whir of the reel. The fish was no grayling—of that we were quite certain; and after an agonising contest, a massive silvery form came into view, only to sheer out again at sight of us. At length the fight came to an end, and a magnificent trout of two pounds and a quarter was landed on the grass, and triumphantly knocked on the head. This act led to the disgorging by the trout of seven small salmon parr, evidently just devoured before seizing our nymph, which was so securely fastened to his jaw that we deemed it advisable to break the gut rather than waste time in attempting to unhook the fish, for the gut itself was very nearly chafed through with the rubbing it had undergone in the course of the struggle. The fish was then laid in regal state on top of the grayling in the creel, and we made our way joyfully to our bicycle at the bridge.

Though we have fished that river again, and succeeded in capturing good baskets of thymallus, yet never has it been our fortune to take from it another trout to rival the memorable fish which fell a victim to the nymph on that eventful summer evening after set of sun.

IN SELF-DEFENCE.

By 'R.E.,' Author of *The Infra Red Rag.*

I.

GRANT HASWELL came into mess and flung himself into the first deck-chair, frowning.

After a curt good-morning to Lloyd-Jones and me, he lay there pulling vigorously at his short bull-dog pipe and looking up at the roof of the veranda.

It was just 6.45 A.M., or about an hour after sunrise in that part of the world, for we were in Walindi, German East Africa, and near enough to the equator to make the day almost exactly twelve hours long. We were on the coast, too, and in the middle of the rains, which made it hot, moist, malarial, and irritating.

I was surprised to see Haswell about so early. The day before he had come in from the interior, 160 miles over terrible roads, in a Ford car. By using twisted bark ropes on the wheels as non-skids, he had managed to reach Walindi from Bomatua, arriving, fagged out, late the same night.

I noticed that as one of the Swahili 'boys' came in to lay the table for breakfast Haswell dropped his eyes from the roof for an instant, and muttered a word in Swahili which seemed very like a reproach.

It was not till we were all at breakfast that he gave us any clue as to the reason for his quite unusually taciturn behaviour earlier in the morning.

Then he treated us to an outburst of bitterness against some person unknown, who, during the previous night, had stolen from his tent—nay, more, from his very bed-head—a uniform-case containing some things he evidently valued very highly; and by the time he had finished everybody was about 'fed up' with uniform-cases that got stolen, A.P.M.'s who didn't do their job, M.P. who knew nothing of the natives, and undesirable sites for the tents of officers staying casually in Walindi.

Later in the morning I met him near the *Msoko* (bazaar), watching some highly scented fish being sold. His dress little resembled that of an officer in His Majesty's Service. Knowing Haswell as I did, it seemed unlikely to me that he was there as an idle sightseer, and I was convinced I should hear something interesting if, on the way home, I could get him to talk of his morning's walk; for he had motioned to me, ever so slightly, to turn down a narrow street behind where I stood, and wait for him.

A few moments later he joined me, and as we walked along began to talk in his usual jocular, if slightly cynical, way about the progress of the chase of Von Lettow.

As we passed an Arab house with whitewashed pillars supporting a solid flat stone roof, Haswell remarked, 'I see that old swine, Hadji Mousa, is still here, and I'll bet the old blackguard is making some "chips" out of the expedition in one way or another. I wonder if he is engineering these daily thefts of kit, &c., amongst other things.'

Just then a gray-bearded, patriarchal old man appeared, dressed in a white, embroidered *kanzu*, and wearing a green turban. He advanced towards us with his eyes shaded by his two delicate brown hands, and greeted Haswell, 'Salaams, master. It is a long time since we last met, and I hope that God has given you health and riches during these many days of the war.'

'Thank you, Hadji,' replied my companion; 'could I not see the one and be certain of the other, I should say the same to you.' Then he added, 'I shall come to see you after the hour of evening prayer, Hadji.'

'Good!' said the old man, again raising his hands to his forehead.

As we went along I was going to ask Haswell if he was doing anything about his lost uniform-case, when he began of his own accord. 'Glad those niggers pinched my kit last night, old thing. The O.C. tells me I shall be here a week or more.'

'You're glad? You didn't seem so this morning,' I replied. 'Why, Lloyd-Jones said the A.P.M. told him he suspected it was done by white men.'

'Did he? Well, I guess that's another reason why I think it's niggers,' he laughed.

'What are you going to do about it? Or, rather, what have you done?'

'Been to Ordnance and bought this outfit, for one thing.'

'It's certainly some kit,' I said, looking at his Tommy's slacks and *pugaree* shirt without rank-badges.

'Good enough, till I get mine back. Besides, it's inconspicuous to go about in, and cuts out salutes. Oh! I visited the nigger graveyard too,' he added, looking more serious. 'Nothing much there, except two rather interesting graves, dug last night and filled in this morning early. I suspected them both—that's why my cane is muddy—but the contents were soft all right.'

'Has that anything to do with your kit?' I asked.

'Well, it might have had, but instead I learned only that the natives are more careless about their *kaburi* than they used to be. The customary depth of a grave was the height of a man's shoulder from the ground, but I expect

they are getting tired of digging so deep since the expedition came on the *shauri ya vita* [war palaver] and gave them extra work in that direction.'

'They are not keen on work,' I agreed.

'No; the M.L.C. officers haven't all got quite the right idea about native labour as my old friends knew it, but I suppose the Government want to placate the people here, and have given some orders about it. Pity to spoil these Swahili with too much "brother" nonsense, though; the Boche had them nicely tame. A nigger likes a man to be a man; respects and loves him for it, even if there's been pain for himself in the learning. Look how they've stuck to old Von Lettow.'

'They have, beyond a doubt. But what about your kit?' I said, fearing that he would go on with his pet subject, the native question, and I should miss something interesting in the detective line.

'Well,' he answered, 'having clothed myself and visited the graveyard, I strolled about the shops, and eventually came to the market, where there is always a fine crowd in its best togs. There was a chance they'd let a bit of my stuff loose in the night, and I'd have recognised it if anybody was wearing it. Still, I hardly expect to see any about yet.'

'Why?'

'Because it was taken just before daybreak, by natives, probably three of them, and they wouldn't want to waste time breaking open the lock then. That gave me another clue. The box isn't far off—it was too heavy even for three men to run with.'

'Suppose you're right about the time they relieved you?'

'Yes, I'm certain it was about 5 A.M., as it was raining till then. The *spoor* had been made after the rain.'

'There was *spoor*, was there?'

'Yes, but not of much value, as I slept so late. I lost it in a porters' track about ten yards away. It gave me the direction—towards the graveyard—but not much more.'

'And you went to the A.P.M.'

'Yes,' laughed Haswell; 'we're in the army now, old thing, and must do certain things in certain ways.'

'And he said it was white men?'

'Yes; but I got him to say it might be either before I left, without telling him I *knew* it was niggers—which showed me that he would jump to any conclusion from hour to hour, and, in fact, that he was no use to me.

'What will he do?'

'Well, he agreed to tell all the Indian traders to report to him if anybody tried to sell any stuff as per my list of lost articles; also to instruct his native police to arrest anybody found wearing articles supposed to be mine. Considering the amount of white men's kit the local nigger has now (proceeds of thefts, presents, &c.), the last proposal doesn't seem too intelligent; *I* made the first for the sake of saying something.'

'There are plenty of these thefts here—officers' kits mainly.'

'Yes. The A.P.M. told me they are never found either. There are often as many as three cases in a week, it appears.'

'There are at least. Yet you hope to get yours back?'

'Well, Africa is a big continent, and a nigger thief is one of the hardest to catch. If I spot the right crowd before they can get the case out of the town, it'll be easy to force them to show me the *cache*. On the other hand, if they try to get away, it'll be easier, for I have some reliable "boys" watching the pier and the roads out of the town. I myself am doing what I can in the town proper.'

'You seem very cheery about it, though I thought the stuff you have lost was valuable.'

'It was—papers relating to investments, photographs, letters from my fiancée, kit, and so forth. Still, the chances of a capture are good, I think, looked at either way. Suppose, for instance, some native has recognised me as an old hand, as Hadji Mousa did, the news will get out, and my stuff will be kept buried where it is in the town; the more so, as they will at once spot me looking about all day. Perhaps at night they might try to get out a few things at a time, but they daren't shift the lot whilst I am in the town, or allow the clothing to be seen in the streets. On the other hand, if they think me a new-comer, they will not bother to shift the case out of the town, and will gradually sell the contents to natives leaving for up-country or by sea, after waiting a few days till the hue-and-cry has stopped. This seems most likely, as I have done the usual in getting the native police on the job. Some of these gentlemen are probably accomplices themselves. To meet either case, I have told several niggers that I'm leaving to-morrow by the *Kingsland* for the north. The thieves will hear of this, and probably begin to empty the case to-night.'

'May I ask what are your best clues?'

'Certainly. The *spoor* round the tent; a stick left behind, of a kind which leaves no doubt in my mind that the offenders were coast "boys"; and the fact that my canvas bath and wash-basin and their covers were left hanging on a barbed-wire fence some distance away.'

'Does the last look hopeful?'

'Rather! It tells me that they have been so successful in the past that they are getting cheeky and careless. Also, I'm inclined to think they did not know that I *am* an old hand, and, of course, it may not leak out, after all.'

'Are you doing anything after lunch?' I said, as we arrived at the mess.

'Going to have a sleep. My personal "boy" is

doing the town patrol this afternoon. I shall spend the night from 9 P.M. onwards in the native quarter.'

'Want a pal?'

'No, thanks, old thing. Perhaps for the round-up, but not now. *One* might pass as being out for an *affaire amoureuse*, but *two* is a crowd in these shows.'

II.

Saliemu, Harashidi, and Saïdi, three natives of the race generally known as Swahili, were sitting in a small hut in the centre of the native village of Walindi at 9 P.M. on the date of Haswell's arrival.

Said Saliemu, 'The old, fat English *effendi* who was living in the big tent near the Goanese store left yesterday with his small *mizigo* [baggage].'

'Truly, he was a mean man,' said Saïdi.

'Yes; one who buys at the Banyan's stores and has no *mali Ulaya* [goods of Europe].'

'I heard that just after the sun had set there arrived another *effendi* with two *watuma* [servants] and much baggage. He placed his large black box at the head of his bed, and when he had bathed he went into the house which the English took from the hot-tempered German, to eat food.'

'Think you, Saliemu, that this is one of the white men of long ago?'

'No, stupid. All these English are *wageni* [new-comers].'

'I don't know, Saliemu. You know Bwana Maraboa* is here again, and several other hunters.'

'Truly, you are a fool, Saïdi,' grunted Saliemu; 'you know that all these are employed as spies against the *Wadauchi* [Germans].'

'Perhaps,' conceded Saïdi, reaching for a handful of boiled rice and fish, round a dish of which they were sitting on the mud floor.

'We are so clever, and have taken so much plunder from these people, that there is nought to fear. To-night we will take the black box whilst the white man sleeps, and bury it. Afterwards we will watch what he will do.'

'Yes, truly you are cunning as a hyena, Saliemu; and we will help you, that we may obtain much money to buy wives with when these English have gone home and there is nothing more to steal.'

. . . . . .

'The rain will hide our footprints,' whispered Saliemu, as, some hours later, they slipped through the sleeping town in the shade of the coco-nut palms. But the rain failed them as an accomplice, and stopped ere they had cautiously lifted the coveted box from the sleeping white man's bed-head.

'Leave the fool's bath of cloth,' said Saliemu disdainfully, 'and the other things with his name on;' and the obedient Saïdi hung them on the fence near by.

'The box is heavy,' muttered Harashidi.

'Then there is much wealth in it, and the distance is short,' responded Saliemu gleefully.

III.

The following night Haswell just managed to win his game at chess between dinner and nine o'clock, when he went away, and was seen no more till, next morning, his 'boy' found him in bed asleep.

At breakfast he looked fagged, and far less confident than on the previous day.

Inquiries as to the result of his search brought a frown on his face, and when Lloyd-Jones said something before a native, his only reply was, 'I wish you wouldn't teach your "boys" English.'

At lunch he was quite changed, and seemed deep in pleasant thoughts, even smiling once or twice to himself, till the O.C. said that a wire had come for Haswell to go south on the *Utaki* at 9.30 next morning. Looking up, Haswell asked if that would be the latest hour for embarkation; and on being informed that it would, he made some remark about having no kit, and began to talk to me about the unreasonable way in which he was thrown about the country, and the unsuitable tentage allotted to him, resulting in the loss of his treasured box.

In the afternoon we went out into the native village together, and he told me to look out for torn paper, letters or envelopes particularly. He took no pains to disguise the fact that he was searching for something, and seemed pleased when some natives stopped to watch our fruitless search.

At dinner he was obviously excited, and began to boast that he would teach the A.P.M. and others something useful before he went. After dinner he went, as usual, for his game at chess with the paymaster; and when he had left, one fellow dryly observed, 'Haswell was in good form to-night,' meaning that he had fallen into one of his bad habits, a tendency to brag of his exploits—a tendency, I may say, valued by me, his chronicler, as a means of getting information which questioning could not always obtain.

Once out of the mess, Haswell went round to the back-entrance of the yard behind our headquarters, and sent for the head 'boy.' The latter arrived at once, for Haswell was popular with the natives by reason of his good knowledge of the language, and consequent ability to make a fair *shauri* (inquiry) when anything went wrong.

'Go and get four reliable "boys"—strong ones—and a long rope, and be here waiting for me at the third hour of the night [nine o'clock].'

'Yes, *effendi*,' said the head 'boy,' and saluted.

* Bwana Maraboa, literally the 'Lord Arab,' a celebrated Boer hunter known throughout the coast and hinterland of East Africa.

IV.

Saliemu, Harashidi, and Saïdi were sitting over their rice and fish that evening. They had also a pile of dates, and there was curry in the stew.

Said Saïdi, 'The Englishman did not go as they said he would, and he was this day searching the ground near by. Even he looked into the yard of Saliemu's house.'

'He could see nothing there,' observed Saliemu complacently. 'There has been much rain since I buried the last things under the *tikitimagi* [melon] plant.'

'But I fear him, and am going home,' retorted Saïdi; and he and Harashidi got up, saying 'Farewell' to Saliemu, who finished the remains of the meal and lighted two more candles.

From under the bed Saliemu pulled out a tin trunk painted bright blue, with a tin lock on it, which he opened with a key from his belt—an old English Tommy's belt, with regimental buttons studding it.

Out of the trunk he took a revolver, and looked at it for a few minutes ere putting it back at the bottom of the box. Then he took out a leather case with a photograph in it of a white girl under a celluloid panel. After gloating over this for a few minutes, he put it on the floor, and began to place the other contents of the box in several little heaps beside it. As he did so, a voice outside asked, '*Hōdie?* [May I come in?].' '*Karibu* [Come in],' replied Saliemu.

The new-comers were two men and a girl (Saliemu's wife—or one of his wives). The men immediately sat down on the floor and began to bargain for the little piles of goods, showing a particular fancy for the Jaeger underwear, and curiosity regarding the photograph, which they looked at upside-down as well as the right way.

'Have you brought money?' asked Saliemu.

'No,' said one of the men; 'but Binti Asmani'—Saliemu's wife—'wants these bangles which my brother-in-law the silversmith has made.'

After some haggling a bargain was struck, and Binti Asmani put the bangles into her own box with many others, the proceeds of her husband's successful looting.

At that moment they heard a sharp '*Hōdie?*' at the door, made of rafia-palm strips strung together with male bamboo, and carrying a heavy wooden latch.

There was something about the salutation which made a shiver run through Saliemu and his wife. Something told him instantly that this was a white man's voice, and that he was one of the masters, one of those who had long ruled them with the *kiboko* (sjambok) in times gone by. One thought possessed them both: should he be owner of the white lady's photograph?

'If you move except to open the door, I will hang you all; and if you do not open the door, I will burst it open.'

Saliemu sprang like a trapped leopard against the light bamboo door leading to the yard, but felt it held tight by a man or men there already. Panic seized them all, and at that moment the front-door was burst in, and a white man in the dress of a British officer stood before them.

'Good-evening, Saliemu,' said he in Swahili. 'I have come to bring back to you the stick you left when you came into my tent the other evening.'

His eye fell on the photograph on the floor, and stooping, he picked it up and placed the case in his breast-pocket. Fury was in his eye. With Saliemu's tough, whippy stock he beat the native till he could beat no longer from fatigue; then, calling to his men, he ordered a rope to be fastened round Saliemu's neck and round the arm of one of his own escort.

To the others he said, 'You can go; but be silent. I require only this swine.' Then to Saliemu, 'Where is the case you stole?'

'It is buried, great master, just outside. But do not hurt me; I did not steal it. The "boy" of a white officer in the hospital of the English gave it me to keep for him, and I was frightened, and buried it.'

'And this is how you take care of the things in the box?' said Haswell, pointing to his revolver and other things on the floor which his 'boys' had unearthed. Then he called to his followers, 'Bring along everything.'

Twenty yards away Saliemu stopped, saying, 'If you dig, you will find the box.'

A few minutes sufficed to reveal the box, and when it was lifted out Haswell ordered, 'Go on digging to the depth of a grave, as is the custom.' When this was done he turned to Saliemu, saying, 'You will get into your grave, and if I do not find everything, even to the size of the tip of my finger, there you will die.'

There was no sign of relenting about this white man, whose people obeyed his least sign. Saliemu was thrown into the hole, and the filling-in commenced.

Saliemu, hardened ruffian and thief, was afraid. 'Great master,' he cried, 'I had two others in this affair, and will guide you to them if you will let me free, for I fear they have already some of your things.'

'Let him out,' said Haswell; then, addressing Saliemu, he went on menacingly, 'If you make a sound, or if these other pigs escape, you will be hanged.'

In less than half-an-hour the other thieves had been rounded up and attached to the rope, and practically all Haswell's property had been recovered, except a watch.

Saïdi and Harashidi got a well-deserved thrashing and some much-needed advice, and the three malefactors were safely lodged in the *boma* (fort) to await trial—not for the theft of Haswell's stuff, for, as he told them before he left, he did not owe them anything, nor they him, but for

previous thefts that could be traced to them on evidence which several of their less-involved accomplices were only too willing to give.

The following day a native woman came to Haswell's tent at 8 A.M., accompanied by one of his personal 'boys.' Half-an-hour later her husband arrived with Haswell's watch, which, he said, had been placed in his hand by a man who had run away, giving no explanation.

v.

Some months afterwards Haswell told me something of the way in which he got on the track of Saliemu & Co.

On the morning of the round-up, the servant of a friend of his, a Nyassa 'boy,' had said that three natives who had been in the fort for stealing had just been liberated, after what he considered a very light punishment. They had got medicine from a witch-doctor, added Haswell's informant, which they smeared on their hands in the belief that they would escape detection; and on one occasion they had entered a white man's house at midday and taken all his newly washed clothes from his room, though there were several Europeans sitting on the veranda, along which they had to pass on the way out.

'I believe in medicine in Africa,' said Haswell; 'at all events, I believe it is one of the strongest moving forces amongst the natives even to-day, and in unexpected places, too. So I told Pandika he should have twenty rupees *baksheesh* if he could find out the house of any of these men, and more if they turned out to be those I was in search of.

'He showed me Saliemu's house, and the conversation I overheard there on the evening of the capture was sufficient for me. My people were already at the back-door, and as I wanted to speak to these thieves myself, at each place I went in first. I guess what I said and did has knocked thieving back five years or so at Walindi. By-the-by, the padre and some other fellows were with me at the last two huts, and the padre has quite the right idea about dealing with those swine. He believes that the *kiboko* is the best way to make 'em talk—and the experiment justified his belief and mine. My net loss was one spur, one wristlet-watch strap (much worn), and a cotton vest, plus Pandika's thirty "chips."'

'I saw something about it in the Nairobi papers,' said I.

'So did I. Wasn't it a scream? The A.P.M. must have been flattered,' answered Haswell.

TWO JAMAICAN EARTHQUAKES.

WITHIN the knowledge of man the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, has experienced at least two great earthquakes.

The first occurred on the 7th of June 1692, during the reign of William and Mary, and must have been a terrible convulsion, according to the records of the time, which state that mountains were moved and rivers changed their courses. The famous city of old Port Royal, at the mouth of Kingston harbour, was virtually destroyed, as two thousand eight hundred houses were ruined by the shocks, while over three thousand of the inhabitants lost their lives. The calamity was regarded as a visitation of God, Port Royal at that time having the reputation of being the wealthiest and wickedest city of the West Indies, for it was the headquarters of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main, who made it the emporium and mart for their ill-gotten gains. This is not to be wondered at when we read that only a few years previously the famous free-booter, Sir Henry Morgan, had been lieutenant-governor of the island.

Port Royal is situated at the extremity of a narrow strip of sandy land seven miles long, known as the Palisades, which encloses the harbour of Kingston, and the effect of the earthquake shock was to precipitate to the bottom of the harbour the greater portion of the city, with its inhabitants. According to the narrative of the rector of the parish at the time, 'whole streets, with their inhabitants, were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which, when shut upon them, squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several were left with their heads above the ground, and were covered with dust and earth by the people who remained in the place. It was a sad sight to see the harbour covered with dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial, for the burying-place was destroyed by the earthquake, which dashed to pieces tombs, and the sea washed the carcasses of those who had been buried out of their graves.'

There may still be seen in a graveyard on the mainland the tomb of one Lewis Galdy, who, according to the inscription on the stone, 'was swallowed up by the earthquake, and by the providence of God was by another shock thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up.'

It is not on record whether the 'visitation' had any effect on the morals of the remaining inhabitants, but the majority of those left migrated across the harbour to the mainland, founding the city of Kingston, which is now the thriving capital of the island.

Kingston, in its turn, was sorely stricken, but in present times, by a disastrous earthquake and fire which laid waste the city on the 14th of January 1907. The shock came like 'a bolt from the blue' on a peaceful tropical afternoon, with the sun blazing in a cloudless sky, and a gentle wind barely ruffling the waters of the quiet harbour. Scientists tell us that the quake was caused by a slipping of strata in the ocean-bed to the south-west of the island; but, whatever the cause, the shock was terrific, and struck across the island like a blow from a giant flail.

In less than twenty seconds the business section and many residential quarters of the city were crashed to pieces, while fires sprang up in all directions, blazing furiously throughout the night, despite all efforts to quench them. Many unfortunates were burned alive, imprisoned under the débris. The streets were almost impassable, blocked as they were with the ruins of the buildings and by the fallen telegraph, telephone, and street-car poles. Panic prevailed amongst the coloured people, who fell on their knees in the streets and prayed to the Almighty for mercy. Their alarm was not lessened by the shocks which continued throughout the night. However, the native police and troops behaved admirably, and with their aid cordons were established, and the people were herded into the open spaces. The number of victims from the catastrophe was never precisely ascertained, but it has been estimated that between one thousand and one thousand five hundred persons perished, of whom many were prominent citizens. A leading lawyer was penned in by a falling beam in the court library; but the building did not fall, and he eventually escaped through a window by means of the fire-escape.

A marble statue of Queen Victoria, which stood in a square at the entrance to the public gardens, was reversed almost completely on its pedestal by the shock, but did not fall to the ground.

The lighting apparatus of the lighthouse on the outside of the Palisades was completely shattered, with the result that on the following night the Hamburg-American steamer from New York struck on the reef and became a total wreck.

This earthquake is perhaps best remembered by reason of the action of the governor of the island, who gave great offence to the admiral in charge of the U.S. Squadron, who had brought his ships over from Cuba to render assistance. The marines and sailors were doing useful work in the streets, pulling down dangerous buildings, when the governor objected to their presence, writing to Admiral Davis in such terms that he had no alternative but to withdraw with all his vessels, including a hospital-ship filled with supplies which were sorely needed by the stricken people.

The American press published the letter, and the British Government forthwith required the governor to apologise to Admiral Davis, which his Excellency forthwith did, at the same time tendering his resignation to the home Government on the ground of old age!

The value of property in Kingston destroyed by the earthquake of 1907 amounted to about two million pounds. The city has now been almost entirely rebuilt with reinforced-concrete structures, and is well worth a visit.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

VI.

IT was the last day of the voyage, and Clement Seadon, supremely conscious of the fact, was feeling baffled.

Again Heloise Reys was proving unapproachable. Again he was finding it difficult to get near her because of the crowd about her. The Gorgon clung to her side with leech-like tenacity. The massive and mountainous Mr Neuburg was always ready to rush in and take up the guard. The vigilance of the first days of the trip was resumed.

But now Clement could not view this blockade with equanimity. He could not smile and bide his time—there was no time. Already they were passing up the mighty river St Lawrence; already the end of the voyage was in sight. A few hours only were all that were left to him. He must get her alone.

He could not get her alone—not for a moment. And as the day relentlessly advanced, a further, a more disturbing, thought was borne in upon him—she did not want to be left alone with him. He began to realise this with a sense of dismay. It was she who was putting barriers between them. It was she who kept her companion close at her side, who actually invited the big man to fill the vacancy when the companion went away. It was not the pair shutting him out; it was Heloise herself deliberately shutting him out with the pair.

He was disturbed; he was baffled. He could not understand it. She had left him in perfect friendliness last night. There was no hint of misunderstanding, estrangement. Why had she changed? What was causing her to stand so aloof from him? Was it the doing of that precious rascally pair? Was it anything he himself had done or said? Was it, perhaps, the

way he had talked about the mining venture? He did not think so. He knew that had pained her—that could not be helped; but it had not offended her. She had left him without any hint of an altered regard for him. She had left him—well, in such a manner that he had felt confident of winning her as a lover.

No, it wasn't that. But what was it? Some deep and cunning game of those rogues. Something subtle and devilish emanating from the brain of that master-villain Neuburg—that was the only explanation. But what it was he could not find out. He racked his brain for explanations, and none came. And the fact that there was so little time to find out, that there was so little time to win back her confidence—that, and the real ardour he felt for her, robbed his wits of their habitual steadiness, made them unstable, inefficient in a crisis.

And the crisis came. It came with an unfair abruptness. It could not be aught else, for Heloise's wits were also in something of a whirl. She was dreading the moment of confronting Clement, just as she was determined that she would do so. Her mind had been an affair of veering instability all day. Now she believed him to be underhand, now she disbelieved. Now she hated him, now she thought he could do nothing dishonourable. Now she made up her mind to go to him, now she held back. She was a mass of hesitations and decisions; she was hot, and she was cold.

And she being in that condition, and he being in his, the actual moment was a scrappy and nervous episode in which both failed to rise to the occasion. Heloise reached her decision a few minutes before the dressing-bugle sounded. Clement had tramped past her in dark loneliness, had turned and passed round the end of the deck. She felt, 'I must do it now or never.' With an indefinite gesture, more than half an appeal for support, to her companion, she rose and went after Clement.

She actually expected to see him on the other side of the deck, and she would call him and hand him his letter. But when she reached the end of the deck she actually ran into him. He had swung round on his heel, returned in his tracks. As a matter of fact, he had made up *his* mind to talk to her, to demand an explanation from her.

They met. It was a shock, their meeting. They stared at each other a little breathless. Then, 'This is your letter,' said Heloise.

Clement took it, looked at it, frowned.

'Yes it is,' he said. 'But how on earth'——

Heloise wasn't going to trouble about trivial explanations as to how it came into her hands. 'I looked at it because Rigby & Root are my lawyers as well as your own. Did you know that?'

Clement was too honest, as well as too startled, to tell anything but the truth.

'Yes, I did know it,' he said.

Heloise's breath caught in something like a sob. There was a sudden blaze of contempt and anger in her heart; she had trusted this man—and liked him.

'And you knew about me—about the reason of my voyage?'

'Miss Reys'—— he began.

Heloise was too bitter to allow explanations. 'Did you?' she cried. 'Did you?'

'Yes, I knew; but'——

'You knew!' she cried at him, and her face was white. 'And you were acting in the interests of—of Mr Hard?'

Clement stared at her. This sudden attack, his emotions of the whole day, had left his wits woolly and bewildered. And of course he was, in a sense, acting in the interests of Mr Hard. If he said he wasn't, he would be lying. And yet Mr Hard wasn't the whole of the thing. But the whole of the thing—how could he explain it to her in this unsympathetic mood, in the presence of her arch-enemy and his, Miss Méduse, in a few brief minutes of time? He couldn't explain. He could only temporise. He cried, 'Miss Reys, there is an explanation behind it all'——

He got no further. Heloise read his hesitation correctly. He *was* acting for Mr Hard. He had, under the guise of honesty, been conspiring against her. And because of the great trust, and something more, she had felt for him, she was the more bitter.

She turned about. Clutching the arm of the clever Miss Méduse Smythe, she walked away, left him.

VII.

The first thing Clement Seadon did was to give way to one of those outbursts of anger that, in time, bring calmness. They had scored over him, they had tricked him, these blackguards. They had dealt him a very damaging blow.

Then from this anger against their very definite triumph, his cooling brain turned to the matter which had helped them to score that point. The explanation he found was perfectly simple. That letter had been stolen from his despatch-case. He was not of the type that leaves letters lying about, particularly lawyers' letters. Theft—that was the solution. Some one had been through his effects. They had found this letter, appreciated its worth as a means of alienating Heloise. They had been clever, as clever as he thought they were, and had struck at him at the psychological moment.

Who had been the thief? That, again, was easy. Who else but the rascally steward, a fellow in their pay, a member of the gang, who, moreover, had the right to come and go in all the cabins. And, now that the thing was brought acutely to his mind, he recalled seeing the rogue

hanging about in the gallery, conspicuously near his door. He remembered him, not merely because of his redoubtably evil face, but also because he was so resolutely dirty. His should-be white steward's jacket had a beastly and disfiguring stain of yellow—rust, perhaps—up the left arm and shoulder.

Yes, that criminal-looking steward was the thief. But what matter? That part was past and over. Could the thing be remedied? Clement thought of this bitterly and tragically. It looked black. It looked as though Heloise Reys would for the future hold him at arm's length. Only, she must not. For her own sake, if not for his, he must prevent her holding him at arm's length. His fault must be remedied. He must speak with her.

He was aware that it would be a difficult task. He might see her and be able to speak to her to-night, after dinner; but he was not hopeful. She would evade him. Neuburg and the Gorgon would see that she evaded him. There was so little time to act. To-morrow—less hope to-morrow. The hustle and bustle of leaving the ship at Quebec would give no opportunity. At Quebec—he gained a ray of comfort. At Quebec, yes, it might be done. He knew that she was to stay at the Château Frontenac for at least two days. She had told him that. She had told him that she had rooms reserved there. And so had he. Well, if he could not do something, see her, even if he had to force himself upon her, during those two days, then he wasn't the man he thought he was.

Quebec would be his salvation. Quebec would see him right himself with her, put him on a footing which would enable him better to counteract the plans of her enemies. He felt more sanguine.

More than that, he felt his old capacity and alertness come back to him.

It was as well they did. He had full need of those qualities.

For the gang was not leaving things to chance. Mr Neuburg, that master-mind, was aware that Quebec would give Clement opportunities for regaining ground with Heloise. Mr Neuburg meant to prevent that. Mr Neuburg meant to act.

As the great liner pushed up the vast river towards that city of beauty and history, that on its great cliff hangs like a fairy citadel over the shining waters, Mr Neuburg acted. He devised an acute, a cunning, and a beastly plan for getting Clement Seadon out of the way. It was a scheme so complete and sure that it would certainly entirely cut off the young man from Heloise Reys while she stayed in Quebec, and perhaps it would keep him fully occupied for much longer than her stay in that wonderful French city. It was an excellent plan, a thorough plan. Mr Neuburg put it into execution.

As the big vessel was being warped into the dock-side, Clement Seadon, who had remained on deck to the last possible moment in the hope of seeing Heloise Reys, went below. He went below disconsolately to gather together his traps, and to prepare for his effort in Quebec.

He went below, past the busy stewards working in their shirt-sleeves among the baggage, past their 'glory-hole' full of their clothes and their intimate litter, past the many scattered trunks and suit-cases ready to be taken off, past the wholesale reminders of voyages ended, and into his own cabin.

His own kit was, of course, already packed. A good traveller, he had got through that swiftly and early. Now he gathered together his stick and his mackintosh and his hat ready for departure. He sat down on his bunk and felt for his cigarette-case.

His cigarette-case indicated the state of mind he was in, for it was empty. For a moment, and in sheer desperation, he felt that he could not be bothered to unstrap his suit-case and dive to its bottom for smoking material. Then he drove his melancholy from him, and pulled the heavy leather case towards him.

In thirty seconds his hand encountered something hard and edgy—something strange to his groping fingers. He tugged it out.

In the palm of his hand lay a thing that glittered and flashed—a thing of immense worth. A thing of diamonds—*a woman's tiara.*

A woman's diamond tiara in his suit-case! It was incredible.

Then Clement Seadon jumped to his feet alertly. He saw the meaning of that tiara at once. It had been put into his case purposely. It had been put there so that he should be branded as a thief; that he—by gad!—that he should be arrested, be kept under lock and key while Heloise Reys was in Quebec.

He saw it all. The devils, the clever devils, this was their plan—Neuburg's plan—to get him out of the way.

What should he do? The thing was immensely valuable. Some woman cherished it. Return it? No; couldn't risk wandering about with that in his possession, for anybody to fling accusations. Oh, but there was something quite simple—there always is. The purser—he'd run right along to the purser, hand it to him, say that he had found it. He'd do it now, quickly. He guessed he'd have to be quick. Neuburg and his gang would see to it that the loss of that tiara did not go long undiscovered. They'd probably already arranged that suspicion should fall upon him. He must be quick.

He stepped rapidly from his cabin; almost ran along the gallery towards the purser's office. He did not get far. Before he came to the accommodation stairs that led up to the smoking-

saloon, stairs that stood between him and the purser, he heard an excited babble of voices coming down those stairs.

Yes, there was a definite excitement in them. Men's voices raised in protest and advice. A woman's voice, hysterical and accusative—vindictive. A woman who had a grievance. A woman who had missed something.

The hunt was up. They were after that tiara.

It was absolutely impossible to go on. They were bound to see him—and he had that damnable tiara on him. He glanced about wildly. There seemed no way of escape. The voices were very near. They were about to come round the corner. Like a fox bolting to earth, Clement Seadon dived into the empty 'glory-hole.' He crouched behind the door amid the hanging coats. The voices passed him, talking at a babble. He heard them drifting along the gallery towards his cabin. He stood up, scrutinising his lair carefully. No other way out except by the door he had entered by. He waited a few moments. Then he stepped out quietly. He walked a little way towards the purser's office; he must not on any account show haste. He heard voices behind him; he faced about for a moment and looked. It was a crucial moment. As he looked, the captain of the ship walked out from the alleyway in which his cabin stood, looked along the gallery towards him—saw him.

He saw him, and immediately called out, 'Hallo, Seadon!'—genial Captain Heavy was an old friend—'I say, you're the man we want. Would you mind coming along here for a moment, my good chap?'

Clement Seadon, with a throbbing heart, went along. He went to his own cabin. There seemed to be a crowd of people in that cabin. In the blur which his painful sensations brought to him Clement could only distinguish one excited and angry lady and a steward—the evil little steward. He turned his face quickly away from these. He looked at Captain Heavy. He meant to say something to Heavy, but his mouth was parched.

Captain Heavy, his good-tempered face frowning, understood that inquiring look. 'Yes, it does seem an idiot mob to thrust into a man's cabin, old chap. None of my doing. I—well, look here, it's a rotten and unwarrantable thing, but—but, you see, this lady has lost a valuable piece of jewellery—a diamond tiara. She says it has been stolen.'

'It *has* been stolen,' snapped the lady.

'Well, she says it has been stolen. And one of the stewards declares he knows who did it. In fact—in fact, old man, he has the—the effrontery to say that it was—*you*.'

'Well?' said Clement, in a voice whose evenness surprised him.

'Well—well,' said the distressed captain—'well—they came along to see for themselves—to—to search.'

(*Continued on page 136.*)

THE COLOUR OF GOLD.

By R. B. Townshend.

PAY gravel, as we used to call it in Colorado, is a thing pretty scarce in England—so scarce that I cannot name any spot where an old Rocky Mountain prospector would have the least expectation of finding 'the colour' if he were to wash a pan of dirt. In Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, however, gold may still be found in some of the mountain-streams, though any diggings there worth working have long since been played out. In Ireland in ancient times much gold was undoubtedly won along the Vale of Avoca and elsewhere; in Wales the Romans mined for it successfully near Llandovery; and not so many years ago in Scotland some returned Australian miners found enough to keep them going for a few months in Strath Kildonan in Sutherlandshire. Indeed, we have a beautiful sample of this Kildonan gold at the Museum in Oxford.

A prospector who is out to look for gold takes with him pick, pan, and shovel; but if he thinks both pick and shovel too cumbersome, he can carry instead a soldier's light entrenching-tool, which combines the two, and serves well enough. His prospecting-pan is of iron, untinned; when tinned the surface is so slippery that the grains of gold are apt to slip out over the edge unnoticed. You will not find such an untinned pan at an ordinary ironmonger's, but the shopkeeper can easily procure one for you by ordering it from the works. The pan may be of any convenient size—say eighteen inches across. What is most important is that the side of it should not be perpendicular, but should slant at an acute angle from the bottom. If, for example, the pan be eighteen inches wide and four inches deep, the bottom of the pan ought not to measure more than ten inches in diameter.

The way to use the pan is this. Choose a place in the bed of a stream where the gravel has accumulated, and if you have any real hope of 'finding the colour,' the nearer you get to bedrock the better. Prospectors call any smallest speck of gold 'the colour'; they will often speak of finding so many 'colours' to the pan. To have any chance of seeing 'the colour' at the bottom of the pan, the stream you select to prospect should be one that has

brought down its gravel from mountains where there are quartz-veined rocks of a granitic or a metamorphic type. 'Quartz is the mother of gold,' used to be a regular old prospector's saying, and though the gold of the Rand comes, I believe, from a sort of conglomerate, the old-timer of forty years back would no more have thought of looking for gold in a sandstone or a limestone formation than he would have thought of flying. Times change, however, and the air is full of flying-men now; and the Rand 'banket,' which is described as being a sedimentary rock, is actually the richest gold-deposit in the world. But there is no Rand banket in England. Nevertheless, even if you cannot find gravel of the right sort here, you may at least contrive to learn the art of panning in your own garden with any of the common yellow flint gravels of our southern counties. Only, as they certainly won't have native gold in them, you had better stimulate your interest and give the game a touch of reality by putting a little 'salt' in the pan. If you have the nerve to risk it, you may salt the pan with real gold-dust, though, as you might fail to save your salt, such seasoning is liable to come rather expensive. Instead, you may very well make shift with brass. Cut up some brass wire, or any scraps of that cheap but showy metal, into small bits of the size of shot, both coarse and fine; while, in order to imitate 'scale' and 'flour' gold, you may add a little spelter. Shovel gravel into the pan till it is more than half-full, and then add your pinch of salt, be it real or imitation. Now dip the pan under water in a large tub, say, and swill it round with vigour, so as to shake up the contents thoroughly. If the gravel is clean, you can be certain that after a few good shakes under water all the gold, even if it be only brass 'gold,' has got to the very bottom of the pan by its specific gravity. The specific gravity of water is 1 (this means that water is taken as the unit of gravity); that of the particles of gravel and sand will probably run no higher than from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$, while gold is about twenty times as heavy as water, and brass about eight times; so that it is obvious that when you put in water and shake the pan till the gravel washes around loose in it, the 'gold' (whether it be real or only brass), being so much heavier, will sink to the bottom of the gravel, just as surely as the stones themselves sink in the water.

This is the whole principle of gold-washing, provided always that the gravel that is washed is clean. If it is clayey, the small bits of gold may and do stick to the clay that adheres to the gravel, and will be washed out of the pan with it. So, if your gravel is clayey, you must work it about with your hands till the water is all muddy, and repeatedly run off the water till the clay is gone and there is only clean gravel left. Now you can get to work on fair terms, and it should not take you five minutes to wash your pan of dirt. Slant the pan with the lower edge under water, and swill the water out so as to carry away the top gravel. If there are stones in it, as big as small plums, say, you can rake them out over the edge with your fingers. Shake up the pan again, always keeping it on the slant, till you feel sure the gold has gone back to the bottom angle of the pan; swill off the top gravel again with a sort of side-to-side shake, ending in a forward toss; and continue to do so till there is only a cupful or less of the finer gravel and sand left in the pan. Work this last stuff very carefully, using less and less water, and shaking back the still unseen gold down to the bottom angle constantly. And now, when only a few spoonfuls of sand are left, streaming out from the angle of the slanted pan towards the rim, you will catch the yellow flash of the heavy bright metal as it hangs behind at the tail of the sand, the metal that so many thousands—ay, millions—of men have given their lives to win.

That flash makes the imaginative mind think many things. One of the earliest men, some savage hunter of the woods, with a sharpened stone for his only weapon, saw a yellow gleaming nugget long ago in the bed of some mountain-stream, and, attracted by the bright colour, he picked it up and tried to chip it to an edge as he chipped his flints. But the yellow gleaming stuff, unlike any other stone, refused either to chip, or break, or crush; instead, it yielded to the blow, and was bent or flattened. Man had found metal, and of all metals the most workable, the most malleable. True, it was quite useless for practical purposes—he could not make an effective axe or spear-head of it; but it was beautiful to see, so gleaming bright, so untarnishable, so readily shaped into an ornament to be worn by himself or by his no less savage bride. For man's sense of beauty was already born. And so the finder and his fellows gathered gold, admired it, wore it, and thus inaugurated the golden age celebrated by poets. Later came the age of copper, merging into bronze, itself in turn to be superseded by iron; but the age of gold was first. Moreover, there was plenty of it then in many countries, including those Scottish and Irish mountain-glens, and the lucky finders traded it to neighbours who could by no means find 'the colour' in the creeks that ran through their hunting-grounds; and thus it passed from hand to hand till this strange, soft, yellow stone that would not chip became familiar to all the world. From that day forward the eye glances, bird-like, down the stream of history, and sees how, ever since, men have fought and died for gold, and are destined yet to fight and die in ages to come. They fight singly for the perilous glittering treasure; they fight for it in companies and nations. It was only too true what we used to say in the Rocky Mountains: 'A good claim and a graveyard are very near neighbours.'

THE CABIN PASSENGER.

PART IV.

XI.

THE mate's musings were interrupted by the sound of a fall, accompanied by a loud ejaculation and a picturesque and varied flow of comment. The sounds appeared to come from the other side of the deck-house. Passing around it, he perceived Mr Pickett lying on his back before the lower rung of the starboard companion, with an expression of agony on his face. The mate leaned over the poop railing and stared down at him. 'What the blazes is the matter?' he asked.

'Matter!' exclaimed Mr Pickett, screwing his countenance into what he imagined to be an expression of excruciating pain. 'I've fallen down your blamed little ladder here, and sprained my ankle.'

'Which one?' asked Mr Briggin, with a very mild pretence of sympathy.

'Which one?' repeated Mr Pickett, somewhat taken off his guard. 'Oh, the right one, of course.' He sat up and felt the spot he indicated tenderly. 'Say,' he said dolorously, 'I guess I'm lamed.'

'Can't you stand?' asked the mate cautiously.

Mr Pickett turned upon his hands and knees and dragged himself up by the bulwarks. He then proceeded to put the weight of his body on the right leg, and at once exhibited the picture of a man undergoing the tortures of the Inquisition. It was an artistic performance, and it did him credit.

'Say,' he said, 'you'll have to help me into the cabin.'

'I'm not so sure about that,' said Mr Briggin slowly.

'Not sure!' exclaimed Mr Pickett, staring.

'I'll have to see what the captain says about it,' replied the mate. He knocked three times on the front of the deck-house; it was a recognised call in cases of emergency. Captain Keynes came out hurriedly and joined his officer by the poop railings. 'Says he's twisted his ankle,' said the mate briefly; 'says he can't stand.'

Captain Keynes looked down at Mr Pickett, and there came into his eye a spark of triumph. 'Can't stand, can't he?' he said slowly. 'Then I guess he'd better walk.'

'Walk!' said Mr Pickett indignantly. 'How do you suppose I'm going to walk if I can't stand?'

'He says, sir,' said the mate, 'that we'll have to help him into the cabin.'

'Sure it's as bad as that?' asked the captain, addressing Mr Pickett with a fine affectation of sympathy.

'You'd know if you had it instead of me,' answered Mr Pickett.

'I guess I'd better come down and have a look at it,' said the captain slowly.—'Mr Briggin, you'd better go into the cabin and fetch me a couple of towels. It'll want fixing up before we move him.'

The mate complied. Returning from the cabin with the desired articles, he came across Miss Keynes. 'Passenger's sprained his ankle,' he explained with sarcastic enjoyment, 'and I reckon your pop's going to fix him.'

'First-aid?' queried Miss Keynes brightly.

'And last,' replied the mate, grinning. 'The last he'll want, anyhow.'

'Then I think I'll come and see if I can be of any use,' said Miss Keynes.

Mr Briggin scratched his head. 'Better not, I guess,' he answered. 'Your pop's first-aid is apt to be a bit rough.'

'Oh, it won't be rougher than that man deserves,' said Miss Keynes with a smile. 'I shall enjoy seeing it.'

Mr Briggin looked his admiration. 'Come if you want to,' he said, and joined the captain, followed by the girl. Mr Pickett looked up at her with a sheepish grin. She frowned repressively and shook her head. Captain Keynes, by whom this by-play was unobserved, took the towels from the mate's hand and descended the companion, beckoning Mr Briggin to come after him. The mate, who recollected having played this game at least once previously, did so, carelessly unhitching a coil of rope that hung on the poop railing, and allowing it to fall to the deck not far from his intended victim.

Meanwhile Captain Keynes knelt on the deck just before his patient. 'Now then,' he began soothingly, 'let's have a look at it.'

'Say, don't you go putting your ugly paw on it!' said Mr Pickett, fearful lest a closer inspection should reveal the fraud. 'A touch hurts like a red-hot needle.'

'You can leave it to me,' replied the captain, with a face of brass, gently drawing off Mr Pickett's boot. 'I'll fix you up with this towel in no time.'

With a practised hand he made a clove-hitch and ran it about the injured ankle. Then, with a sudden jerk, he ran it about the other ankle, bringing Mr Pickett violently to the ground. 'Ropes, there!' he shouted. 'Ropes, Mr Mate! Sharp about it, now.'

Mr Briggin needed no second bidding. Snatching up the coil of rope, he flung it over Mr Pickett's arms, and had it wrapped about him three or four times before the astonished prize-fighter had realised what had happened. Then, aided by the captain, he began to tie the knots scientifically. In spite of the struggles of

their victim they worked with a will, and in a little time Mr Pickett, who had become purple in the face, looked like a large blue-bottle fly that had got itself caught in a spider's web, and had succeeded in wrapping the web around it.

Then Captain Keynes stood up, took a long breath, and relieved his feelings by a hearty kick on that part of Mr Pickett's anatomy which he judged most suitable for the purpose. 'Now then, my lad,' he said grimly, 'you 're going to pay for your fun. You 're going to pay for the time you 've had on this ship, and I 'm the man to see you pay in full. To-morrow, when we get to Papeete, you 'll go ashore in charge, like the mutinous hound you are. For the present—— Let 's see what we 'll do with you for the present.'

Mr Pickett rolled his eyes, first at the captain, then at the mate, and lastly at Miss Keynes, whom he regarded very much as Samson must have looked upon Delilah. 'What about the cabin?' he suggested sullenly.

'Think again,' replied the captain, with a grin. 'I guess your cabin days are over.'

'Put him in the fore-peak, sir,' suggested the mate enthusiastically. 'It 's full of rats.'

'I guess not,' answered the captain after a moment's consideration. 'I guess we want him somewhere where we can keep an eye on him. Call a couple of hands, Mr Mate, and we 'll trice him up in the shrouds here. He can spend the night thinking over his sins, and in the morning, when we go in, we can hand him over.'

XII.

Mr Briggin hastened to comply. Two of the hands were summoned aft, and did not attempt to conceal their amazement at finding in such a predicament a person whose doings had formed the subject of considerable conversation in the fo'c'sle. They had, however, but little opportunity of expressing it. Captain Keynes, after asking them if they thought they were on board his vessel for the purpose of posing for living pictures, bade them jump. They jumped to obey his commands, and in a little time Mr Pickett found himself hoisted into the starboard shrouds just above the taffrail, and securely lashed there. Beyond remarking that he was damned, he made no comment. The situation was beyond words. Captain Keynes, having examined the fastenings, and satisfied himself as to their security, returned to the shelter of the cabin, rubbing his palms together. The hands went for'ard. Mr Briggin alone remained, grinning at Miss Keynes.

'It 's a clever man that gets the better of your pop in the long-run, missie,' he observed.

'Or of you, Mr Briggin,' answered Miss Keynes sweetly. 'I don't think any man can get the better of you for long.'

The infatuated mate broke into a gratified guffaw. 'I guess that 's so,' he answered. 'You won't have any more trouble with him.'

He gazed at his handiwork with pardonable pleasure, and followed the captain into the cabin.

Miss Keynes took a rapid glance about her to see that the coast was clear, and then stepped down the companion and came close to the spot where the prisoner was fastened with his face to the sea. 'Mr Pickett!' she said softly.

There was no response. Mr Pickett was digesting his injuries and apportioning the blame for them.

'Mr Pickett!' she repeated. 'Mr—er—Jim!'

'Well?' growled Mr Pickett. 'What have you to say?'

'Only one word,' replied Miss Keynes quickly.

'And what 's that?'

'Trust!' said Miss Keynes impressively.

'Ah,' said Mr Pickett, after a malignant pause, 'that 's what I am!'

'What do you mean?' asked Miss Keynes, puzzled.

'Trussed!' said Mr Pickett with vicious emphasis. 'Like a blooming fowl. And I hope you 're pleased with yourself.'

'I wanted to remind you that you were to trust me,' said Miss Keynes, somewhat hurt.

'Seems to me I 've done it,' answered Mr Pickett. 'And I don't like the place it 's landed me in. If it wasn't for that fake of yours about a sprained ankle, I might have been kicking your pop about the deck now.'

'Poor poppa!' said Miss Keynes softly. 'You mustn't hurt him—for my sake.'

'It doesn't look as though I 'm likely to get the chance,' replied Mr Pickett ruefully. 'Look here, what 's the game? Are you straight?'

'You 've got to believe it,' answered Miss Keynes with spirit. 'You 've just got to believe it, or I 'll leave you where you are, and never stir a finger to help you.'

'That settles it,' said Mr Pickett. 'Of course I believe it. You 're quite right. I 've got to.'

'Very well, then,' answered Miss Keynes. 'And now just listen to reason. To-morrow morning we get to Papeete. If you 'd been at large on deck, pop would have lain off-shore until we could have signalled the police to meet him. You 'd have been marched off, and he 'd have gone with you, and you 'd have landed in clink. But seeing that he 's got you safe, I think I can persuade him to let me go up-town and send down the police. I can talk their lingo better than he can; and he 's sure to have a lot to do with the manifest and the cargo. So I 'll go ashore and send down the policemen.'

'And what the dickens does it matter who sends them as long as they get me?' demanded Mr Pickett wrathfully.

'You 're a thick-headed old dear!' answered Miss Keynes with composure. 'And I can see that you 'll have to trust it all to me. Now, not another word. The mate may be on deck at any time now.' She made as though to move away.

'Hold on!' said Mr Pickett. 'How long am I going to be tied up here?'

'Oh, pop will take you down in the morning,' answered Miss Keynes hurriedly. 'He'll never go into port with such an ornament to his rigging. Pop isn't a pirate. You'll see.' She glanced about her once more hurriedly, and then looked up at him with a mischievous smile. 'Jim!' she said softly. 'Jim, you've no idea how nice you look up there!'

A growl from the rigging was the only response. Miss Keynes, still smiling, went into the cabin, and shut herself into her own compartment. Here she settled herself to map out a plan of campaign. Mr Pickett, in the meantime, remained where he had been lashed, staring out at the rapidly darkening sea, and revolving schemes of future revenge which included a comprehensive slaughtering of practically all skippers and mates who sailed the Western Ocean.

XIII.

Miss Keynes had judged rightly when she had said that her father would not care to enter Papeete with Mr Pickett adorning his rigging. The sun had climbed behind the lofty mountains of the island, and had thrown a soft light upon the peaks of Eimeo, when he was taken down and laid, still bound, upon the deck. A little later Papeete appeared upon the port bow, its white houses nestling in an all-enfolding setting of green. They passed through the reef by the northern passage, and drew in towards the Government pier. Already preparations had been made for their reception. A clerk of the firm to which they had been consigned stood on the jetty, looking trim and neat in his white drill and his pith helmet. About him, Chinese and Kanaka stevedores stood ready for the shifting of the cargo. Miss Keynes was too well versed in her father's moods to attempt any conversation with him as the ship drifted down to its berth. But the boat once fast, she jerked her head towards the bound figure of Mr Pickett and spoke. 'What are you going to do about him, poppa?' she asked.

'I'll attend to him later,' answered Captain Keynes brusquely. 'I guess I've something more important on hand than to attend to that swine just now. But he'll have his turn. He'll not complain of want of attention when I've finished with him.'

'I guess I'll go ashore,' said Miss Keynes coolly. 'And, if you like, I'll call at the police-station and tell them to send a couple of men down.'

'That's an idea!' admitted the captain. He saw the clerk approaching him, pencil and note-book in hand. 'That's an idea!' he repeated. 'Send 'em along, and tell 'em to keep him fast till I come to charge him.'

Miss Keynes nodded airily and walked towards the gangway. As she passed Mr Pickett she glanced at him reassuringly. Mr Pickett, lying his length on the deck, stared after her. Something was going to happen, no doubt. But the situation was beyond him, and he could only await events.

They did not keep him waiting long. Half-an-hour later two gendarmes arrived, clad in white drill and pith helmets, and wearing swords at their sides. One was tall and thin, with a black moustache, and a tufted imperial upon his chin; the other was stout and fair, and full of importance. The taller of the two possessed some broken English, and managed to make it clear to the skipper that they desired to take charge of a man for whom they had been sent. Captain Keynes led them towards Mr Pickett, and cut the lashings that bound his feet. Then he assisted the boxer to rise with one or two kicks.

'Take him along, and keep him till I come,' he said.

'We onderstand,' answered the tall gendarme. 'We have instructions. *Mais oui!*'

They gently indicated to their prisoner that he was to accompany them.

Mr Pickett paused a minute and regarded the captain significantly. 'Say, boss,' he said, 'I should like to meet you again.'

'You'll do that,' said the captain viciously, 'in about an hour. You can cool your heels in the station until then.'

'I guess that's not the meeting I'm after,' replied Mr Pickett. 'I guess I'd like to meet you alone.'

'I guess that's all the meeting you'll get,' retorted Captain Keynes mockingly. 'And I guess you'll find it enough for you.'

The taller of the two gendarmes evincing impatience, Mr Pickett made no further reply, but with bound hands accompanied his escort over the gangway and up the pier in the direction of the town. Captain Keynes looked after him until he was well on his way, and then turned to matters of more immediate importance. The hatches were already off and the cargo was being unshipped. A babel of confused noises arose. Not for a full hour did Captain Keynes get time to consider his prisoner; then he straightened himself, glanced at the Frisco steamer going out through the North Passage, and sought the mate, whom he found, very red in the face, tallying cargo by the fore-hatch.

'Mr Mate,' he said, 'take charge till lunch-time. I'm going ashore to settle up with that swine that gave us the trouble on the voyage.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied Mr Briggin heartily. 'I saw the cops had been for him.'

'My daughter sent them down,' answered Captain Keynes brusquely. He had not been blind to the mate's admiration, and had made up his mind that it was to be repressed. He had no intention of permitting his girl to marry a mere mate, even though it was *his* mate.

'She's got a head on her shoulders,' replied Mr Briggin admiringly. For just a moment he permitted himself a brown study on the subject of fitness of time and place for making his intentions known to his prospective father-in-law. Before he could arrive at any conclusion, his meditations were cut short by a blow on the head from a package swinging at the end of a derrick which nearly sent him into the hold.

'If you don't look out you won't have any on yours,' answered the captain dryly. 'Look alive till I come back.'

XIV.

Captain Keynes left the ship and made his way to the *gendarmerie*. Announcing himself, he was shown into a large, somewhat sparsely furnished room, where, behind a desk, sat the *commissaire*. The *commissaire* was a little man with black bristling hair, cut short upon his forehead. His eyes were dark and dreamy, his lips full. His figure inclined to *embonpoint*. The sunlight, filtering through from a large compound at the back of the building, fell with a slightly greasy effect upon his skin. There was about him an air of tenderness, a middle-aged aftermath of romance. Beyond the window two or three coco-nut palms stood across the compound, and on a bush near at hand a gaudy parrot preened its feathers. The *commissaire's* fat fingers clasped and unclasped themselves as he listened to the skipper's tale, and at its conclusion he unclasped them and threw them apart in comical astonishment.

But yes!—certainly—a young lady had been there; and, in accordance with her request, he had sent two gendarmes to the ship. But the story she had told had not been in accordance with that given by M. le Capitaine. Yes—the young lady was dark; and her eyes—ah, they too were dark—of a darkness—— (The *commissaire* rolled his own eyes to the ceiling rhapsodically.) She had been in great distress. Her lover—— Had M. le Commissaire ever loved? Yes, M. le Commissaire had loved—perhaps loved still. Her lover, then—a king among men—had gone far to prove to her his devotion. Hearing that she was sailing for Papeete, he had embarked upon the same ship as a common seaman, solely in order to be near her. Unfortunately he had incurred the wrath of the ship's mate, who, urged by jealousy, had influenced the captain. The young man had been shamefully treated. He had been bound. Did not M. le Commissaire feel for him?—for her? She had shed tears—behind a tiny *mouchoir*. She begged that gendarmes might be sent for his release. She begged that he might be escorted to the station. M. le Commissaire would not refuse? Had he not loved? It was a small thing that he was asked. And her statements could be investigated when the man was before him. The gendarmes had been sent. The man had been brought. And the young lady's behaviour had convinced him that her story was true. But yes—her manner—of a tenderness remarkable! The pair had demanded to be taken to the American Consulate. The man had claimed to be an American citizen. They had been escorted there.

And all the time the *commissaire's* fat fingers had clasped and unclasped themselves, and a soft and reminiscent smile had played over his features. The gaudy parrot on the bush outside emitted a sudden shriek of derision. Captain Keynes's fingers also clasped and unclasped themselves, and his thoughts went for a moment in the direction of the *commissaire's* fat throat. But he mastered himself until the conclusion of the tale, and then bolted out in the direction of the Consulate.

From the Consul he learned that the pair had appeared before him, and had demanded that he should marry them then and there. On his refusing to do so, they had remarked that they couldn't wait, that the ceremony might as well be performed in Frisco, and that, anyway, they had only just time to catch the steamer. They further directed that if any gentleman called to inquire for them, he was to be asked for his blessing.

Captain Keynes listened with a gradually darkening face. He darted to the door, and saw the Frisco steamer well out at sea. Then he raised a bony fist and invoked a comprehensive imprecation on the Papeete police, the Consul, his own eyes, and his daughter. Mr Pickett claimed a special one all to himself.

All the way back to his brig the captain travelled in an orgy of promiscuous profanity. It was not for a good ten minutes that Mr Briggin was able to gather from the incoherent stream of oaths what had actually occurred. When he did so gather it, he too had his say.

It would have been difficult to say whether captain or mate had excelled. Both surpassed themselves.

THE END.

ON WINGS OF FAITH.

A SHADOWY shore, clasped by a vast gray sea,
Its silence deepened by the low, sad cry
Of drowsy waves. Pale ghostly fingers lie
Across the east. Away out ceaselessly
Great surges sing and croon, then break and fall
As they turn landwards in a shower of foam.
Anon from rocks, of shadows deep the home,
The wet-winged sea-gulls start with eerie call,
And flying from the night about them, take
Their lonely wheeling way to meet the dawn.
So, when night keeps her sombre curtains drawn
And the long-looked-for day is slow to break,
E'en like the wild sea-birds to meet the light,
My soul on wings of faith will take its flight.

MARY C. CHRISTIE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

MADRID may soon be one of the cities in the world most favoured by travellers, for interest of nearly every kind and the general advantage of a visit to it; indeed, it has already reached such a stage of consequence. As for many other things in Spain, living and inanimate both, an affection for Madrid is a taste acquired. At the beginning the city seems often disappointing; it presents itself a little stiffly; it is cold and formal—very cold indeed in another sense in months of winter, when a frozen wind beats south from the adjacent Guadarramas, making us shiver even when wrapped in furs, though men and women at home in England fancy us basking in sunny warmth just because this is Spain, and because the mere sweetness of the name, Madrid, seems to tell only of what is pleasant. Madrid is not the real Spanish city, utterly and completely, as it is imagined to be, any more than Paris is solely French, or London is pure England. Madrid, indeed, is less Spanish than those other greater capitals are French and English. The capital of Spain is more cosmopolitan—with an extra touch of French—than any other place in this land of many contrasts; and though it is difficult to select any one city and say of it, 'This is Spanish,' if a choice must be made it would inevitably be Seville, and the difference between Madrid and Seville approaches in extent the difference between New York and Constantinople. But Madrid, as to which other cities in Spain preserve a certain jealousy tinctured with disdain, is, after all, the political and intellectual centre of the nation, and though in a commercial sense it is backward—in comparison with such cities as Barcelona, Bilbao, and some others—it makes no pretence to being good at commerce, but is certainly progressive in other ways. Life here is far intenser than elsewhere in Spain; abundant intellectual effort is manifest; the newspapers and the theatres make a display compared with which that of the other cities is puny; it is the home of archives and treasure-houses. But Madrid, like the Spanish people, is not easy to understand; its merit and attractions are below the surface. Yet once come by some intelligence of the system, the ways and moods, the life of this capital and its people, and its attractiveness increases with a speed. It may be upon the second or a third protracted visit that the true spell of Madrid is felt. In these days I find myself hankering, hungering almost, for a return to Madrid as to no other place I know.

* * *

We assume, of course, that he who thus woos the capital of Spain conforms to the rule of successful travelling, and carries with him some knowledge—of the history, the character, of the people—that with it he may attract some more; that he is one who assimilates well when abroad, for there are some who never do, and for that reason should not leave their local terrain save in the genial company of their friends, to point out and explain to them always, striving for no further intimacy; and that he has a certain familiarity with the language. In Madrid a fair amount of French is spoken, here and there a little English. The educated Spaniard constantly has French at his disposal. A few years ago, upon the first advent of the British queen, it became the fashion to take up English, and one found much of it spoken then; but the queen now speaking Spanish well, and much of the English tongue being neglected in Spanish society, one hears it less than formerly. No wanderer can understand and enjoy Spain without a knowledge of Castilian. A little is better than none; much is not easy to acquire, yet it is worth the study and the hours and the labour. In its first stages Spanish does not seem difficult; and it is a simple thing for one with a gift for languages to translate from the Spanish to the English, guessing being convenient. But after those first stages Spanish is hard, and the Spaniards speak it very rapidly. But be not discouraged. To speak Spanish in Spain is of all linguistic pleasures surely the most delightful and satisfying. And the assimilative traveller will naturally conform to the Spanish customs of this excellent city. Here in the warmer days, or indeed any of them, he will not regard the afternoon siesta with the contempt with which, if reasonably young, he considered it when told of it in England. It is not a matter of laziness in Spain; with the peculiarities of the climate it is a physical necessity. And then, again, it is a custom that seems

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somehow to be forced by nature here. It comes from the air and the soil and the spirit of the country. So he who wanders from the islands to the Peninsula will find himself naturally and inevitably taking his siesta, and, taking it, will discover in it rich advantages of which he had not thought before. In the evening he is not weary—he is refreshed for his intellectual pleasures; again, from five o'clock to eight he is in the mood for work, and that is a time often cut to waste at home. I doubt much if on the balance the Spaniard of good intentions loses anything at all in life and work by his siesta; I could be persuaded that he gains. For myself, I know that in Seville, to me the most delightful and stimulating city in the world, I can play more, see and do more, take my siesta in full Sevillian measure, and, with it all, work more and better than at any other place—and so I do.

* * *

Then, with the siesta and the natural following tendency to extend the night, the British ordering of our hours goes much awry. The Spaniard will customarily dine at nine, and the foreign colony also (including British and French), as represented at the two or three big and new hotels which are its chief meeting-places. Some of our people will make a 'high tea' of it, and may leave it at that; and one finds tea being offered as a usual thing at six o'clock or thereabouts at these best places, and commonly sandwiches and other substantial things served with it—all nicely done, and in a French or an English style. Dinner at nine has many advantages, the system of the city being considered; indeed, it is a needful arrangement. At all the theatres there are two performances daily—one in the late afternoon, beginning at about half-past five or six o'clock, and finishing before dinner; and the other opening at a little after ten, and concluding at about half-past one in the morning. The former suits the younger and the older people, or enables one to do the theatre and devote the later period to some social, intellectual, political, or other occupation. To me the system seems most admirable; I rejoice in it, finding I have two evenings to the same day, and that, devoting one of them to what is serious, I can proceed with light heart and conscience not innocent of conceit to something playful, or just laze and dream away the time. The best of Spanish friends has lately dedicated to me his new portrait, with an inscription that it is to 'an honorary Madrilenian,' a compliment I appreciate exceedingly. It is only by the British visitor becoming in spirit an honorary Madrilenian that he may gather from this store of Spain a tittle of the joy that it can yield to him. But, then, he will return once more, and yet again, to Madrid; he must prepare for resistance of a temptation that will surely come to him in time to take up his abode there. And there are always new delights in Madrid. It is never the same; it is continually changing. Madrid at present in almost every way is passing through a remarkable transformation, one more thorough than any city not laid in ruins has ever undergone. Art and literature here are rising in a great renaissance, and the city itself, its veritable stones, its *plazas* and its *calles*, its accommodations and its appointments, are being so much altered that he who lingered here but yester-year and now comes back may ask his friends, the Madrilenians, for Madrid, and may chide them for some magic of illusion that he thinks they play upon him. The tendency is jointly to convenience and magnificence. We have an example of the former in the new underground railway that is now in working, one of the most efficient and also pleasant ever made—and made entirely in Spain—an entrance to its station being opened from the middle of the Puerta del Sol, which may be said to be the true centre of Spain, though the exact geographical point—but still an arbitrary determination—is at that little Angels' Hill out on the plain some twenty miles or so away; while, for example of the other kind, convenience and efficiency joined to it as well, there is the new post-office on one side of the Plaza de Cibeles at the bottom of the Alcalá, which beyond doubt is the finest construction of its kind in the world, and as good in its arrangement and appointments as it is handsome in appearance. So have thought the delegates from the postal administrations of the world, who met there last autumn for the first postal congress that had assembled since the war began. This idea of the transformation of Madrid, with which the new progress of Spain is so intimately associated, leads us on to many reflections.

* * *

It was about a dozen years ago, or thereabouts, that Spanish gentlemen of much and various account, who felt themselves to be most patriotically and otherwise interested, came by the idea of changing the appearance and enhancing the convenience of the capital of Spain. Madrid has always suffered in some essential ways from the circumstance that, for good political reasons, it was an appointed or made capital, in the time of Philip II., and had not the advantage of most other capitals of important states of being, as it were, born to its position, and thereafter establishing a cumulative greatness and impressiveness. Apart from these good political reasons, the selection of Madrid as the seat of government and the heart of future Spanish effort had its disadvantages. This high plateau is for many months of the year a cold, bleak spot, and I have a fancy that Spain would yield up some new improvements of which she is proudest could she but, by some magic piece of

engineering enterprise, destroy those snowy hills of Guadarrama which so much prejudice her climatic surroundings. With the wind from the Guadarramas on an April afternoon I have been cut through with cold, and half-an-hour later, the direction of the breeze having changed, I have sweated with the warmth. It is this swift changeability rather than the actual winter cold, trying as it is with those chill winds, that gives Madrid the worst of characters for its climate; and yet I think at times that it is hardly treated by report, for one spends many pleasant weeks in Madrid, and April and October, without the interference of the adjacent hills, may be extremely pleasant. The *primavera* in Madrid is lovely, with the park, or 'the Retiro,' as it is called, bursting to its new green, and the entire city (especially in those pleasant walks comprising what is known as the Salon del Prado, where the children play, and the Recoletos, a kind of promenade) is awake with a new life corresponding to the sudden intellectual spring that the Madrilenians have acquired. So here is Madrid in permanence as the chief city, and those most concerned, with an excellent divination of the future, felt a few years ago that it was desirable to conduct an extensive series of embellishments and improvements, as a general and well-deliberated scheme such as had never been entered upon before. They hoped to change the looks of their capital from its almost bareness to something even handsome, to make its convenience comparable to that of the most modern and well-found cities. On their awakening from the stupor that followed upon the Cuban War and its disastrous consequences, this was one of their first ambitions, and, as some of the leaders told me about that time or a little later, they desired that the change in Madrid, as they had planned it, might be considered as a token of the new hopes and efforts of the State. They hoped that strangers would here find comfort, convenience, and some intellectual and other delight, and would leave for their foreign homes again with good impressions which might be not without benefit to Spain. This was, indeed, the first step towards the shedding of what we might call the peninsularity of the country, her utter exclusiveness, which now makes the most rapid progress. About the time that these new and original thoughts were born in Spain, the directors and shareholders of the Banco de España—which is the national bank, and conducts many of the Government's financial arrangements, just as the Bank of England does in London—dreamt a dream, and it was that sometime they might have in the cellars of their new and most magnificent banking premises (built on the most majestic scale some thirty years ago, before the aforesaid Cuban War) a matter of a thousand million pesetas in real gold. Both these fancies, the transformation of the capital and the accumulation of the gold, seemed somewhat wild at that time; those who expressed them to me did so with certain hesitations. Only such great believers in the future of Spain as the Count de Romanones—though most of the foremost Spaniards are optimists in this matter—holding that she must break with many honoured traditions even though she should preserve a good conservatism, were convinced. In conversations with me this statesman would listen to nothing of suggested hindrances and objections. The period for the transformation of the city and the collection of the gold, by means of which the economics of the nation might be much assisted, was held roughly in the Spanish mind as about thirty years, dating from about ten years ago or so.

* * *

Both aspirations have already been realised, in about a third of the time that was contemplated originally. The appearance of the capital has been so transformed, and the life in it so quickened, that verily those who only knew it before the war, on making a visit to it now rub their eyes in wonderment, and, as I have suggested, they suspect that in this land, so much less known than it should be, so full of mysteries as still considered, some strange Eastern magic has been at work. More has already been done in some respects than was originally contemplated, but, effort begetting further aspirations, what is accomplished is now looked upon as a mere beginning. And as to the Banco de España, ships that have come in recent years from war-worn countries, laden with golden tribute, have filled the cases in the cellars in the majestic establishment at the foot of the Alcalá to the extent not merely of a thousand million pesetas, as was the dream, but, by this, to roughly two and a half times that amount, or, let us say, with the exchange at par, a little short of a hundred million pounds—a trifle, perhaps, to those who have thought for long in terms and figures of war, but a matter of consequence to Spain and a fine point in economic strength. These achievements, of course, like so much change and transformation everywhere, have been largely due to the Great War. The progressive movement had begun in Spain before the European outbreak, but it was a slow business, and it lacked encouragement. Then, for almost the first time in her new period, Spain began to feel her isolation somewhat acutely, and, as one knows, and had the best reason for knowing, even in 1913 she was contemplating a move of high importance in the field of European politics. Had there been no war, it might well have taken the full thirty years to change the looks of Madrid and to stock the cellars of the bank; perhaps it might have taken more than that. New architectural features of the city, great and strong and good, abound. The old and poor is being destroyed

in the middle parts and many others; something new and splendid takes its place. One hears the sound of hammering and riveting on all sides, for the new constructions are being made of steel. Half-way down the Alcalá, on the left-hand side, the first stage of the new Gran Via opens out, the name of Avenida del Conde de Peñalver being given to this section in recognition of one who had most to do with starting this great enterprise, the beginning of the reconstruction of Madrid. The buildings on each side are highly—but not too highly—decorative in Spanish Renaissance style. They are tall and splendid; they are very good. Banks are among them; there are two clubs, one being the Military and Naval; there are spacious cafés of a kind new to Madrid; and there are the handsomest shops where are offered the best and daintiest things—from Paris, from London, from New York, Berlin, Rome, and elsewhere in the world, from which Spain has been in the habit of making her selection, since she manufactures little for herself that could be offered in such shops. In other parts, as in the old fashionable shopping street, the Carrera de San Jerónimo, there is a transformation of many of the shops, and ladies delight in the discovery of an establishment for perfumes that is something of a wonder to Madrid, quite Parisian in its quality, but all within it made in Spain. The workmen, demolishing and reconstructing, paving with the big cobble-stones which we do not like, but which are necessary in the climate and circumstance, are hard at work upon the second stage of the Gran Via, and this, and the third stage with it, will be completed, it is supposed, within five years from now—less than the time originally contemplated. A new and brilliant way will have been smashed through slums, just as Kingsway was carved in London, and Madrid will possess the street of pride of which she dreamt, such a one as will be remembered with pleasure by the parting stranger. And the city finds, to its satisfaction, that there is money in this business of reconstruction and improvement. Such property as stood here before, and the land with it, were in their existing state of but the smallest value. Optimists then reckoned that when the new Gran Via was in being the ground might be worth even sixty-five pesetas a foot; realists told them scornfully that they, Spaniards, were raising those airy castles in Spain of which there was so much talk abroad! And the truth is that at the present time that ground is being sold at from eighty to a hundred pesetas a foot. The success of this first enterprise in demolition and reconstruction has led to some thinking and to new plans and schemes. The authorities have it in mind to make a splendid smash of nearly all the middle of Madrid surrounding the Puerta del Sol, and build it new again. Plans in accordance with this idea are even now being prepared. Recently Don Antonio Palacios, chief architect of Spain, designer of the Palacio de Correos, some of the grandest new banks, and most of the majestic buildings that are rising in the capital now, by request submitted a scheme in this connection to the municipal council; and one day, while we stood on the roof of his house in the centre and highest part of Madrid and talked of the wonders of transformation as we gazed upon them, he showed me the plans and explained them. They are wonderful. It had hardly seemed that such idealism in convenience and advantage could be achieved in Spain as here contemplated; certainly the Americans, who are peculiarly good in this way, do nothing like it in their new town constructions. But, then, there is the Spanish imagination to be considered here. And the result pecuniary of thus achieving an ideal of convenience, elegance, and health would be a net gain to the authorities of Madrid of forty-four million pesetas through rise in the value of the land. Thus is business combined with pleasure.

* * *

It was a sunny afternoon when I talked upon the future Madrid with this man who was making most of it, and we saw the process down below under our very eyes. The city glistened. The Recoletos made a bright band of the new green of the *primavera*, and the outlying country, not generally beautiful, had a present charm with its delicate blues and grays of distances. From the mass of masonry the Palacio de Correos (the Post-Office, you remember) and the Rio de la Plata Bank stood out prominently in one direction. It was curious that the bank seemed to vie for prominence with all the rest, and not to be beaten either. Its huge Corinthian columns rose in majesty, and the *atico*, which rests upon the massive square block, seemed like the lid of a gigantic and beautiful box. 'That is rather interesting in a way,' said Don Antonio to me, 'for in the case of that bank I had a peculiar problem to solve. As you see, it stands across the *plaza* almost opposite to the new Palacio de Correos, which was built in advance of it, obviously challenging comparison with any other architecture in the neighbourhood, and challenging it fearlessly. But the new banks of Madrid are being constructed as very fine buildings, and the owners of this one did not desire that their new construction should be completely dwarfed by any others. A difficulty, however, was that they had but a small piece of land on which to build it, and no more was obtainable upon this site in the Alcalá at the corner of the Barquillo—just a thousand square metres. The ground occupied by the Palacio de Correos is twelve times as extensive as that of the bank, but my building was to bear a certain comparison. You see it!' It sustains the comparison with credit. In the

bird's-eye-view of Madrid this stands out boldly from all about, a splendid building in the neo-Grecian style, with marvellous Corinthian columns all round it that cost seventy thousand pesetas each. And this master-architect of Spain spoke with me upon the principles that underlay some features of the reconstruction of Madrid. There is an artistic idea and a system running through it all; in this architectural work there is more definite artistic aim, as it seems to me, than in anything of the kind I have seen in any country where much building is proceeding now. The Americans are raising magnificent public buildings, which will be a glory to the country when time has a little mellowed them. Their style mostly is one of simplicity and strength. We see everywhere the plain Grecian, with fine Corinthian columns. It is good work, solid, strong, impressive. The Spaniards labour more delicately with their new constructions, as one might expect them to do, and their style is more fitted for an old country like theirs, with all its temperament, its manner, and artistic fineness. The stuff is good, but it is highly decorative; my only fear is that sometimes, as in the Gran Via, there might even be a tendency a little too much towards the florid. But in the friendly critic's less anxious and captious moods he fears not so. It is the general artistic system, the cohesive design, that pleases us; in England, in London, we seem to build anyhow, splendidly at times, but with little thought for harmonies, and we have no modern style—merely pick in pieces from here and there among the ages, confessing always that we have no personal thoughts as the ancients had. They are making a new style in Madrid; our friend, the chief architect, spoke of it. 'We do not follow any one particular model of the past,' said he to me. 'Why should we do so? We are virtually building a new city, and is creative art so poor in Spain that we are obliged to copy, and do nothing more than copy? In a sense nothing is new; all the schools and models of the past are influences, and must always be so, and those influences vary according to the circumstances of the recipient. In our present case we effect a new style, the modern Spanish, but that is based on the style of the Spanish Renaissance; and, again, we are always and strongly under the Moorish influence. Thus it happens that on our new buildings you may discover many items here and there taken from other styles, but welded into such a harmonious whole and with such a sense of art as to constitute, if not a new style, at least one which cannot otherwise be named. The Gothic has its influence, as in the decorated points of the towers. For an example of method, I took the little windows high up in the Palacio de Correos from the Monterey palace at Salamanca.' In the simple recital of a part of this conversation there is evidence of the new spirit of Madrid and of Spain.

BATHING AND OTHER ACCIDENTS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir HENRY SMITH, K.C.B.

I.

SINCE my article on 'Shooting Accidents' appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for August 1920, it has occurred to me that possibly accidents unconnected with shooting might also be of interest to readers of the *Journal*.

Without further preface. More than half-a-century ago, when I was a boy of ten or twelve years of age, there lived in George Square, Edinburgh, a family consisting of two brothers, John and James (usually designated as 'Jimmy'), and three daughters—one, Jane, a very beautiful girl. John and James both belonged to the Society of Writers to Her Majesty's Signet, most of whom were then, and many of whom are now, men of landed property; in the case of the family in question the property was in Berwickshire.

The two brothers, in their likes and dislikes, were wide asunder as the Poles. John was a pronounced Liberal of the Gladstonian type—but enough; politics are eschewed so far as this article is concerned. He had no inclination for sport—fishing, shooting, or hunting. Quill-driving was his only delight. The firm had in its service six or eight boys as clerks, whose life was not a pleasant one. Their office-hours were from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., and—oh, relic of barbarism!—from 7 to 9 in the evening. John would dine at six o'clock, walk down from his house to Thistle Street, and straightway commence writing letter after letter—there was no such thing as a copying-press in those prehistoric days—which the boys, half-asleep on their long stools, had to copy. Sometimes, when clients were importunate for replies, John would write till midnight, tell the boys they might go home, and lock up the office himself; walk home, drink a glass of water from the pump, and go to bed, to get up in the morning and resume work. This would go on for six days in the week—Sunday was held sacred; John was a regular church-goer.

Jimmy, on the contrary, took life pleasantly, was a welcome guest at lunch or dinner, thought Burgundy or whisky and soda preferable to pump-water, and when he met a rabid abstainer like

the late John Hope (who poured all the contents of a large cellar, bottle after bottle, down the sink—*fact!*), gave him as wide a berth as possible.

Jimmy was also a first-class horseman, an ardent angler, and a splendid shot.

In those days I belonged to a club in Princes Street, Edinburgh, called 'The New Club'—rather a misnomer now, for it is one of the oldest clubs in Great Britain. Of this club Jimmy also was a member, and here one beautiful day in August—thirty-three long years ago—we met and had lunch together. He was in exuberant spirits. 'Lord ——,' he told me, 'has appointed me factor on one of his estates, and I am going over to begin my work next week. The factor's house is a capital one, and I am to have as many clerks as I require. From what I have heard, three, I think, will be sufficient. You must come over and stay with me—I can easily put you up. I have two spare bedrooms. There is also a boat belonging to the estate, which only Lord ——'s guests or friends staying with me have a right to use. We can run her out and have a grand swim.'

Poor Jimmy! How little he thought that boat would be his undoing! How little he thought that within a fortnight he would have crossed that river which all of us must eventually cross! Before I was able to pay my promised visit the tragedy occurred. Jimmy, taking one of his clerks with him, embarked in the boat and rowed over—some two hundred yards from the pier—to a sandbank. Both undressed, jumped out of the boat, and fearing she might get adrift while they were bathing, took particular care to run her as far up the sandbank as possible. Having finished this satisfactorily, they had their swim. The next thing to do was to get the boat afloat again; but, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, they failed to move her. Fully alive to their danger—it was a tidal river—they cast their eyes round, hoping for assistance, when suddenly, to their intense relief, they descried a steamer making its way up the river. She was actually within hailing distance—say, within one hundred or one hundred and twenty yards. Waving their shirts frantically, they called for help. They were both seen and heard, and were answered from the vessel; but passengers and crew thought they were larking (this was ascertained next day), and the steamer proceeded on her way, leaving them to their fate!

When neither the new factor nor his clerk came home, the servants became alarmed, and rushing down, launched a boat and made for the sandbank.

Needless to say, they were too late.

Both the unfortunate bathers were drowned, and the would-be rescuers had great difficulty in detaching their hands from the gunwale, so desperate had been their efforts to get the boat afloat.

II.

I have often noticed that men who have spent many years in India are very proficient in the art of swimming. The reason is not far to seek. Most 'compounds,' especially up-country, contain a large swimming-bath. Where there is an extensive establishment of the kind—probably twenty yards in length by, say, half as much in breadth—the proprietor, after playing tennis or racquets or polo, dives in and enjoys a long swim, and getting cooled, sleeps soundly till the morning. Some of his neighbours, less fortunate, without baths of their own, are often invited to join him in his swim. The arrangements, in fact, are perfect, and ensure for both host and guests a pleasant and invigorating ending to the day. Water is plentiful in many parts, and the bath is emptied generally every evening and refilled with pure cold water fresh from the springs on the hills. A native attendant sees to this, and used to see also to lighting the gas-jets (doubtless long ere this superseded by electric lights) to enable bathers to see their way.

In one of the largest compounds there resided, many years ago, a civilian (the civilians were the great men of the country in those days; they were better paid than, and took precedence of, officers of the H.E.I.C.S.), a most courteous and popular man, beloved and respected by all. One evening his bath-attendant ran the water off, but omitted to light the gas-jets, thinking, as he confessed afterwards, that the *sahib* would not return for some hours. But, unfortunately, the *sahib*, for some reason or other—what it was no one knew, and no one could discover—returned long before he was expected. Undressing at once, he opened the bathroom door. Dark as pitch! What did it matter? To turn on the gas-jets would take time, and he was longing for his swim. What the poor fellow thought or did can only be conjectured. He was scarcely three or four yards from the near-end of the bath and the board, fixed on a spring, from which bathers plunged. The attendant, entering some time afterwards, was horrified to find his *sahib*—to whom he was sincerely attached—lying on the concrete floor, his skull fractured and his neck broken. Mercifully, death must have been instantaneous.

The tragic fate of this popular man created widespread consternation from Calcutta to Peshawar, and the deepest and most sincere sympathy was felt for his poor widow.

III.

More than fifty years ago, at the Junior Carlton Club, Pall Mall, there occurred a dreadful accident, by which one of the members lost his life. On a certain night four men were playing billiards, and having finished their game,

were standing talking at the top of the stairs before leaving for home. 'What will you bet,' said one of them, 'that I don't jump down to the first landing'—some two-and-twenty steps—'at one jump?' 'A sovereign,' answered one of his friends. The rail, made higher after the accident, was then very low, and the tendency for a man jumping would be to the left. In this case, unfortunately, it proved so, for, swinging right over the rail, he fell with a terrible crash, some forty or fifty feet, lighting on the top of a weighing-machine. Providentially there was no one on it, but a waiter stood hard by. Looking up, the *dead* man exclaimed, 'I've got well out of that,' falling instantaneously a corpse on the marble floor. In 'Shooting Accidents' I mentioned two cases in which, after being killed—however impossible it may appear—the deceased had spoken plainly, and here we have a third.

There are two or three members of the club still alive who, if appealed to, could testify to the truth of this incident.

IV.

About the year 1852—if my memory serves me right—there was founded in Edinburgh the 'Saint Andrew Boat Club,' nicknamed the 'Gallows Club,' because some mendacious individual asserted that every man who joined it found his way eventually to the halter. The original members were few in number. Suffice it to say that Frederick Pitman—three of whose sons attained great distinction in the rowing world, and represented both Oxford and Cambridge in the University Boat Race—and John Craufurd Tait, son of Sheriff Tait—afterwards renowned as having introduced the game of Polo into Great Britain—were the life and spirit of the club.

The headquarters of this aquatic fraternity were at Fountainbridge, near the Grange Cricket-Ground, and consisted of two small rooms and a long shed, in which the boats—four-oars, pair-oars, and skiffs—were housed. The club also rented a large room at Hermiston, with kitchen attached, where members were in the habit of dining, sometimes as often as three or four times a week in the season—that is, during the months of May, June, and July, when the weather was (or ought to have been) warm. An old Scotsman whom I met at Harrogate—that lovely, but distinctly cold, place—was asked, in my hearing, by a man who had never been farther north than Berwick-on-Tweed, what the climate of Scotland was like. 'Weel,' said the veteran, 'it's jist nine months o' wunter and three o' damned bad weather.'

Pardon the digression, and let us return to Hermiston—for it was there that the terrible accident which I am going to describe occurred.

I should mention that members wishing to dine at Hermiston used to meet at 'The Four Lamps,' now 'The West End,' at five o'clock, hire a cab, proceed to a butcher's shop, to a fishmonger's, to a fruiterer's, &c., and having collected materials for a good dinner, drive out to Fountainbridge, launch a four-oar, big in the beam, put what was destined to be dinner aboard, and row out leisurely to Hermiston—another four-oar, a much faster boat, reaching Hermiston in time for the new arrivals to lay the cloth and help in the cooking. On a certain evening—a beautiful warm evening it was—there was a large party assembled. Some, recognising the danger of a journey by water and the occasional 'larking' incidental thereto, had driven out. After a good dinner, washed down by a proportionate quantity of drink—cold punch (Mr Pickwick's favourite tipple) being in great request—the fun got fast and furious. Taking headers into the canal and swimming about for some minutes was popular with most.

And now, with reluctance, I approach the accident to Jack M., my most intimate friend (in those days we were inseparable), who was, I can say without exaggeration, the champion athlete of Scotland: a splendid swimmer, a splendid racquets-player, a splendid shot, a splendid dancer. But it was cricket he loved most of all, and at that he was most proficient. Had there been at that time in Scotland, as there were at Eton and Harrow, professionals to coach the boys, Jack would have equalled or possibly surpassed 'W. G.' himself.

On the evening of the accident something or somebody detained me in Edinburgh and prevented my dining at Hermiston; but I had an account next morning of what happened. Jack, in taking a header into the canal, must have slipped, for, instead of lighting well out from the bank in deep water, he lighted close in—where the water was not a foot and a half deep. Two men, looking down, saw him lying, and took hold of him. 'Don't let go of me,' he said. 'I 've lost the use of my legs.' Lifting the poor fellow carefully up, they rubbed him dry, rolled him in blankets warmed at the fire, and carried him to a cab—luckily there was one—and drove him home to the Royal Circus. What a home-coming! Two or three hours before in buoyant spirits, vigorous, and athletic—now disconsolate, helpless, and inert. Next morning early a friend who had witnessed the accident called on me. 'I 'll go down at once and see him,' I said. 'They won't let you in.' 'I think they will.' Jack, his sister told me, on hearing I had called, wished to see me. 'Well, Henry,' he exclaimed, 'here I lie—a living head on a dead body!' Controlling my feelings as best I could, I said some cheering words. 'Now, when you get up, Jack, the first letter you write you will write to me—promise;'

and he promised. I turned to the door. He looked wistfully after me. Well I knew I should never see him again. I had to go to London next day on important business. Jack lingered for two or three days, losing consciousness as the end was approaching. His sad fate caused poignant grief to his innumerable friends.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

VIII.

THERE was a moment of deep silence in the cabin after the definite and cruel accusation was made. Clement swept the little crowd with a glance he strove to make amazed. He finished up at the captain, who stood, moody and puzzled, near the cabin door.

'I have been accused of theft! I am to be searched!' he cried. 'My dear Heavy, this is absurd, monstrous!'

'I know! I know! I've said that already. This la—they've taken the matter into their own hands.'

'But to be searched! The idea is infamous.'

'You can refuse,' said Heavy, 'and await—er—the authorities.'

'And I stay here,' said the lady, like a figure of vengeance, 'until the authorities come. I am *not* going to lose my tiara.'

'You'd scarcely do that, madam,' said the captain soothingly. 'Even—even if Mr Seadon had it, he could scarcely get rid of it now. If he tried to get rid of it through his port-hole, people would see him. We're alongside, you see. And, in any case, his port-hole is shut.'

Seadon, with a start, darted a glance to the port-hole. Heavy's remarks had closed that loophole pretty thoroughly, he thought.

'All the same, I stay,' said the lady implacably. 'Unless, of course, Mr Seadon allows us to search.'

'If we're alongside, sir, shall I signal the police?' asked the evil-looking little steward.

'Is this the man who accused me?' Clement asked sharply; and as the captain nodded, 'What's the reason behind this charge?' he demanded cuttingly of the fellow.

'Reason be'ind it?' snarled the man. 'Ain't no reason be'ind it. It's just that when Mrs Smot said she lorst 'er dimend terara—well, I rec'lected I'd seen *you* 'angin' about suspicious-like, comin' out of 'er cabin where an' when you 'ad no right to be there.'

'And how is it you saw me come out of this lady's cabin?'

''Ow? 'Ow? Strewth! ain't I 'er cabin steward?'

'Oh, you're her cabin steward. You're the one who has the *entrée* to her cabin.—What's the record of this man, Heavy?' Seadon rapped out the sentences with a fighting air, obviously trying to parry suspicion.

'Don't know,' answered Heavy, who was feeling that it was rather stupid of Seadon to act like this, when a search, distasteful though it might be, would clear him at once. Of course, he thought Seadon knew nothing about the tiara. He did not realise the grim facts that were making the young man act so strangely. 'Don't know. He only signed on this voyage; we don't know anything about him.'

'If you think you c'n switch it off ter me,' said the steward, with an evil grin, 'lemme tell you *I* don't mind being searched, anyhow.'

'Oh,' said Clement, catching his breath.

'Yes,' said the lady acidly. 'I don't see why any man, if he *is* innocent, should object to being searched.'

Clement acknowledged that he could fence off the evil moment no longer. He turned to the captain with a resigned air. 'There are my bags,' he said. 'I haven't been in the baggage-room since I came aboard, as your baggage-master can testify. If that tiara is anywhere, it is in one of my suit-cases.' He pointedly drew attention to his suit-cases. He noted that the steward marked this fact. For, though the steward searched the suit-cases with great cunning, starting first on the one he had *not* put the tiara into, so as to hide his own knowledge, he seemed to have something on his mind.

It was very definitely on the steward's mind after he had drawn blank in the suit-cases, had drawn blank in his careful examination of the cabin, and had reassured himself that the port-hole had been locked since the morning.

He stood up, studying Clement with his lowering and evil eyes, and said, 'No, it ain't anywhere 'ere. Not in the suit-cases or anywheres. There's only 'imself.'

'You seem curiously anxious to fix suspicion on me,' said Clement sharply. 'To divert it, I might say.'

'Well, there's nowhere else, is there?' snapped the man.

'Captain Heavy,' said Clement, with an anger that must affect the captain, 'is this to go on? Am I to submit to this outrage any longer? Is this man to fix suspicion on me for some reason of his own, for his own ends?'

'I don't want ter search 'im, if 'e don't want it. There's always th' police,' said the steward.

Clement turned swiftly to the captain. He held his arms out straight. 'Please search me, captain,' he said savagely.

Captain Heavy, with a little shrug, and an 'I wish this was merely a joke, old man,' searched Clement. He did the job in the Scotland Yard manner. As a search it left nothing to the imagination. It probed into places that even Clement could not have thought of on the spur of the moment. It was complete; it was brilliantly thorough. When he had finished, Captain Heavy stepped back and stared at the steward. He also stared at the lady. And he said bitterly, 'Well?'

The lady's face showed that apoplectical tint that may come to even the best-nourished woman when she is torn by the two powerful but contrary emotions, those of grovelling apology, and of anger with a steward who has made her look a fool.

The steward—well, the steward simply goggled at Clement. There was incredulity and also fear showing in his aghast, his devastated, countenance. He had crowded up close to Clement while the search went on. He had been ready to pounce at the first glitter of a diamond. He had been ready to suggest some hiding-place overlooked by the captain. He was sure that the tiara must be on Clement's person, since it was not in his suit-case—where it should have been, where he himself had put it.

But he did not pounce. He could not point to any possible hiding-place the captain had overlooked. Nothing had been overlooked, and nothing had been found. Nothing!

Captain Heavy glared at him, and snapped, 'Well, my man, what have you got to say? You've subjected a passenger on *my* ship to a disgusting indignity—for what?'

'It—it must be on 'im,' said the steward, sullenly backing away, his mind absolutely bewildered by the unexpected absence of the tiara.

'Must!' thundered the captain. 'Good God, man! do you want me to take his skin off? That's the only thing left to do.'

'Well, 'e 'as it. Didn't I see 'im 'angin' about'——

'We'll get to the bottom of this. As I knew, Mr Seadon did *not* take that tiara. Why the devil did you accuse him? I want to know that. And now.'

'I think,' said Clement in a cold voice—'I think I have already suggested why.'

'Eh, Seadon? You suggested? What did you suggest, my good chap?' cried the captain, only too anxious, for the good of his service, to make amends.

'I suggested that he was anxious to fix suspicion on some one—some one other than himself.'

'Yes—to divert suspicion. That's it. That's what you said,' snapped the lady, who not only had a natural instinct for finding scapegoats, but who owed the steward something for making her appear so conspicuously foolish.

'Ah, divert suspicion,' said the captain, swinging round on the steward, and appreciating his substantial air of villainy for the first time. 'I see. You are this lady's cabin steward, and'——

Clement might have helped the good work along. There was no need. The lady was only too anxious to help the good work along herself.

'And he had the run of my cabin,' she piped. '*He* could go in there whenever he liked, do what he liked, *take* what he liked.'

'I never,' snarled the steward, cringing back, glaring hate at Clement. He felt that this softy-looking young man had turned the tables on him in some way. He was a little afraid. But more; he resented the fact that this 'dandy feller,' who looked the last person to possess brains in good working order, should be tying him in such a knot. As his wits darted back over the happenings and the talk in that cabin during the last few minutes, he saw, blazingly, that its apparent casualness had really been a net to entangle him. In a desperate effort to beat the brain working against him, he cried, 'I never took nuthin'. If I 'ad, would I 'ave pushed meself forward in this—brought meself inter the limelight? I risked sumthin' accusing *'im*, though it was me duty.'

Clement might have said something. There was no need. He never believed in doing work others could do better. The incensed lady did it much better. She cried, 'That was only your vile cunning. Of course it was. My tiara is missing—who would be the first person I should accuse? The cabin steward — naturally. And naturally my cabin steward would know it. If he wasn't a thief, it wouldn't matter. If he was—well, he'd do his best to divert suspicion, as Mr Sneezedon'——

'Seadon,' from Heavy.

She turned on the steward—'Seadon said. Oh, I see it. You suggested some one I did not know, on the other side of the ship, to lead me away. 'You joined furiously in the search, so that I should be convinced that you, at least, were honest. Oh, I see it. I see it. You pretended to be honest to cover up your guilt.'

'Guilt! Cut out the guilt. I *ain't* guilty,' snarled the steward, backing farther away, and watching Clement all the time. What had this man who looked so insignificant, and wasn't, up his sleeve? 'I didn't take that terara.' He made another desperate effort in defence. 'An' —an' why should I pick on this gentleman 'ere, of all the passengers? Why?'

Clement cut in like a flash. This was his time to speak. 'Because at the very beginning of the voyage I kicked you out of this cabin—since you were in it, and had no right to be in

it. Because you tampered with my private papers during the voyage, and you know I know it, and want either to prejudice beforehand any report I may make, or to get me out of the way. Isn't that true?'

'My God!' jerked out the man at the mention of the papers; ''ow did you know that? . . . I mean, I never did.' He stared at Clement, his face working. If the gang had utilised that stolen letter with great effect against Clement, he had turned their own weapon against them with dismaying force. The mere mention of it had staggered the steward. Already convicted of theft out of his own mouth, the steward was at a loss. It was Captain Heavy who acted next. He rang the cabin bell imperiously. When Clement's own steward, Nicholson, answered, he snapped, 'Nicholson, have this man's effects searched—at *once*. Make it a thorough search. A diamond tiara is missing. This fellow has accused Mr Clement Seadon of taking it.' Nicholson regarded the evil-faced steward with a sudden glance in which benevolence was conspicuously absent. He knew Mr Clement Seadon. Also, Captain Heavy knew he knew Mr Clement Seadon. 'It's more than likely that he has merely accused Mr Seadon in order to distract attention from himself. Get to it.'

Nicholson got to it. With another unbrotherly glance at the steward, he nipped out of the cabin and sped towards the 'glory-hole.' The evil-faced lad attempted an air of insouciance. He even called after Nicholson, 'Search 'ard, me bucky. I've already expressed me willingness.'

His effort, like his tone, however, was not as assured as he wanted it to be. He knew anxiety, and he showed it. This simple-looking young man had been too surprising for him. He did not know what was in store for him. He feared the worst. And those about him saw the emotion in his face—and formed their own conclusions.

The lady who had been so ready to accuse proved herself more than ready to apologise. Her method of apology was lavish, but particularly unsatisfactory to the evil-faced steward. It was one long hymn of hate concerning the steward. His feelings grew more and more disturbed as the minutes passed.

He was confident it was all right. It was bound to be all right, he told himself. He'd been most careful. Nothing could go wrong with him. Nothing—or, anyhow, he thought nothing could go wrong with him. As things stood he was all right. He saw no reason for feeling scared; but——

Nicholson came into the cabin.

Nicholson looked wisely at Clement, with resignation at his superior officer, with a certain touch of cheeriness at the evil-faced steward.

He lifted his right hand. He opened it. Something flamed and flashed.

'My tiara!' screamed the lady.

'In the pocket of this,' said Nicholson, lifting up a steward's white jacket.

'My coat—my oath!' blurted the evil-faced steward.

There was no doubt about it. That dirty coat with its yellow stain—probably rust—on its arm and shoulder was unmistakable. Everybody recognised it. Clement Seadon had never forgotten it, in fact.

'A cunnin' hiding-place,' said Nicholson. 'Hunted all through his—his effects, as ordered. Nothing finding. Never thought of looking in his coat. Never would have thought. Only we see it hanging in the "glory-hole."'

That was where Clement Seadon had seen it hanging last—in the 'glory-hole,' when he had dodged in there for cover. He smiled.

'My oath!' burst out the evil-faced steward, seeing that smile. 'My oath—in my coat-pocket! *You* put it there.' He stared at Clement in hate.

Clement's smile was even sweeter. 'Of course I put it there.' And only he and the steward knew that he was telling the truth. The others merely appreciated his sarcasm.

'That settles that,' said Captain Heavy.—'Nicholson, take this brute out, and keep him safe until the police come aboard.—Seadon, I can't tell you how mad I am that all this has happened. It's absolutely infamous. If it's any consolation, I'll promise you that this scoundrel will be made to suffer in full.'

But the rest doesn't matter. Nor do the voluble apologies of the lady of the tiara matter. All that matters is that Clement Seadon left the *Empress* for the Château Frontenac just about the time that the police went on board her to arrest the steward and convey him to prison.

And in the lobby of the Château Frontenac the first person he saw was the mountain of a man—Mr Neuburg.

Mr Neuburg was standing facing the door, and he started perceptibly as Clement came into the hotel. He betrayed himself by a quick stride forward and a muttered oath.

Clement smiled. He said cheerfully, 'Oh, were you expecting the other fellow? Sorry. He took my place—at the last minute. You'll know where to find him, I think—or, anyhow, the first *policeman* will direct you.'

The mountain of a man stared across Clement's shoulder for a moment. In his usually placid eye there was a red light, a light of rage. He stared. His hand, with fist clenching, lifted to the level of his ribs. He gulped. He turned, without a word. Without another sign he swung round, went with his surprising swiftness out of the lobby.

(*Continued on page 152.*)

ANOTHER AGADIR AFFAIRE.

By 'SIRIUS.'

I WAS serving in a 'Q' ship at the time, and the activity of enemy submarines in the vicinity of the Canaries and Madeira had resulted in our hurried departure from a patrol on the south coast of Ireland to Gibraltar, there to wait orders from the Admiralty.

'Awaiting orders' in the days of war was a somewhat different proposition from the 'pre' and 'post' war conception of the term. In those far-off, and these reactionary, days it might mean anything from five days to five months. In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen it meant steam up in all boilers, limited or no leave to officers and men, and an expression of strained expectancy on the countenances of all hands, from captain to cook's-mate.

As a result our stay in Gibraltar was not exactly a rest cure, and the Reina Cristina (with casino adjoining) at Algeciras profited little, if anything, by the presence of one of His Majesty's 'Q' ships in Gibraltar. We were, as a matter of fact, too fully occupied with laying in stores, overhauling machinery, and attending to little details of our disguise to worry much about the delights of the shore.

Two days after our arrival a British submarine slipped unobtrusively into harbour. She had done a modest little trip of a thousand odd miles from England, had been attacked once by our own trawlers, nearly rammed twice by merchant-ships, and had survived a very thorough westerly gale in the Bay of Biscay. 'Otherwise we had an excellent run,' remarked her philosophical lieutenant-commander in command.

This officer being a personal friend of mine, we naturally compared notes, and a certain similarity in our sailing-orders aroused joint suspicions (and hopes) that we were bent on the same errand. As an example of nautical brevity these instructions were admirable. 'Being in all respects ready for sea, you are to proceed to Gibraltar, there to wait orders,' they ran.

Both suspicions and hopes were confirmed when we were summoned to the office of the rear-admiral in command, who gave us the following verbal instructions.

The 'Q' ship, in the disguise of an inoffensive Spanish merchantman, was to patrol in the neighbourhood of the Canaries and Madeira. She was, if possible, to do some 'Fritz-strafing' on her own account. But she was also to supply the submarine with such information and supplies as might be necessary to enable the latter to render a good account of her stewardship to an anxious British public—such account to be rendered only on the expiration of the war: during the war we did not talk much about these things.

In point of painful fact, neither of us sighted a submarine the whole time; but that has nothing to do with my tale, which seeks to show only how near the 'Q' ship came to jeopardising the Anglo-French alliance. And the innocent cause of it all was a baby wild boar! Having now reduced the reader to a state of utter bewilderment, let me hasten to unfold the drama—or should I write tragi-comedy?

For the purpose of communicating with each other, it was necessary to arrange a rendezvous at one or more places where sufficient lee would be obtainable (out of the sight of prying, and possibly Teutonic, eyes) to enable the necessary transfer of fresh bread, salt pork, crude oil, and verbal information to be carried out.

The two rendezvous selected were the Salvage Islands, situated south of Madeira, and the roadstead of the famous Agadir, scene of another historic incident not unconnected with Germany. If the former was unsuitable owing to weather conditions, both vessels were to repair to Agadir, where fair shelter would usually be obtainable.

To which end the French commandant at the latter port was warned not to display undue surprise if a Spanish merchantman and a British submarine forgathered beneath the guns of the fortress of this old seaport-town.

Of course, the inevitable happened. The submarine considered weather conditions favourable for a rendezvous off the Salvage Islands. A council of war on board the 'Q' ship simultaneously decided that Agadir was the more suitable port in the north-easterly wind which was then prevailing. Secrecy being imperative, there could be no question of an exchange of views by wireless telegraphy.

And the sad result of this divergence of views was that we in the parent ship found ourselves waiting patiently and philosophically at Agadir, whilst thirty officers and men of the submarine wore out their eyes and temper off the Salvage Islands, scanning the horizon for their unnatural mother.

Meanwhile international courtesy at Agadir dictated an exchange of visits between the French commandant and the 'Q' ship captain. These formalities being duly completed, the commandant showed us great hospitality, and many a cheery hour was spent in his company. We in the 'Q' ship did our best with such poor facilities as our ship possessed to return his kindness.

Thus passed, pleasantly enough, several days,

though it must be confessed our pleasures were tinged with a little anxiety as to the fate of our friends in the submarine. This was relieved, however, by the receipt of a telegram to say that, acting on the orders of the senior naval officer, she had returned to Gibraltar. Remained, therefore, nothing for us to do but to follow suit, and we arranged to sail at 9 A.M. on the morning following the receipt of this news.

At 8.30 A.M., what time preparations were being made to weigh anchor, the signalman reported a boat approaching the ship. It was pulled by natives in picturesque costumes, and as it drew near its stern-sheets revealed the cheery personality of our friend the commandant, who had come to bid us *bon voyage*.

It likewise contained the *fons et origo mali*, in the body of a young boar of a particularly fierce disposition. This was a parting gift from the commandant to his British friends, and although it was presumably intended to be fattened for the wardroom table, there seemed to be no reason why it should not be kept alive as a souvenir of our visit. If it proved unsuitable as a pet, the London Zoo would doubtless welcome it with (figuratively speaking, of course) open arms. The commandant was warmly thanked for his kindness, and the unfortunate little beast was consigned to a hencoop until such time as a more suitable place of abode could be found. Then followed expressions of mutual goodwill and friendship, and in due course the commandant bade us farewell and embarked in his boat.

A volunteer was then called for to undertake the care of our strange pet, and no difficulty was experienced in making a choice. The qualifications of the man selected were indisputable: he had an uncle who tended the lions in Sanger's Circus. The taming of wild animals, he asserted, came naturally to him; it was in the blood.

I asked this genius how he proposed to commence the training of Ernest (for some occult reason the animal had already been given this rather inapt name). 'Well, sir,' he replied, 'I think if we was to let 'im out o' the 'encoop and leave 'im to run about the upper deck, 'e 'd soon get 'is sea-legs and see 'oo 'is friends was.'

I had my doubts as to whether Ernest would ever be sufficiently educated to discriminate between those who might be considered his friends and those who might not; so far he had displayed marked hostility to all and sundry. But who was I to contest the superior knowledge of the nephew of a lion-tamer? Moreover, I was busy poring over the chart and plotting out a course which might possibly bring us in contact with an enemy submarine.

'Go ahead,' I said briefly, and resumed my calculations. We were by this time moving slowly out of the harbour, and the ship was just beginning to feel the effects of a heavy Atlantic swell. Hardly had I settled down to work when I was rudely interrupted by a loud hail from the after look-out.

'Pig overboard, sir,' he bawled.

And, alas! it was only too true. Our lion-taming expert had opened the hencoop with a view to giving Ernest his sea-legs and full facilities for selecting his friends. Ernest displayed no hesitation whatsoever. Emerging forthwith from his retirement, he stood for a few seconds gazing in bewilderment at his novel surroundings, as if undecided what exactly to do or whom to tackle first. His indecision proved his undoing, for during these few seconds the ship gave a heavy roll, and Ernest, like the Gadarene swine of old, ran violently down a steep place into the sea.

The look-out's cry caused me to rush to the side of the bridge, and there my horrified eyes caught sight of Ernest swimming for dear life back to Agadir. I had heard that a pig cuts its throat when it tries to swim. Ernest disproved this assertion once and for all. He was laying an exact course for the commandant's office by the water's edge, and he was swimming with the most unexampled vigour.

I had visions of his landing, exhausted and bedraggled, at the commandant's feet, and of an insulted ally vowing vengeance on perfidious Albion, whose representative had spurned his proffered gift. Really the whole Allied cause appeared to hang on the recovery of Ernest, dead or alive. Instant action was imperative if the situation was to be saved, and a moment later the engines were set to 'Full speed astern,' whilst the bosun's-mate was roaring 'Away lifeboat's crew' all along the upper deck. There was no lack of volunteers—the men tumbled over themselves in their eagerness to secure a place in the boat. It is not given to the British bluejacket every day to take part in a species of nautical pig-sticking.

In less time than it takes to write these words the boat was in the water, and the chase had commenced. The bowman, armed with a boat-hook, was balancing precariously in the bows of the boat, the lust of the chase clearly depicted in his features; the coxswain, cool and collected, was urging his excited crew to fiercer efforts.

Everything promised well for the running to earth (if I may use the absurd idiom) of our quarry before he was in a condition to do irreparable harm to the Allied cause.

Suddenly there was a swift movement in the water. The anxious watchers caught a glimpse of a gleaming white object and a triangular fin which showed for one instant above the surface. A moment later Ernest had disappeared, and a small patch of reddish-coloured water marked the end of what had threatened to be another Agadir *affaire*.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INEXPENSIVE WASHING-MACHINE.

IN an increasingly large number of homes the work of washing is now being done by means of machines. Some of these are elaborate and expensive; but one has recently come under our notice which, besides being cheap, is simple and reliable in action. The 'wash-tub' consists of a rectangular oblong wooden box, mounted at a convenient height on four legs, fluted in the interior along the bottom and the sides, and furnished with rollers at each end. Fitting across the middle of the box is a detachable 'propeller,' as it is called, consisting of a number of rollers set in a frame, which is provided with a long handle for the purpose of working this part of the apparatus. Above one end of the washer are fixed two rollers, worked by the customary wheel and handle, which may be used either for wringing or for mangling the clothes, as may be desired. To operate the machine, the propeller is first put in position, and the washer is half-filled with hot water. The soiled portions having been soaped, the clothes are then placed in approximately equal quantities on each side of the propeller, and, by means of the long, projecting handle, the propeller is worked backwards and forwards for about three minutes. This action alternately drives the water through the clothes and sucks it back again, washing out the dirt in the process. The moving weight of water enables the propeller to work largely by its own momentum, and thus very little exertion is needed on the part of the operator. At the end of the three minutes the propeller may be lifted out, and the clothes wrung out by being passed through the rollers in the usual way. When the washing is completed, and at such intervals as may be necessary, the water is run off by means of a tap fixed near the bottom of the 'tub,' the propeller is packed away inside the washer, and a large, flat board is placed on the top, forming a convenient table when the rollers are subsequently being used for the purpose of mangling the clothes. This operation having been effected, the 'wringer' is easily lowered by means of a hinge to the end of the washer, which may then be used during the rest of the week as an ordinary table.

A NOVEL FORM OF KETTLE.

Many and varied are the appliances which have recently been placed on the market for the purpose of using artificial heat in the most economical way. One of the most recent of these is an ingenious form of kettle. Through the centre of it, from top to bottom, runs an aperture, so that when it is placed on a fire, a stove, or a gas-ring, the flames play not only on the bottom of the kettle, but also on the circumference of this inner aperture as well, thus causing the water to boil in less than the usual time. This, however, is by no means the most important advantage offered by this unique appliance. The handle of the kettle is hinged at the back, and is so constructed that it can be detached at the front, and turned right back at the hinge, allowing a frying-pan or a sauce-pan to be placed on top of the kettle. The contents of the pan are cooking while the kettle is being brought to the boil, thus enabling one source of heat to be used for two purposes at one and the same time. When so desired, a wire grid placed over the aperture instead of a cooking-utensil makes an excellent bread-toaster if the flame is turned down sufficiently, or flat-irons may be heated for the purpose of ironing the weekly wash. The kettle, which holds about two quarts, is made both in tin-plate and in copper, the latter material offering obvious advantages.

NEW HOME CINEMA FOR STANDARD FILMS.

The opportunity of seeing moving-pictures in the home has several advantages over going to a picture-palace, especially where children are concerned. One important point is that a careful selection of the films can be made and objectionable matter eliminated. For children's parties the home cinema is ideal, while the adults present are by no means uninterested. A very simple apparatus for household use has lately made its advent. The source of light is a half-watt lamp connected to any lamp-socket. Standard-size films can be used with this machine, and one of the spools is fitted with the necessary gear and a handle for rapid rewinding. The films are operated by merely turning a handle, not the slightest technical skill or knowledge on the part of the operator being necessary. A cover furnished with a handle for carrying purposes is provided, and the complete apparatus is mounted on a wood base, measuring twenty-one inches by thirteen inches, suitable for resting on a table.

A NEW HYDRAULIC CLUTCH.

No one contends that the friction-clutch as used on the ordinary car is entirely satisfactory; but hitherto no simple alternative has been available which could be firmly relied upon to give better results. Recently a new form of clutch has been invented and patented by Professor Hele-Shaw. This device is hydraulic in character, but dependent upon oil instead of water for its operation. The clutch in its simplest form consists of a cylindrical case which is attached to the flywheel of the motor. Inside this case, and set radially, are six cylinders, arranged in pairs opposite each other. The cylinders

are fitted with plungers, those opposite to each other being connected together, so that they move in unison. In the centre, between the cylinders, is a shaft to be driven, upon which are mounted two opposite eccentrics. These rotate inside six-sided bushes, by means of which the plungers are reciprocated. As the eccentrics are set opposite to each other, when one plunger of a pair is going into its cylinder, the other is coming out. Assuming that the spaces at the back of the plungers are in communication and full of oil, this oil would keep passing backwards and forwards from one cylinder to the other, as the plungers moved up and down. Now, suppose we fix a valve, which can be opened or closed at will, in the communication-passage between the cylinders. When the valve is closed, the oil will not be able to pass from one cylinder to the other; consequently the plungers cannot move. These, again, lock the eccentrics, which cannot rotate. Hence the casing carrying the cylinders is locked to the shaft carrying the eccentrics, and the clutch is engaged. Immediately the valves in the passages between the cylinders are opened, the plungers can reciprocate freely, and the clutch is free. The casing carrying the cylinders is fitted with a front cover, in which is a bearing for the driven shaft, and also a stuffing-box and a gland to prevent any escape of oil, as the casing is completely filled. Means are provided for making up any leakage past the plungers, so that the spaces at the outer ends of the cylinders are always completely filled with oil. Safety-valves are also provided which will open and release the pressure in the cylinders when it exceeds certain limits, and the clutch will slip. This is a most valuable feature for clutches used between electric-motors and oil-engines on the one hand, and the machines they have to drive on the other. Again, these clutches can be used as hydraulic brakes. In fact, if applied to winches driven by oil-engines, they are capable of serving the double purpose of safety-slipping-devices and brakes for lowering the loads. When machinery of a very heavy description, such as a railway-train, has to be started from rest, this clutch forms an ideal connection between an oil-engine and the driving-wheels, as the latter can be started up as gradually as may be desired. It will be noted that the clutches are self-oiling; hence the wear on them is negligible. Moreover, they can be operated from a distance by Bowden wires if desired, as, the valves being balanced, it takes a very small amount of force to operate them. Last, but not least, there is no limit to the power for which they can be designed and constructed.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN AID IN LAND-SURVEYING.

After what was effected during the war in aerial photography, it is only natural that attempts should be made to apply this art to the making of surveys. Experiments in this direction were carried out in July 1919 by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the area around Atlantic City, N.J., being selected for the purpose. Photographs were taken from both land and sea planes, and some from an airship. By means of negatives taken from a height of 7000 feet, with a lens of 10-inch focal length, a mosaic was constructed having a scale of about 1 to 8000. From the results of these experiments it is thought that the system has valuable possibilities, more especially for revising sections of the coast-line which have undergone changes owing to the action of the sea. Further experiments were carried out in March 1920 by the Army Air Service, when the coast-line of New Jersey, from Cape Maine to Seabright, was photographed in a single flight at a height of 10,000 feet. A lead weight attached to the lowest point of the camera, which was mounted in gimbals, kept the instrument in a vertical position. Although the coast-line photographed is 120 miles in length, the negatives were taken in less than two hours, while the development and printing occupied only two days. A total of 183 photographs was taken in all. The subsequent work of constructing the mosaic and reducing the scale of the chart for purposes of comparison was carried out in fifteen days by one man.

A NEW IRONING-MACHINE.

Although primarily intended for laundry use, an ironing-machine we have seen recently might well be installed in very large households where the washing is done at home. It consists of an ironing-board fixed at a convenient height, on which a very large gas-heated iron is caused to work backwards and forwards by mechanical power. The power is applied through an endless band, driven by an electric-motor or other motive-power, and placed at the back of the ironing-board. Naturally the upper half of the band travels in one direction, while the lower half moves in the other; and by an ingenious clutch, controlled by means of a single handle, the iron can be moved backwards and forwards, making long or short strokes as required, the motions closely resembling those of a small flat-iron worked by hand. No exertion is required on the part of the operator, all movements being brought about by the endless band in response to slight deflections of the controlling handle. All kinds of ironing-work can be performed by this machine with the same delicacy of touch as if the operations were being carried out with the help of a hand flat-iron.

QUICK DRYING FOR HOSIERY.

An invention making for greater efficiency in one department of laundry-work was to be seen at a recent laundry exhibition at Olympia. This consisted of what appeared to be a number of

aluminium dummy legs mounted in a row with the feet pointing upwards. These dummies, however, were not of the ordinary form, but were much wider and flatter, being in section shaped like a double-convex lens with comparatively sharp edges. Each leg is heated by steam, which traverses up one side and down the other. After being washed, the wet stockings are pulled over the legs, and are dried very quickly, while the sharp edges make creases in the correct position, so that the articles come off in a finished state, as they would be bought new in a shop. The system is particularly valuable for silk stockings, which are liable to tear when ironed. Dummy hands, made on similar principles, are also provided for gloves. The steam-pressure is only four pounds to the square inch, and is, therefore, perfectly safe. It is shown by experience that the rate of drying is greatly increased by this system as compared with the older methods of treatment.

A COMBINED RADIATOR AND COOKER.

A gas cooker sufficiently clean and ornamental in character to serve also as a radiator for use in a sitting-room is a distinctly serviceable piece of apparatus for the ordinary household. An appliance of this kind which we have recently examined is cubical in form, and measures about twelve inches each way. A gas-burner, in the shape of a pipe with numerous holes, passes through the heater from one side to the other. Outside at the end is the usual Bunsen jet, together with a spigot for connecting the burner with a gas-bracket by means of a flexible tube. The appliance, which is made of polished steel or aluminium, has a lid at the top, two deflecting-plates over the burner, and an oven with a door at one side under the burner. When the apparatus is used as a radiator, the lid at the top is slightly lifted, and the oven door is opened wide. The burner, when turned full on, consumes ten feet of gas an hour, and the appliance is said to be capable of warming up a room measuring twenty-four feet by sixteen feet in ten minutes. At the end of that time the necessary temperature will be maintained though the gas-tap is turned half-way off. When the apparatus is used for cooking a breakfast, the lid is opened wide, so that it is at right angles to its normal position, and the cooking-utensils are placed on a gridiron over the burner. The oven may be utilised for heating plates, for making toast, or for grilling or baking with radiant heat. The appliance may also be used for cooking other meals within the range of its capacity. For baking pastry or pies, the cooker is turned upside-down, and the deflectors are placed horizontally.

PARTS FOR CONSTRUCTING TOY MOTOR-CHASSIS.

Based on the principle of the time-honoured box of bricks, with which our forefathers amused themselves by building various structures, sets of parts are now sold that can be combined into all kinds of mechanical appliances. Among the recent additions to commodities of this class is a box containing all the parts necessary for building a motor-chassis. These include every essential detail to give the appearance of the real thing, except, of course, that the bonnet contains no engine under it. The wheels have rubber tires, and a spare one is carried in the usual position. There is also a steering-wheel, which actually steers by moving the front-wheels, together with a radiator, mud-guards, running-boards, and other components, making up a total of a hundred and forty-eight separate parts. A boy has to exercise considerable ingenuity in forming the complete car from this set by help of the instructions, while a further exercise of his powers is entailed in the construction of various kinds of body. These can be made up from the general sets sold by the makers, or constructed with a penknife from thin wood or stout cardboard. There has also recently been brought out by the makers of these parts a small electric-motor, with clockwork gearing, which is so designed that it can be attached to the various mechanical models that can be made up. A special feature of it is a reversing-switch, whereby the mechanism can be caused to rotate in either direction. Unlike other similar motors, it requires a very small amount of current to drive it. An accumulator is sold for use with the motor, but it can also be run by means of a Leclanché cell, or even of a dry battery.

NEW HIGH-LIFTING-POWER AEROPLANE-WING.

Not long ago reference was made in this column to the new Handley-Page aeroplane-wing, which has a lifting-power from 33⅓ to 100 per cent. greater than the ordinary type of wing. Another important advantage is that aeroplanes fitted with these wings can land and 'take off' at much slower speeds than machines having ordinary wings, with the results that greater safety is assured for those on board, and shorter landing-grounds may be employed without increasing the risk. Really the wing is of the Venetian-blind type, made up of tubular laths, of which the outsides are of a thin, curved, pear section, the leading edge being thick, while the trailing edge is thinned down and curves round the upper side of the next lath, leaving an air-passage between the two. Even with only one lath and air-passage at the leading edge an increase of about 55 per cent. in lifting-power is effected. A machine with wings of this type was tried at Cricklewood against a similar aeroplane with ordinary wings. The former climbed more quickly and at a steeper angle, and was also able to alight at a much lower speed. It is scarcely necessary to emphasise the immense advance in aeronautics brought about by this wing, which

should enable great reductions to be made in passenger fares and goods rates.

DARNING BY MEANS OF A SEWING-MACHINE.

One of the most irksome duties the housewife is called upon to perform is the darning of stockings, socks, and other garments, and she will welcome any appliance which expedites this tedious task. A device whereby darning can be performed by means of an ordinary sewing-machine in a tithe of the time needed to carry out the operation by hand was shown at a recent exhibition. This consists of a light metal ring, over which the material is stretched, being tightly held in position by a wire spring. The presser foot is removed from the sewing-machine to allow the ring to pass, and a small spiral wire device is slipped over the needle for the purpose of guiding the thread. A combination of thread and wool is used for darning by this method, and this gives a better wearing surface than a darn made with wool only. The thread is used in the needle, and the wool in the shuttle. Once the preparations are made, the darn is 'criss-crossed' in the ordinary way by the machine, the time taken being a matter of seconds for small holes. Small rings are supplied for socks and stockings, and larger ones for other garments, table-cloths, &c. For darning linen, thread, of course, is used in the shuttle instead of wool. Last, but not least in these days of high prices, the complete outfit is sold at a very reasonable figure.

A CURE FOR STEAMED SPECTACLES.

In damp weather the dimming of glass by moisture is a frequent source of annoyance alike to those who have to wear eyeglasses or spectacles in the street, and to photographers and others who use instruments in which glass lenses form an essential feature. A substance has been invented recently which entirely overcomes this trouble. Glass rubbed over with it does not show a trace of steam when breathed upon—a more severe test than any to which such appliances are subjected in ordinary use. The substance is guaranteed not to scratch the surface, while, if anything, it enhances the clearness of the glass to which it is applied. It is invaluable for preventing the steaming of wind-screens, show-cases, and other glazed surfaces which are liable to this drawback.

A NEW SOURCE OF ALCOHOL.

Much attention has been given of late years to the question of manufacturing within the Empire alcohol for use as motor-spirit. In a recent number of the *Bulletin of the Imperial Institute* the possibility was discussed of utilising for this purpose the mowra-flowers of India. These flowers possess thick, juicy petals, rich in sugar. They are used by the natives as a foodstuff, but more especially for the preparation by fermentation of an alcoholic liquor called 'daru' or 'mohwa' spirit. A single tree will yield from two to three hundred pounds weight of flowers in a year. The tree also produces a valuable oil-seed, which is exported to Europe in fairly large quantities. During the war the flowers were used in India for the production of acetone, the yield being said to be ten times as great as that obtained by distilling wood, which is the usual source of this substance. The demand for acetone in India in peace-times, however, is not great, and large quantities of the flowers would be available for the manufacture of alcohol, and would appear to be an exceptionally cheap source of this commodity, as the yield is high compared with that from potatoes and other materials commonly used, about ninety gallons of 95 per cent. alcohol being obtainable from one ton of dried flowers. It has been estimated that in the Hyderabad State alone there are already sufficient mowra-trees for the production of seven hundred thousand gallons of proof spirit per annum, in addition to that necessary for local requirements. It is suggested that the most profitable way of utilising the flowers would probably be as a source of mixed motor-spirit akin to 'Natalite,' a form of motor-spirit extracted from sugar-cane which war conditions brought forth in South Africa, and which is now in extensive use in that part of the world. There seems to be no reason why a spirit distilled from mowra-flowers should not be as useful in India as 'Natalite' has become in South Africa. That motor-spirit can be produced on a manufacturing scale in India from mowra-flowers has already been demonstrated, and it is stated that running trials in which it was used as a fuel have proved satisfactory.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

ANSWER TO 'REVERIE.'*

LITTLE winds sighing
Drowsy birds wake;
Night's shadows dying
O'er slumbering lake.

Glory of sun-rays
Hill crests adorn;
Chorus of birds' praise,
And, lo! it is morn.

M. C. MITCHELL.

* See *Chambers's Journal* for August 1920.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE FLINT DEATH.

By Lewis Spence.

PART I.

I.

BRIERLY STRETTON and I were sitting on the lawn at Thorndean one evening in late September, discussing the intensive examination of ripple-flaking, when that which killed him came humming out of the twilight. He leapt from the basket-chair in which he had been lounging, and caught frantically at a cluster of feathers quivering at his throat. Almost before I could rise to help him he had fallen back into his seat, the last sobs of life upon his lips.

Bending over him in the half-light, I saw at once that his hurt was mortal. His eyes, hard in life, were now like gray stones, his strangled breathing a thing I still try to forget. On the left side of the neck the quills of an arrow bristled, a thread of scarlet slowly creeping among the gray feathers. The panic aroused by the sight of a mortal wound seized me, and I ran towards the house, shouting distractedly for the help I knew would be unavailing. Some one came running towards me, answering my call reassuringly. It was Relf, the butler.

'Sir Brierly has been shot,' I gasped. 'He is dying. Get the car out at once, and bring the doctor back with you. Quick, man; quick!'

He stood for a moment in scared indecision, then turned and ran in the direction of the stables. The white apron of a maid fluttered at the hall door. I hailed her.

'Sir Brierly has been shot,' I called. 'Telephone at once to the village for the police.'

She disappeared with a little cry. I ran back to where Stretton lay. I searched for signs of life, but was unrewarded. I suppose I am as resourceful as most men, but never have I felt so utterly at a loss. Had my friend been stricken down by a bullet, I should probably have extemporised some kind of a bandage. But to essay the withdrawal of an arrow seemed unthinkable. I had read somewhere that instant death invariably followed the removal of the shaft, and the garbled warning of an old ballad came to my mind in dominating and unhappy doggerel. I stood groaning in an agony of utter helplessness, and made useless efforts to stanch the blood with my handkerchief. The barb! In a fascination of inquisitive dread I raised the dead man's head. The shaft had passed sheer through between gorge and backbone, so that the shining point jutted cruelly beneath the right ear. Then I saw that it was of flint, chipped and polished into deadly keenness by the slow and painful craftsmanship of a primeval age—that very age to unriddle the dark story of which had been the consuming passion of Brierly Stretton's life.

In that black ten minutes I did not realise how weirdly singular it was that the man who was perhaps the chief living interpreter of the ancient past should die by the very kind of weapon with which he was so familiar. Then a sudden vivid brain-picture of the primitive archer who might once have fashioned and loosed such a bolt made me gaze with apprehension into the thick mass of evening shadows which were rapidly gathering beyond the semi-circle of trees at the lawn's margin. But no living movement stirred their obscurity, only the shifting muster and darkling play of late autumn afternoon, revealing the facile attraction of leafy places for the night.

A sudden impulse of vengeance urged me towards the wall of tree-trunks, but I had scarcely taken a first impetuous stride when I heard a woman's voice calling my name in miserable fear. Turning, I saw Bianca Stretton running across the lawn, a muslin wrap thrown over her evening-dress and streaming behind her in shadowy, unreal folds. With outstretched arms I placed myself in her way.

'Go back at once,' I implored. 'I will come to you as soon as I can. You must not'——

'He is dead.' The words were uttered in certainty rather than question.

'He is dead,' I confessed wretchedly. 'He was struck down at my side as we talked.'

'Randal,' she said harshly, 'I must know more. I am ready to hear—anything.'

She dropped the gauzy veiling which she had crushed into ragged wisps, and grasped my wrists. I had thought her a fragile woman, fragile in her body and her affections. After all, she must have cared.

'Better that you should not ask now,' I

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pleaded, but the anguish of her eyes was not to be borne. 'If you must know,' I faltered, 'an arrow came out of the wood yonder—an arrow with a flint head.'

For a moment she stood rigid; then she whispered something that I could not catch, shuddered, and slipped to the grass.

II.

I carried her into the house. In the dark hall the servants herded together. Two of them took Bianca to her room. A babel of questions pursued me, but I waved them aside. Then the car plunged up to the door, and a little man in a bowler hat and spectacles ran briskly up the steps.

'Dr Bolton,' he said in sharp introduction. 'Sir Brierly has met with a serious accident, I understand. Where is he?'

I caught him by the arm, and we hurried across the lawn.

'Sir Brierly is lying where he fell when he was struck down,' I explained, 'in that chair over yonder. I am afraid that he is quite dead. Nothing could be done that seemed of any avail.'

He bent over the body, and immediately sprang upright. 'What's this?' he said sternly. 'An arrow? How shocking! How did it happen?'

I told him what I knew, and saw doubt in his eyes.

'You are Mr Randal Mercer,' he said. 'I have seen you in the village with Sir Brierly.'

'You are sure that life is extinct?' I asked.

'Quite,' he replied gruffly. 'We must leave the body where it is until the police come. It's scarcely credible that he was killed with a primitive thing like this;' and he touched the arrow. 'It must have been fired with great force and at very short range to have done such execution.'

'Flint can be made as keen, if not as tough, as Sheffield steel,' I remonstrated.

'You surely don't believe a weapon like that capable of such penetrative power?' he snarled.

'I saw it strike him,' I protested.

'Then did you see who fired it?'

'No, I did not,' I said sharply, nettled at his tone.

'Here are the police,' he growled. 'After all, it's a matter for them.'

An inspector and a constable alighted from their bicycles and approached us. They plied me with questions. I told them all I knew in a few words.

'You see the kind of thing that killed Sir Brierly, inspector,' rapped out the doctor. 'Mr Mercer here is an antiquary. Perhaps he can throw some light upon its character.'

I kept my temper, although it was not easy. The man was a suspicious ass, I told myself, unworthy of my anger. The inspector turned to me anxiously.

'Unless I'm greatly mistaken,' I said, 'the arrow-head is not a genuine antique, but a modern imitation of the real thing—a forgery of a Neolithic weapon.'

'Then,' said the doctor, 'you think that it was made by some one who—by an antiquary, perhaps?'

'I'm scarcely prepared to say,' I replied. 'Few of the archæologists I know could turn out so skilful a piece of work. There is still a handful of flint-knappers throughout the country who make such pieces to sell to credulous collectors. Naturally, my examination of the weapon has been of the most casual description, but unless I am quite wrong, it was made by some one who had knowledge of the art at first-hand. It is a masterly piece of workmanship, such as would deceive most experts.'

'Umph!' said Dr Bolton. 'Would it deceive you, Mr Mercer?

'I will answer that question at the proper time,' I replied quietly. 'I think that you should see Lady Stretton, who is quite overcome.'

He turned away and walked towards the house. Then we raised poor Stretton's body and carried it to his bedroom.

It was easy to see that Inspector Greave was overwhelmed by his responsibilities, but I found him helpful and sympathetic. At once, and by common consent, we resolved upon a systematic search of the grounds and the neighbouring country. The inspector despatched his man to assemble the gamekeepers and the gardeners on the estate, and while this was being done telephoned to the police in the surrounding districts. Then we entered the little wood and commenced our search.

It was plain that the inspector had undertaken this examination of the policies in deference to custom. More than once I pointed out to him that in the circumstances, and under such conditions, it was hopeless to expect other than negative results. But he respectfully insisted on carrying out his programme, and after an exploration lasting nearly four hours, in which we covered a very considerable area, we returned to the house exhausted, and with nothing to show for our labours but scratched hands and damaged clothes.

The inspector announced his intention of remaining at Thorndean House for the night, and after I had made the necessary arrangements with Relf, he accompanied me to the smoking-room at my request. For some time we sat reviewing the scanty evidence at our command, until at last we resolved that the inspector and his men should resume the search on the following morning, and went upstairs to bed.

III.

Catastrophe often acts as a drug to those who have been brought within its compass, but impress myself as I might with the difficulties and responsibilities of the morrow, I could not sleep, but lay pondering on the incredible thing which

had happened. One fantastic theory after another knocked at the door of reason. With an effort I rid my mind of such distractions, and lay feverishly reviewing the details of my long association with Stretton. Closely as we had been connected in our work, I now realised that we had never been drawn into the bonds of actual friendship. Our almost perfect agreement in most things connected with the study to which we had devoted ourselves had proved insufficient to arouse, in me at least, the personal attraction which makes for regard, or to break down the barriers of Stretton's natural reserve. He was, of all men I had known, the most aloof and academically supercilious. I was well aware that he had made for himself a host of enemies by the unsparing exercise of his cool and superior cynicism. I was, indeed, one of the few friends he had tolerated. The man had been a mere intellect, dominating, incisive, brilliantly equipped, if you like, but lacking in the common touch by which genius finds its way to universal understanding. Companionship, I now realised, had not been among his necessities. He had even selected his beautiful wife in the spirit of a connoisseur. She had been his secretary at the museum, and had been placed in his house merely as an example of her husband's good taste.

Before we had set out upon our search, I had requested Dr Bolton to telegraph from Thorndean village to Stephen Barrasford, Sir Brierly's nephew, whom I believed to be his only living relative, and when I came downstairs on the following morning I found a wire from Barrasford, informing me that he would arrive at Thorndean Junction by the 2.15 train. I inquired for Lady Stretton, and was told that, although she was as well as could be expected in the circumstances, she was still confined to her room. I had a long conversation with Inspector Greave, who had been afoot at an early hour. He was more puzzled than ever by the total absence of the kind of clue to which he was accustomed, and as I sat at breakfast I saw him mount his bicycle and pedal dejectedly down the avenue.

The writing of a number of necessary letters occupied me during the morning, and after lunch, feeling that physical exercise was essential in my present condition, I resolved to walk to Thorndean Junction to meet Barrasford. My way led through the plantation which skirted the lawn, as by crossing it I cut off the length of the winding avenue. The well-trodden path through the little wood merged into a narrow walk which led to a side-door giving directly on to the moorland highway which would take me to the village. The rugged, solitary part of the country in which Thorndean was situated had become endeared to Stretton as the neighbourhood of his most striking archæological discoveries, for among its cliffs, honeycombed with caves, once the abode of Neolithic hunters, he had been enabled to collect the evidence which illustrated his theories of prehistoric life, and I had not been surprised when he had purchased this small estate, situated amidst surroundings which had become so closely identified with his work. I was a little astonished, however, that his young wife was so easily reconciled to life in a district from which all social pleasures were so far removed. But on coming to pay a short visit to the Strettons, I noticed that she seemed so listless, so thoroughly absent and out of touch with everything, as to be careless of her surroundings.

I had remarked to Stretton that his wife seemed *distraite* and dispirited, but he had answered me brusquely, and I had naturally refrained from further comment upon the very marked change in her health and appearance. She and I had struck up a not very garrulous acquaintance, and more than once I had reason to think that she was anxious to cross the line which divides things personal from commonplaces and give me her confidence. At least, I had upon occasion observed her regarding me in that appraising manner which with some people is prefatory to reliance. But she remained silent, and I concluded that her listless condition was due to a lack of vitality; indeed, I think I put it down to anæmia.

IV.

I reached the small side-door in the retaining wall, but on attempting to open it found that it was jammed by something which had caught between the edge of the door and the door-post. By dint of a violent pull I succeeded in wrenching it open. As I did so something furry and red-brown in colour fell at my feet. I turned it over with my stick, then in an access of idle interest stooped and picked it up. It was a fragment of fox's skin, perhaps five inches by four. At first I thought that one of the keepers had made a temporary wedge of it for the purpose of closing the door, but the fact that the entrance was provided with an ordinary latch, and was so constantly in use as hardly ever to be locked, disposed at once of such an idea. I noticed, too, that the door was one of those which could be opened from the inside only, and that if the end of a fox-skin muff or necklet were caught in it, its owner would be forced to leave that part of the garment behind. The under side of the skin, I saw, had been roughly tanned, but small portions of integument were still adhering to it. On the impulse of the moment, and for what reason I could not have explained, I placed the fragment in my pocket and passed on my way.

I walked rapidly, and gradually felt the gloom which had pressed upon me so heavily lift and disappear. The country through which I passed was perhaps the wildest in the north of England. To the east soared dark cliffs fringed by sombre

fir-woods. In those heights Stretton and I had often wandered, when, with the condescension of the official archæologist towards the mere amateur, he had acted as my guide to the caves in which he had made his discoveries, and had explained the processes of reasoning on which his striking theories of Neolithic life depended.

This rugged country-side, indeed, appealed to me as a fitting environment for a primitive people. The lofty cliffs, riddled with caverns, must plainly at one time have afforded refuge to a swarming community, who in the neighbouring woods would find abundance of game, and in the sparkling becks and brawling linns provender of trout and an unfailing supply of water. So powerfully was I impressed with my surroundings as the haunt of pristine life that the gray heights seemed the ambush of hostility, and the thin breeze in the moorland undergrowth the rustle made by stalking hunters. Then recollection completed what fancy had begun. The arrow! Did such a shaft await me upon this silent moor? In a quiver of cowardice I cursed myself for walking when I might have driven, for I felt with pitiless intuition that within the sombre shelter of these threatening cliffs or secret woods had been fashioned the thing which had taken Stretton's life. With an oath I shook myself and hurried on, stumbling along with anxious looks and crouching shoulders, like a frightened boor upon a darkling road. Then I broke into a shambling run, which only slowed into a walk when I topped a rise, and was comforted by the red roofs of Thorndean a mile away.

(*Continued on page 170.*)

THE NEW BALTIC STATES.

I.—ESTHONIA.

By Robert Machray.

I.

AMONG the new national flags, and in some respects as notable as any of them, is the blue, black, and white flag of the Republic of Esthonia, or Eesti Vabariik, as it is called in Esthonian. It is a flag that is certain to be seen flying more and more frequently on the seas, and particularly in such British ports as Aberdeen, Dundee, Leith, and Newcastle, with which the Esthonians already have a large and constantly increasing trade. With their relatively considerable coast-line on the mainland, and with the adjacent islands in Moon Sound which are peopled by them, they have long been, naturally enough, a seafaring folk, and in the dark days when Europe was in the making even more than it is to-day, they were sea-rovers and land-raiders, just as many of our own ancestors were.

After various political changes Esthonia passed to Russia, of which it formed an insignificant portion territorially. Yet it was of great importance commercially because of its harbours, open, with the occasional assistance of ice-breakers, all the year round. To say nothing of the exportable products of the country, there poured into Reval and its other ports vast quantities of valuable cargo from north and north-central Russia and from Siberia for shipment abroad. With their kinsmen the Finns and their neighbours the Letts, the Esthonians to a large extent supplied the personnel of the Russian navy and mercantile marine. Besides, these harbours of theirs were of the highest importance to Russia strategically—to that Russia which has vanished. Reval was a Russian base—it is so no more. But the transit trade remains; it fell off, and for a time ceased altogether, during the Great War and what immediately followed, but it is growing and swelling again.

Known till very recently only as one of the Baltic provinces of Russia, little Esthonia was practically swallowed up in the immensity of the Russian Empire, and its people were almost universally regarded by the outside world as Russians, though they themselves had steadily refused, in spite of persecutions of all sorts, to be Russified, and had fought and struggled hard to retain their nationality. It was not, however, till after the beginning of the Revolution of 1917 that Esthonia, emerging from that cataclysm, asserted itself as a distinct political entity, with a destiny of its own quite apart from that of Russia. The early history of the Baltic lands is obscure, but Esthonian writers maintain that up to seven hundred years ago their land was free and self-governing, its tribes being united in a loosely organised commonwealth, and, further, that after it was deprived of its independence by invaders who were too strong to be defeated and rolled back, it yet, through all these centuries, never lost its national self-consciousness, but clung to the hope of being free again, and did what it could to regain that freedom.

Nationality does persist sometimes in this marvellous way in spite of everything, but it was not till two or three years ago that the world at large became aware of the claim of the Esthonians to nationhood. That claim they have made good, but only through great tribulation. It is one of the finest and most heroic stories of our time. It is not a story that is well known. It is safe to say that in Great

Britain, as in most countries, the general public had only the vaguest notions as to what was covered by the terms Esthonia and Esthonians, and that they are still very imperfectly acquainted with their meaning. Before attempting to tell the story of Esthonia's fight for freedom, it will be well, therefore, to give some account of the country and its inhabitants.

II.

In the dim past a wave or waves of Asiatic migration carried various Finnish tribes to the shores of the Baltic. Some of them settled in the north, in what came to be known as Finland; while others made their homes in the south, in the territory lying between the Gulfs of Finland and Riga on the west and Lakes Peipus and Pskov on the east. This territory afterwards was called Esthland or Estland, because the Finns who peopled it were designated Esths or Ests, and hence arose the terms Esthonia and Esthonians. It was the Germans who originated these names. Early in the thirteenth century the Germans, in the shape of the Order of the Teutonic Knights, pushed up from Livland or Livonia, the modern Lettland or Latvia, and conquered the southern half of Esthonia. About the same time the Danes founded Reval, and occupied the northern part of the country; but rather more than a hundred years later they sold their share to the Germans, who united Esthonia with Livonia. The 'Baltic Barons,' who figure so prominently in the story of the Baltic lands up to the present day, are the descendants of the Teutonic Knights. After the Order was dissolved in 1560, Northern Esthonia passed to Sweden, Southern Esthonia to Poland. In 1629, however, all Esthonia—practically Esthonia as it is now constituted—became a province of Sweden, and it remained under Sweden till 1721, when it was ceded to Russia, who kept it till the Revolution, but not as one administrative area, the southern part being separated from the northern and joined on to Livonia. The Republic of Esthonia includes that southern part, which formerly was often called Northern Livonia.

After undergoing these vicissitudes of political fortune Esthonia has recovered its old-time ethnic frontiers, which are: on the north the Gulf of Finland, on the east the Russian 'governments' of Petrograd and Pskov, on the south Latvia and the Gulf of Riga, and on the west the Baltic. The territory of the Republic also includes the islands of Dagoe and Oesel, and a number of smaller islands, all lying a short distance from the mainland. The total area of Esthonia is nearly 22,000 square miles. The islands and the mainland for the most part lie low, the rise of the latter from the coast never being much above three hundred feet. Geographers employ the expression 'Baltic Heights,' but these heights, which extend through East Prussia into Esthonia, are really far from being high, their elevation rarely exceeding a thousand feet. The Baltic States form, in fact, a gently upward-sloping tableland, which continues into Russia like a colossal gangway. The point of view of these states is that central Russia and Siberia are their natural hinterland; on the other side, it must be remarked, there are still many Russians who hold that the Baltic lands are the natural approaches of Russia to the sea, and therefore should remain in Russian hands. And herein lies the great risk to these states in the future, when presumably there will be a strong, united Russia again. Esthonians are well aware of this danger, but passionately assert their right as a people to self-determination, and draw attention to the fact that their country, though small, is larger than Switzerland, Belgium, or Denmark. Consistently with their own independence, they are willing to do all they can for Russia, as they have already shown by the treaty they have made with the Soviets.

III.

Apart from the shipping industry which is the consequence of its position on the Baltic, agriculture and forestry are the main occupations of Esthonia. The terrain is intersected by numerous rivers and streams, and much of it is swampy; there are many lakes, and about one-half of Lake Peipus is Esthonian. The forests are valuable and extensive, three-tenths of the whole country being covered with woods, mostly of pine and fir. The soil is by no means rich, but it is cultivated scientifically, and produces good crops, particularly of flax. Little or no wheat is grown, but other grains do fairly well. There is a flourishing live-stock industry. Going from Esthonia into Russia, the traveller is struck by the different aspect of the agricultural districts; in the former the trim and tidy farms are grouped about the farm-houses and steadings as in England and Scotland, while in the latter the farm-houses are lumped together in higgledy-piggledy villages, with the badly-cared-for fields lying all around them. This indicates a difference not only with respect to the agriculture, but also with regard to the general culture of the two peoples.

The standard of popular education in Esthonia is very high, there being few illiterates. Before the Great War about 80 per cent. of the population could read and write, whereas in Russia only about 20 per cent. could do so. Secondary education is provided by numerous grammar-schools and lyceums, a very large number of the pupils being the sons of farmers; every farmer considers that he is bound in honour to give at least one of his sons a secondary and, if possible, a university education. The University of Esthonia is situated at Dorpat; it was founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, and was reopened in

1919, after the German occupation of the country had come to an end. There is a polytechnic school at Reval, and technical education is being developed in many engineering, naval, and commercial academies. As yet Esthonia is not a great manufacturing state, but it has iron, steel, machinery, wood-pulp, paper-making, cotton, and spirits industries, some of which, such as wood-pulp and paper-making, are of growing importance. The manufacture of spirits is on the increase, and it is said that these spirits appear in other countries, but not as the product of Esthonia!

For 1920 the population of Esthonia was estimated by the authorities at 1,800,000, 95 per cent. being pure Esthonian, and the rest German, Russian, Swedish, and Jewish. The pure Esthonians, of the old Finnish stock, have a language of their own, but it closely resembles that of Finland. Before the Great War these Esthonians were farmers, small *bourgeoisie* of the towns, intellectuals, and sailors and fisher-folk. The Russians, mostly officials and their families, and the Germans, whether Baltic Barons or big merchants, formed the upper class. For many a long year the pure Esthonians were serfs or little better, and education was compulsory in Russian and German—it is only since the establishment of the Republic that all education has been conducted in Esthonian. Yet Esthonian books appeared as far back as the seventeenth century, and the country is immensely rich in songs, tales, and folklore generally, often of a somewhat melancholy type, as might be expected in the circumstances, for the seven centuries of servitude left their mark. The people themselves are quiet, sober, and industrious. Their climate is one that calls for effort on their part; the summers are rather short and usually cool; their winters are rather long and cold, with about two feet of snow lying on the ground during most of the season. It may be recalled that the almost tideless Baltic is much colder in winter than the North Sea.

IV.

Esthonia is the kind of country that breeds a hardy and vigorous people. They showed their quality in their fight for freedom. That struggle may be said to have begun in 1917, though there were not wanting indications before of the growing strength of the national movement. Soon after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution the Esthonian leaders asked the Russian Provisional Government, then headed by Prince Lvoff, to grant autonomy to Esthonia, their idea then being that their land should remain part of Russia, but self-governing, and to this the Provisional Government agreed, a decree to that effect being issued on 12th April 1917. A remarkable thing about this decree was that it gave North Livonia to Esthonia, which thereby regained its old frontier on the south. The Esthonians promptly proceeded to elect, by universal suffrage, a National Council or Diet, and this council met at Reval in the following July, when a National Government was set up, first with Dr J. Ramon, and afterwards with Constantin Paets, as its head. This Government was Esthonian, not Russian or German, and the Baltic Barons, who, because of their owning about two-thirds of the land, had been the real governing class for centuries, no matter to what overlord country Esthonia had belonged, were left out in the cold—a thing which filled them with the deepest resentment. The next development came after the seizure of the supreme power in Russia by Lenin and the Bolsheviks. Late in November of the same year Esthonia, like Finland, decided to become entirely independent, and was about to hold a Constituent Assembly for the settlement of the government of the country, when the Bolsheviks intervened, and summarily dissolved the National Council. Notwithstanding this, the Paets Government still continued in being, and on 24th February 1918 proclaimed Esthonia an independent republic.

Meanwhile negotiations had been going on at Brest Litovsk between the Germans and the Bolsheviks for peace; and when these broke down, the Germans, to compel Lenin to come to terms, took Reval, and marching through Esthonia and Livonia, captured Dvinsk and Pskov, thus threatening Petrograd, whereupon the Bolsheviks, who said the 'German knee was on their chest,' threw up the sponge. The Germans, to the unconcealed joy of the Baltic Barons, occupied both Esthonia and Livonia, and the Paets Government was in evil case. Under the Brest Litovsk treaty the Bolsheviks agreed to evacuate these two provinces, which, it was stipulated, were to be policed by the Germans —that is, occupied until the state organisation of Esthonia and Livonia was restored. This meant the re-establishment of the local *Landtags*, or Provincial Councils, which had existed before the Revolution, and which had been staffed and manned almost exclusively by the Baltic Barons and their friends, who took good care of their own interests. Had the treaty not been cancelled by the defeat of Germany in the Great War, one of its results would in practice have been the complete Germanisation of Esthonia.

With all their strength the Esthonians protested against the German occupation, but as they had not been able to form a national army in any considerable force, their protests passed unheeded by the Germans, who, of course, had the support of the Baltic Barons. Yet somehow the Paets Government contrived to survive, and it appealed to the Allies for help, one sign of which was accorded when, on 3rd May 1918, the British Government recognised it, or, rather, the

National Council which it represented, as a *de facto* independent Government, and received Mr Anton Piip, a distinguished professor of Dorpat University, as its diplomatic agent in London. France and Italy later recognised the National Council as the *de facto* Government of Esthonia. But it was not till the power of Germany was finally broken on the battlefields of the West that the Esthonians got rid of the German soldiers. On 19th November 1918 Esthonia concluded an agreement with Germany for the immediate evacuation of the latter's troops. Germany did evacuate the country, but in such a manner as to give ample opportunity for its invasion by the Bolsheviks, to whom the German commanders actually supplied arms and ammunition. Here again was seen the influence of the Baltic Barons; indeed, they made no secret of the fact that, if Esthonia was not to be German, they preferred it to be in the hands of the Bolsheviks rather than in those of the Esthonians.

But the Esthonians were firmly determined that their country should not become Bolshevist, and they organised an army against the invaders. The Bolsheviks had never been popular in Esthonia, and Bolshevism had few adherents among the people; nor could its horrible manifestations in Esthonia have any effect other than to cause the utmost detestation and hatred of it. Supported by the Bolshevik fleet in the Baltic, the Bolsheviks advanced into the country, pillaging, torturing, and murdering, till within twenty miles of Reval, where they were held up at last by the Esthonian forces, mostly untrained and poorly armed. The position of Esthonia had seemed hopeless, but there was a magnificent rally round the flag. Finland sent men, thousands of rifles, some guns, and ten million Finnish marks to assist the kindred nation. In December a British fleet, under Admiral Sinclair, entered Reval, bringing arms and munitions, and afterwards captured two Bolshevik destroyers, which were handed over to the Esthonians, who thus were enabled to land troops in rear of the enemy. This was the turning-point in the struggle, and the Bolsheviks retreated in a panic, killing their own commissars as they fled, and abandoning their guns and equipment. In their turn the Esthonians advanced, and fighting splendidly against superior forces, drove the Bolsheviks beyond the frontier by 24th February 1919. After a pause for the reconstruction of their army, the Bolsheviks again attacked Esthonia. The Esthonians were one to five Bolsheviks, and the fighting was bitter and sanguinary; but by the middle of May the invaders were beaten back, and then, again taken in the rear, fled panic-stricken as on the former occasion.

v.

While carrying on this war of life and death with Bolshevik Russia the Esthonians resumed their building up of the Republic. A General Election was held early in April. Later in the same month the Constituent Assembly was summoned, and a democratic Government was formed, with Mr O. Strandmann, who had been Minister of Agriculture under Paets, as Prime Minister; and this Government remained in power until a new Coalition Government, with Mr J. Toenisson as Prime Minister, was formed in November 1919. The work of the Assembly lay chiefly in the direction of agrarian reform—the nationalisation of the estates of the Baltic Barons and the division of the land among the people. But the fighting against the Bolsheviks was not at an end, and the German *Landwehr*, with the Baltic Barons in the background, now took a hand in it against the Esthonians, who, however, helped to organise, by means of active defence, the Russian and Lettish anti-Bolshevik troops, with the immediate result that the Bolsheviks were driven back to Gatchina, near Petrograd, and thrown out of all Latvia. The latter operation properly belongs to the article on Latvia, and need only be noted here as part of the great struggle made by the Esthonians in 1919. Something must be said about the action of the Russian anti-Bolsheviks. Two drives from Esthonia were made by them at Petrograd, and the Esthonians supported both. Both failed ultimately. The first was attempted by the Russian Northern Volunteer Corps, the second by much larger Russian forces under Judenitch, who was saved in the upshot by the Esthonians. Neither of these offensives brought Esthonia any profit—indeed, much the reverse. On the other hand, it became perfectly clear that it was impossible for the Germans to effect a union with the anti-Bolshevik Russians with the object of overthrowing the Esthonian Government.

For a whole year Esthonia successfully resisted all the violent assaults of the Bolsheviks—a record of which its people may well be proud. The last heavy attacks were made on Narva in November–December 1919, and these were repulsed. In the previous August there had been some negotiations with a view to peace, but they proved abortive. As the year closed negotiations were resumed, an armistice was signed on 31st December, and peace was concluded on 2nd February 1920. Under the peace-treaty the full independence of Esthonia was recognised by the Bolshevik or Soviet Government. Esthonia was promised fifteen million gold roubles by the Bolsheviks—and this promise was kept; it was granted preferential rights for building a railway from Reval to Moscow, and on its part it undertook to give Russia free economic access to the sea, without any import or transit duty, and the use of its railways, with the same tariffs and dues as were paid by its own citizens. Subsequently the frontiers of the new state were defined by common consent. And thus at last Esthonia, not a few of whose people had been fighting

since 1914, was at peace, and in a position to go on with reconstruction and economic development. In June 1920 the Constituent Assembly passed a permanent constitutional or organic law for the Republic, providing that the Constituent Assembly should be succeeded by a Parliament known as the State Assembly. Each State Assembly must be elected by universal, equal, direct, secret, and proportional voting, and will normally remain in office for a period of three years. The Constitution was to come into force after the summoning of the first of these Assemblies, the elections for which were held late in November last.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War, The North Afire, The Undying Story, Phillip in Particular, The War Cache, Green Ladies, Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER III.

I.

CLEMENT Seadon went to his room with a certain geniality in his heart.

When making his reservation at the reception-counter he had carefully studied the room-bookings before his name. The clerk had said to him, 'I'll give you a nice room on the fifth floor, Mr Seadon. A good room. Overlooks Dufferin Terrace and the river. One of the best rooms we've got.'

'I know it,' said Clement pleasantly. 'Ripping view. Have you anything on the same gallery as 359? I don't mind if there isn't a view.'

'Why, yes,' said the clerk; 'I can give you 362. It's round the corner, but it's on the same floor and only three doors away. Same view, too. It has an intercommunicating bathroom, but locked on your side, of course. You'll like that room.'

Clement Seadon hastily scanned the names above his. Who had room 361, on the other side of his intercommunicating bathroom? He looked. His heart beat. He said, 'Oh, but you're wrong. I fancy I shall more than like room 362.'

The name against room 361 was 'Adolf Neuburg.'

The 'Frontenac' has two lifts. As Clement knew this brilliant hotel quite well, he could choose his lift with cunning. By going to the one that wasn't in the public hall, he could not only get up to his room with discretion, but could approach it in such a way as not to turn the corner of the passage. Thus he could get into it without being seen on the gallery in which Mr Neuburg had his door.

There was a matter for further satisfaction—and also, it must be said, for a certain anxiety—in this business of rooms. He had had luck in getting a room next Mr Neuburg's. His choice of the gallery itself had been deliberate. Heloise Reys had her room on that gallery.

He had looked for her name at once, before he had sought out the name attached to room 361 and found it to be Adolf Neuburg. He had seen that the room booked to Heloise Reys was 359. The room booked to Méduse Smythe, the companion, was 360—it was to be expected. They had rooms together—probably also with a communicating bathroom. That was the matter for satisfaction. It was only when he had discovered Mr Neuburg's room that a feeling of anxiety crept into his thoughts. For, obviously, Mr Neuburg had the room next Méduse Smythe's. The gang had deliberately arranged to group themselves — and their victim — together. It probably went without saying that Méduse, the Gorgon, and Mr Neuburg also had a communicating bathroom. These hotels were so built that rooms intercommunicating like this could be used as suites, or, with the internal doors bolted, each room could be used separately. But there it was; they were all in rooms in line—the victim, Heloise, the gang, and himself.

Clement went quickly to his room, left the door ajar, so that he would not have to call out when the baggage-man brought his luggage up—to call out loud would be to warn Mr Neuburg—and went very quietly into his own bathroom. He felt the handle of his own internal door, found it bolted, slipped the bolt, and carefully opened it. The door of Mr Neuburg's room (there were double doors separating bedroom and bathroom) was shut, and it was probably bolted; anyhow, Clement was not going to attract attention by trying the handle. What mattered was that there was only a single thickness of door between him and the master-villain. He could hear the mountain of a man moving about quietly inside his room. He heard him mutter an angry oath—probably directed at his (Clement's) head; then, luck of luck, he heard him use his telephone. The message was of no importance. He was merely demanding his luggage from the porter, but it gave Clement the knowledge that, unless Mr Neuburg whispered, it would be quite delightfully easy to overhear his conversations. Nothing more happened then, and Clement closed his own door again, and bolted it, as he heard the baggage-man's trolley coming along the passage with his traps.

Only when that fellow had gone did he bolt his door, slip into the bathroom, and wait for

a conversation he thought was bound to come. Mr Neuburg, he felt, must open his bruised heart to the companion, Méduse.

Apart from shuffling movements inside Mr Neuburg's room, there was nothing audible for some time. Clement did not mind. He had an infinite capacity for showing patience.

Also, as he sat comfortably and waited, he could review the situation.

It seemed to him a very good situation to review. It seemed to him to be a rather ironic, but completely satisfactory, situation. He had been placed, by the girl's possession of the lawyer's letter, in a position of signal disadvantage with Heloise; then, by the action of the very gang itself, the whole aspect of the business had been quite abruptly reversed. It was he who was master now.

The rogues themselves had placed a weapon—indeed, two weapons—in his hands by their failure to bring about his arrest as a thief. That act had given him the one thing he wanted. It was an actual, tangible proof of their utter dishonesty. There was no longer merely vague suspicion. Here was fact. It was a fact that, given ten minutes' conversation with Heloise, he could drive home.

Could he doubt that? She was so essentially honest and honourable herself that this vile scheme to fix a crime on to his shoulders would convey only one meaning to her. It would tell her not merely that these people were unscrupulous, but that they were desperately and boldly unscrupulous; that they would stick at nothing in order to remove any one who came between them and their ends, who attempted to protect her against them. She would see that a crime like this—a definite crime, not an unsupported suspicion—simply showed that the brutes must be engaged in a larger criminal plan.

Oh, a girl of Heloise's staunch and clear nature would be able to understand. And that understanding would be driven home when he told her the facts of the lawyer's letter which had been used to estrange them. Clement did not know for certain how that letter had come into Heloise's hands, but it was fairly apparent that the companion, Méduse Smythe, must have been used as a channel. Anyhow, Clement thought so. Well, when Heloise learnt that her precious companion had deliberately given her a letter deliberately stolen from his despatch-case for the purpose of erecting a barrier between them, she would be able to estimate fully the honesty of that companion.

The cunning plot connected with the tiara was damning evidence. That plot not only made the theft of the letter easier to relate, but made the whole case against the rogues more convincing.

Yes, it was an excellent situation, with all the cards in his favour. The rogues had been bold and daring. He would be equally bold, equally daring. He would state the whole of the facts without mincing matters. He would expose the rogues to Heloise. She could never trust them again, or the story of the fortune in those mines that only needed backing to yield immense riches. And even—unlikely contingency, Clement thought—if she persisted in her journey, went to Sicamous to see her girlhood's sweetheart, Henry Gunning, she would go there not favourably impressed with his honesty. She would already have a feeling against him.

Ten minutes' conversation with Heloise, and it would be all over with these rogues. That conversation, perhaps, would not be easy to obtain; but it would be obtained. He would see to that.

'Ah—it is all right, Méduse? You are free? You are alone for a few minutes?' A deep, slightly muffled voice said these words curiously close to Clement Seadon's ear.

It was Mr Neuburg speaking. The companion, Méduse, had come into the room on the other side of the bathroom door.

II.

'Don't talk, woman,' said Mr Neuburg's voice. 'He is here, in this hotel.'

'He? Who?' gasped a female voice. It was a little fainter than that of Mr Neuburg, who, Clement was delighted to hear, was in that masculine condition of rage when he must 'take it out of' some one.

'Don't be a dense fool,' the big man snapped. 'He? Who? The Englishman, ninny. Is there another?'

'It is impossible. He has been arrested.'

'Pah! Do I have to keep on saying it? He is here. He has not been arrested. He is somewhere in this hotel *now*. The Englishman is here. The Englishman, Clement Seadon, is here. He is here. He is in this hotel. He is free. Do you begin to gather—just a glimmer, woman?'

'But'—the woman's voice was almost scandalised—'but he was to have been arrested. Molke was to see to it that he was arrested.'

'And he is not arrested. It is Molke who has been arrested.'

Clement heard the creak of a chair. The fact had been too much for the amiable Méduse. She had had to sit down—and sit down hard. Clement heard a smothered feminine ejaculation. He would have liked to chuckle. He durst not. The snarling voice of the mountainous Mr Neuburg said with bitter passion, 'Ah, you begin to see. Something active begins to stir in your head. And you are shocked. Well, I did not thrill with joy myself. No, I do not know how it happened. I only know I set Molke to effect this Englishman's arrest, and it doesn't happen; it is Molke who is arrested instead.'

'Yes; but that—*that* Englishman,' protested an incredulous female voice.

'Yes — *that* Englishman. Only, my dear Méduse, say "that Englishman" with more respect. I assure you he is like that. He is to be respected. He does not look like intelligence at all. He looks a mere decoration. He looks a mere easy-going, meaningless, drawing-room young man without any wits of his own. And—and it is Molke who is arrested, after all. Just appreciate the fact, my dear. That is the English. They do not look like anything in particular, and you find them sitting firmly on top of you just at the moment when you are beginning to rub your hands over the clever way you have knocked them down.'

'But—but Molke had him so tight.'

'So tight,' snarled Mr Neuburg, 'that Mr Clement Seadon walked, smiling and calm, into the lobby of the hotel, and, still smiling, still calm, told me to my face that he had beaten me at my own game.'

'He—*he* told *you* to your face?'

'In his own way, of course. He told me that he was not in prison, but that the steward Molke was. I am not so dull that I did not understand him completely. But—but, you see what it means?'

'That — that' — the woman was a little flustered before the bullying anger of her companion—'that means he is still a danger we have to contend with.'

'Women,' said the mountainous Mr Neuburg —'women are the apostles of the obvious. Yes, he is a danger we have to contend with, my dear. Only, he is something more. It means that *he* thinks *we* are a danger that no longer counts. I see I shall have to explain. This is truly your day for being heroically dull. This man who looks foolish is not. He knows that we have delivered ourselves into his hands. He is going to strike—strike once and swiftly—and smash us. He will expose us to Heloise Reys. Understand that. He will expose us boldly—and we shall be done. That is why he is so confident. His sort do not taunt for the mere sport of the thing.'

Clement smiled grimly, appreciating the acuteness with which Mr Neuburg had sized up the situation. Mr Neuburg, also, was no fool.

'Heloise will not speak to him,' said the woman.

'He will speak to her. It will come to the same in the end. Oh, yes, I tell you that is what he will do. He is not a man to miss chances.'

'We will prevent that,' said the woman.

'We will do our best to prevent that,' said the man.

Clement knew they would. He knew that to get that ten minutes' talk with Heloise would not be an easy matter. He knew that the rogues would fight him to the last. But he meant to speak to Heloise. He would speak to Heloise.

He listened intently. Since they meant to prevent his speaking to the girl, they might say how they meant to do it. He might, thanks to his splendid good luck, overhear their plan for checkmating him. That would be a crowning triumph. He listened. A silence settled down on the other side of the door. Were they thinking out a plan for removing him? Then, surprisingly, astoundingly, Neuburg growled, 'But there is something else. Gunning has broken loose again.'

Clement gasped—and so did the woman. But where his gasp was one of astonishment, that of the woman was one of anger. There was a distinct pause before she answered, 'Ah, that was what made Joe look so sour on the quayside. I saw he was there,' she gasped. 'Well, what is it now?'

'It is not revealed,' said Mr Neuburg, being, apparently, sardonic. 'Nor is it revealed to where he has—vanished.'

'Vanished! You mean, he's left Sicamous?'

'My dear Méduse, he always leaves Sicamous, doesn't he? He is behaving as he always behaves—the slack-willed, backboneless swine.'

Clement registered that character-reading of Henry Gunning in his mind. Gunning was even as he had suspected—a swine. Assuredly fortune was smiling on him to-day with her most genial smile.

The woman on the other side of the door suddenly showed a flash of spirit.

'Just stop being clever, Adolf, and tell me exactly what Joe Wandersun told you on the quayside.'

'He told me that Henry Gunning had been Henry Gunning. He got drunk, as usual. He talked big about his idiot mine claims, as usual. He boasted about the millionaire he'd be when his soft-hearted English sweetheart married him —I suppose that's as usual now. He then got a little drunker. Told the world that he was going to strike the trail and "show 'em all." And he struck the trail—and—so—vanished.'

'And Joe sat down on his hunkers and watched him go?' said Méduse bitterly.

'Leave Joe to me, my dear.' There was a nasty edge to the big man's tone; the position of Joe was not enviable. 'Joe says that the brute sneaked off in the night. Joe left him apparently sleeping the solid sleep of "bootleg" whisky in his shack. He thought he was safe for eight hours. When he went there again in the morning, Gunning had gone. He had taken his kit, slipped off somewhere in the dark, and had vanished.'

'Well?' snapped the woman after a pause. 'It doesn't stop there, does it? Joe didn't just sit down and weep, did he? What's he found out?'

Mr Neuburg chuckled. Through the door Clement heard it distinctly. Apparently the massive rogue took a brutal joy in baiting the pleasant Méduse.

'You are unerring, my dear,' he said. 'As

you imply, our good Joe did not sit down and weep. People who work for Adolf Neuburg know better than to sit down and weep—so. Our Joe has found out things. Not everything, but something. This sodden and spineless Gunning struck east. No, my dear, do not spoil your burst of intelligence by asking the obvious. If I knew exactly where he had gone, I should have mentioned it. You appreciate that? When one fails to mention things, it is because one doesn't know. But we will know. Siwash Mike is finding out. He will find out. That is his forte. In a day or two we shall know where this fool Gunning is.'

The woman vented an exclamation.

'Ah, you see that that is the point, my mild Méduse. In a day or two. That means, perhaps, a day or two longer here in Quebec, with that foolish-looking Englishman, who is far from foolish, on the spot. The situation is not excellent.'

The pair were silent for a moment. Clement, with ears straining, wanted to learn answers to several questions that passed through his head. The blackguard pair knew that Henry Gunning had left Sicamous, had disappeared. Did Heloise know, or would she know? And how would she know? Obviously she was to be kept in Quebec until her old sweetheart's whereabouts were ascertained. How would that be managed?

As though his thoughts had been communicated telepathically through the door, his speculations were immediately answered.

The voice of the big man boomed abruptly, 'She has gone out to the Post-Office, eh?'

'Yes,' said Méduse. 'She has gone to see if the letter is there.'

'It is there,' said Mr Neuburg. 'Her agent at Sicamous—our good Joe—sent it before he left. He showed me a copy. He did quite well. He informs her that Henry Gunning has left Sicamous on one of his periodical trips—probably on business. He does not know where Mr Gunning has gone, but he will cable when he finds out, or when Mr Gunning returns—as he should in a few days.'

'That, I suppose, will not make her suspicious,' said the woman.

'What is the matter with you, Méduse?' snarled the big man, with an oath. 'Where is the reason for suspicion? Gunning—the fool—is not supposed to know she is coming. If he likes to go off—well, it is merely a natural thing for him to do. If anything, his going off destroys the suggestion of a plot, of his being kept there by us as a bait for her. You are a fool, Méduse. This Englishman—he is destroying your nerve.'

'Yes, it is the Englishman. He is too unexpected. I do not like the idea of our remaining here several days with him about.'

'Well, you know his capacities; it will help to keep you alert. And we will deal with him—as best we can.'

Clement, hearing that he was to be dealt with, was grateful for the hint. He also appreciated the great regard they seemed to have for his abilities. Excellent though the tribute might be, he saw that it did not point to his task being any easier.

The woman said, 'Still, would it not be better to get her away? Would it be possible?'

'It would be better, but not possible,' said Mr Neuburg. 'We must remain here, in touch with the Sault Algonquin. Siwash is to report there. He is "in the air," as it were, and that is the only way we can keep in touch. No, my dear Méduse, it will not suffice that he cables. He will cable Sicamous, and Joe's wife will send on the message to our soft-hearted little girl. But the cable is not good enough for us. We must know all the details—what Gunning is doing, what is his condition, and so forth—in order to know how to act. No; we must stay in Quebec until we see Siwash.'

'And Joe is staying too?'

'Yes; he is at the little glue-maker's in Algonquin. I see what you mean. He will be an addition to our forces if we have to deal with that Englishman. Joe is a useful man. He may be slow at times, but he is not squeamish.'

Again Clement Seadon was glad of the hint. He would adopt a special alertness for the benefit of this unknown and unsqueamish Joe. But, more than this, he was exceedingly grateful for the address they had given him—the glue-maker's in the Sault Algonquin. He rather fancied he knew the street. It was one of those in the old town, in that network of dark and narrow alleys crowded between the water-front and the rocky cliff on which Quebec was piled up. The knowledge of that address might prove useful. It was good to know the local headquarters of the gang. Also, Siwash Mike—whoever he was—was to report there. It would be interesting to hear that report. One might gather a great deal of useful and instructive information about Henry Gunning and the plans of the gang from it. As he sat there quite comfortably, listening, Clement Seadon drew out his pocket-book and wrote down, 'The Glue-maker's, Sault Algonquin.' He would have a look at that place, reconnoitre its possibilities.

Then, even as he wrote, even as he listened, something happened. The woman Méduse was saying, 'Yes, something must be done about this Englishman. I assure you, Adolf, I do not feel secure with him about. It is not merely that apparently his easy-going appearance covers an unnatural cleverness—but—but—we must not mince matters—he has an effect on this girl Heloise.'

There was a pause. Clement felt that the big Mr Neuburg was impressed by the significance of the companion Méduse's words. He knew that he himself was certainly impressed

by the significance of Méduse's words. His heart had suddenly leaped. His brain was singing. He could scarcely restrain himself from calling out, 'Say it. Say what you mean plainly.' And, as before, it was as though the intensity of his own feelings compelled those in the farther room to be explicit.

'Ah,' breathed the mountainous man, 'you mean that she is, perhaps, in love with him.'

'I mean,' answered the woman, 'that it would be very easy for her to be in love with him. I do not think she knows it yet. But he—he would quickly make her know the state of her heart.'

'Thank you,' Clement almost cried aloud.

'That is the devil,' said the big Mr Neuburg, and his was the only comment that was vocal. 'We must certainly deal with him.' And then came the unexpected happening. 'We must certainly deal with him before he scores that advantage,' said Mr Neuburg, and on top of that amiable remark the woman hissed—

'Shiss, one moment.'

There was a sound of stealthy and swift movement in the room. A silence. Presently another movement of skirts, as though the woman was returning from a farther chamber. Then, 'It is she. She has returned from the Post-Office. I hear her moving in her room. I must go to her before she finds the bathroom door locked.' It was the companion, Méduse, speaking softly.

Again movement. Again silence—a long silence. Clement heard the scratch of a match, smelt cigar-smoke, heard a chair complain as a heavy body dropped into it. Then once more silence.

Mr Neuburg had sat down to think things out.

Clement shut his own bathroom door noiselessly, noiselessly bolted it.

The séance of eavesdropping was over.

(*Continued on page 164.*)

RECENT PROGRESS IN WIRELESS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Chetwode Crawley, M.I.E.E.

I.

THE advances made in wireless communication during recent years have been so much screened by the secrecy of war that the most astoundingly inaccurate statements are often published in the daily press. What ink and time, but not thought, were spent in writing and reading about signals from Mars; and still we write to newspapers about their 'valuable space'! Surely the facts concerning wireless communications as they now are and the lines on which progress may reasonably be expected are interesting enough without continually pursuing the remote possibilities, or, as in so many cases, the never-ending impossibilities.

Let us just look at these facts and see how wireless communication stands to-day compared with its position in 1913. In 1913 we were reading about an imperial wireless chain, and in 1920 we read about another one, in the report of a committee appointed by the Government. The erection of the 1913 chain was rudely interrupted by the events of 1914, but what are the outstanding differences between the two schemes which mark the progress of long-distance wireless telegraphy? In each scheme it was suggested that, to link up the Empire, stations should be erected at distances from each other of about two thousand miles; but in the 1920 scheme it is proposed to use less power and to work duplex—that is, sending and receiving simultaneously at each station—at high speeds, in a way which was not contemplated in 1913. What is it, then, that now allows of less power—which means, of course, less cost—and of higher speed? It is the use of a new means altogether of producing wireless waves. The apparatus now proposed is called the three electrode thermionic valve, an imposing and formidable name for a piece of apparatus which consists essentially of a vacuum bulb, similar to an electric-light lamp, but with two other metal elements inside the bulb in addition to the filament. The whole romance of wireless during the war is wrapped up in the development of this little piece of apparatus for transmitting and receiving messages.

At the outbreak of war the valve, as a receiver, was just beginning to emerge from the experimental stage, but as a transmitter it had only entered that stage, and was not in extensive use as such for the first few years. For receiving purposes it came into prominent use when the French, early in the war, followed quickly by ourselves, used it for reading enemy messages sent by their land-lines to the front-line trenches. The Germans soon followed suit, and much surprise was expressed at the time as to the intimate knowledge which the enemy possessed of our movements in the front-line, similar surprise as regards our knowledge of the enemy's movements being no doubt just as prevalent in Germany. The fact is that the valve can be used not only as a most sensitive detector of wireless waves, but also as a most efficient sound-magnifier when coupled up with suitable circuits. Both sides naturally lost as little time as possible in arranging to send their land-line messages by means which could not be so easily tapped.

Owing to the detecting and magnifying properties of valves, the strength of wireless signals

received can be made much greater to-day than was the case in 1913, a fact which facilitates arrangements being made for receiving messages sent at very high speeds, a speed of a hundred words a minute being now quite a practical proposition for long-distance working. Much greater speeds have been demonstrated experimentally, and will no doubt be possible for commercial long-distance working in the near future.

The first practical demonstrations with a valve as a transmitter were given in this country just before the war, and its developments during the war were chiefly in connection with transmitters for small sets, especially those in aircraft. The waves radiated by this method are very suitable for all wireless communications, and much greater distances can be obtained than with other wireless transmitters using the same power. The valve is not, as a matter of fact, in use as yet for any very long distance work, but the Government committee considered its development sufficiently advanced to justify their recommending it for use in an Empire chain of two-thousand-mile stations. Many of the larger Atlantic liners are now being fitted with valve transmission, and communicate with similar stations on shore up to ranges of about fifteen hundred miles, more than double those obtained in 1913. None of these ships, however, is yet fitted with high-speed apparatus, and the messages are sent by a hand-worked signalling-key at about twenty words a minute; but if later on the amount of traffic justifies high-speed working, the necessary arrangements can easily be installed.

II.

The development of wireless telephony has always lagged far behind that of wireless telegraphy, but the introduction of valve transmission and reception is giving it an impetus which will assuredly carry it far. During the war most of the experiments with wireless telephony in Europe were directed towards the development of small sets for use in aircraft, and towards the end of the war aeroplanes were communicating comfortably up to ranges of fifty miles with their ground-stations, and up to five miles with each other—ranges which have since then been more than doubled. In the United States, however, during the early stages of the war, more time was available for experiments in long-distance wireless telephony, and spoken messages from a station near Washington were read in Paris, a distance of about two thousand three hundred miles, and sometimes even in Honolulu, about five thousand miles away. No such long-distance telephony, however, is yet in practical operation. Recently in this country the Marconi Company arranged for Dame Melba to sing into a wireless-telephone transmitter at one of their stations, and the songs were clearly heard at many stations on land and sea up to a distance of about a thousand miles. At present there are no wireless-telephone stations in operation for ordinary commercial working. There is, however, no great difficulty in linking up wireless with line telephony, so as to have the speech transmitted partly by wireless and partly by land-line, a possibility which at once opens up a new field for prophecy and speculation. It was, indeed, by this means that President Wilson received wireless-telephone messages from Washington when in mid-ocean on his return from the Peace Conference. Already wireless telephony is showing its first great practical use in peace, as it did in war, for aircraft communications, and what pilots considered a few years ago as a perfect nuisance has now blossomed out as an essential fitting. The late Lord Kitchener was much impressed by one of the first successful demonstrations of wireless telephony from aeroplanes. The demonstration was given to him at St Omer, but unfortunately for immediate progress the messages were read as far away as Lowestoft, a fact which caused orders to be issued prohibiting the use of wireless telephony for quite a long time, as it was feared that the enemy might read the messages and obtain valuable information.

Wireless telephony suffers, of course, from all the same troubles as have clogged the progress of wireless telegraphy from the start, rapid as this progress has been. Interference of one communication with another, and interference from disturbances in the ether, called atmospherics, are even more serious in telephony than in telegraphy. These troubles are decreasing every day, but they are still large enough to remind us that wired working might have been looked upon in many ways as a great advance on wireless had it not become a familiar commonplace before wireless entered the field.

Another aspect of wireless which proved of great use in the war, and depended mainly on the development of the valve, was that of direction-finding. For this purpose the circuits at a receiving-station are arranged so that, on signals from any station being heard, the direction of that station is at once known, and, if required, the exact position can be found by plotting its directions from two or more receiving-stations. This arrangement was used extensively by us in the war, especially for locating the positions of enemy submarines, and it was by this means that raiding Zeppelins often steered their course, making use of signals from German high-power stations. In the navigation of aircraft this wireless direction-finding is of the greatest value, and it is also being used to assist in the navigation of ships, especially in foggy weather.

Wireless waves can, of course, be utilised for transferring energy for purposes other than communications and position-finding, such as for steering boats or torpedoes from a distance, and for the transmission of photographs; but such uses are still so much in the experimental stage that it is unnecessary to dwell on them here.

LIKE MY SON JASON.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY, Author of *Johnnie Maddison*, *The Passion of the President*, &c.

THE park and the old house of Wych Cotes lay dreaming in the hot stillness of an August afternoon. Not a leaf stirred on the great beeches surrounding the great house; hardly a sound echoed, unless it were the cooing of the ring-doves in the trees, which sounded near and hoarse in the quietude of the windless day.

The park-lands sloped down to the valley of the Wych Brook, and there a light blue-gray mist floated diaphanously over the stream, a heat haze rather than a mist, that softened and beautified everything over which it swam. To-day this country was a dream, with the magnificent trees set like green sentinels about the greener slope, until woodland met bosky shrubberies, and shrubberies melted by delicate gradation to rose-bushes, and ended with the bright flowery parterres about the house, the neat, fine-gravelled paths, overarched here and there by pergolas almost hidden by their burden of rambler-roses.

The lawns were close-shaven as any college lawn in England, velvet-green beds, but no one walked upon these delightful carpets of fine grass, no one showed himself on the paths or at the windows; the old house dreamed in its own shadows, mellow with the restful silence of great age happily arrived at and contentedly survived. One thin flag of smoke went up from a cluster of Elizabethan chimneys, waved a little, and melted into the sky; two pigeons swept out from the great cote which had given the house its name, and circled about the gables; and down in the fish-pond by the dingle a great carp lazily nibbled at a water-weed.

On the sunny slope above the fish-pond there grow three giant beeches, and near them stands a little garden house, like a miniature Greek temple. A dappled shade is there, the shining sun overhead chequering the ground under the trees, darting golden lances through the arch of green leaves; and on this particular August afternoon a hammock had been slung between two of the smooth tree-boles.

The financier lay in the hammock, sagging it with his relaxed bulk, and his massive head lay back upon a pile of crushed silk cushions, his immense mouth half-open, the rolls of his flaccid chin loose in the betraying limpness of sleep. It was not an attractive face, even when the big jaw was closed with its business expression, which made it like a rat-trap. Powerful no doubt, but gross too; sensual, cruel, brutally material.

The silence that was elsewhere broken only by the cooing of the doves was here vulgarly disturbed by a sound, half gurgle, half snore, which came from the sleeping man. He slept as he waked and lived—largely, noisily, flamboyantly, without delicacy or consideration. A little table stood near the hammock, and on it rested a financial paper, a decanter half-full of whisky, and a soda-water siphon, with a glass.

The sleeper had other claims to the consideration of the public than that of being a financier; he was also a discoverer. It is true that he had discovered nothing likely to uplift mankind, to soothe pain, to profit humanity; but he was a discoverer none the less! Early in the Great War he was the first man to discover that neither the War Office nor the innumerable hosts of regimental sergeant-majors expected the British soldier to shave with the razor supplied him by the nation. Each carried one (as he carried a potential field-marshal's baton) in his pack, but shaving was one of the uses to which it could not be put.

The regimental razor was, then, largely an ornament, and as such need not be either sharp or expensive. That was the value of the financier's discovery. Oblong pieces of metal set in composition handles might be bought by the million for about threepence apiece, if one was not expected to shave with them. They could also be sold in millions for about ninepence to an authority which demanded a clean chin daily from every serving soldier.

'It isn't as if the poor beggars had to shave with the things,' the financier said to his wife when the idea first struck him. 'They've got to have 'em, that's all.'

A little fortune soon grows when you put it out at 200 per cent. or so, and the financier went on from strength to strength as the war proceeded. He was the first man to make plums and apples out of mangolds, the first to put on the market one of those weird brands of cigarettes which proved that a weed might nominally smell as sweet as real tobacco and be something far removed from even first cousinship to it.

And now the war had been over for nearly two years, and the financier had run the gamut through Hackney and Hampstead to Hertfordshire and Park Lane, and slept the sleep of the well-fed animal in a hammock between the ancient beeches of Wych Cotes.

A young man came suddenly from behind the little classic temple, and stepping noiselessly towards the clump of beeches, looked at the figure recumbent in the hammock.

He was over the middle height, muscular, and erect. His face was almost handsome, with brown eyes set squarely in a tanned face, an aquiline nose, a sensitive mouth, shaded above by a short, trim moustache, and a chin that was firm and slightly cleft.

It may have been his gaze that broke the slumber of the financier, or the attentions of a

lazy blue-bottle that swung and droned about his sagging chin, but he sat up, opened his eyes, and fixed them in surprise upon the figure of the young man in the well-worn tweed suit, who leaned against the bole of one of the beeches, regarding him.

'Hello! Hello!' he said awkwardly. 'I was asleep, I s'pose—it 's so damned hot'——

'It is hot,' the young man agreed quietly.

The financier suddenly remembered that this was his hammock and these were his grounds. 'How did you get in here?' he asked, half-aggressively. 'This is private property, I'd have you know, young man!'

The young man bowed slightly. 'I am sorry if I intrude. I used to live here years ago, and I thought I should like to look at the old place again.'

The financier opened his eyes. 'Lived here, did you? Think of that now! Well, have a drink, will you? You 'll find Scotch on the table there.'

'No, thank you, sir,' said the other.

'As you like. . . . When did you live here, may I ask?'

'Before the war, sir—funny thing, it began this month, almost about this time.'

The financier grunted, 'The war, did it? Well, I can tell you, young man, I 'm fed up with war talk. Had my fill of that when it was on. I don't say I didn't do well out of it, for I did; but it 's ancient history now, and the sooner it 's all laid up in lavender and stored away the better. Why, bless you! my office is full o' chaps who 've been to the war—and a nice lot of swankers they are. I don't know if you 're in business, young fellow, but I can tell you that the fellows who came back to offices aren't half the men the other fellows are—they 're too big for their boots; they 've acquired lazy habits, mark my word! I hope that doesn't apply to you?'

The young man laughed a little bitterly. 'I hope not, sir.'

The financier looked at him. 'Were you in it?'

'Less than a year,' said the other quietly.

'Ah, you were one of the sensible ones, like my son Jason,' said the financier. 'When the war broke out, my son Jason came to me and asked me did I expect him to go soldiering; and I said to him, I said, "Jason, there 's a lot of idle fellows about who won't hurt for a bit of work and occupation. But men like you and me have our businesses to attend to, Jason. We have to keep things going, to stick to the old ship. You stay with me, my boy; and when they really want you, they 'll call for you. Any one can fight, but it isn't every one who can make money and provide the sinews of war."'

The young man nodded. 'And what did Jason say?'

'Jason he says, "Right, dad; that 's just what I say. The regular soldiers are in it because they have to, and the other fellows just want to swank a bit before their girls. It isn't the fighting that attracts them, but the uniform. If most of them had anything worth while having, they wouldn't give it up so easy, not by a long chalk!"'

'Don't you think some of them did?'

'Mighty few, young man; mighty few. Supposing now one of them owned this place—do you think he would give it up and make a cockshy of himself over in France, when he might be living in comfort at home? It wasn't done! Why, you used to live here, you say, and you had only a year of it, same as Jason. He had to go in the end; though I 'm happy to say we got him a job as O.C. Stationery at home.'

'Did he care for that?'

The financier pursed his lips. 'Well, I can't say that he did. Often he used to curse it all ends up, and it 's my belief he hated it from the beginning.'

The young man smiled. 'Most of them tired of these jobs, and hankered to be out at the front.'

The financier opened his eyes still wider. 'Out at the front? Did I say he wanted to be out there? What I said was that he hated this soldiering job with stationery; and so would you, too, if you were used to living well at home in a big house, with servants to wait on you, and no need to get out o' bed till ten in the morning. No; it was too like work for Jason.'

'Was he strong, or how did he get exempted?'

'Oh, Jason was strong enough. You don't see my point, young man. Brains aren't common, 'specially financial brains, and when a thing is rare, it 's got to be taken care of. If a man 's killed, he 's always a loss to the nation; but the nation 's got to decide that the loss shall be as small as possible. No sensible man 's going to fish for cod with salmon for bait; he uses up the common sprats, and keeps the expensive for use at home, if you get me?'

The young man frowned. 'But surely they were all men—all had souls, sir. I suppose they had mothers, fathers, and wives to mourn them?'

'Ay, very sad, very sad, no doubt,' said the financier considerately. 'But you can't bring souls to market, young sir, and it 's the markets that make the money. That 's what Jason said to me when the Conscription Bill came in. "Dad," he says, "the Government 's making a big mistake when it makes all men alike. What they ought to do is to ask each man what he can best give, and those that could give money could give it, and those who hadn't could give their muscles."'

The young man looked sadly down the slope over the sweet old park-land to the quiet fish-pond where he had played as a child. A

shadow played on his face as he replied, 'Had you to give much, sir?'

The financier puffed out his fat cheeks. 'Yes, young man. I was never behind-hand when it was a question of writing a cheque. Haven't you seen the War Memorial down in the village? Mine! I didn't spare any expense—and Jason said it would look well. I paid all my employees two-thirds of their salaries while they were away, and there was hardly a subscription list didn't have my name on it.'

The young man looked more hopeful. 'Excuse my asking—did you give that large sum early in 1915 for the Soldiers' Comforts Fund, marked "An Anonymous Father"?'

'No, young man, I did not; and if you ask me, I don't believe in sneaking about under anonymity. Everything above-board is my motto. You know what happened to the man who hid his talent, and that we are forbidden to hide our light under a bushel? Well, I never was ashamed of my name, and what I gave I put my name to. It helped a bit, I'll admit.'

The young man frowned. 'In other words, sir, you advertised yourself under the cloak of charity?'

The financier's mouth closed suddenly, like a rat-trap, and a heavy flush overspread his face, while his small eyes dilated. 'What the devil do you mean?'

'What I say, sir!' The young man's face flamed. 'What a shadow has fallen over dear old Wych Cotes! It is the first time it has sheltered a parasite, sir—a leech'——

'How dare you!'

'Dare? Is it daring nowadays to tell the truth? The war has passed, sir, and already you want to hear no more of it. Are you ashamed of the thing that made you, that gave you this, that fattened you and your son, and gave you safety at the cost of others' lives?'

The financier gaped. 'I like your dashed impudence, young man, insulting me and my son. Why, Jason, he'd make two of you. He has brains, has Jason'——

'And discretion—which is the better part of valour, sir.'

'Well, who are you to talk, if he has? Didn't you wangle out of it till you couldn't help it? Didn't you tell me you were just in it for a year—just like my son Jason. Get off my land, sir, at once, or I'll call my men, and have you *thrown* out! What d'ye mean by coming here, anyway—trespassing without a By-your-leave? I'll have man-traps put up! I'll see that no one runs over my property as he pleases, and insults me on my own ground.'

The young man drew himself erect. 'You need not trouble, sir; I shall not come again. Wych Cotes, as I knew it, has gone. You have driven away its memories, its peace. It is now nothing more than a house that encloses dishonour.'

The financier was purple now, and choking with passion. 'Wait till I get out of this 'ammick!' He choked and gurgled in his fury, as he struggled into a sitting position and dropped one heavy leg over the side of the hammock. 'Old as I am, I'll damn well teach you to'——

He got to the ground and looked about him. But the young man had gone noiselessly away among the trees, and after glaring about him with futile rage, the financier stumped off towards the old Italian garden, where Hobbs, the head gardener, was standing before a tall cypress.

''Obbs! 'Obbs, I say!' he cried, his veneer peeling from him as passion shook him. 'Some young man's been trespassing here. He woke me up in the 'ammick. 'Aven't I given orders no one was to be let in without my permission?'

'Yes, sir,' said Hobbs respectfully. 'Was he one of the village young men, sir, or a stranger?'

The financier stamped. 'Thought himself a gentleman, anyway, impudent young cub. Said he used to live here once.'

'Then 'e must have bin a himposter, sir,' said Hobbs gravely. 'No one had Wych Cotes but the Redlys, until you came, sir, at January.'

'Thought so,' said the financier. 'This young feller would be about twenty-three. Not bad-looking, I'll admit, with brown eyes, and a tooth-brush moustache, as they call them, wearing a suit of greeny-brown tweed. Do you know any one like that round about?'

Hobbs stared. 'Had he—had he a sort of cleft—dimple—in his chin, sir, do you remember?'

The financier started. 'So he had. I saw it clear. He did live here, then, after all?'

Hobbs turned paler. 'It couldn't be, sir—not 'im! But 'e was the dead spit of what you say, sir—young Master James was, and just the suit he used to wear before he went to the war in 1914.'

The financier shook his head. 'You mean your old master's son?'

''Is only son, Master James, sir.'

'No, it couldn't be, 'Obbs. He said right enough that he lived here once, but he told me plainly that he had only been a year in the army. Likely they took him in 1917, under the Act.'

The head gardener looked down. For a few moments there was a silence, broken only by the persistent cooing of the ring-doves. He looked up again then, and some suppressed emotion made the muscles of his face twitch painfully.

'A year,' repeated the financier, 'just like my son, Jason.'

'Begging your pardon, sir,' said Hobbs slowly, 'Mr James was among the first to join up, sir, and he wouldn't have been in the army more 'n a year. He was killed in France in the end of July 1915.'

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE FOLK OF THE 'MAYFLOWER.'

By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

PART I.

I.

A FEW months ago one of the most humanly interesting memorials of the world's history fell to be celebrated. It was the tercentenary of the Pilgrim Fathers—the sailing westwards of about one hundred English men, women, and children in a little ship, the *Mayflower*, to make the real beginning of the great American Republic. They felt impelled to go, not so much on account of religious faith as on account of Church policy. And they sought a field where might be exercised by them so much of democratic principle as is involved in the right of a man to follow what he is convinced to be the guidance of his conscience—the right to think in his own way, without hurt to his neighbour, and without being persecuted or oppressed in consequence of its exercise.

Those men and women took the Bible as their unquestionable rule of conduct, without a touch of criticism in their acceptance of it. It was not so much that they hoped to build a new Jerusalem as that they endeavoured to found a new England, free for themselves and all who thought like them, establishing a new divine right in place of the old, which had unfortunately marked kingship out already for doom, and involved the hierarchy as an agent for oppression. They were spoken of as narrow; but they were no narrower than those who crushed them over the edge of the land they loved, to face the ocean crossing; nor nearly so narrow as the whimsical fool who sat then upon the throne, setting himself up as God over the minds and souls of a free folk, to the subsequent sorrow and ruin of his race.

The record of their rise and their going, of their dream and their ordeal, is clearly told; and it makes a truly touching story. It is best read in Governor Bradford's History, with the freshness of an eye-witness.

In the State-house of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1918 I reverently handled the precious folio, carefully preserved and lovingly shown, containing the account of the enterprise of the little company of adventurers, in which its writer had his share. The book is almost a foot long, by about eight inches wide, and an inch and a half thick. It is covered with parchment, cracked, scaling, and stained; and scribbled over in places, as was the ancient habit, the name of Mary Bradford being legible among the scrawls. The last five pages contain a list of those who came first in the *Mayflower*, with information of their circumstances at the time of writing, particulars of their deaths, and of the children born to them. The volume is complete, except for one page, which was noted as amissing in June 1728.

At top of the first page is the note, quaintly spelled: 'This book was rit by Governor William Bradford, and given by him to his son mager William Bradford, and by him to his son mager John Bradford. rit by me Samuel bradford Mach 20, 1705.' There is also a note by Thomas Prince, of June 1728, as to his being authorised by Major John Bradford, grandson of Governor Bradford, to place the historical manuscript in the New England Library of Prints and Manuscripts, with the condition 'y^t He might have y^e Perusal of it while He lived.' Mr Prince also wrote a note acknowledging that the volume was only lent to him; and he added that he wrote this 'that sd Major Bradford and His heirs may be known to be the right Owners.' He inserted his book-plate; but written at the foot of it is the sentence, 'It now belongs to the Bishop of London's Library at Fulham.'

The History then begins, the first thirteen pages having their margins carefully ruled off. The whole manuscript, except a part of the last page, is in the excellently plain hand of William Bradford, who, in succession to John Carver, was the second Governor of New Plymouth, elected in 1621, and holding office till 1650, but for one period between 1635 and 1637. It gives the story of New Plymouth till the year 1647.

II.

The fortunes of the book itself are veiled in mystery from 1767 to 1855. From quotation in books on the subject, it was long known that Governor Bradford had written a narrative of the Plymouth Settlement. The historians and recorders, Prince, Hubbard, Cotton Mather, and Hutchinson, referred to it. But in 1767 it disappeared. Conjecture could only suggest that it had been destroyed when Governor Hutchinson's

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house was sacked, or that it had been carried away as loot in the British evacuation of Boston. There the matter had to rest. In 1844, however, Bishop Wilberforce published a History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, using extracts from manuscripts which he said he had discovered in the library of the Bishop of London, at Fulham. The book was not popularly read; but in 1855 Thornton, the American antiquary, came across a copy, which awoke his interest, as his friend Barry was writing the history of Massachusetts. Between them the suggestion sprang up that the passages which had arrested attention were probably quotations from Bradford's document. Joseph Hunter, the English scholar, was communicated with; and a visit to the bishop's palace resulted in the identification of the long-lost volume. A transcript was made and printed in 1856, by the Massachusetts Historical Society, with annotations by Charles Dean. It, however, omitted sixteen lines.

How the volume had found its place of shelter has never been clearly explained. Between 1729 and 1785 the colony was considered to be in the diocese of London for ecclesiastical purposes, registration, &c.; but after the Declaration of Independence in 1776 the colony, of course, established a public registry of its own. The five pages of names and family particulars were, therefore, most probably the cause of the volume's preservation. This fact also gave it the title by which it was known, namely, *The Log of the Mayflower*. This title is, of course, erroneous, as the actual voyage of the immortal vessel occupies only one short chapter of three pages; their troubles at starting, their return, and second outgoing making the chapter preceding.

On the identification of the manuscript there began a series of interesting negotiations for its transfer to its natural custodians in the great Republic, to which, from the dry facts of its content, as a record, it rightly belonged, and for whom it had a truly sacred interest.

There was a precedent, when the Library Society of Philadelphia returned, voluntarily, some original manuscripts of the time of James I. of England. In 1860 the first approach was made, through Archdeacon Sinclair. The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, was about to cross the Atlantic; and the suggestion was expressed that he should carry the manuscript over the sea with him, and present it, as a British compliment, to the people of Massachusetts. Certainly nothing could have had more power to touch American sentiment; but, while the Attorney-General approved, the Bishop of London did not give his consent, on the plea that it was beyond his power to agree, without the sanction of an Act of Parliament. In 1869 Motley the historian, who was American ambassador to Britain, made a similar proposal, but again vainly. In 1877 an attempt was made to see the bishop on the matter, but his lordship was not at home. In 1881, at the time of the death of President Garfield, a suggestion was put forward in the press that the manuscript should be restored as an expression of British sympathy, but again nothing came of it. In 1895 Senator Hoar saw Mr John Morley, who declared his agreement with the sentiments of the Republic; and, by arrangement, the senator saw the book itself. But the bishop now said that the matter would probably lie finally with the Archbishop of Canterbury. So the affair dragged once more. But Temple went to Canterbury, and Creighton succeeded him in the London See. His historical mind saw more in the interest of the book than his predecessor, who had expressed some wonder at the request of America; and in 1897, during the jubilee atmosphere of Victorian enthusiasm, when Mr Bayard was ambassador, a petition was presented to the Episcopal Consistorial Court of London, signed by him and by the bishop, in terms of which the precious document was at last handed over to its proper guardians in the land of its origin. The restoration had conditions attached to it. The governors of Massachusetts were to be, for all time coming, responsible for its safe custody; and access was to be had to it for reference, especially in regard to matters of pedigree, it being, in fact, recognised as an authentic and legal register. So it lies in its case in the State-house in Boston, the most sacredly treasured thing in America, perhaps the only movable article in the Republic that is entirely beyond price.

III.

The purpose of Governor Bradford's History is made perfectly clear by the title of it, thus:

'OF PLIMOUTH PLANTATION,

and first of y^e^ occasion and indusments ther unto, the which that I may truly unfould I must begine at y^e^ very roote and rise of y^e^ same, The which I shall endevor to manefest in a plaine stile with singular regard unto y^e^ simple trueth in all things, at least as near as my slender judgmente can attaine the same.'

It opens, accordingly, with a reference to the 'warrs and oppossissions against the Saincts . . . ever since y^e^ first breaking out of y^e^ lighte of y^e^ gospell in our Honourable nation of England' . . . with 'Satan's more secrete and subtile means by kindling y^e^ flames of contention and sowing y^e^ seeds of discorde and bitter enmitie amongst y^e^ proffessors & seeming reformed themselves,' . . . and especially the quarrel between the ritualistic established church and those who desired to have 'y^e^ right worship of God & discipline of Christ established in y^e^ church according to y^e^ simplicitie of y^e^ gospell, without the mixture of men's inventions, & to have & to be ruled by y^e^ laws of God's word dispensed in those offices and by those officers of

Pastors Teachers & Elders &c, according to y^e^ Scriptures.'

Puritanism did not in itself mean separation from the Church of England; but the persistent oppression of it drove it out; and the departure to Massachusetts meant final separation. In 1581 the Brownists or Independents had arisen in England, whose claim was that every congregation was a self-contained and self-governing entity. In certain districts the sect flourished, and in Raleigh's day there were something like twenty thousand of them. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were of these; and long before they had set foot upon the *Mayflower* they had separated and founded communities. Their differences being, however, not on matters of faith, they and the Puritans easily united in America. The section to which the Pilgrims belonged met in the house of William Brewster, elder, at Plymouth. This was a man of strong personality, who had been associated with Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and her ambassador to Holland, whither Brewster had accompanied him. Later he settled at Scrooby, not far from the border of Lincolnshire, and near the high-road from York to London. Their most notable minister was Mr Robinson, whom Robert Baillie called 'the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England on account of the persistence that he should obey her ceremonies.' The church at Scrooby was the citadel of the Pilgrims' community. The result of the petty oppressions was, of course, flight; and it meant not the expulsion of the most wretched and useless citizens of the State, but the loss of splendid grit of manhood and womanhood. It was, finally, as stupid for the Mother-Country as was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes for France. And it carried abroad seeds which took root vitally, with wondrous fruit for a later day.

The persecution of the communities is a historic fact. 'Some,' says Bradford, 'were taken and clapt up in prison, others had their houses besett & watcht night and day & hardly escaped their hands: and y^e^ most were faine to flie and leave their howses & habitations and the means of their livelehood, seeing themselves thus molested . . . by a joynte consente they resolved to goe into y^e^ Low Countries wher they heard was freedome of Religion for all men . . . as also how sundrie from London & other parts of y^e^ land had been exiled and persecuted for y^e^ same cause, & were gone thither and lived at Amsterdam, & in other places of y^e^ land. So after they had continued together aboute a year, & kept their meetings every Saboth in one place or other, exercising the worship of God among themselves notwithstanding all y^e^ dilligence and malice of their adverssaries, they, seeing they could no longer continue in y^e^ condition, they resolved to get over into Holland as they could, which was in y^e^ year 1607 and 1608.' Such a step was by many considered 'an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a miserie worse than death,' and all the more as they had been accustomed to 'a plaine countrie life, and y^e^ inocente trade of husbandry.' Notwithstanding this truly English shrinking from the foreigner, 'these things did not dismay them,' for 'they knew whom they had beleeved.'

IV.

It is pretty evident that without this first venture into a strange world, the wider pilgrimage would probably never have been faced by them.

It was not easy to achieve their resolve, for 'though they could not stay, yet were they not suffered to goe.' Ports and havens were closed against them, and watched diligently. They had to bribe shipmasters, and pay exorbitant fees for a passage. And often their confidence was betrayed by the greed of those they dealt with, their goods captured, themselves detained, their money lost.

One community established in Amsterdam fell into strife with the churches of the city. So they removed to Leyden after about a year. There they worked hard, 'valueing peace and their spirituall comforte above any other riches whatsoever.' And they attained a large measure of ease. Mr Robinson, their minister, and Mr Brewster, their elder, evidently had the secret of orderly unity and industry. The community achieved respect, and won the trust of the Dutch in business and finance; 'yea, they would strive to get their custome and to imploy them above others in their worke, for their honestie and diligence.' Twelve years passed; and then 'the grave mistris Experience haveing taught them many things,' they felt they ought to remove elsewhere, and this for many reasons. Old age was creeping over some of them; their young people were mingling with the Dutch, and apt either to lose their individuality or to scatter; some became soldiers, and some went far voyages at sea. The peace between Holland and Spain was coming to a close; the drums and weapons of war were being taken down from the walls again. And, lastly, which was not least, what stirred them most was 'a great hope & inward zeall they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for y^e^ propagating and advancing y^e^ gospell of y^e^ kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of y^e^ world; yea, though they should be but even as stepping stones unto others for y^e^ performing of so great a work.'

They were met, however, by objections on the part of some of their company, in consequence of the voyage, and the possibilities of famine, nakedness, and hardship awaiting them in the strange land. Grave debates took place as to whether Virginia or Guiana were more suitable. In regard to the former, it was feared that the

English already there would be certain to trouble them about their religion, if they settled in that region; while, if they settled at a distance, it would mean all the more remoteness from help in time of need. Guiana was open to Spanish aggression, which had already ruined the French settlers there. At length it was agreed to endeavour to get permission to live as a distinct body under the Government of Virginia; and two delegates were sent to England to try to obtain a patent from the Virginia Company. At the same time it was hoped to get, in some way, the royal sanction for freedom in the exercise of their religious practices. In that respect, however, all they could secure was an understanding that, if they proved peaceable, their presence and their practice might be winked at.

Finally a patent was granted them in name of a domestic of the Countess of Lincoln, though later on he did not go with them. For finance they were in the hands of London merchants, who advanced them money on shrewd terms, though difficulties early emerged here, some of these withdrawing, and some of the company shrinking from the adventure. The Amsterdam set were not considered acceptable, by reason of their quarrelsomeness. It was agreed that those who went should be absolutely a Church of themselves. Their whole stock was about seventeen thousand pounds. One ship, the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, was bought and fitted up in Holland, and another, the *Mayflower*, of one hundred and eighty tons, hired in London. Those whose resolve was firm were accompanied by the brethren to Delfthaven, where the ship lay ready; and, with tears and prayers, the long farewell, final for many, was taken, 'y^e^ tide (which stays for no man) calling them away.' A footnote says, 'this was about 22 of July.'

(*Continued on page 179.*)

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

III.

THERE is no doubt that Clement Seadon felt extraordinarily satisfied and confident. There was every reason for these emotions. He had, he felt, the defeat of Mr Neuburg and his gang completely in his hands.

He personally knew enough, and had overheard enough, to convict them of fraud up to the hilt. He had learnt enough to prove to Heloise Reys that these people were engaged in a criminal conspiracy to obtain possession of herself and her money. He had learnt enough to prove that Henry Gunning was a party to the plot. Hadn't he boasted of a sweetheart who was to provide him with a fortune, when thought to be ignorant of the fact that that old sweetheart was on her way to Sicamous? He had learnt enough to remove his own scruples concerning Henry Gunning. The fellow was, indeed, a bad hat. And if he had learnt that the gang which this mountainous Mr Neuburg controlled was bigger than he first imagined—this Joe, and Siwash Mike, and Joe's wife, had, at least, been added to its strength—and that that gang was dangerous, he felt that he could discount the extra strength, because of the damning force of the facts he now held in his hands.

Yes, the facts were his, the case was his. He only had to see and talk with Heloise—only had to act.

Standing in the centre of his room, a very alert figure of a young and vigorous man, he looked extremely capable of doing what he had decided to do—that is, to act swiftly and boldly. With all the trumps in his hands, there was now no need for finesse.

Heloise was in her room. Should he go to her boldly? He did not mind doing that. He did not even mind the Gorgon companion overhearing what he had to say. But—no; he must have a complete and uninterrupted ten minutes with Heloise. He would have to break down her aloofness; he would have to tell her the whole story clearly and convincingly, so that she should grasp its unmistakable import. He did not mind Méduse Smythe overhearing all he had to say; but if she were there, there would be a scene, denials, counter-charges, distractions. Heloise would only get hold of the matter in a patchy and inconclusive fashion, perhaps.

No; he had better try to see her alone, arrange a private meeting. If the worst came to the worst, he would speak out before the gang; but, until that happened, he must try his best to do the thing neatly.

But how? How fix up that private talk with her? As he thought this his eye fell on his telephone. Every room was connected by telephone. Why not get on to room 359? Heloise was in it at this moment; he could arrange a meeting under the very nose of the companion. He moved a step towards the instrument. No, that would not do. Méduse might answer the ring and put him off in some way—persuade Heloise to put him off, even. If Heloise answered—well, she, too, had him at her mercy. In her present hostile mood she might do anything; refuse a meeting, cut him off, perhaps, in the middle of his request. He durst not stake so much on the telephone.

He must depend on chance. And perhaps he would help chance along. He meant to handle this matter firmly.

Clement looked at his wrist-watch. It was very near lunch-time. And then it occurred to him that not only did he want lunch himself, but Heloise would want it also. He smiled suddenly, turned his back on the telephone, and went out of his room. He went down to the first floor, where the great dining-room was, and sat in a modest seat in the lounge. From there, without being seen himself, he could watch everybody who came up or down the stairs or along the gallery to the dining-room.

He had about twenty minutes to wait. Probably Heloise was telling the innocent Méduse that there had been a letter from her Sicamous agent at the Poste Restante, and that they had perhaps to stay a few days more in Quebec, and the reason why. Convincing the supremely innocent Méduse of these facts no doubt occupied the twenty minutes. But at the end of them both Heloise and her companion came down the stairs, and, without noticing Clement, went into the dining-room.

From a safe distance Clement saw the captain of the waiters lead them to a table, noticed that the room was not full, and that there were plenty of places at the end. Satisfied about this, he went downstairs.

In the lobby he selected a form, wrote on it, tore it up, wrote on another, and then, apparently, thought better of it. But whereas he threw the first into the wastepaper-basket, the second he folded rather cleverly under cover of that action, and kept it in his hand. Then, having convinced all about him that he wasn't sending a message, he waited until he saw a page go upstairs with a caller's form, went up himself, and waited at the turn of the stairs for the boy's return.

The boy returned alone, fortunately. Clement snapped him up.

'Want to earn a dollar?' he asked.

'Bettcher life,' said young Canada.

'Take this call-form to Miss Méduse Smythe. She and another lady are sitting at the fifth table for two on the window side. Call her name, please, but that's where she is. Give the form to her, and come away quick.'

'Yep,' said the page, grinning.

'And you don't know where it came from to anybody—even the lady herself.'

'I gottcher,' said the page, grinning more expansively. He took the dollar and the call-form. He went upstairs. Clement went after him. The page went into the dining-room. Clement stepped back quietly and swiftly into a deep passage where the male diners deposited their coats. He heard the boy calling out, 'Miss Smidt—Miss Medoose Smidt.'

In seventy-five seconds Miss Méduse Smythe came by the end of the coat-passage at a great pace. Clement had thought she would be swift. What he had written on the call-form, in anybody's handwriting, was: 'Must see you for ten minutes. At once.—Joe.'

The companion might have argued about that handwriting, but how was she to know that 'Joe' did not have to disguise it? Clement had banked on that idea. And he had scored.

Miss Méduse Smythe was no sooner out of vision than he was in the dining-room, alongside Heloise's table, speaking to Heloise. 'Miss Reys,' he said, 'will you give me an opportunity to talk—to talk to you privately?'

'Mr Seadon!'

Heloise's tone was affronted, cold. Obviously she resented his speaking to her; but obviously, too, the extreme publicity of the place robbed her attitude of some of its effectiveness. It is to be feared that Clement had taken that into his calculations when he had decided on this plan.

'Miss Reys,' he said, 'I want to speak to you—privately—for no more than ten minutes. And I want you to understand that it is only the urgency of the matter that makes me force myself upon you.'

She hesitated, looking up at him, her vivid face showing the keenness of her emotions. As she hesitated, 'Do you remember saying that you believed I'd be honest even against my own interests?' he asked.

'Yes,' she said. 'I did say that, but'——

'I am honest now. Will you believe that?'

The girl looked at him quietly for a moment. 'I believe that,' she said.

'And will you give me that chance of speaking to you—alone?'

The girl bent her eyes to the table. She was thinking quickly. 'To-morrow morning I shall be in the writing-room at half-past nine. Will that do? It will not be easy to manage it before then.'

'It will do admirably. Thank you,' said Clement.

He left her, and went to the back of the room, where there were a number of empty tables.

As he sat and ate his lunch the companion Méduse came in. She was flustered; she was even scared. Clement was amused, but he did not think it mattered very much. She would not, he thought, mention the reason for her having left Heloise—though actually there was no reason. Neither did he think that Heloise would tell her of the appointment she had made. His insistence upon privacy, the way he had snatched at the chance to speak to her alone at her table, the way he had left her, would all tell Heloise that the companion Méduse was excluded from the secret.

And even if she did tell, it would matter very little. Clement would have his interview with Heloise no later than the next morning, for Heloise would see to it that it happened, and nothing very much could occur until that time. The rogues could not whisk her away against her will. They had to move delicately always.

And after he had spoken to Heloise nothing

at all could occur. He would have settled with Mr Neuburg and his gang once and for all.

He finished his lunch after the two ladies, watched them retire from the dining-room, then he got his hat and stick, and walked out to explore Quebec. He would take a look at this glue-merchant's in the Sault Algonquin. It was best to be well-up in every particular. Very cheerfully he walked through the Place d'Armes, and down the steep street of The Mountain to the huddled network of passageways—they can hardly be called roads—that crowded under the rocky scarp of the Grand Battery. He was feeling 'good,' as the Canadians would say. Why not? Hadn't he all the factors for victory surely in his grasp?

Possibly he would have felt less 'good' if he had been aware of a little scene between the companion Méduse and the massive Mr Neuburg that was even then taking place in the great hotel he had just left.

(*Continued on page 186.*)

SOME 'JOCULAR' TENURES.

By CHARLES G. HARPER.

I.

IN feudal times, when personal service counted far more than money, rents were paid chiefly in kind or by duties performed, and grants of land were made by the sovereign and the great barons and other dignitaries to persons in consideration of their performing annual service, generally styled 'customary rent' or 'quit-rent.' Technically, all land is held ultimately from the king, although 'fee-simple' is actually absolute ownership and equivalent to 'freehold.' It is the most plenary form of ownership known to the law. The ancient tenure of land from the king and the great nobles was by grand serjeanty or by petit serjeanty—the performance of services in war or peace of some moment, such as serving in person or providing men and munitions; or rendering minor and not infrequently absurd or farcical duties, known to antiquaries as jocular tenures.

What has been described as 'the greatest and most honourable service' in grand serjeanty ever granted to a subject was that by which the county and earldom of Chester were held. William the Conqueror gave the whole of Cheshire to Hugh Lupus, son of the Viscount of Avranches, and the Conqueror's own nephew, to him and his heirs, to hold as freely by the sword as the Conqueror held the crown of England. This recalls the action of John, Earl of Warenne and Surrey, in the reign of Edward I. Under the statute of *Quo Warranto?* the earl was required, in 1278, to declare by what warrant or title he held the two hundred lordships that were his and his ancestors' before him. When the commissioners asked him his right, he answered, drawing his sword—and the sword was then a very real weapon, not the mere symbol which modern artillery and firearms have degraded it to be—'Behold! my lords, here is my warrant. My ancestors, coming into this land with William the Bastard, did obtain these lands by the sword, and I am resolved by the sword to defend them against whomsoever shall endeavour to dispossess me.'

The tenure of the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, was perhaps the most picturesque of all these ceremonies and observances. It was the duty of the lord of Scrivelsby to act as 'King's Champion' at the coronation of the sovereign. This was described at length in *Chambers's Journal* for February 1911, and thus there is no need to cover the ground again; but, briefly, the office of 'King's Champion,' associated with the holding of Scrivelsby, dates from the time of William the Conqueror, who granted to Robert de Marmion that manor, together with the town and castle of Tamworth. The Marmions came from Fontenaye, in Normandy, and were for centuries a proud and knightly race. Sir Walter Scott has picturesquely dealt with them; but they seem to have originated in very lowly fashion, for the name is said to derive from 'marmiton,' a worker among the saucepans in the scullery.

The Marmions gave place at Scrivelsby, in 1292, to the Ludlows, one of whom, we read, married a daughter of Philip Marmion; and again by marriage the estates passed to Sir John Dymoke, and the service, privilege, or obligation of performing the office of 'King's Champion' fell by consequence to him and his heirs. This was to ride, fully armed, on an armoured horse, into Westminster Hall in the presence of the king, and to throw down a gauntlet and in a loud voice to challenge 'any person of what degree soever, high or low, who shall deny or gainsay' the right of the sovereign's succession to the throne. This challenge having been uttered three times, the custom was for the king to drink to the champion out of a gold cup with a cover, and then to present it to him by the hand of the Earl Marshal. The champion then drank off the wine, performing three reverences, and withdrew with the cup, which became his perquisite, together with the horse and the armour, which he had obtained from the king's stables and armoury.

The Dymoke family, still in possession of Scrivelsby, have been 'King's Champions' for more than five hundred and sixty years. The

custom was maintained with great splendour at the coronation of George IV., but discontinued at the coronations of Queen Victoria, Edward VII., and George V. The Dymokes long retained in their possession the perquisites of their service; but Sir Henry, the seventeenth 'King's Champion' of his line, who died in 1865, bequeathed to Queen Victoria his cups—some gold, and others silver-gilt. She returned them to his successor, his brother, John Dymoke. The suits of armour were, however, sold.

II.

For upwards of seven centuries the Corporation of the City of London has paid curious quit-rents to the king in respect of land in the parish of St Clement Danes, and at More (sometimes called 'The Moors'), in Shropshire. Brief reference to these was made in an article entitled 'Housing Schemes of Another Kind,' which appeared in the February part of *Chambers's Journal*. Here we may be allowed to deal with them in greater detail. The ceremony takes place annually in the Royal Courts of Justice, where, on a day in October, the City Solicitor attends to perform suit and service before the King's Remembrancer. This act formerly took place before the barons in the Court of Exchequer, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; the present procedure was instituted in 1845. In those old days also the King's Remembrancer was present. He sat with the barons, and enjoyed the right (for whatever that was worth) of wearing his hat in court. This privilege is kept alive by his wearing a little hat on the top of his wig on Lord Mayor's Day.

The first service, of the payment of six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails, originated in the reign of Henry III., and arose from the possession of the olden tilting-ground of the Knights Templar, which was situated partly in the Inner Temple and partly in St Clement Danes parish. By tradition, an itinerant farrier established himself in a little shed close by, that he might be at hand to reshoe the horses whose shoes had become dislodged in the tilts, and to repair the battered armour of the combatant knights. The king, greatly interested in the farrier's dexterity, gave him for the purpose of his craft a piece of land in the parish of St Clement Danes, upon rendering the annual quit-rent of six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails. The exact site of this holding has long been lost, but the tribute continues. The horse-shoes produced are of great size and strength, for the horses ridden in tilts and tournaments were not such as those usually pictured by romantic illustrators, but great Flemish steeds, more nearly resembling the modern cart-horse. It is said also that they were trained to strike with the forefeet; and it is a curious fact that the shoes annually produced, believed to be the identical shoes offered for the last five hundred years, are all forefeet shoes. They are kept in the office of the King's Remembrancer.

The other service, for lands at More, in Salop, is the production and chopping of two bundles of faggots. The City Solicitor appears in court, and places two miniature bundles, about the size of a sheaf of spills, on a block upon the solicitors' table, and producing, according to the terms of the tenure, 'two knives, one good and the other a very bad one,' cuts one bundle of faggots through with a knife, and the other with a bill-hook. The King's Remembrancer, having counted the horse-shoes and the sixty-one nails, and finding them a correct tally, declares them to be a 'goodly number.' He accepts them, the knives, and the hatchet or bill-hook on behalf of His Majesty the King, and the ceremony concludes.

In solemn official fashion the Courts Leet of the three manors of the ancient Borough of Southwark still meet annually to transact business, on a day in October, although their ancient jurisdiction in these days of modern municipal authorities has been reduced to the exercise of only some very shadowy functions. It was in the reign of Henry III. that the citizens of London were given the lordship of the manors in Southwark: the King's Manor, the Great Liberty Manor, and the Great Guildable Manor. To this day the City Corporation remains lord of these, and the City Recorder, acting as High Steward, presides over the annual Courts Leet. The meeting-place of the first is generally the Mission Hall in the narrow purlieu of Collier's Rents. Here the jury sit round a table, faced by the Recorder and the City Secondary, who is present as High Bailiff and Prothonotary, or clerk. The foreman of the jury is duly sworn, in archaic language. The Riot Act is read, and a call is made for any one to reveal any treasons or felonies within his knowledge. No one has ever been heard to make any such revelations, and none will, probably, ever be made. The High Bailiff, addressing the jury, assumes that they reserve to themselves the right of appointing an ale-conner and a flesh-taster, to which the foreman of the jury solemnly agrees, although the functions of those officers have long since been merged in the duties of modern borough officials. A like procedure is followed in the case of the other Courts Leet. The rights thus reserved of ale-conning and flesh-tasting, when such articles are exposed for sale, do not ever appear to be exercised, but they would seem still to be legal, if it were desired to do so.

III.

The manor of Shrivenham, in Berkshire, was held from the king by the whimsical service of meeting him whenever he should pass Fowyeares Mill Bridge, and bringing two white capons, and holding them up before him and exclaiming, 'Here, my lord, are two fine capons, which you

shall have some other time, but not now!' With this tantalising procedure, always repeated, the king never got his capons. In Northamptonshire there is a place called Ashby Meares, where there used to be a parcel of land consisting of thirty-six acres of arable land and six acres of woods, with one pigeon-house, held by the quaint petit serjeanty of holding up the right hand on Christmas Day towards the king, 'whenever he shall be in England,' and presumably when he passed that way.

Chess has, equally with golf, been declared the 'royal' game. The manor of Kingston Russell, in Dorsetshire, or at any rate lands there, used formerly to be held by the counting-out of the chessmen in the king's chamber, and putting them in a bag when the sovereign should happen to play chess with the holder—perhaps rather a remote contingency. Bures, a place situated on both sides of the river Stour, and thus partly in Essex and partly in Suffolk, was a property retained by a less fantastic service. It was that of scalding the king's hogs—a performance less objectionable than that demanded of the tenant of lands at Shirfield, Hampshire, who, among other thankless performances, was expected to see to the dismembering of condemned malefactors. To the measuring of the gallons and the bushels in the king's household, which was another part of his duties, there could not be much objection.

A custom connected with a royal manor is still maintained in the Isle of Portland, where the Reeve Court is held twice yearly, in May and November, at the George Hotel, Portland, to receive the rents due from the tenants of the king's manor. These used always to amount to fourteen pounds fourteen shillings and threepence, of which sum one pound is returned to the reeve, who attends with the Portland reeve staff. The sum now paid by the tenants is somewhat larger, due not so much to increased rents as to the number of houses being greater than formerly. It comes now to about twenty-six pounds. The reeve staff, kept at the 'George,' is in the nature of a wand of office. Several curious customs connected with the renting of Crown lands may be found in different parts of the country, still scrupulously observed, as in the case of the 'King's Rent Hole' custom, on the wild hillsides near Llanbister, in the region of Llandrindod Wells. There, on a day in January, the farmers and others assemble and stand in a hole, offering rents for the ensuing year for certain lands, and standing surety for each other in payment. Each bidder advances along a shallow trench and stands in the hole, generally in the presence of curious spectators.

IV.

Lands held from the Church, from great peers, or from other personages were subject to as unusual services of tenure as those held from the king, but they may be said to have nearly all been services of petit serjeanty. Property at Fulmer, in Buckinghamshire, entailed the rendering of one rose yearly. We have often heard the expression, a 'peppercorn rent,' which is a conventional phrase for a very low one, but such a rent is actually paid in one instance. Mr Staveley-Hill was recorded to have received, on 20th December 1912, a peppercorn in a white envelope, the rent of the old village school at Bushbury, Wolverhampton, on the occasion of his visiting the school. He then stated that he believed himself to be at that time the only person in England who was actually paid a peppercorn yearly. By enclosing it in an envelope the tenant greatly exceeded the terms of his obligations.

A remarkable manorial custom once observed annually at Attleborough has long been extinct. This was the Warepound or Frowick Court, popularly known as the 'Scolding Court,' held on Whitsunday morning before sunrise. The business of the court concluded before daybreak, under the penalty of the manorial rents being forfeited for the year. A similar and very ancient gathering, extinct since about 1888, was the 'Whispering' or 'Lawless Court' of Rochford, in Essex. On the Wednesday after Michaelmas Day, at midnight, the steward and tenants of the manor assembled in the open air. The steward, taking his seat at a table, fixed his attention upon an open book spread there, containing a record of the tenants and their holdings. Not a word was spoken louder than a whisper, and a piece of charcoal was used to record the proceedings. No light was suffered save that afforded by moon or stars, and the greatest solemnity characterised the proceedings. Any tenant coming late was mercilessly fined, while the absentees lost their holdings, without hope of redress. The site of this ancient court is now marked by the 'Whispering Post,' round which the tenants were accustomed to pay their dues. It is a white-painted post with a spear-like head, set up in an enclosure in front of a cottage on the Stambridge road.

At Langsett, near Penistone, in Yorkshire, the service under which land was held was the production of a snowball at midsummer and a red rose on Christmas Day. The rose may easily have been forthcoming, for nothing was said as to it being necessary to bring a fresh one; but the presentation of a snowball looks like an impossible condition, although Blount, who in the seventeenth century wrote a book on tenures, declared that in the caves and on the high hills of Yorkshire snow in June was not uncommon. He further adds that these tenures never prescribed impossible performances. Here, however, we are bound to disagree. Those occasions when enough snow was to be found in Yorkshire at midsummer wherewith to make snowballs must have been few, and not more frequent in

olden times than now. In fact, they must surely ever have been sufficiently rare to form a phenomenon. We are compelled to think that some wag of centuries ago purposely transposed the occasions of rendering the rose and the snowball; or, alternatively, that as we learn the land was redeemable by a pecuniary payment, in default of those offerings to the Bosville family, the overlords, the jocular tenure was never actually intended to be fulfilled.

A very elaborate ceremony was formerly associated with the estate of Brindwoods, at Chingford Hatch, Essex. When it changed ownership, the new owner, his wife, his manservant, and his maid, each singly, on a horse, presented himself or herself at the rectory, where the owner performed his homage and paid his relief, blowing three blasts with a horn and carrying a hawk on his wrist. His servant was accompanied by a greyhound on a leash. Both hawk and greyhound were supposed to be for the use of the rector that day, and for the feeding of them the rector was bound to supply a chicken for the hawk and a loaf of bread for the greyhound. The rector entertained the company at dinner, and afterwards the new owner of Brindwoods departed, with wife and servants, blowing three farewell blasts on his horn. The last recorded instance of this custom appears to have been in 1659.

V.

But not all these old-world observances have fallen into disuse. Every year the 'Rhyne Toll' of Chetwode, in Buckinghamshire, is paid, as it has been from time immemorial. 'Time immemorial,' it may be incidentally remarked, has a limitation. To laymen it means merely 'beyond the memory of man.' To lawyers it means a period before the reign of Richard II. The 'Rhyne Toll' is in force between the morning of 30th October and midnight of 7th November. In that time the lord of the manor of Chetwode may by that ancient custom claim a toll of two shillings a score on all swine and cattle driven through the six or seven hamlets from which suit and service are due to him. A sum of between twelve pounds and fifteen pounds generally accrues to him during this annual week. The generally received origin of this manorial custom is the killing in olden times by the lord of Chetwode of a savage wild boar which once troubled the neighbourhood. This tradition was apparently confirmed in 1810, when the bones of an enormous boar were found in the adjacent parish of Barton Hartshorn, buried in a mound. Farmers and others liable to this toll generally compound for it by payment of a small sum annually. Occasionally the toll has been resisted, but it has been found legal.

At Godolphin House, in Cornwall, not far from Helston, an odd manorial custom is still held annually on the morning of Candlemas Day, 2nd February. The ancient manor-house of Godolphin, a property of the Duke of Leeds, head of the Godolphin-Osborne family, is now a farmhouse. In ancient times this was an appendage of the manor of Lamburne, held by the Arundells, by marriage with a daughter of Sir John Lamburne of Lamburne. The sale to the ancestors of the Godolphins was accompanied by the remarkable condition that once a year for ever the reeve of the manor of Lamburne shall come to Godolphin, and there boldly enter the hall, jump upon the table or table-board, and stamp or bounce with his feet or club to alarm and give notice to the people of his approach, and then and there make proclamation aloud, three times, 'Oyez! oyez! oyez! I am the reeve of Lamburne, come here to demand the old rent, duties, and customs due from the lords of the said manor of Godolphin.' Whereupon eight groats and one penny, a sixpenny loaf, a cheese worth sixpence, a collar of brawn, and a jack of the best beer in the house are brought. Having received and drunk of the beer, tasted of the cheese and the brawn, the reeve departed, carrying with him the rents of eight groats and a penny and the remainder of the viands.

This observance is now carried out with some slight variations by the reeve of Clowance, a property of the St Aubyns, who, knocking thrice upon the oak endoor, declares, 'I come to demand my lord's just dues.' Being admitted, he jumps upon the table, and, as prescribed, performs the ceremony. Nowadays there is usually an assemblage of some forty visitors, eager to see this old custom, and all partake together of breakfast.

The strange 'gad-whip' custom of Caistor church, Lincolnshire, said to have been last regularly observed on Palm Sunday, 1845, but certainly revived on that day in 1885, was a manorial service by which the olden squires of Broughton held land under the lord of the manor of Hundon. Every Palm Sunday, during morning service, a person from Broughton parish entered the porch of Caistor church, carrying an enormous whip with a white leather thong ten feet in length, which he then proceeded to crack thrice outside the porch at the beginning of the First Lesson. Then, retiring until the beginning of the Second Lesson, he returned, having meanwhile fastened to the end of the lash a purse of green silk with four twigs of wych-elm of different lengths. The purse contained a tribute of thirty silver pennies. The whip-bearer then walked slowly into the church, knelt before the clergyman, and waved the thong thrice over the incumbent's head as he stood at the reading-desk. He remained holding the whip in that position until the ending of the Second Lesson; he then rose, and taking the whip to the pew appropriated to the holder of Hundon manor, left it there. The varying lengths of wych-elm

were said to typify the writings of the Four Evangelists, the silver pennies to represent the price of Judas's treason, the three cracks of the whip the thrice-repeated denial by St Peter of his Lord, and the waving of the whip over the head of the minister to represent homage to the Trinity. This fantastic service is said to have come down from Saxon times, and legend has found a picturesque origin for it which, in view of the other strange customs already recounted, we may fairly be entitled to look upon as mere invention. By this account it would seem that ages ago, in that indeterminate period known in fairy-lore as Once Upon a Time, the holder of the Broughton lands under the lord of the manor of Hundon was a hard and cruel man. Having caught a boy trespassing, he beat him so severely with a spar or a gad that he died. As time went on remorse preyed upon him; he made confession of what he had done, and the penance of performing the ceremony described above was prescribed for him and his heirs and successors on the land for ever. It is an excellent attempt on the part of the rustic community to find a reason for what to them is inexplicable, but it does not commend itself to the antiquary.

THE FLINT DEATH.

PART II.

V.

AS I descended the slope to the village I pulled myself together, and for the first time since the tragic happening of the night before made an attempt to penetrate, by the aid of cold reason, the obscurity which veiled its origin. But I groped, I floundered, among nebulous surmises and bogs of conjecture. The previous night theory, mocking and unsubstantial, had come unsought. Now I pursued it. I felt that the limits of my inquiry must be bounded by circumstances narrow and inevitable. The man who had fashioned the dart that killed Brierly Stretton was certainly no tyro in knowledge of the science of Prehistory. In vain I recalled the names and characters of its experts in an attempt at his identification. Those who could have produced a pattern so true to type were few indeed, and eminently above suspicion. But had the hand that made the arrow also sped it towards its mark? The aim had been unerring, and afforded proof of skill and long practice. It seemed to me that the resolve which had overcome the difficulties attendant upon the use of a weapon so primitive must have arisen in a mind of a firm and superior kind, a mind capable of creating as well as launching the instrument of its vengeance.

Vengeance! Ay, what other motive could have influenced such an act? Vengeance, subtle, if distorted, possessing a firm belief in the poetic justice of the blow that it had struck.

The whirring of a motor in the near distance made a welcome break in the grim train of argument which had held me. It was the Thorndean car on its way to the station to bring Barrasford back to the house, and hailing it, I jumped inside, and arrived at the junction as the London train steamed in.

Stephen Barrasford, whom I had met at his uncle's house in town, was the type of young man who at twenty-eight assumes the pose and responsibilities of a time of life from which, in ordinary circumstances, he would have been immune for another fifteen years. His sombre, critical eyes bulged upon the world like the magnifying-glass of a watchmaker over refractory working parts, and he carried a weary burden of common-sense. His occupation as a rising accountant had given him a manner of habitual opposition which had served him well in his profession, and had made him most unpopular at his club. As he descended from the train in meticulous mourning, I became wretchedly aware of the immediate dissatisfaction with which he would listen to my story.

We got into the car after a rather perfunctory greeting. I mumbled something consolatory.

'But I don't understand,' he said, glooming. 'Let us begin at the beginning, Mercer.'

As plainly as I could I told him how matters stood.

'That is scarcely how the papers treat the matter,' he said in his querulous monotone. 'It was surely a mistake to provide them with such full details. Have the police come to any decision as yet?'

'We are all absolutely in the dark,' I assured him.

'Of course, I don't profess to be able to give an opinion,' he said, 'but I take it that a preposterous practical joke has ended in a tragedy.'

'A practical joke!' I cried. 'Good Lord, man, it was practical enough, in all conscience! Surely you don't think'——

His unwinking gaze was heavy upon me. I felt myself flushing, and sputtered witless attempts at explanation.

'We shall act unwisely if we make a mystery of the matter,' he said portentously. 'So far as I understand it, this arrow-head thing was the work of some one who has made a—a hobby of this antiquity nonsense—some unmitigated ass who thought it an excellent joke to startle my

uncle with the kind of weapon in which he was interested, and never thought that his folly would end in grim earnest.'

'If that arrow wasn't shot to kill,' I said, looking him straight in the eyes, 'common reason has been denied me.'

He made no answer, but frowned at the chauffeur's back, and for the rest of the drive maintained a brooding silence. But I could feel his protests boiling beside me.

VI.

As we drove up to the front-door I saw Relf standing upon the steps, evidently in an agony of apprehension. 'Mr Mercer! Mr Mercer, sir!' he called out ere the car came to a standstill. 'Lady Stretton—she is not to be found!'

I stared at him stupidly.

Barrasford pushed past me. 'What do you mean, Relf?' he asked. 'How not to be found? Don't talk nonsense.'

'She's not in the house or the grounds, sir,' faltered the butler. 'Inspector Greave has been searching high and low for her. There's not a sign of her anywhere.'

Inspector Greave hurried up, his bearded mouth working in voluble explanation while he was yet thirty yards away. 'It's just as he says, gentlemen,' he assured us. 'Her ladyship's been missing for the last hour and a half, perhaps longer. Her maid left her to go to lunch, and when she returned Lady Stretton had disappeared.'

'Disappeared,' sneered Barrasford. 'Good gracious, man! one can't "disappear" in a place like this.'

'Look here, Barrasford,' I said testily; 'I'm sorry, but your intolerance is misplaced. Some fact of a most serious kind underlies all this, take my word for it.'

'Rubbish!' he said contemptuously. 'You're excited, Mercer.'

I ignored him and turned to Inspector Greave. 'What do you make of this?' I asked, drawing the piece of fox-skin from my pocket. 'I found it jammed in the side-door this afternoon.'

He took it and fumbled it between his thick, maladroit fingers.

'Have you by any chance examined the caves?' I asked.

The inspector smiled leniently. 'That would be a big job, sir,' he said. 'There's between thirty and forty of them. I didn't search them for the same reason that I didn't search every house in the village.'

'And that is?'

'Because it's not a likely spot.'

'For a man who shoots—er—such things to be found, eh?'

'I agree with the inspector,' said Barrasford. 'We're not living a detective story, Mercer.'

'It's not the probability of the thing only,' I urged. 'It's something else—something intangible, if you like; but it sticks. I was on the moor this morning. I felt—— Come, inspector, shall we go?'

'But Lady Stretton, sir.'

'The caves come first, I think,' I insisted. 'I'm trusting to instinct. Come along, both of you.'

Barrasford's mouth opened in protest, but I bundled him into the car, and told the chauffeur to make for the road beneath the cliffs. In a few minutes we had passed the encircling firwoods. We climbed to the narrow platform which shelved in front of the caverns, a bare ledge not much broader than a dining-room table, and here Barrasford, an incongruous figure in silk hat and black overcoat, turned and regarded me wrathfully. 'Look here, Mercer,' he said volcanically, 'I must protest'——

'Let's get on,' I snapped. 'This isn't a board meeting.'

'It isn't a field club,' he retorted. 'Commonsense'——

'Confound your common-sense!' I roared. 'You're one of the kind who live upon likelihood. D'ye think I'm cooking a mystery for your especial satisfaction?'

'Have your own way,' he mumbled in graceless resignation; 'though what you're driving at I haven't a fraction of an idea.'

'I never accused you of having,' I said maliciously.

VII.

'How must we proceed, sir?' asked Inspector Greave, who had been peering into the shadows of the cave directly behind us. 'You know the lie of the land far better than I do.'

'I want you to remain here,' I told him. 'This is the only way down to the level. Let no one pass you, whoever it may be. Mr Barrasford and I are going to explore the caves—every one of them, if necessary.'

We entered the first cave, and Barrasford, striking a match, held it near the low roof. It was quite empty, but as the light died out I noticed the marks of Stretton's excavations in the upturned soil.

'Satisfied?' asked Barrasford tartly.

'No,' I said sturdily. 'Next cave.'

'Oh, hang!' he ejaculated, and stamped viciously on the match-end.

Three caverns in succession we explored. Then it was that Inspector Greave showed signs of restiveness. 'Excuse me, sir,' he cried from his post of vantage, 'but it seems to me that we're wasting valuable time. There must be well-nigh thirty of these caves. Do you propose to examine them all?'

'Every one of them,' I replied casually, for a sparkling something lying on the narrow shelving had arrested my attention.

'Found anything?' asked Barrasford sarcastically.

'Nothing that you would place any value upon,' I replied with triumphant rudeness.

Almost at my feet lay a little heap of fragments of chipped stone, the leavings of the flint-knapper. I bent down and routed amongst it with eager fingers. Behind me was the cavern which Stretton had made world-famous as 'Hammer Hole,' so called because in its floor he had found a polished tool of superior workmanship.

'I'm going in there, Barrasford,' I said. 'You must stand at the entrance. If you hear me call, come after me.'

I left him frowning beneath the rim of his silk hat. How badly he matched the surroundings! I thought, as I plunged into the deep throat of the cavern. Hammer Hole was by far the largest and deepest of the Thorndean caves I knew. There was a sharp elbow of passage leading to a bottle-shaped chamber, which again sloped downwards to a long, narrow recess in the heart of the cliff. I slipped off my boots and felt my way cautiously through the narrow corridor of rock, until I emerged into comparative spaciousness. Then I halted. I could hear the dismal drip, drip of water, but so dense was the darkness that I could see nothing except my own hands, which looked like white shadows. Then I heard the sobbing of a woman.

At the sound some blind and rugged instinct awoke in me. I called upon Bianca as man had called to woman in that place of early security a hundred centuries before me.

'I am coming,' I shouted; 'I am coming.' My voice rang through the rocky darkness in vehement and masculine assurance of aid. The sinews corded under my tweeds in tense preparation for struggle. Then the gloom before me seemed to grow solid, a great body bore down upon me, and I was circled by ferocious arms. I grappled with something hirsute, gigantically thewed, something that smelt of the den and snarled as it mouthed my shoulder. I met it with a frenzy of elemental rage like its own. We dashed from wall to wall; then I wrenched a hand free and struck murderously. The gnawing teeth left my shoulder, I was hurled aside, and I knew that my antagonist was making for the entrance. I clutched at a dangle of furs which brushed against my hands as he strained for the cave-mouth. Through the passage we hurtled in a wild exchange of buffetings, his two hands to my one—and then light broke upon us, and I saw his face.

'Bentley!' I cried. 'You!'

He drove at my eyes and broke away. At the entrance stood Barrasford, respectably irresolute. In a bound my man was on him. For a moment black overcoat and furs were mingled in droll anachronism. The inspector shuffled up. I had a glimpse of giant limbs strained in titanic effort. Then, with a yell in which both defeat and triumph seemed to blend, the cave-man shook himself free and leapt to the death that it was best he should find, among the shadows of the black firs far below.

VIII.

Harsh things have been spoken of Bianca, my wife, and it is to silence the voice of malice that I have written this account of the doings at Thorndean in the September of 1912. I must also do tardy justice to another, Philip Bentley, once Stretton's valued assistant-curator, and later his unhappy victim, who, among students of Prehistoric Archæology, was regarded as standing upon the threshold of a career of extraordinary promise. Stretton had observed Bianca's marked preference for the younger man, and when he learned of their engagement, the callous and unbridled egotism which dictated his every action had urged him to effect Bentley's ruin. He trumped up a dastardly charge against his assistant of the theft of valuable specimens from the great museum with which both were connected. The evidence against the unfortunate young man seemed positive and irrefragable, and he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

No sooner had Bentley been removed from his path than Stretton redoubled his attentions to Bianca, with whom he was as infatuated as it was possible for a man of his cynical nature to be. Bianca's parents were needy, and her mother was a bedridden invalid, slowly dying from the want of care which neither husband nor daughter could render because of their daily tasks. Stretton had come to their aid, and seized the opportunity to ingratiate himself with the old people. In this he wholly succeeded, and at the urgent entreaty of her grateful parents, Bianca consented to sacrifice herself. She was aware that on leaving prison Bentley's mind had given way, and therefore she believed that he had passed out of her life.

She had not been many weeks at Thorndean as Stretton's wife when she made a startling discovery. In a cupboard in the room in which Stretton's private collection was housed she found the specimens which her husband had accused Bentley of purloining. Stretton had evidently shrunk from destroying them, and she had challenged him regarding their presence in the house. But he utterly denied that they were the missing exhibits, and the cold fury he showed at the mere suggestion frightened her into silence.

One evening, as she was walking in a distant part of the grounds, she was suddenly accosted by Bentley, who had escaped from his place of confinement. He reproached her bitterly, and told her that, as he had found no justice in the modern world, he was resolved to adopt the life and manners of that primeval world on which

he had pondered so deeply, and where, as he said, justice was to be obtained by virtue of the strong hand alone. He refused her offers of assistance, and left her, vowing a terrible vengeance against Stretton. He had told her that he was sheltering in the Hammer Hole; and when she realised by what means Stretton had been killed, knowing of her former lover's plight, and almost demented, she had conceived it her duty to try to save him. With this intention she had gone to his place of concealment, and when I came upon them she was vainly urging him to save himself by flight. But the mania that he was in reality a man from a past age had grown upon him, and now possessed him wholly, and he had met her entreaties with savage refusal.

In a recess of that grim dwelling of the Stone Age men we discovered the entire flint armoury of Philip Bentley, along with his fire-drills and flaking-tools, and the bundle of pelts which he had dressed for clothing, as well as the simple domestic contrivances he had used—all providing eloquent testimony of the accurate knowledge which his poor, mad brain still held of that science of which he was such a brilliant but unfortunate exponent.

THE END.

PRUNES.

By A. H. WARE.

THERE is one place in which the prune is not disdained, and where to be called a 'prune' is not a condemnation. In the counties of central California the prune is king. The Santa Clara valley is the best spot in the world to study prune-growing, as most of the world-supply comes from there. Let us go there for a moment and learn a little about this favourite army-and-boarding-house luxury.

In the first place, we learn that prunes are not grown from their own seed, but are grafted on to apricot or almond trees. The pits of the apricot and almonds are sprouted in nurseries, and are allowed to grow for two years. In December of the second year scions are cut from one-year-old prune wood, and, trimmed of leaves, are placed in dry sand, where they stand unwatered until February. Then they are grafted on to the almond and the apricot stalks in the following way. The shoots are cut down to the ground and split, the scion then being introduced into the split end, and the joints well gummed. For a year they are permitted to grow, attaining at the end of that time a height of about four feet. It is now that the ranchers buy the trees, and transplant them into the orchards, cutting them down to two feet, and placing them in rows about twenty feet apart.

A rancher must now possess his soul in patience, for the wood must be four years old before it bears, and the fruit-buds appear a full year before ripening. During this time many disasters may happen, such as frosts or fire. But there are many compensations for these worries. Prune-orchards do not need irrigating. This is an important fact, for water is expensive, and many a dry-farmer of other crops spends his income in providing his land with the necessary moisture. The cultivating of the orchard begins in March. Then the ground is ploughed. It is harrowed and weeded until the 1st of June, after which nothing is done until the harvest is over.

April in the Santa Clara valley is unspeakably beautiful. Standing on the hills that frame it, one looks across miles of white blossoms—banks of snow where the ground rises, and stretches of white in the plain, where one can almost believe he is looking over the Arctic snowfields. There is no other colour in the valley, except for a few peach-orchards, where the pink is as delicate as the sunrise on snow. This is the gala-time of bees and humming-birds. In its beauty alone, the rancher almost feels repaid for his trouble.

The foliage appears upon the falling of the petals. From this time until the fall there is not one drop of rain in all this region. About the middle of August the fruit ripens. It is incredible how much a single tree bears. One sees ranch after ranch where the trees are propped up to keep from breaking under the weight of fruit which grows in clusters all over the branches, sometimes reaching five hundred pounds on one tree.

Prunes are not picked, but are allowed to drop off the tree. My sleeping-porch is surrounded by fruit-trees, and during the weeks when the fruit falls I lie awake and listen to the thump—thump—swish—thump of the prunes as they drop to the ground. The smoothly scraped surfaces of the orchards are blue with prunes. The careful rancher does not shake his trees, for the longer the fruit stays on the boughs the sweeter it gets, and the heavier.

September is the month of prune-picking. During this month the country is full of tents and temporary shacks occupied by whole families, who come especially to gather the fruit. One sees parties of girls strolling to their work, comfortably dressed in overalls or khaki shirts and trousers, and wearing huge knee-pads. These pads are very necessary, as one kneels for hours when prune-picking. Old men, women, and little children help in this, and earn very good pay, too. A good worker gathers as much as half-a-ton of fruit a day, getting for this twelve

and a half cents per box of fifty-five pounds. A little boy may easily make from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day. The prunes are placed in boxes which stand under the trees. Each box contains about fifty-five pounds of the green fruit. By 'green' I mean undried fruit. As the boxes are filled they are taken to the driers.

The drier stands upon a platform before a vessel of boiling lye-solution. Each rancher brings his boxes and piles them up by themselves. Let us say that Smith's boxes are the first to be treated. His fruit is emptied into steel baskets and lowered into the lye-water, where it is allowed to stand a moment. The effect of the lye is to cut the skin a trifle, so that it is made more tender and easier to dry. The baskets are then lifted, and the fruit poured upon an inclined runway perforated with holes. Under this is another runway, parallel to the first, but turning at the end to the opposite side. As the prunes roll down the board it is violently shaken, causing the fruit to dance briskly all over the surface of the incline. The little prunes then drop through the holes, and proceed to roll on the underneath plank. In this way the fruit is sorted into two grades, according to size. It is a comical sight to see a prune dodging and dancing around a hole as if imploring to escape, and finally jumping into it and disappearing. At the lower end of the runway two men stand with trays upon which the fruit rolls. The men scoop it over the trays as it emerges, and spread it to dry. When a tray is filled it is taken away on a wagon, and another is put in its place. Each tray holds two boxes of prunes.

The trays are then laid in rows—all of Smith's in one place, and all of Jones's in another. For two weeks the sun cooks the fruit, turning it from purple to black. During this process the prunes shrink considerably, it taking two and a quarter pounds of the green fruit to make a pound of the dried. The riper the fruit, the less is the shrinkage.

The prunes, when dry, are dumped into bins. The drier provides each customer with a bin in his fruit-house, upon which appear the names of the owners. In these bins the fruit sweats and equalises. When this is done the ranchers cart their property away. For dipping and drying the fruit the driers charge $5·50 a ton.

The ranchers now take their prunes to the buyers, who test them, buying them by weight. The test is as follows. The buyer shoves his hand into each sack of fruit ten times, taking out ten handfuls, and noting how many prunes there are to a pound each time. An average is then struck, and the whole crop of prunes is paid for accordingly. In 1918, for instance, there existed what is known as the six-cent basis. The buyers on this basis pay six cents a pound for prunes, averaging seventy to eighty prunes to a pound, dried. For each point below this—that is, if the fruit is bigger—the rancher gets one dollar more a ton for his crop. On the other hand, for each point above this, when the fruit is smaller, he gets one dollar a ton less. So it makes a great difference whether a man's prunes average sixty-nine or seventy-one to a pound.

The prunes are now bought by packers, who prepare them for the market by washing them in boiling water and packing them. This is almost entirely done by women. They turn the empty cases upside-down with the lid on and the bottom off, and after working the biggest prunes in their fingers to make them smooth, they arrange them in even rows over the inside of the lid, generally making two rows. Upon this 'facing' the rest of the prunes are poured until they weigh enough—five, ten, twenty-five, or fifty pounds, as the case may be.

Prunes grow best in red clay land, and if well cared for the trees will bear for a lifetime. Perhaps the largest prune is what is known as the Hungarian. This is really an English fruit; but it is of no use for drying, for, though it grows to the size of a pear, it is sour, and has very little flesh. Mr Burbank has created another big prune, the Sugar, which is very big, and has a good market. The difficulty with the Sugars is that they are heavy, and have to be picked, as they burst if allowed to drop. These prunes are largely used for 'facing,' as they make a fine appearance when the boxes are opened. Two other large prunes are the Imperial Epineuse and the Robe de Sergeant, both delicious, and commanding large prices.

The important prune of the Santa Clara valley, however, is the Petit D'Agen, a French variety which has no equal. It has a very high percentage of sugar, is a dependable crop, and has a delicate flavour. I know of few things more delicious than a shining black Petit D'Agen hot from the drying-tray. When in the fresh state they are liked by many for the honey-like juice which they contain. The dark kind of prune contains more sugar, and thus weighs more, than the lighter. Formerly packers who found themselves with the red prune, an inferior fruit, on their hands used to 'process' it by dipping it into glucose and logwood to give colour and weight; but this is no longer permitted. There used to be a market for the silver or white prune. However, some grasping dealers substituted for the prune the egg-plum. Now, while the silver prune is a most delicious thing when dried, the plum cannot be eaten. So the market was killed, and the dealers were put out of business.

Prune-growing pays well. The average crop is four tons per acre of fruit, although it has been known to run as high as twelve tons. With proper pruning and cultivation the prune-rancher has an assured and pleasant living.

SOME HINDU SERVANTS.

By CHARLES NIBBS, F.R.G.S.

THE differences between housekeeping at home and in India are very striking and often bewildering to the new arrival in the East. The shortage of servants is by no means acute in India, but the domestic problem has its own peculiar difficulties. An aggravating duplicity covered by apparent guilelessness is an outstanding characteristic of the native servant, and this tends to ruffle the temper of the sweetest of *mem-sahibs*, already harassed by life in the tropics. The Hindu servant has absolute faith in British fairness, tempered by a wholesome dread of his master's anger, which, however, is considered unreasonable under any circumstances, but is usually excused because 'Shaitan takes him for his own'—literally, 'the Devil enters into him.'

The *bawarchi* (cook) is a most important personage, and it is marvellous what he can do in an emergency. In camp let him have a *murghi* (fowl), some Worcester sauce, and anchovy paste, and he will serve you quite a decent dinner, the 'fish' being composed of minced bits of the fowl liberally mixed with anchovy, whilst the Worcester is the basis of the soup. It is customary to give the *bawarchi* a sum of money daily so that he may purchase fresh necessaries in the *bazar*. Of course, he will bargain with every one with whom he has any dealings, so it is wise to allow him plenty of time for this task. A carefully written account of what he has spent will be given to the *mem-sahib*, but this by no means tallies with the actual disbursement, the difference always being in his favour. You know perfectly well that on nearly all the items you are paying him half-an-anna or an anna more than the market prices, but you are content to leave it at that unless the discrepancy be too great. Then comes the fight for the odd anna; you probably win on the day, but the *bawarchi* wins on the week.

I had a very capable man who, upon my questioning him, frankly acknowledged that he reckoned to make two rupees a week by this method, so for curiosity's sake I said, 'Very well, *bawarchi;* I will add an extra two rupees a week to your pay on condition that there be no bargaining, and that you charge me fair prices only.' He was delighted at earning the additional money so easily, but at the end of the month begged me to 'cut' the two rupees, and let him go back to the old system; 'bargaining' was such a real pleasure to him that in consequence of there being none he was losing health. So back he went, quite joyful at the prospect of a daily battle of words and, presumably, recovered health. It is the immemorial *dustoor* (custom) of the country, and, because the East is the East, changeth not.

On one occasion another *bawarchi* charged me five annas for a small purchase, a fair price being four and a half annas. On my pointing this out to him with some asperity, he salaamed very profoundly, and said it was his misfortune that he could not pronounce 'four and a half' correctly, as he had lost some teeth, so always had to say 'five annas,' which caused him no difficulty at all. This preposterous apology almost took my breath away; but, controlling my face, I said very sympathetically that I was exceedingly sorry for his misfortune, but that I, too, suffered from a peculiar deafness, and, therefore, whenever I heard him say 'five annas,' I should write down 'four.' This style of argument appealed to him much more than any form of vituperation, and I had no further trouble.

It is of no use asking a servant the reason for any dereliction of duty. Plausibility is a fine art. 'Why has this place not been cleaned to-day?' 'Oh, *sahib*, if I clean it to-day, it will be dirty again to-morrow, so what is the good of cleaning it to-day?' The only safe method is the direct 'Clean it.' Then in the eyes of the servant it becomes an order, *hukhm hai*, something sacred, and so must be obeyed. The somewhat apologetic and polite form of request will probably have no effect at all; the man thinks you are not in earnest.

A very intelligent *khansama* was explaining to me how very clean the Hindus are in comparison with Europeans, in spite of the two baths daily the white man finds necessary. 'If I want to brush my teeth, *sahib*, I take a piece of fresh wood from God's own tree, fill my mouth with heaven-sent water, and use the frayed stick as a brush; but the *sahib* takes the hairs of an unclean dead animal, fixes them in the bone of another unclean animal, and then puts all this uncleanness into his mouth.' So does the humble and necessary tooth-brush appear to the mind of the Oriental, and therefore we are unclean in the using thereof. Needless to say, this view had not occurred to me before.

In the *bazar* I was usually followed by one particular coolie, whom I called 'Gold Teeth' by reason of his expensiveness in the matter of dental repairs, of which he was very proud. He was of a merry disposition, and had the nimble agility of mind we usually associate with the London street-arab. Seeing a very dirty specimen of the *fakir* class sitting in the *bazar* silently begging, I asked Gold Teeth who and what he was. I was anxious to know in what category a *fakir* would be placed in

the Hindu mind. My surprise—and disgust—may be imagined when the coolie, pointing first to the *fakir* and then to an English clergyman standing near, replied in broken English, 'Hindu padre, Christian padre, all one same fella.'

The beggar asking an alms to buy food will often enforce his appeal by opening his mouth wide and saying, 'See, *sahib*, I have had no food; my teeth are clean.' He is a living comment on a verse in the Book of Amos (iv. 6), where famine is predicted by the prophet under the phrase 'cleanness of teeth.' Indeed, it is sometimes startling to hear a familiar phrase from the Bible used by one who has probably never heard of the book. A coolie was calmly squatting on his basket early one morning, and about six in the evening I saw him again. Apparently he had not moved, and on my asking if this were the case, and the reason, he said, '*Sahib*, no man has hired me' (Matt. xx. 7). In a dirty little by-street half-a-dozen women and several children were making a lot of noise shouting and dancing. I soon found out the reason for this *tamasha*. An old woman had lost a four-anna bit earlier in the day. Now, after a lot of trouble, she had found it; and her neighbours were rejoicing with her. (Luke xv. 9.)

During the monsoon season one of my servants came limping to me, complaining of severe pains in his legs. He had a touch of rheumatism. I intended to give him some embrocation, but as I had no 'Elliman' by me, I got an empty bottle, and beginning with mustard-oil and kerosene, made a mixture with all sorts of ingredients. The more I put in, the better pleased the *mehta* seemed. Next morning he had completely recovered, and had evidently spread the fame of the *sahib's* new medicine, for the *khitmatgar* took an early opportunity of saying, 'Please, *sahib*, give me some of the new medicine to put on my baby's eyes, which are sore.' As the stuff was not a cure-all, I had to refuse; but no explanation of my reason was of any use. He was convinced that I wouldn't give it to him because he was not a 'favourite' servant, whilst the other man was.

The *dhobie* was an unfailing joy. He washed clothes beautifully, but tore them indiscriminately. Isn't it Mark Twain who says that the *dhobie* is a native of India who earns his living by breaking stones with a shirt? At any rate, this fairly indicates the methods employed by the *dhobie* who conscientiously tries to live up to his reputation. He never wrote down a list of the things he took away, but very rarely made a mistake. In some Oriental way he had Pelmanised his memory, and as he took to his *dhobie-khana* about a hundred pieces weekly from my house, and presumably similar quantities from one or two other *sahibs*, one may gain some idea of his mnemonic powers. His excuses for damage were always original, though not convincing. 'The bull ate it, *sahib*,' 'The wind blew a hole in it,' are specimens of these. For some reason he was dismissed, but was not dismayed, for he brought me a letter which he had got a public letter-writer to put into English for my benefit, in which he said: 'Since master and missis came from London you have been the father and mother of me and my family, for so therefore give me back my employ, which act of mercy I shall always be your obedient servant, or else I shall die.' He was duly reinstated—not because of the truthfulness of his plea, but because we wanted him.

One sometimes thinks that all Hindu servants are past-masters in the art of lying, but this is not so. It is merely a question of a different code of ethics. Before answering a question a Hindu will look into your face, trying to discover what kind of an answer is likely to be most pleasing to you, and will answer accordingly. His intention is to please his master, not to evade the truth—that is only a secondary consideration. It is awkward and inconvenient at times; but when you grasp the mentality of the man, it only means a few more questions adroitly put, and the truth, as you understand it, is then told.

THOUGHTS.

(ON GOING UP AN OLD CHURCH TOWER.)

'Tis said that he who upward turns his gaze
From the deep darkness of some well or mine
Can see, although the world above's ablaze,
The stars in sunlight shine.

So, when we sink to depths of dark despair
From what have seemed to be life's brightest hours,
We must remember in the hours of care
God does not hide the stars.

This spiral staircase is our life below,
Spent much in darkness and in narrow ways,
Yet brightened ofttimes by a happy glow
Even in darkest days.

And we who climb the narrow stair aright,
Thankful for those bright glimpses on our way,
Will surely reach the summit where the night
Will merge into the day.

And having gained the summit, we shall see,
With eyes that trust no more to fitful gleams,
That glorious landscape spread around, which we
Knew only in our dreams.

Then, looking out across the sunny land,
This new wide world, with everything made clear,
We may begin at last to understand
God's purpose for us here.

ARTHUR CHURCHMAN.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE FELINE WAY.

By F. ST MARS, Author of *The Wild Unmasked, Off the Beaten Track, Pinion and Paw, Snapshots of the Wild*, &c.

PART I.

And she filled their mouths with dust
And their bones with fever;
Greeted them with cruel lies;
Treated them despiteful-wise;
Meted them calamities,
Till they vowed to leave her!
RUDYARD KIPLING—*South Africa.*

I.

THAT precise zenith of sun which they keep for broiling the brains of Europeans in those parts (the head of the negro is impenetrable to anything save bullets) had just about become intolerable even to the wild folk—the red rocks were blistering to the touch—except the brilliant blue and cream lizards, rigid as Roman fibulæ; and Idzimba, the hill-leopard, had just woke up, literally, to the fact and to the necessity of seeking a shady cave, when his half-shut green gaze lit upon the sandgrouse.

Because Nature had obligingly painted him to match his surroundings; because, more certainly, the wild eye is, in nine cases out of ten, unable to detach the motionless living form, the sandgrouse was there, within two yards. It was feeding, that sand-coloured spirit of the sand. Presumably it fed upon sand—there seemed nothing else. Needs but for Idzimba to draw in his padded hind-legs with that concentrated caution known only to the cats. Needs but, as if by magic, to transform from a sensuous wonder of spotted plush into a tense set spring of nickel-steel, and—and—!

Two thumps; an olive streak; *and*—! Yes, as I said, Idzimba *and* the 'old man' chacma baboon face to face, almost nose to nose, watching with one eye apiece the horrified sand-grouse exploding rocket-wise from between them, and with the other eye, amazedly, each other.

Till that ill-omened instant neither beast had possessed the faintest suspicion of the proximity of the other. If they had, you can take it from me, they would have gone very far to avoid so embarrassing a meeting—they who were, in fact, anathema to each other. But then, perhaps, you do not know the chacma, that dog-faced calamity, half devil, half monkey, nearly as big as a man, with the strength of three men and the wickedness of thirty. Even Idzimba, that incarnation of silent-footed, lightning death, had cause to know and respect the chacma's power. (Besides, the small matter of a baby baboon, snatched in the blackness of a rain-squall from its sleeping mother's breast only seven nights ago, might still have to be paid for.)

Then was seen that super-agility of the leopard-people which never fails to amaze every time it is witnessed. It was almost exactly as if an enormous ball of thistledown had been caught by some sportive puff of wind and blown up the cliffside. In point of fact, it was Idzimba. He was facing the brutish scowl of the baboon one instant. The next—he was crouched, with tail lashing, wicked ears folded back, fangs glinting, fifty feet above. He seemed to have made no effort in getting there—to have occupied no time. He was not there. He was.

Then the 'old man' chacma coughed a hoarse bark, and ere its echoes had ceased the side of that hill was alive with male chacma baboons, all hurrying to his rally-call. (The females and young were over the ridge, all running the other way.) If they could have cornered Idzimba, they would have torn him into unholy strips, for he was the bogey-man, he, of the baboon babies, the death they could not see through the viewless nights, the maker of the scars more than one among them would carry to the day of their death.

Wherefore Idzimba faded backwards discreetly into the gray shadow of a narrow cave. They could come at him there—if they dared; but must face him singly, him who was Nature's last word in perfection for the cramped fight. They did *not* dare. With the glimmerings of a soul, the germs of an imagination, not a baboon among them but feared the unknown terror of confined spaces.

II.

A little before the almost precise six o'clock sunset of those parts that should relieve the gasping red earth of its torment somewhat, Idzimba, the hill-leopard, woke up.

From where he lay he could view the wilderness spread out, all bird's-eye-view-wise, as it were, at his feet; could see the strings of antelope—buffalo-like gnu, fiddle-faced hartebeest, stag-like waterbuck, stately Grant's gazelle—the

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kicking, bucking zebra, the supercilious ostrich, the towering giraffe—all filing down, under endless drifting dust-columns, along the age-old game-paths, to water. He could even hear the nasal laugh of the zebra, the resonant 'Quank' of the gnus, the rattle of horn against horn as the bucks made play. And Idzimba yawned prodigiously in the bloodshot eye of the sinking sun. He stretched a lean paw, and scraped unsheathed claws. He had beheld it all before, that scene—bush and plain, impenetrable thicket and stilled waste, beast and bird; how often had hearkened to the unoiled cackle of the guinea-fowl going to roost, and the ringing triple call of the bulbul bird. He had seen and heard it all before, and it bored him unspeakably, in his sleek, cynical comfort, as only a cat can be bored, and —and then, suddenly, his gaze became fixed, focused. What was that—that tawny speck that appeared for an instant in the path amid the patch of phœnix palms leading from the native village to the water? By fangs and whiskers!—two tawny specks, looking darker than usual at that distance. Leopards! As Idzimba lived by bloodshed, the specks were leopards! Leopards assuredly; and who should know, if not he, that they were male and female leopards? They vanished in an instant; but he had seen enough—enough to jerk him up on his feet, growling, eyes aflame, restless tail twitching, as if they were at his very side, instead of a mile or so away.

Now, the leopard begins his scalp-hunting much earlier, as a rule, than the lion, who can fairly safely be depended upon—always excepting a man-eater—not to make things dangerous before about 9 P.M. Moreover, the spotted one is of a strangely silent—as he is of a lonely—disposition; whereas *Leo Rex*, who is more of a sportsman than most people give him credit for, generally announces in bass thunders, which none save the stone-deaf for miles can fail to hear, that the king is coming for his cess. The short twilight of the tropics had not yet completed its transformation-scene when Idzimba, the hill-leopard, earlier than usual even, floated —I have no other word for it—from the hills and his cave down to the darkening plains. None saw him go. Nobody heard the click of a displaced stone even, nor swish of camphor-bush. Even the Chanler's reedbucks, those delicate antelope spirits of the rocks, whose enormous ears and high-set eyes miss so little, failed to give warning of his passage. He passed as a bad dream might pass—leaving, as a bad dream might leave, only uneasiness and trembling behind.

But if Idzimba's descent from the hills was (seeing that it was still day) one miracle in its stealth, his progress to the path among the palms where the yellow specks had momentarily appeared nearly a mile away was another miracle, and a greater. From the moment that the spiked mimosa thickets embraced him at the foot of the *koppjes*, save for one quick chatter of a pretty golden-red and black Sykes's monkey seated high upon a juniper-tree, and the sudden, startled 'Go away! go away!' warning cry of that feathered mop, a gray lory, there was no sight or sign, not the ghost of a sight or a sign, of his passage, till his appearance, with as startling suddenness, as incredible swiftness, in the native path leading from the village to the river. He was sniffing at the tracks of those two yellow specks—leopards, male and female, as you will remember.

What followed was a white light upon the ways of the leopard-folk. Still sniffing the ground with more than the patience, but none of the celerity, of a hound, Idzimba followed the trail into the heat-blasted thorn-scrub at the side of the path. For perhaps a couple of hundred yards, always painfully slowly, always in dead silence, frequently from tips of twigs and grass-blades as high as himself, he followed it, among thorns six inches long, straight and curved, capable of vandyking the insides of infants, till he came to the foot of an immense baobab-tree—large, round, almost, as a house—and here he stopped and looked up. The trail ended at that spot.

III.

Now, any other beast would not, probably, have looked up. If it had, it would not have seen anything. Nor, indeed, would Idzimba if he had not remained looking up, absolutely motionless, for at least five minutes. Then he saw, far above, the twitch of something black and small moving backwards and forwards quite regularly. It might have been the movement of a mouse or a big black-beetle. It was, as a matter of fact, the restless twitching of the very extreme tail-tip of a leopard—only *that* could be seen. The movement revealed it. Yet the whole of the beast was in plain view really, though deathly still—tawny and black, where tawny sun, dappled with black shadow spots, shone among the branches.

The leopard is a marvellous beast, but one is not, unless one knows him very well, led to expect him to run up the smooth, perpendicular trunks of trees, branchless, as the baobab was, to near its vast platform-like top. Here the branches stuck upwards and outwards at all angles; and here, couched, silent, motionless, reclined two leopards.

I have used the word 'couched' advisedly, because there is nothing in the English language that exactly covers that favourite position of all the cats, which is neither lying down exactly nor sitting up.

But cats, anyway, are funny things. Though they must have felt surprise, and *may* have experienced joy, at Idzimba's somewhat dramatic arrival, those two showed neither. They did

not move, in fact, except their heads, to watch him with inscrutable green eyes; and they never said a word at all. It was most uncanny, and savoured somewhat of the unreal.

Then Idzimba couched down too and looked at them, and—well, there you are, don't you know. They couched and stared, and there, so far as they were concerned, seemed to be an end. Very few Sphinxes can have shown less life than did those three ornaments of the great cat tribe thereafter.

The dusk brushed her wings drab across the face of the country, and a cock-ostrich began booming very far away out on the purple plains like a native war-drum, or a throbbing vein in a fevered head.

Idzimba got up and took three steps towards the female leopard. She was only a miserable little specimen, scarcely over five feet long, tail and all, and could not have weighed above fifty-four pounds at most; emaciated, thin-eared, but with a smouldering light in her eyes that was not nice at all. Quick as thought she half-rose, and with unsheathed claws struck—wheep—wheep—two round-arm blows with her right forepaw that, if they had landed, would have carried half of Idzimba's beauty away. And Idzimba? Oh, he never moved his body—only his head, drawing back in the nick of time one inch and a half, letting the blows whiz past his nose with half-an-inch to spare. That was all—as fine a piece of cool, arrogant judgment as ever you beheld.

Then the dog came down the path below—the starveling, half-wild, slinking effigy in canine guise of the usual negro village dog. One would have thought he was not worth anybody's kick, but all leopards are inordinately fond of dog. Indeed, the female leopard plainly showed her wishes by half-rising as if to spring, and drawing back with a wince and a snarl in a peculiar way as though something hurt her.

Idzimba, anyway, took her movement as a hint, and, being anxious to forestall the other male leopard — M'balana, the leopard of the plains — in that little, wicked she-beast's affections (as if she could have affection for anything in her cruel heart!), dropped like a stone, and with beautiful precision, smack upon the lean pariah's back beneath.

It was all over in three seconds. A streak of orange, an agonised howl, an electric convulsion of bodies among the dust, and dog *and* leopard flying up the huge trunk of the baobab again almost as quickly as the latter had come down—the dog in the jaws of the leopard.

But Idzimba reckoned without two important points. The howl. He should have choked the howl completely when he seized the important jugular. Also the Elmoran. Five of the Elmoran, each carrying the usual venomous spear, with its blade almost as long as its haft, had been walking down the path a hundred yards behind the dog—*their* dog. Had they been Indians now, they might have yelled and fled; but they were Elmoran, the young men of the Masai tribe, and the beast, lion or leopard, who would slay one of them, or theirs, and survive did not exist. 'Twas their boast. 'Twas their pride. They, the Elmoran, the young men of the proudest, most war-like, tribe in Africa, perhaps.

Before Idzimba had gained the platform-like top of the baobab, a shout spun him round, rigid as a steel-bar, in mid-climb. A spear gleamed in the last of the sun, blood-red, and stuck quivering in the bark by his side. The soft whisper of naked running feet—and who on all the earth can run like the Elmoran of the tall, proud Masai?—sounded below, and Idzimba, dropping the dog, leapt, leapt for his life, leapt far out and flying almost like a bird, a wonderful leap to the ground.

The next two minutes he spent moving from place to place in the thorn 'bush' on either side of the path with that flickering agility attainable only by leopards; while the spear-blades shimmered all around him, and everywhere he looked there seemed to be the dancing, dodging, ebon legs of men.

Fortunately no spear hit him. They all struck between the leaps, so to say. If even one had found him, it would have ended certainly one man's life, Idzimba's too, and this story. As it was, however, he got away, eyes blazing green-red, ears flat, tail whipping the dust like an angry snake, and in a vile temper even for a leopard.

Idzimba did not stop going for half a mile, and when he did, the night and a perfectly impenetrable reed-bed hid him together.

(*Continued on page 202.*)

THE FOLK OF THE 'MAYFLOWER.'

PART II.

V.

THE *Mayflower* was kept waiting at Southampton; but, after certain difficulties and squabbles among the merchants and the guarantors, the adventurers sailed 'about 5th August,' distributing their company of one hundred and twenty between the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*. It was found, however, that the lesser ship leaked badly, and her master refused to go farther without attention to necessary repair; so they resolved to turn into Dartmouth, where they lay for eight days, entailing loss of money, time, and fair wind. Again they set out; but when about a hundred

leagues from Land's End, the *Speedwell*, very falsely so called, could scarce be kept free of water, even by constant pumping. Both ships bore back once more—this time to Plymouth. There the *Speedwell* was declared unfit for such a voyage; so, after transferring some of her people to the larger ship, she went back to London; while the *Mayflower*, with a hundred souls on board, sailed on 6th September, hope at her prow and resolution at her helm.

On the outward voyage, after some days of fine weather, they encountered cross-winds and fierce storms, which bore upon her so heavily that the upper works of the *Mayflower* were strained to leakiness, and her mast cracked. She remained sound in hull, and accordingly, the mast mended by means of a large iron jack-screw which one of the company had brought with him from Holland, and the leaky planks caulked, they resolved still to go westward, though for days she could not bear a rag of sail, and drove, a bare hulk, before the gale. In all this one sailor died; one voyager, named Howland, was swept overboard, but clutching a halyard, was saved, to be a very useful colonist; one youth, a servant, died. Two births are recorded—one, Peregrinus White, born 'on board ship,' probably in the creek at Cape Cod, as the other, Oceanus Hopkins, is noted specially as 'born at sea.' Poor little Oceanus, however, died shortly after touching land.

They tried to run down southwards, seeking the mouth of the Hudson, but they fell into dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and so struck northwards again for Cape Cod, getting next day, 11th November, into safe harbourage.

It was a grim welcome that winter gave them in that dripping ship. Winter had been waiting for them in a land of storms. The desolate wilderness lay before them, and behind them beat the gray and greedy sea. 'Sumer being done, all things stared upon them with a weather-beaten face.' The forests were full of questions of savage wrath and risk, and the master of the *Mayflower* was in haste to turn again for home, daily urging them to land and settle. They must get out and see where they might find a suitable place, near a creek which seemed to offer the advantage of a river, where, in days to come, trade might find a traffic-way. So, on 15th November, sixteen of them went forth to explore. They were fortunate in having with them a man inured to war, little of body, but big and brave of heart, fearing no man's face, and shrinking from no track, however lonely and awful—Miles Standish—who had trailed a pike in the Low Countries for Queen Elizabeth. They saw savages, found fresh water and good harbourage, a clearing and some Indian graves, and, under the sand, a cache of Indian corn in baskets, some of which they brought with them, thinking how the spies of old carried the grapes from Eshcol. On 6th December ten of them, with some seamen, set out in the shallop to explore the bay of Cape Cod, on the shore of which they saw some Indians. They encamped for the night, with careful barricadoes and sentinels, the experience of Standish keeping watch. The night was pierced with startling and hideous yells; the next day, as they were departing, the Indians attacked them with showers of arrows, but were driven off after a sharp fight. The handful of white men 'left some to keep the shallop, and followed them about a quarter of a mille. This they did that they might conceive that they were not affrade of them, or any way discouraged.' Their return voyage was full of danger. It began to snow and rain; the sea roughened overmasteringly; they broke their rudder, and with great difficulty two seamen steered with oars. The pilot had hopes of a harbour, of which he had hearsay knowledge; but their mast broke, their sail fell overboard in a swelling sea, and the shoreward-driving flood bore them into a creek. It was immediately found, however, to be a cove full of breakers, perilous before the wind; so, with a superhuman endeavour, they turned about for the Sound; and, though it was very dark and raining heavily, they struck shelter under lee of a small island, remaining there till morning.

The day broke in sunshine, and, landing, they rested over the Sabbath. They found the harbour fit for shipping, and marched into the land for a space, discovering some fields where corn had been, and 'litle runing brooks.' So they returned, glad of heart, with a report full of hope. And then they bore up in the *Mayflower* on 15th December, and next day reached the haven. They landed, according to tradition, on Forefathers' Rock. In 1741 a contemporary of the Pilgrims, the venerable Elder Faunce, identified the rock. Legendary reminiscence gave to John Alden the honour of being the first to land. It was the 21st of December.

IV.

They had hard and terrible beginnings. Their lot had cast them, in the worst possible season of the year, upon this shore, and the little company was kept from despair only by what Bradford calls 'the wisdome, patience, and just and equall carriage of things by y^e^ Governor and better part, which clave faithfully togeather.' But they had the awful trial of death early among them, so that in three months half of their number perished, for the most part of scurvy, sometimes at the rate of two or three daily; while, of those who remained, only about six or seven were able, imperfectly and with great difficulty, to help the others. Of these few, the Elder Brewster and Captain Standish are especially mentioned. They were very notable colonists, for in the general affliction they were not touched by sickness or misery. The

Pilgrims' first burying-place was Cole's Hill. The precious grave-plots were levelled, and sown with grain, lest the Indians should count them, and see how thin the ranks were growing, or should desecrate the holy dust. Add to the wretchedness of dwining sickness the skulking enemy, like shadows, creeping about close at hand, till one Samaset, who had been associated with Englishmen, and could speak the white man's tongue, came near to help them. He brought the great sachem Massasoyt, and Squanto, who was a constant interpreter and guide thereafter. The Indians nearest the settlement were at first not friendly, as they had been molested by an Englishman named Hunt, who had carried away some of them to Spanish slavery. Squanto had been one of those unfortunates, but, having escaped, he had somehow reached England, and had been brought back again as a servant to Captain Dermer.

In April 1621 John Carver was elected governor; but when, after strenuous labours and enlightened rule, he died, William Bradford succeeded. On 12th May of that year took place the first marriage in the colony.

Hobomack, a friendly Indian, and Squanto, having gone on business together, were waylaid by Corbitante, who hated the pale-face. Hobomack escaped, and brought tidings to the colony, fearing that Squanto had been slain. Stirred by the resolve to show that their messengers were sacred, the settlers sent forth the redoubtable Standish with fourteen men, to prove to the sachem that he was up against a new condition of things. They pressed through the forest, and surrounded his house. He was absent, but was impressed alike by the promptitude of the action and its forbearance also; for Standish, having severely wounded three Indians who had attempted to break through the cordon, brought them off with him, and when they had been healed in the colony, returned them to their own folk.

The contracts which had been come to with the guarantors in England now began to be fulfilled, by sending oversea clapboard and beaver-skins. The settlers were stirred also to the necessity of providing for defence. For, one day, from the Narragansetts, came a messenger with a bundle of arrows tied in a snake-skin in token of challenge. But the governor at once sent back the snake-skin with bullets and powder in it, an answer which the arrogant Indian would not accept, for fear. This challenge, however, impelled the colonists to enclose their settlement with a palisade, with gates and guards.

Some new blood had to be dealt with. The fresh arrivals were of much lighter stuff than the original company, many of them coming out after castles in the air. Sometimes there was a quaint humour in their treatment. For example, on Christmas Day the governor called all out to labour; but these declared it to be against their conscience to work on that day. On such a ground he at once excused them. But when he and the rest returned, tired, at noon, he found the conscientious ones at various sports. So he took away the implements of their games, telling them it was against his conscience that they should play while others worked. And the hint went straight to the mark.

1623 saw the colony hungry. A ship came with some of those who had been left behind; but when they saw the condition of the people ashore, they were 'danted & discoraged, distressed and greeved, . . . many were ragged in aparell, and some litle better than halfe naked. . . . But for food they were al alike. . . . The best dish they could presente their friends with was a lobster, or a peece of fish, without bread or anything else but a cupp of fair spring water.'

Undoubtedly the original settlers were built of the stuff of victory. For eighteen years all laws were enacted by the colonists in general assembly. Each member had to take his share of public service, and was fined if he refused to bear the burden. With all their progress and courage, however, it was little wonder that there were flies in their amber. They had to stamp out sins of the old world that crept into the settlement of saints, as foul bilge, over the sea.

In 1691 they joined with the Puritans who in 1629 had formed a settlement in Massachusetts Bay; and the colony of Massachusetts was thus brought into being.

Their enterprise is worthy of remembrance by all. As one of the letters to them from home put it: 'Let it not be greeveous unto you y^{t} you have been instruments to breake y^{e} ise for others who come after with less dificulty. The honour shall be yours to y^{e} worlds end.'

The few pages of record of the folk and their fortunes at the end of the book can scarce be read without a lump in the throat. The book bears the marks of a scholar, and has references to Marcus Aurelius, Plato, Pliny, and others.

It is hoped that at all celebrations hereafter may be sung the words with which Bradford closes one of his chapters:

'*Our faithers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean and were ready to perish in this willdernes; but they cried unto y^{e} Lord and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie. Let them therfore praise y^{e} Lord, because he is good, & his mercies endure for ever.*'

Nothing could more finely express the splendid faith which lifted them over the trembling edge of venture, and the spirit which made them persevere and endure.

THE END.

BIRD NOTES FROM THE BRITISH NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

By Charles E. Alford.

I.

THE portion of the North Pacific coast to be dealt with in this article extends, roughly, from the mouth of the Skeena River, between the 54th and 55th parallels, southwards to Vancouver and Victoria, the latter city lying slightly north of latitude 48°—a distance of approximately 500 miles—and comprises those regions that lie to the west of the Coast Range and the Cascade Mountains, including the Queen Charlotte and Vancouver Islands.

From the Skeena down to the northern limits of Vancouver Island and the adjacent mainland, the country is mountainous, densely wooded, and sparsely inhabited. The summers are mild and humid, but the winters vary in different localities, being generally less severe on the islands than on the mainland, with a precipitation averaging from seventy to a hundred inches, most of which is rain.

South of this region, however, we get into a more civilised zone. Though the country still presents a rugged appearance, large tracts of cleared and cultivated land and thriving little townships, with their quaint wooden dwellings, form pleasing gaps in the grand but monotonous panorama of the forest. The rainfall, too, gradually decreases as we go south, until at Victoria we find an annual precipitation of only twenty-eight inches, with a climate very similar to that of Devonshire, but drier and brighter. At Vancouver, on the mainland, and only about sixty miles north east of Victoria, the rainfall is much greater, averaging no less than sixty-one inches, though in other respects the climate is very similar. Throughout the coastline, nearly all the rain falls during the winter months.

The scenery in the more wooded and mountainous regions strongly resembles that of the Scottish Highlands, but on a grander scale, the timber consisting chiefly of cedar, spruce, and Douglas fir, a tree that often attains a height of 250 feet. The more open and cultivated districts, on the other hand, have a rather homely, 'Old Country' air about them; and though the fields seem strangely silent without the trill of the skylark, and the absence of our familiar hedgerows gives a somewhat unclothed effect to the landscape, the country-side wears, on the whole, a very 'English' appearance. The coastline, throughout its length, is very broken, the numerous bays and inlets affording shelter for many species of water-fowl, which come southwards in the winter months from their breeding-grounds in the chilly north.

From the foregoing it will be seen that, from both a climatic and a physical point of view, the conditions in the Old Country and the coastal regions of British Columbia are not at all dissimilar—a circumstance that makes a comparison of the bird-life in these two widely separated portions of our Empire a subject of particular interest. There is, however, one difference: Great Britain is an old country; British Columbia is an entirely new one. And when one considers the development that is now in progress throughout this part of the world—when one gazes upon the wide stretches of meadow and orchard that were but recently a mass of tangled undergrowth, and the vast tracts of virgin forest that still remain to be cleared—it is reasonable to assume that the feathered population of these regions has not remained entirely unaffected. There can, indeed, be no doubt that, as regards both their diet and their general habits of life, the birds of western Canada are rapidly adapting themselves to the changing conditions; and I find that, in the 'Wild West' as in other parts of the world, it is amid the habitations of man that we must search for our feathered friends, and that the forest, with certain exceptions, has little to offer in the way of bird-life.

II.

Though one sadly misses our favourite songsters, they are represented in several cases by other, if less attractive, members of the same family. In place of the throstle, for instance, we find the russet-backed thrush, a quite diminutive member of the *Turdidæ*—being but seven inches in length—and a summer visitor only. Apart from its smaller size, however, it bears a strong resemblance to our own bird, being a typical thrush, in both song and habits, though its vocal powers are not to be compared with those of its British cousin.

Instead of the blackbird we have the western robin—a pale variety of the American species—with a bright-red breast, yellow bill, and upper parts of a dark slate-gray. Abundant everywhere, it possesses the usual characteristics of the family, including a fine voice; but the notes are rather harsh, and recall more vividly the wild strain of the missel-thrush than the flute-like music of the blackbird. A considerable migration occurs during the autumn months, at which period large flocks of these birds may be seen everywhere. But the movement is more or less local, and others appear to take the place of those that have departed.

There is no familar redbreast, unless some of those imported from England a few years ago have survived. But a distant cousin of his, the bluebird, holds much the same place in the popular imagination, being not only an

extremely beautiful creature, but—like the redbreast—of a sociable and confiding disposition, preferring the habitations of man to the dreary solitudes of the forest. To attract him to your garden it is only necessary to provide a few nesting-boxes, and he will show his appreciation of your hospitality by remaining with you all through the summer, and helping to rear two—perhaps three—families before the breath of winter drives him southwards. In the southern parts of Vancouver Island, however, a few remain throughout the winter, though at all seasons of the year I have lately found the bluebird less plentiful than it used to be.

The western variety of this species has the upper parts a rich blue—'bluish lilac' may, perhaps, give a better idea of the shade—with the breast pale reddish. The song, though weak, is sweet and restful, like the singer; to me he is the very embodiment of peace and beauty—a 'Peter Pan' bird, sent from the 'Never-Never-Land' to soothe the hearts and delight the eyes of mortals.

The skylark, like the redbreast, was imported several years ago, and is said to have been heard quite recently in the neighbourhood of Victoria, but I have not had the good fortune to meet with it. The meadow-lark (*Sturnella magna*), which abounds at all seasons in the fields and open spaces of the West, is not a true lark, but belongs to the starling family. Though a poor substitute for the glorious songster of our homeland, he is a fine musician, and sings, moreover, all the year round; no weather, indeed, seems sufficiently cold and dismal to damp his spirits, and I have watched him pouring forth his cheerful ditty from the top of a telegraph-pole in the teeth of a north-east gale. He is a pretty bird—brownish-gray above, and bright sulphur-yellow beneath, with a black crescent on the breast.

Of all the singers of the West, the nearest approach to the nightingale is found in the rusty song-sparrow, a relative of the bunting family—as are most of the American 'sparrows'—and a common resident. He is, without doubt, the finest songster in western Canada, the purity and fervour of his liquid notes, and the intervening 'chug-chug-chug' that recalls so vividly the music of Philomel, entitling him, in my opinion, to a place in the front rank amongst the feathered minstrels of the world. Like other fine performers, he is modestly clad—rusty-brown being the prevailing colour of his garb, with a white breast streaked brownish. Though found in all localities, he prefers the neighbourhood of water; indeed, the individual that inhabits my garden seems to regard as his own particular property the bird-bath which I have provided for the use of my feathered visitors, and drives off all intruders with angry pecks.

Another member of the same family is Nuttall's white-crowned sparrow, one of the most abundant species on the coast during the summer months. The plumage of the body is not particularly striking, being yellowish-gray above and ash-coloured beneath, but the crown is a vivid white, bordered by a black streak on either side, which gives the bird a very distinctive appearance. The song, a feeble affair, may frequently be heard during the night.

III.

A large number of warblers visit the North Pacific coast during the summer months, but they differ in many respects from the true warblers (*Sylviidæ*) of the Old Country, being, amongst other things, more brightly coloured, and possessing nine instead of ten primaries. The lutescent and yellow warblers are the species most commonly met with. The former is of a beautiful olive-green all over, and builds its nest on the ground. The yellow warbler, on the other hand, nests in bushes, and is of a bright canary-yellow, with red streaks on the breast in the case of the male; but the female is olive-green all over, and can hardly be distinguished from the lutescent warbler.

The goldcrest is represented by the golden-crowned kinglet, an almost identical bird; and it may generally be seen with the flocks of chickadees during the winter.

Of the titmice, the chestnut-backed chickadee—a close relative of our marsh tit—is the only common representative found in these parts. In the winter months it roams about the country in flocks, and the cheerful 'Chee-chee-chee' of a troop as it passes through the garden, busily searching the nooks and corners of the bushes for the small insects on which it feeds, makes a pleasing interlude to the silence of a dull winter's day.

The wren is represented by *T. hiemalis*, a bird so similar in every respect to our own species that it is difficult to see exactly what is the distinctive feature that entitles it to specific rank.

A handsome species that is commonly met with on the coast is the cedar bird, a small edition of the waxwing that occasionally visits Great Britain. Of an extremely sociable and amiable disposition, it travels about in flocks, the members of which display an extraordinary attachment for one another. In this connection Nuttall relates an amusing story of a number of these birds, which were perched in a row on the branch of a tree, refusing to eat an insect caught by one of their companions, each one being too polite to accept the proffered morsel, and passing it on to its neighbour! This species utters a peculiar lisping sound, which makes its presence unmistakable, though it can hardly be called a song.

Of the swallows, three species are commonly met with, the most observed being the violet-green (*Tachycineta thalassina*), with upper parts of a beautiful velvety-green, and pure white beneath. The barn swallow (*Hirundo erythro-*

gaster) is hardly to be distinguished from the swallow of the Old Country, and is equally plentiful. The rough-winged swallow (*Stelgidopteryx serripennis*) is a sober-coloured bird, resembling our sand-martin, and, after the manner of that species, nesting in holes in sandbanks.

The house-sparrow is, unfortunately, increasing, though not yet nearly as abundant as it is in Great Britain. In its place we have the Oregon junco, a little brownish bird of the same size, with jet-black head and neck, gray breast, and horn-coloured bill. Though not a true sparrow, it possesses the same quarrelsome disposition, and is, moreover, a common resident, being especially plentiful during the winter months in the vicinity of houses and gardens.

One species that should be mentioned here, because it is so abundant, is the Oregon towhee —or 'chewink,' as it is locally called—a handsome member of the *Fringillidæ*, about eight inches in length. It has the upper parts, including the throat, a rich black, with a few white spots on the wings; a red iris; flanks bright red; breast and belly white; and a long black tail. A distinguished-looking bird, it rather reminds me, at a distance, of a bullfinch with a very long tail, though at close quarters its appearance is entirely different. Essentially a bird of the undergrowth, it spends all its time scratching amongst the leaves, and, being extremely shy, is more often heard than seen. It sometimes makes a sound not unlike the 'mew' of a cat, but the usual call-note is a mournful 'Too-ee, too-ee,' constantly repeated, and is one of the most depressing sounds imaginable.

The jay found in this part of the world is a very beautiful creature, with plumage of a rich, dark blue, shading into black towards the forepart of the body, and with a conspicuous black crest on the head. Contrasted with that of the British species, his is a richer, more exotic type of beauty, and by many he might be considered the more handsome bird of the two; but it is like comparing the orchid with the rose, and I would rather have our more homely-looking, but no less beautiful, British species than fifty blue jays. Retiring to the seclusion of the bush during the nesting period, he spends the remainder of the year wandering about the country in little parties of four or five individuals, creating disturbance wherever he goes; indeed, the constant screeching he keeps up outside my study window sometimes becomes almost intolerable. In the suburbs and outlying districts of Victoria last autumn they appeared literally in hundreds—dozens of them being seen in every street—and in a letter to the local paper a well-known naturalist of the district spoke of it as 'an invasion unparalleled in the memory of the oldest observer.' This species is a perfect tyrant over the smaller birds, and a terror during the nesting season, and that is why I don't love him.

Another common species, though not so plentiful as the last, is the Oregon jay, a gray-and-white bird, about the size of a missel-thrush. Better known as 'Whisky Jack,' he is a familiar visitor to the logging-camps on the mainland, but seems to avoid the vicinity of the sea and the adjacent islands.

The rook is unknown, but in its place we have the north-west crow, a closely related species, but somewhat smaller, and more partial to the seashore. Here it spends most of its time, either picking about the rocks for the shell-fish which form so large a part of its diet, or else robbing the gulls and generally making itself objectionable to all birds that happen to cross its path.

In a country so densely wooded, it is not surprising that the woodpeckers are well represented; and of the nine species that are met with along the coastline, four, at least, may be called common, and will be mentioned here. The northern pileated woodpecker is a large, handsome bird, having a dark-brown body, relieved by a white stripe down each side of the neck, and a crown of deepest crimson. An inhabitant of the thickest and most lonely parts of the forest, it is extremely wild and difficult to approach, and, though still tolerably plentiful in suitable localities, is one of those species that the march of civilisation is gradually driving towards extinction. Another, but more abundant, member of the family is the flicker, a bird about the size of our 'yaffle,' but of quite a different appearance. It has the upper parts brown, barred with black, and the head and neck gray, with a conspicuous crimson patch beneath the eye; the breast is pinkish-white, spotted with black, and adorned with a large black crescent. This species has a curious habit of picking at the woodwork on the outside of houses, and sometimes does a considerable amount of damage. For some time I was unable to discover the object of these attacks, but I have recently been informed that the timber used for building purposes harbours a special kind of maggot—which, of course, explains everything. The two remaining species—Harris's and Gairdner's woodpeckers—are hardly to be distinguished, at a distance, from the barred and great-spotted varieties of the Old Country, though a closer inspection of the plumage reveals obvious differences. They are both plentiful.

IV.

In one respect the bird-lovers of the West have some cause to exult over their brethren of the Old Country, for they can boast one species of feathered visitor that is altogether unknown in the Old World. This is the rufous humming-bird—a little creature about three inches long—that arrives from the south with the first warm days of spring, and penetrates as far north as Alaska. To those unacquainted with the

humming-bird, it may best be likened to the British hawk-moth of that name, which it resembles, both in its manner of flight and in its appearance, at a distance, when on the wing. To describe with any accuracy, however, the plumage of such a gorgeous creature would tax even the vocabulary of a Meredith; but the distinguishing feature of the species under notice is a gorget round the throat, that reflects in the sun's rays almost every shade of gold and crimson, and simply dazzles the eye with its splendour. Arrived in its summer quarters, it loses no time in settling on a nesting site—frequently amid the haunts of man—and here it builds a most beautiful, cup-shaped little nest, composed on the outside of moss and lichens, and lined with plant-down. It is placed on the horizontal branch of a bush or a sapling, and may be found in the most public situations, such as the front garden of a bungalow, or in a tree by the side of a busy thoroughfare.

It is strange that all efforts to acclimatise the humming-bird in Great Britain should have invariably failed, because the average summer weather in the Old Country is certainly not more severe than that prevailing in some of the regions visited by this species in its northern migration.

The *Alcedinidæ* are represented by the belted kingfisher, a larger and less brightly coloured bird than the British species, but a handsome fellow, nevertheless, in his soft gray-and-white plumage, and magnificent crest. Of a noisy disposition, and abundant everywhere, there is hardly a stretch of seashore or river on the coast where the harsh, laughter-like cackle of this little angler may not be heard. One little chap frequently takes up his perch on the dead branch of a tree in my garden, which overlooks the sea, and will sometimes remain there for an hour or more, apparently lost in a reverie. When I appear on the scene, he blinks down at me in such a comical way, and appears so confiding and trustful, that I have become quite fond of him, and look forward to his visits with much more pleasure than I do to the calls of my neighbours.

The cuckoo (*Coccyzus Americanus*) that visits the North Pacific coast is a more respectable individual than the European species, preferring to build a nest of its own, and otherwise attending to its family duties, instead of thrusting them upon some smaller but more worthy parent, after the manner of its British cousin. Though not uncommon on the mainland, it is rather rare on the islands of the coast, and avoids the more northerly latitudes.

Of the order *Striges* the California pigmy owl is the species most commonly met with. A little, insectivorous bird—barely seven inches in length, and diurnal in habits—it may frequently be seen perched on the telegraph-wires in the noonday sun. It possesses a rapid flight, and appears to have the habit of returning to the same perch after each excursion in the air.

Other common owls include the western horned, dusky horned, and short-eared.

Of the *Falconidæ*, the bald eagle still holds its own in the more inaccessible regions, where rocky precipices rise abruptly—like great walls—from the bays and inlets of the sea. In such localities it may often be observed, sailing majestically along at a great height, and providing, in my opinion, one of the finest spectacles in bird-life that nature has to offer. In the Old Country I have made many efforts to see an eagle, but so far without success; and it was in Canada that I was destined to have my first view of this magnificent bird in its natural surroundings. Though I have yet to make the acquaintance of the golden eagle of my own land, I have had the good fortune on several occasions in this country to watch the bald eagle through a strong pair of glasses—a magnificent sight as it glides beneath the blue vault of heaven, turning its head downwards at intervals, to right and left, in search of its finny prey; for, like the osprey, it is a fish-eating bird. About the same size as the golden eagle, it has the head, the neck, and the tail pure white, and the remainder of the body dark brown.

Like other splendid specimens of its race, the bald eagle is much persecuted by those degenerate individuals who, whilst admiring a stuffed carcass, quite fail to appreciate the real beauty of life and movement with which it was once endowed; and though it is in no immediate danger of extinction, the large number of stuffed specimens to be seen in the offices of hotels and other public places throughout the country hints darkly of the future.

Another fine bird that is, fortunately, not uncommon at present is the osprey, to be found in most suitable localities.

Of the smaller birds of prey there are several species, all more or less plentiful. Amongst them may be mentioned the sharp-shinned hawk, about the size of a large thrush; the marsh hawk; the red-tailed hawk; and sparrow-hawk, the last mentioned being related to our kestrel, and a very pretty bird.

During the winter months the numerous bays and inlets of the coast literally teem with duck of all descriptions, and afford a good opportunity of studying those species whose breeding-grounds are situated in the remote regions of the interior, and of whose habits and mode of life so much has yet to be learnt. The mallard, the harlequin duck, and surf and white-winged scoters remain throughout the year.

Amongst the more abundant winter visitors to the coast may be mentioned the scaup duck (bluebill); the buffle-head, a very handsome little duck, with vivid black-and-white plumage; the American golden-eye; and the red-breasted merganser, the last mentioned remaining throughout

the year in some districts. Of the geese, the black brant is the one most commonly met with. I have spent hours watching these ducks diving, and have many notes on their habits in this connection, and their behaviour under water, so far as it has been possible to observe it. But information of this description, to be of any value, must be based on many years of observation.

Game birds include the common pheasant, the sooty grouse, and the Oregon ruffed grouse. The pheasant is very plentiful, penetrating even into the outskirts of towns, and during the summer I have heard them constantly on the vacant lots and building-sites in the suburbs of Victoria. The partridge of the Old Country is unknown, but there are two varieties of quail—the California and the mountain species—hardly to be distinguished from each other at a distance, though the former has the plumage somewhat darker. They are handsome little birds, with a pretty black crest on the crown, and have the habit of perching in trees. The call-note resembles the words 'get right back' or 'get right out.'

There are a great many gulls, of which the glaucous-winged is the most abundant, although the American herring-gull is almost as plentiful. But my favourite is Bonaparte's gull—a small, neatly built bird, only half the size of the herring-gull, and in my opinion the most beautiful member of the family—excepting, perhaps, the kittiwake. Breeding in the interior of the province, it visits the coast only during the autumn and winter months, and at these seasons has the mantle pale gray, and the remainder of the plumage white, with the exception of a black spot on the ear-coverts. But in summer the head and the neck are black, and make a beautiful contrast with the gray and white of the body. It is an active little bird—even for a gull—seldom resting upon the waters like the larger species, but constantly circling overhead, and swooping, at intervals, to the surface to seize the small fry upon which it feeds.

Amongst other species of water-fowl, all more or less plentiful, may be mentioned the violet-green cormorant, the tufted puffin, the loon, the pigeon-guillemot, and several kinds of grebe, of which *Podiceps auritus*—the horned grebe—is the most abundant.

With a few exceptions, the birds described in these notes represent the quite common species that one meets with every day. There are, of course, many more; but to describe in detail the life-histories even of those mentioned in this article would fill a volume. And though, in the case of some species, lack of space forbids more than a mere mention of their names, enough has, perhaps, been written to afford the reader at least a glimpse of the bird-life of the North Pacific coast.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

IV.

BOTH Heloise and the companion had gone up to their rooms a prey to emotions. Heloise's emotion was not altogether unpleasant. She was agitated at the prospect of an intimate talk with Clement Seadon on the morrow; but, like all people who trample on their feelings in order to bolster up their pride, she felt relief that this condition of chilly aloofness between them was coming to an end. As Méduse Smythe had told Mr Neuburg, Heloise did not know exactly what her feelings were towards Clement Seadon, but she did know enough to realise that a renewal of their old companionship would be an extraordinarily pleasant thing.

Méduse Smythe's agitation was of a different order. There was fear and mystery in it. She had received an imperative message from one of the conspirators; he wanted to see her in the hotel lobby. That fact in itself was disturbing. Joe, who had made this demand, would not have exposed himself unless the matter was crucial. Also, he had disguised his handwriting. She hurried swiftly to the lobby—and there was no Joe. Nobody was there wanting her. What did it mean? Had Joe been frightened away? Or—or was it some ruse? She did not know. She was puzzled, scared. She felt that her own wits were not capable of dealing with this matter.

She left Heloise (grappling with the feminine complications of preparing for a walk) in her room, and passed swiftly across her own. She slipped ajar her door of the bathroom that led to Mr Neuburg's room, and scratched stealthily on the inner door. That was the signal. She repeated it several times. It was not answered. Mr Neuburg was not in his room. She half-expected that. That might be the reason why Joe had sent in to her. Quickly she returned to her own room, closing the bathroom door softly behind her. Her anxiety was increased. She must see and speak to Mr Neuburg. It might be a matter that did not brook of delay.

Méduse Smythe's agitation developed steadily until both ladies got down to the lobby again; then, with a gasp of relief, she said, 'Oh, there's Mr Neuburg. Do you mind, Loise? I do want to speak to him about something before it slips out of my memory.'

She went across to Mr Neuburg, who rose from his chair and bowed with all the affability of a mere chance acquaintance. In quite an ordinary voice, as though discussing the weather, Méduse said, 'I am going to give you a slip of paper. It seems important. Can you take it from me without being seen?'

Mr Neuburg, with all the charm of a genial man of the world, and all the acuteness of a master-rogue, bowed at once, led her to the magazine-counter to the right of the lobby. 'My dear Méduse, as I select a guide-book for you, lean across me to reach those post-cards; then you can drop your paper.'

The call-form that was supposed to have come from the man Joe was dropped. Mr Neuburg picked it up with a guide-book. He read it. He opened the guide-book, as though in search of some locality, pointed to a page with his fat finger, and said, 'When did you get this, Méduse?'

'It was brought to me by a page, just after I had sat down to lunch.'

'Ha—and you went out at once, and Joe—he was not there, of course. He would not be there. This is a thing he would not do.'

'He was not there,' said Méduse.

'And when you came back from this false call, how was the girl?'

'She was alone—as I left her. She seemed the same.'

'She said nothing to you—about anybody speaking to her, I mean?'

'Nothing at all.'

'And the Englishman—did you see him in the dining-room?'

'No, I did not see him. But, then, I did not look very keenly. Surely the Englishman does not know about Joe?'

'Somebody knows about Joe,' said Mr Neuburg, his voice hard in spite of his intensely amiable attitude of a man giving local information to a lady. 'Somebody knows so much about Joe that he recognised that the name was enough to get you away from Miss Heloise into the lobby at a run. Who do you think would pull off a trick like that, my mild Méduse?'

'But the Englishman cannot know about Joe,' said the woman sullenly.

'Certainly this is your day for being triumphantly dull, my dear. This Englishman has bewitched you.'

'But how could he know about Joe?'

'Ah, my mild one, that is a thing that even I cannot tell you without finding out. It is to be found out. Now go back to the girl with this guide-book; tell her the pleasant Mr Neuburg has recommended it as the best of its kind—and remember that if your brain has turned into wool, you have the support of mine, which is particularly acute. That may restore and stimulate your wits.'

V.

When the two ladies had gone out, Mr Neuburg sat and smoked, and considered this unexpected happening deeply. His was a quite exceptional brain, and he had mastery over his thoughts and his memories. It was while he was going over his memories that the smoke of his cigar suddenly ceased to puff. That was the only sign exhibited by his impressive, placid, and genial bulk. He was a traveller taking things easily—only, suddenly, his cigar ceased to puff.

At once he rose indolently, walked across the lobby to the reception-desk. He asked in his affable way if he could see the room bookings. He looked through them. He stopped when he came to the name 'Clement Seadon.' He stopped with reason. He saw that the number of the room booked against Clement Seadon's name was 362—the room next to his own. He stared at that number for a moment, said 'Thank you' very politely to the reception-clerk, and mounted to the gallery on which his room stood.

He went not merely to his own room, but walked round the corner of the gallery to the door of Clement Seadon's room. As he stood there regarding it contemplatively the chambermaid passed by. He looked at her, or, rather, across her shoulder, with that smile which was quite charming, but had not the slightest tinge of human emotion in it, and he said, 'There is, I think, a blind in that room which is making noises in the wind. It destroys my nap. I have knocked on the door, but the occupant of the room is not there, apparently. Would it be asking you too much to go in and pull up that blind, so that I can have my beauty-sleep undisturbed?'

He backed his appeal with the weight of a half-dollar piece.

The girl smiled back, nodded, felt in her pocket for the key of the room. She began to open the door. With a polite, 'Thanks enormously,' Mr Neuburg slipped away from her with his extraordinary swiftness. He went into his own room. He opened his one of the double doors between his room and Clement Seadon's bathroom. He listened at the other door. He did not hear as well as Clement had heard, for the bathroom was between him and the Englishman's room. But he heard. He heard the movements of the chambermaid, heard her rattling at the windows. He heard quite distinctly.

When the chambermaid came round the corner of the gallery to ask if it was all right now, he was at his door beaming—but this time, perhaps, with a more natural good-humour.

'Yes, that is satisfactory—*very* satisfactory.'

And indeed he thought it was.

VI.

As the massive Mr Neuburg sat in his room certain that things were satisfactory, and thinking these satisfactory matters out, Clement Seadon, with much the same emotions, was searching for and finding the glue-maker's in the Sault Algonquin.

The street was as unprepossessing as he imagined it would be. It was a narrow canyon, indescribably gloomy and muddy, between the tall, old, straight-faced houses that lined it. It was farther round the toe of rock that made the jutting mass of the historic old town than he had imagined. It was right round under the splendid old seventeenth-century hospital, the austere Hôtel-Dieu, and in the area of the docks, too. From the docks it got some of its mud, and, perhaps, some of its lowering air. It looked a darkling, brooding, sinister street. Clement found it quite easy to imagine it a place where, in the grim old days, bravoes quietly and expeditiously slit throats, or where fur-hunters had been lured to be despoiled of the earnings of long, lonely months of trapping in the virgin wilds of the young colony.

In this old and moody street, and in the grim and reticent houses that bordered it, almost anything might have happened in the early days of Canada; but most of those things, Clement thought, would have been evil. The street had an aroma of crime. One felt it, as it were, in the air, just as though centuries of wickedness about its narrow, greasy side-walks had saturated it with an essential aura. It was a street fitted to be the headquarters of Mr Neuburg and his gang of ruffians.

It was a short street, and it was easy to find the glue-maker's. There were only two other business premises. The glue-maker's, No. 7, was a tall, depressing house that was even dirtier than its neighbours. It had the distinction of keeping all its windows shuttered. The shutters were the lattice-like jalousies of France; but whereas the neighbours kept theirs open, No. 7's were tight closed, as though its inmates were determined to keep themselves to themselves. It had one window on the ground floor; the shutters were back from this, but as it was filled with trade samples and backed by trade advertisements, a view of the room behind was impossible. There was no doorway on to the street. Entrance was effected through a cartway. A heavy wooden gate covered this, with a smaller door for humans in it. As both were shut, Clement surmised that, having passed through this gate into the cartway that ran under the building (which made one of a block embracing all the houses on that side), one entered the house itself by a doorway on the left.

However, this cartway told him one thing. In spite of the fact that the cliff seemed to rise up right behind the house, there must be a yard at the back of the glue-maker's. Glancing along the face of the houses, he obtained confirmation of this. There was no iron fire-escape stair in front of this house and its immediate neighbours, although farther along the street this inevitable disfigurement of Western cities zigzagged down the faces of the buildings. That meant that the fire-escapes—by law enforced—were at the back, and that there were yards there into which people could escape.

Getting round to the back was not easy. He found he had to climb up the cliff, and when he arrived on top, he had to trespass into a builder's yard in order to look down on to the backs of the houses in the Sault Algonquin. Not wishing to be disturbed, he hid behind a pile of scrapped rubbish, and from there took a leisurely survey.

As he had thought, the farther end of Algonquin ran very close up against the cliff, and there were neither yards nor fire-escapes. As the street ran westward, the yards appeared and grew bigger, and the fire-escapes also showed.

No. 7 was easy to find. It was under the cliff where it sloped down rather less steeply. Clement noted that. At a pinch an active man might find a way down there. The yard was a fairly large one, littered with the rubbish of manufactory, and partly filled by a single-storeyed building, of very much later construction than the house itself. This had a flat roof and square walls; a jet of steam came out of a thin exhaust-pipe. Here, undoubtedly, were carried on the mystical processes of glue-making.

Clement studied the back of the house, and particularly the outbuilding, with care. Having shinned down the cliff, would it be easy for an agile man to leap from the cliffside to the roof of that outhouse? It looked possible; but, of course, one might be misled from here by the angle of sight. If one got on to that roof, one might avoid the embarrassing necessity of getting into the house by a door. A window, loosely jalousied, as were all the windows, was flush with the outhouse roof. If that window was no good, then the fire-escape could be used. The fire-escape was directly in line above the cart entrance, its loose lower section pulled up out of the way as usual. An active man would find a spring from the outbuilding roof to the last zigzag of the escape's permanent structure child's-play, and once on it, one had a choice of a window on every floor up to the roof.

If one had to force an entrance into the glue-maker's of Algonquin, that surely was the most discreet, and, indeed, the only, way; and a kindly dusk would make such an entrance easy. Clement Seadon felt that probably he never would have to undertake that action, but, as great generals and quite a number of other people know, it is always well to be prepared for any eventuality, down to the smallest detail.

(*Continued on page 197.*)

THE LAST VOYAGE.

By Ralph Durand.

I.

THE steam-tramp, ex-mine-sweeper, *Ocean Queen*, under orders from the Shipping-Controller to proceed to Genoa for transfer to the Italian Government, was butting heavily into a north-west swell, driven before a gale that blew keen and cold straight off the Alps. In the fuggy comfort of the engineers' mess, where the atmosphere was so thick that it might almost have been cut with a knife and handed round in slices, no mention was made of the weather. Custom debarred, during the dog-watch, topics in any way connected with 'shop,' and any reference to the gale would have brought up the question of the probability of something in the engine-room 'going West' if it continued.

The first-mate lounged in for his evening game of cribbage, and took a seat at the table. 'You two fairly give me the hump,' he said. 'One would think, to hear you fellows talk, that there was no place in the world but Bonnie Scotland. What 's the chance of getting home for Christmas, "chief"?'

'You ought to know better than me,' said the chief-engineer. 'Haven't you taken an observation lately? When d'you reckon we 'll get to Genoa?'

'Not before to-morrow night, unless the weather improves. But what I want to know is, will they let us hand over the ship and push off home as soon as we get to Genoa, or will they keep us messing about while they chew the rag and fill up forms and that sort of thing?'

'Why don't you ask the skipper?'

'I did. This morning. Fairly bit my head off! Called me everything in a farmyard except a duck! He 's more like a bear with a sore head than ever. Why don't you ask him, "chief"? You want to get home for Christmas as much as the rest of us.'

'More, probably. I haven't had a Christmas with my kiddies for five years. But he 's got so nasty-tempered that I don't care to speak to him more than I 'm obliged.'

'But you 're the best man to ask him. If I get him riled, he reads my log and passes nasty remarks about it, or asks me when the hell I 'm going to get finished with tarring the deck—as if any one in his senses would tar this weather! But he can't interfere with your job. You go and ask him.'

'If I did, as like as not he 'd make me say something I 'd be sorry for afterwards. Then, if he got spiteful, he might say something to the owners that wouldn't do me any good.'

'Well, I 've asked him, and he won't tell me. Come on, "chief." He can't eat you. Be a sport!'

Very reluctantly the chief-engineer undertook the errand. A blast of air that lowered the temperature by ten degrees rushed in as he passed out on to the deck, and the chief-mate ungraciously slammed the door on his heels.

The night was dark as the hobs of hell; only a confused blur of white water overside and a glimmer of light from the cook's galley showed in the gloom. The 'chief' grabbed hold of a stanchion and ducked his head as a wave struck the side and slapped the deck with a ton or so of ice-cold water.

'Streuth! If this is the Mediterranean,' he muttered, 'give me the North Sea.'

II.

The dingy apartment known as the captain's state-room was situated right aft, immediately above the propeller. As the chief-engineer entered it the captain looked up from a game of patience, grunted, and went on playing. The discourtesy was intentional, but to a certain extent natural. He and the 'chief' had been cooped together in the same ship almost without intermission for five years. They had long exhausted every topic of conversation that did not bear strictly on their business, and each had grown to have a strong distaste for the very sight of the other. The engineer stood with his back to the stove, his hands in his pockets, swaying easily to the motion of the ship, and staring at the faded photographs of ships and crews that were nailed to the bulkhead. Wearying of this—he knew every detail of each so well that he could have drawn them from memory—he turned his attention to the captain's canary, an apathetic-looking bird that had the appearance of having long given up all hope of ever finding any interest in life.

'Sing, Dickie!' said the engineer, and whistled a bar or two by way of encouragement. 'Come on, pretty bird. Sing!—Why don't that bird of yours sing, captain?'

'Got the hump, same as the rest of us, I suppose,' answered the captain.

He fumbled amongst the cushions of the settee, and produced an empty bottle and a cork, moistened the latter in his mouth, and by rubbing it gently on the glass produced a noise that more or less accurately represented the bird's normal note. With this to encourage him, the canary chirped half-heartedly for a while, but soon relapsed into melancholy. The captain resumed his game, and the engineer watched him.

'You can't build a knave on a king,' said the engineer presently.

'Who 's playing this game? You or I? I suppose I can play it any way I like.'

'Well, there's no sense in cheating, even if you're playing by yourself.'

'I play to amuse myself, not you. What's wrong with your blasted engines? Got the hiccups?'

'They'd have chronic appendicitis if anybody but me handled them. They're not fit for a steam-laundry. I told you last voyage they needed overhauling.'

'Well! And I told the owners, didn't I; and didn't the owners say that she'd have to carry on? If the Italians want the ship in such a hurry, let them overhaul her.'

The deck beneath them heaved mightily, the state-room shook, and all the hanging crockery in the captain's tiny pantry jangled. There was a crash and the sound of tons of water, racing along the deck overhead. The ship seemed to cower under the blow; then, as the wave passed, the propeller almost directly beneath their feet raced furiously, and the state-room rattled again more violently than before. Both men raised their heads and listened anxiously, but seemed reassured when they heard the engines, silenced for a moment, resume their irregular rhythm.

'We'll have to slow down some more if this goes on. The engines won't stand it,' said the captain.

'The engines'll stand it all right,' protested the engineer, with an anxious note in his voice. 'I'm watching 'em.'

'It's all very well to talk, but you know darned well that if anything goes wrong in the engine-room, we'll finish the voyage at the end of a tow-rope. I've got my duty to the owners to consider, and so have you. Come, out with it. You didn't come here to look at the canary, I suppose? What is it you want?'

Anxiety overcame the 'chief's' fear of a snub. 'What's the chance of getting home for Christmas?' he faltered. 'It's a two days' train journey from Genoa. If we get in to-morrow and they let us go the next day, we could do it. You know what the orders are. Will they let us hand over as soon as we get in?'

'What the hell d'you want to get home for Christmas for? D'you want to pull crackers and put a paper cap on your head, and look more of an ass than usual?'

'I've got kiddies, as you well know,' retorted the engineer angrily, 'whereas I suppose one pub's as good as another for you to get drunk in at Christmas-time.'

The captain had his weaknesses. When aboard he touched no liquor, and allowed no one else on board to touch it; but ashore, when he had no duties to owners or agents, he would sit by the hour in public-houses or wine-shops, speaking to no one except when he called to have his glass refilled. Not infrequently the effort to persuade him to go at closing-time resulted in broken furniture and broken heads. At the engineer's sneer he looked up savagely from his cards. 'You'd best keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr Andrews.'

Just then another great sea struck the ship. It roared overhead, and, instead of passing off through the scupper-holes, washed to and fro on the deck above them. The ship lost her way, and lay wallowing, half-submerged.

'That settles it,' said the captain. 'We'll lay-to till the weather moderates. Go forrard as soon as the worst of the water's off the deck, and slow down till you've only got enough revolutions to keep her head to the wind.'

'The engines'll stand it,' protested the 'chief' nervously. 'A wave like that don't hurt them to speak of. We're only going half-speed as it is, and I'm nursing them carefully.'

'My orders are to deliver a ship to the Italian Government—not a tank full of scrap-iron. I've just one more word to say to you, Mr Andrews. You'll either go to the engine-room and carry out my orders, or you'll go to your bunk and stay there under arrest until the British Consul-General at Genoa deals with you.'

'But, damn it, captain! it's my job'——

'That'll do!—Steward!'

In response to the captain's bellow a greasy individual appeared from the pantry, putting on his jacket as he came.

'Go forrard and tell the engineer on watch to put the engines at slow ahead,' said the captain. As soon as the steward had reached the deck he continued: 'Mr Andrews, you can consider yourself under arrest till I have you up before the Consul-General. Think yourself damned lucky that I don't shame you in front of your officers by confining you to your cabin. Now, get to hell out of my state-room.'

III.

Andrews obeyed sullenly, and made his way forward. All chance of spending Christmas with his family was now gone—and all because of one momentary flash of anger. Now, even if the *Ocean Queen* reached Genoa in good time, he would be kept hanging about there for days while the Consul-General took depositions and made out reports to forward to the Board of Trade. And when he did get home . . .! The owners would back up the captain. What did they care about a man spending Christmas with his family? He would be sacked from the company after fifteen years' service, and would be lucky if he got to sea again as second or even third engineer at a wage that would barely keep his family from starving.

As he crossed the streaming deck he noticed not only that the ship was riding more easily—the slowing down would account for that—but that the seas were lighter, the wind less strong. Even as he stood to look round him before leaving the deck, a rift appeared in the clouds,

and for one moment a star that seemed to race past the breaking clouds shone out.

'Gale 's breaking up,' he muttered. 'Damn and blast my infernal luck!'

IV.

At about nine in the morning of the next day but one the *Ocean Queen* dropped anchor in the outer harbour of Genoa. The captain issued a general order to clean up, brushed his shore-going bowler, hailed a shore-boat, and left the ship. As soon as his boat was clear of the gangway both mates and engineers crowded round Andrews to ask whether he had condescended before leaving to throw any light on the burning question. Since the 'chief's' anxiety on the subject, that had seemed so important the day before, was now merged in the greater problem of how he was to support his family in the future, he had little sympathy to waste on them, and, cursing fluently, they dispersed to their various duties. Their hopes rose slightly when, about midday, a clerk from the agent's office came off to the ship with a couple of barges and orders to the first-mate to start unloading the cargo and be prepared to work all night; but they lost what little comfort they derived from the order when the clerk told them that their chances of getting places on the Paris express were of the slenderest, since seats were usually booked a fortnight in advance.

It was midnight before the captain returned to the ship, and as he had to be helped up the side, nobody dared to ask him questions. When he reached the deck, however, he proved to be not so drunk as he appeared. Instead of going straight to his cabin, he lurched to the chart-room, flopped on to the settee, and sent for the ship's officers. One by one they entered, wilted under his stony glare, and stood silent, wondering what he had to say to them.

'All present?' grunted the captain.

There was a respectful murmur of assent.

'It seems you all want to get home for Christmas?'

Another murmur passed round the group.

The captain glared more savagely than ever. 'Pleasure! That 's all you fellows think about! Not a damned thought about what you owe to the ship! Not a care about your duties to the owners!'

The first-mate opened his mouth to protest, then wisely shut it again.

'Well, I 've worked it for you,' snapped the captain. 'You 're free to leave the ship as soon as the Customs open in the morning. That 'll give you time to buy rubbish in the shops to take home with you. The Paris express leaves at midnight. I 've badgered the agent into getting seats for you all. He had to oil somebody's palms to work the trick, so it 's up to each of you to give him ten liras, or thereabouts, for *backsheesh*. That 's all I 've got to say to you. You 'd best be getting your dunnage ready.'

The ship's officers murmured their thanks and hurried off, but the chief-engineer lingered.

'What about me, sir?'

'You? Oh, I 'll talk to you in the morning.'

With a heavy heart the 'chief' went to his own quarters. The younger men were talking and laughing as they sorted their belongings into what was worth taking home and what was only fit to be dumped over the side.

'Skipper's none so bad after all, is he, "chief"?' said the second-engineer as he started to polish his shore-going boots. 'What are you going to take home to the bairns?'

Andrews did not answer. Bad news was what he had to take home.

V.

The steward put his head in at the mess-room door.

'You 'd best go aft to the captain, sir. 'E 's 'urt 'imself.'

'How? He was all right a moment ago.'

''E was passing the after-'atch just as they was getting a sling-full of rails over the side. I dunno wot 'appened. Slipped, perhaps—there 's plenty ice on the deck. Or 'e may 'ave been dazzled by the cargo-light, or, bein' a bit fresh, didn't watch where 'e was goin'. Anyways, the rails swung towards 'im, and the sharp corner of one of 'em caught 'im in the side, just above the 'ip. 'E 's bleedin' something 'orrible.'

The 'chief' hurried aft, and found the captain lying groaning on the state-room table. The first mate was already there, stanching the wound with one hand, and with the other turning over the pages of *First Aid and Simple Remedies—a Guide to Master-Mariners*. The two did what they could, and then sat down to wait for the return of a boat that had been sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, his verdict was decisive. With care the captain would live three days, perhaps four, certainly not more than five, since it would be impossible in his condition to let him take either food or drink. The captain himself received the news stoically, and said nothing, except to give orders that word was to be conveyed to the chief agent to send a responsible clerk on board at the earliest possible moment.

The engineer sat down to watch by the side of the dying man, and passed the weary hours speculating how the accident would affect his own future. If the Consul-General had already been informed that he was under arrest, a report must go to the Board of Trade, and would eventually reach the owners. The owners, hearing only his version of what had happened, might possibly let him off with a reprimand. If the Consul had not been told—— But there would be the formal entry in the captain's log recording what had happened, and the owners

would inevitably see it. That would be enough to cause trouble even if nothing further were done. There was one gleam of comfort. Few master-mariners ever bothered to keep their logs up-to-date, and there was just a chance——

The lights of the state-room were dimming in the growing daylight when the captain next spoke. 'Did you tell any one you were under arrest, Andrews?' he asked.

'Not me. Was it likely?'

'Well, I didn't either, and I didn't put it in the log. We'll call it washed out. I just wanted to give you a lesson, that's all; there's nothing to hinder you pushing off as soon as you like.'

He closed his eyes and seemed to doze. The engineer noiselessly tiptoed round the cabin, turning off the lights. Then he opened the door, hesitated, turned and looked at the dying man, hesitated once more—and resumed his seat. When the agent's managing-clerk came on board, the 'chief' went to his bunk, lay down fully dressed, and slept. He roused himself at midday, packed his kit, carried it on deck, and hailed a shore-boat. He paced the deck impatiently till it arrived, then suddenly changed his mind, dismissed it, and went slowly back to the state-room.

'Why haven't you gone ashore, Andrews?' said the captain faintly as he entered. 'I told you you were free to leave the ship.'

'Oh, I'm in no hurry,' said the engineer.

'Thought you wanted to get home for Christmas?'

'So I did; but is it likely I'd go after what's happened? We've been shipmates five years and more.'

'Don't be a sentimental ass. D'you think I can't die without you to help me?'

The 'chief' did not answer, and the captain, exhausted with the effort of talking, closed his eyes. At four in the afternoon he spoke again.

'Why, damn it! you're still here, Andrews,' he said. 'What are you waiting for, man? You don't want to be at my funeral, do you? Do you suppose it will make me any happier to have you, with that long face of yours, slow-marching along the street behind the coffin? I've got no kith or kin for you to take the news to of how I was put away.'

'Hang it, captain! you can't expect me to leave a shipmate when he's dying.'

The captain murmured something about 'damned foolishness,' and lay still, staring at the ceiling.

VI.

At six o'clock the agent's clerk was called away to a meal in the engineers' mess-room. When he had gone the captain spoke again. 'I'll get you to do something for me, Andrews,' he said. 'Just come and loosen these bandages a bit. They're hurting me something cruel.'

'It can't be done. The doctor said you wouldn't live three minutes if the bandages were loosened. You've got to bear it.'

'Have it your own way, then. Are there any other officers left on board, Andrews?'

'None of them have gone ashore yet.'

'Blasted sentimental fools! I want 'em all to be home for Christmas. Tell 'em to go.'

The ship's officers were congregated in the engineers' quarters talking disjointedly, and much bored with each other's society. They listened to the captain's message, but each declared that he would 'stick it out.' The 'chief' took the opportunity to share the agent's meal, and together they went back to the state-room.

'Have they gone?' asked the captain.

'No. They don't care to.'

'Send word to them all to come aft.'

In a body the mates and the engineers entered the state-room, took off their caps, and grouped themselves round the table on which the captain was lying.

'I suppose you're hanging about here on board because you think that, as the ship's crew's breaking up, you can't buzz off till we've had a parting glass together,' said the dying man. 'All right, then. Tell the steward to bring glasses.'

In silence the glasses were handed round to each man present except the captain.

'What about me, steward?' he said.

The steward looked embarrassed. 'Doctor's orders you wasn't to drink anything, sir.'

'Doctor be damned! Give me a glass.'

The steward obeyed, and waited for further orders.

'You've got my keys, Mr Agent. You'll find a bottle of whisky in the starboard locker. It ought to be good. It's been aboard five years.'

As the bottle passed from hand to hand, those who knew the captain's weakness wondered at the resolution that had enabled him, with liquor aboard and available at any moment, to keep, while at sea, the iron rule of total abstinence that he enforced on himself and his crew.

'Here's luck,' said the captain when the glasses were filled. 'Merry Christmas to all.'

He drank and fell back with a deep groan. The glass fell from his fingers and smashed on the floor.

'Great Scott, look at that!' said the first-mate, pointing.

They all looked. A steady stream of blood was pouring from the table to the floor. They threw off the bedclothes, and wondered as they saw the wound exposed. The fingers of the captain's left hand were gripping the bandage that had covered it. With an immense effort of strength and will he had torn it off the wound.

The agent was the first to speak. He pointed to the captain's face. It had already become rigid, and the wide-open eyes stared unseeingly at the hanging lamp above him.

'There's nothing to keep you from catching the train now,' he said. 'He's done for himself. His last voyage is over.'

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE title of one of the daintiest books of my recent acquisition is *Madrid: Guia Sentimental.* Within the covers of black leather nicely embossed are graceful sentences and delicate thoughts to match. It is but a four-inch booklet. There is a little sketch at the beginning of my friend 'Azorin,' the author, a serious and solemn fellow, seated at his writing-desk, meditating upon these thoughts of Spain and her own Madrid, which he loves like the best of his people. 'Azorin' has written under the picture of the philosopher, who is himself, that he dedicates this copy cordially to me. For that I value it, but also because these thoughts within have assisted me to think a little more when in Madrid, and so the addition of my impressions and notes upon some passing fancies make of this little volume, that might almost be contained in a lady's purse, a veritable encyclopædia in its potentiality, more massive in its material for philosophy and reflection than any other of those appealing volumes we find in these days in the libraries of Madrid, where literary and publishing activity is great. Among the serio-sentimental writers, the gentle philosophers, those who lead us kindly to back-waters of this rushing existence, and there are pensive with us upon changing scenes and manners, calling up to our memories once and again some chaste and delicate trifle from the past, 'Azorin' seems to me the nicest, as he is the most popular, in all Spain. His style has much of the grace of that of Anatole France, wherein one pays to him the finest compliment; his essays have something of the same keenness of feeling, the rare perception of old sentiment. So also there is a light play of cynicism on nearly every page; but in this 'Azorin' is gentler than the others, restrains himself more. I became a spiritual friend of 'Azorin,' though I had not then met him in the flesh, on reading in a volume of his essays a dainty paper with the title 'Primavera, Melancolia,' a kind of account, with an enthusiasm suggested, of a friend who had wandered over Europe, and now, on returning, came to tell of the life he was about to lead in the little country place he had in Spain, the many things he would do in the house, the garden, and the fields every day; little things, common things; but dear and delightful things to the soul of this man who had just strayed about the continent of Europe and beheld its beauties and magnificences. He will take long walks over his property; he will observe and enjoy the country in its many aspects. In the evening, when the stars begin to shine and all is silent after the labour of the day, he will wend his way home again. Reaching his village, he will pass down some solitary street and hear played in the gloaming the notes of a piano, giving gently forth some old and romantic composition —played by white and delicate hands—and then he will feel a sadness, such a slight and indefinable sadness, invade his spirit. Within two hundred or three hundred years other notes as melancholy as these, as long, as suave, will be played in this same street, in this twilight, he thinks. Who will listen to them then? What dreamy hands will play them? What visions, what melancholies, will arise? And, with thoughts on an older and, as it seems in my memory, a better London of a generation since, I feel wondrous kind towards our 'Azorin' when he, too, tells me in this little 'sentimental guide' of his of the top back-room in Madrid of a long time ago, when with the sparsest possessions and materials, but an immensity of hope, he also wrote his first papers, and made his bold appeal to the Madrilenian editors. But 'Azorin'—who is indeed better known as such than as Martinez Ruiz, which, as a matter of law and baptismal actuality, he really is—looks back with gentle indulgence upon those pulsing, throbbing days, when, now a Member of Parliament, representing, as one would think, the constituencies of Philosophy and Remembrance more than any geographical district, he sits in his corner seat in the Congreso de Diputados, immediately behind his famous leader in high-class Spanish Conservatism, Don Juan de la Cierva. It seems to me, watching from the President's gallery at times, that while the Socialists and the Republicans are thundering out their challenges to Ministers on the blue cabinet bench, he must be dreaming there of those pulsing, throbbing days in old Madrid. It is inevitable. His little book indicates to me in many ways the likeness between the city of his adoption and my own. Its peevish critics

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suggest at times that Madrid is not a typical capital of Spain, that it is just there that the parliamentary and bureaucratic opportunists congregate to spend the money squeezed from the suffering provinces; but it is the centre of thought and all intellectual, artistic effort, as much as is London or Paris. Here youth with its determinations and its illusions comes; up from Galicia in the north-west it comes, up from sweet Andalusia, up from discontented Catalonia too. Youth when it comes speaks proudly and in some separatist manner of its native places. This fine young fellow is of Orense, this other of Seville, yon comes from Valencia, each repeating the name of his town with that sharp and peculiar emphasis that Spaniards always apply to the mother-name, *España*, and to their own quality as *Español*. There is such a crack of tone upon the central syllable, culminating with an explosive defiance upon the tilde 'n,' as is never heard on other people's lips, and with a glint in the eye, following upon the proud '*Soy Español!*' it seems to tell me always: 'I am Spanish of the great Spain of old and the Spain of to-day, still great despite her sufferings, rising to a new height again, with dignity and ideals always—*España!*' The artists, the writers, the political people, the ambitious of every kind, come to Madrid, bringing with them their local and general prides. Their country homes hold their affections and loyalty to the end, but Madrid becomes their intellectual home; the romance of their own effort is wreathed about it in their old memories; their attachment to it then becomes of the passionate kind. That is one reason why I treasure 'Azorin's' little sentimental guide and the personal inscription upon it, as from one of a kind to another of the same, if humbler. And upon a reaction, it sends me rummaging about Madrid, and wondering again upon the features of the new progress, the swift change that is taking place from the old Madrid of twenty years ago where Martinez Ruiz made his first pen struggles, the Madrid that seems to him, as he thinks upon it on his cushioned seat in the Cortes, to have been a symphony of the intellectual joys of life.

* * *

Feeling, after reveries of sentiment, we should for a spell be practical, let us turn to something most material in Madrid. There is an abundance for selection. It might be suggested that we have materialism in intensity at the banks. These of all things surely stand for mammon; it does not appear that there can be place for banks in any heaven, even though financiers themselves, with forgiven sins, were yielded eternal tranquillity there. And, as it happens, nothing could better prove some of our arguments upon the advance of Spain and the transformation of Madrid than a consideration of the banks of the capital, the new banks, most magnificent things that impress and dazzle every new-comer as hardly anything else in this changing, leaping city. The guide-books may give you to understand that, while there are the most magnificent cathedrals in all other cities of importance in Spain, and in some ancient places, like Toledo, which, held in turn by Romans, Visigoths, Moors, and Christians, have died away to a sleepy nothingness, there is none in the capital of the kingdom. It is an omission upon which Madrileños have at times experienced some twinges of their conscience, and the ecclesiastics, seeking to repair what they feel to be a peculiar and unhappy distinction, are building one near to the edge of the cliff of Madrid, by the royal palace, overlooking the vast plain that stretches to the west. But though Spain be a 'good Catholic,' as each of her individual children says of himself, the establishment of cathedrals is a slow affair in these present times, and this one lately seemed to be little more advanced than when I first contemplated it some seven or eight years back. Really Madrid is full of cathedrals; only, they are not like other cathedrals. The trend of things in Spain is progressive, commercial, materialistic if you will. Hence it seems to have been agreed that in the building of the new Madrid, that magnificent process which is advancing so rapidly and to the astonishment of occasional visitors, there should be many cathedrals, but that they should serve utilitarian ends. That is the general principle of new Spain. Thus we find that several of them, buildings as magnificent in exterior appearance as in interior equipment—with such dignity and solemnity as impress a new view of finance upon me as, with bared head, I move stealthily down these lofty-pillared aisles—are devoted to public and commercial purposes. Most of them are banks, but it was rightfully considered that the chief of them, the most magnificent, should be given not to the interests of any private or public company, but to the general municipal service. Therefore it became the Palacio de Communicaciones, the general post-office, the most marvellous, most splendid, best equipped for efficiency in the world. There is no other city that makes such a display of new and magnificent banks, and in this circumstance there is a sign, a correction, to those who think of this country as still sleeping, 'decadent,' given up to the *corrida*, and caring not for anything; in it there is a valuable hint to folks of enterprise. Each fresh visitor is impressed immediately with the number and the splendour of these new banking institutions. On a day of my last sojourn in Madrid a new bank, yet another, was opened at a corner of the Plaza de Canalejas, a small but handsome square, all new, opening out for a space in the Carrera de San Jerónimo, in the heart of the city, in some respects the best, if not the biggest, street in Madrid. This new-comer was an

American bank, branch of a great institution with headquarters in New York. The building, in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, which is favoured for the majority of the new erections in the city, is splendid, and for a feature it has a massive mahogany balcony on high outside, which, I am told, of itself cost the equivalent of some three thousand pounds. The bank is staffed by experts drawn from branches in New York, Mexico, and South America. All the nations seem to be building new banks in Madrid, but Britain has yet but one of them. Not many yards from this new American bank, another aiming at heights of splendour is being raised at the corner of the Alcalá and the Calle de Sevilla, the most perfect position. This is to be the Banco de Bilbao, and Bilbao, seeking to rival Barcelona, would make a display in the capital. There are three or four more new banks in the Gran Via, and others in the building. In this new quarter, planned to be one of the finest streets in the world, the Germans have made an imposing bank; the Italians, the Austrians, and other peoples have more, all new and fine. And here is the one London bank. Some of the old banks are enlarging their premises, and you cannot walk more than a few yards in this part of the city, round about the Plaza de Canalejas, in the Calle de Sevilla, along the Gran Via, and on the slopes of the Alcalá without the attention being charged by some new and impressive banking enterprise. That likeness to cathedrals was little strained. As banks these are beyond the imagination of such as only know banks in England, France, or even the United States; and remember that they are mostly built by foreign nations, who thus express their belief in the future of Spain, and their desire to please and impress the people and the commercial elements now. The South American banks—here again a sign—are the most remarkable. Already we have spoken of one of them, the majestic affair the building of which presented a problem to Don Antonio Palacios. This is the Banco Español del Rio de la Plata, at the foot of the Alcalá, the issue from the instruction given to Señor Palacios that on the limited space of land here available he should build something that should bid defiance to the rest. From the street, from the roofs, from an aeroplane, from everywhere, this marvellous bank stands forth in its neo-Grecian style, with its Corinthian columns at seventy thousand pesetas each. The great entrance with its decorative iron doors or gates, twenty feet or more in height, is in itself a piece of splendour. Admitted to this cathedral, we halt awe-stricken upon the threshold, staring in surprise. Marble and brass, gilt and glass—nothing else it seems. Brass-edged counters of marble, floors of marble, lofty pillars, towering cathedral windows reaching high to the top, the whole just one great splendid hall from floor to stained-glass attic high overhead. A gallery of gilt surrounds it half-way high. There are no staircases, just several massive and quietly decorative lifts, nothing to impede the effect, to mar the most perfect convenience. I have adopted the cathedral fancy because I could not describe this place to British people in any terms of banks.

* * *

On the other side of the Calle de Alcalá there is the Banco de España, mother of them all, built a generation back when Spain believed more in herself than others believed in her, and this bank now holds two or three times as much gold in its cellars as ever it hoped to have. A bank indeed! Vast halls, endless corridors, luxurious chambers with wonderful carpets, and costly pictures by old masters on the walls; marble everywhere, majestic staircases, and a dim religious light falling from stained-glass windows above and at the sides. Clearly this is the Catedral de Santo Dinero! Humble and solemnified, a spell upon me, I wandered along these corridors out of banking-hours, when by some honest but stupid accident I stumbled into the secretary's private room, no person then occupying this imposing chamber. Appreciating the mistake, I was moving out again, when Don Orestes Blanco Recio, the very secretary, stood in the doorway. He met me, a foreign stranger, leaving the most particular and private apartment in the national Bank of Spain, at a moment when it happened that apartment had been unoccupied. These circumstances, with a significance and some infinite possibilities, swam through one's senses. Clearly, were not embarrassment relieved by considered action, the case might be troublesome. Señor Recio stood in the doorway, not threateningly, half-understanding and perhaps waiting, as it seemed. I explained, tried to apologise. And then Don Orestes by his manner and conduct taught me again, as I had been taught before, the full meaning of that glorious Velasquez in the Prado Museum, one of the greatest and most impressive pictures in all Spain, 'The Surrender of Breda,' wherein we see the sublimest Spanish courtesy, the utmost nobility in the expression and manner of the victorious commander towards his surrendering foe. This Spanish gentleman hushed my poor excuses, spoke gently, kindly, to me, and, taking me by the hand, showed me all the rest there was to see, relating the wondrous story of banking Spain. . . . Were such notes as these but an affair of stones and decorations, the space would be lost, but those who have need of business, and have brains for it, may think again.

* * *

Too often does it happen in modern communities that when commerce and manufactures surge, art and beauty are crushed or lapse to a vulgarity;

but there is evidence continually in these times of the flaming vigour of artistic Spain; always, indeed, a master-artist she has been. Lately there has been an exhibition in London of the works of Spanish artists past and present, which has been at the same time an infinite delight to our people and a grand surprise. This of itself has caused them to cast about and think of Spain in a different way, for they have said to themselves rightly that the nation that could do these things, that had this artistic soul, must be splendid still. In recent times I have been looking on newly painted pictures in exhibitions in Madrid, Seville, and other places; there is a life and a freshness in them that one scarcely finds so plentifully in the works of artists in other countries now. They are glorious, encouraging, animating in their colour; pride and hope are told in them, and something of the love of life and the beauty of it, even in these times when world-worn men and women so often doubt. Blues and grays of stern Galicia; energies of Catalonia; the reds and gold, the flashing eyes, the bewitching beauties of Andalusia—the Spanish painters with charmed brushes are setting forth the wonders of their land as only they can do. In music and literature Spain rises also. But a wanderer, especially if he know a little of the language, is often most impressed with the remarkable circumstances of the Spanish theatre. A traveller should always visit a country's theatres as frequently as his situation permits. It is a detail that it is one of the best ways to accustom himself to the language; he will also in this way as in no other learn much of the manners and customs, the thoughts and impulses, of the people. In all circumstances the theatre is an education; it is more than ever so to the foreign student of a nation. The theatre of Spain is a great and wonderful thing. Always a feature of the national life, always vigorous and in some respects more fecund than the theatre of any other country, it is remarkably so at the present time. Recently at the same time two Spanish plays were being acted in London, one the work of Martinez Sierra, the other of Jacinto Benavente, who is, if it could but be realised in England as it is elsewhere—the United States, for example—one of the finest dramatists the world has produced for a very long time. Again, it was said in London that it seemed strange that such good things came from Spain, and it was asked if there could be more of them. Truly so. Indeed, the Spanish theatre is a thing of itself. Now, the other night, at a quarter past ten, when the evening performances mostly begin, I turned into a theatre in Madrid, and had an excellent seat in the second row of the stalls, or the *butacas*, as they are called in Spain, to witness a representation of Benavente's famous comedy, *Las Rosas de Otoño*. It is one of the author's best pieces of work, belonging to his earlier period, satirical like all, but not so sombre as much of his later writing. For my seat I paid two pesetas, or one and sixpence, as one might say. Theatre-going is a very cheap affair in Spain. There was an absence of gilt and velvet; there was little of the richness of elaboration and decorative effect on the stage and off that we see in London; but the play, the acting of it, is the thing after all, and, this being well done, the rest did not matter. The piece is a favourite with the Madrileños. They are a strongly emotional and sentimental people, and this drama is a story of domestic misunderstanding and final adjustment. It is a satire upon middle-class married life—the husband inclined to go astray, the wife bitter and complaining, an ultimate understanding and complete reconciliation, with a long speech of adoration by a repentant male. It was this that so much touched the señoras near me, and made their husbands squirm. They saw themselves as Benavente meant them. He, who has the fecundity of the Spanish playwrights of the golden age, has written about a hundred plays or more; he produces them as easily as one might write light impressions of visits to their performance. I talked to him of his ways and fancies one afternoon in the reception-room of the Teatro Español, and jestingly complained to him that in that year he had produced but one new play, fine one though it was. 'Well,' said he, for excuse, 'with five last year, may I not be forgiven for but one this time?' A strange man is this, a little, nervous man, of strong independence and individuality. He writes his plays, his masterpieces (read *Los Intereses Creados* in Castilian, or even in translation, for full justification of the term), on any bits of paper that may be convenient, and he writes them in cafés, in omnibuses, in any place where he happens to be at a moment when a fancy seizes him. At two in the morning you may find him in a *tertulia* in a certain café—not one of the most elaborate—in Madrid. Benavente smiles pityingly upon the conventions and the stupidities of life. And there are many other distinguished Spanish playwrights. There are those famous Andalusian brothers, the Quinteros, surely the most extraordinary collaboration that dramatic literature has known. There are mysteries in this wonderful combination that seem at times beyond the comprehension of the admirers of the brothers, who one day in their flat in Madrid took some kindly pains to expound to this interested wanderer their marvellous secret—that of a perfect unity and sympathy to begin with, and then, above all, the abolition of every trace of *amour propre* as between themselves in their work, leading to the extinction of difficulties and to reserves in the determination when differences in point of view and desire had seemed to arise. Then there are Pedro Muñoz Seca, a writer of light comedies who has lately been stepping towards a kind of melodrama, and others. The

theatres of Madrid are a system to themselves, and admirable in their way. Some, like the Español, a sort of national theatre where all the classic Spanish dramas are played, municipally subsidised as it is, are very large; there is the Princesa, which is the fashionable theatre, and is generally occupied by the leading actress of Spain, Maria Guerrero, and her husband; there are big and handsome houses like the Centro and the Apollo, elegant places like the Eslava, and some old-fashioned and small establishments like the Infanta Isabel, where often good comedies are produced. In Madrid and elsewhere there are, according to the Spanish system, two performances a night at every theatre. The play staged may or may not be the same at each; in any case, the bill is frequently changed during the week. It is a system that is necessary to the people and the country. It would seem to put a strain upon the performers, but they are like the playwrights, wonderful in their capacity. The foremost actor of Spain, Enrique Bórras, a man of fine emotional capacity, told me that he could at any time, at a moment's notice and without any prompting, play any one of a hundred parts; and Ricardo Calvo, leading actor at the classical Español, assured me that at one time in the provinces he had played some fifty or sixty parts in a season. As I write, Catalina Bárcena is playing the heroine, Eliza, in a translation of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* at the Eslava. A few nights ago I went to see it—at the afternoon performance, *por el tarde*—and observed that the lady had to take the lead in two other plays later in the same evening. But these are only as the beginning of the features, strange and impressive, of the Spanish theatre.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

VII.

WHILE Clement was studying the house—in fact, before he had half studied it—he became suddenly conscious that some one else had entered the builder's yard where he had hidden himself. A young, slim man came casually into view, strolling with hands in pockets towards the edge of the cliff. Clement crouched closer in his shelter, and prayed that this workman—for that was what the young man seemed—had no business which would bring him round the pile of scrapped rubbish forming his own shelter.

Then, as he thought this, he noticed two peculiarities about the man. The first was that, in spite of his casualness, in spite of his air of being there naturally and by right, the young man had no more right to be there than himself. He was throwing keen, swift glances about him; he had a furtive mien, as though he were doing something that he did not want other people to see.

The second thing about him was the colour and the outline of his features, as well as the lithe slimness of his build. His face had a curious copper brownness that might have been sunburn, only it was deeper than sunburn. His features had a definite aquiline clear-cutness; rather individual features they were—like an Indian's.

Clement tingled as he thought that. And even as he thought it the slim man moved abruptly and swiftly to the cliff, glanced along it, and in a moment was descending the sloping face of it.

Clement stared and chuckled. And he muttered, 'Siwash Mike! By all that's lucky, it's Siwash Mike come to Quebec to report on the doings and whereabouts of Henry Gunning.'

There could be little doubt about it. The colouring, the features, the very furtiveness of the slim man (who was probably a half-breed with Siwash Indian blood in him) went to prove the fact. And he was making his way, in such a fashion as to escape detection, to the glue-maker's of Algonquin, the place where he was to report. From his hiding-place Clement followed the stranger's movements. They were sinuous and swift, veritably an Indian's. The man wriggled down the cliff by known footholds, reached the back-yard of the glue-maker's, poised for a moment just above it, and sprang lightly on to the flat roof of the outbuilding—then that was possible. Clement saw that there was a ledge along the cliff that made the take-off for the jump easy.

Once on the roof, the slim man again adopted his casual air. He was to all appearances an occupant of the glue-factory taking an airing on the roof. He dawdled about, hands in pockets, looking about him, up to the cliff, along the backs of the other houses. Then he strolled towards the house, poised himself on the edge of the roof just by the fire-escape. He jumped, caught it, scrambled on to the landing. Very calmly he walked up the iron stairway until he came to the fourth floor. The window of the fourth floor was shuttered, but apparently not bolted, for the slim man opened the shutters without effort, slid through them into the house, pulled them to after him, disappeared.

Waiting for a minute or two, Clement presently backed away from the shelter of his scrap-heap, and, without disclosing himself to the houses below, made his way out of the builder's yard.

He had discovered two very important things. The first, that Siwash Mike had returned to the glue-maker's to report the whereabouts of Henry Gunning. The second discovery was that there was a way into the glue-maker's from the back.

He hurried back to the Château Frontenac. He was anxious to know what the massive Mr Neuburg, his bedroom neighbour, made of the first fact, and how far his own knowledge of the second fact was going to help him to discover Mr Neuburg's future plans.

VIII.

While Clement Seadon had been active Mr Neuburg had not been idle. He had sat and smoked for a while. Then, having decided upon a plan, he rose and searched for something in his baggage. When he had found it, he opened the first of the two doors between his room and Clement's bathroom, and for several moments did something to the foot of the second—that is, Clement's—door.

Having done this to his complete satisfaction, he sat and smoked and thought again. Three minutes after the time Clement had seen Siwash Mike enter the glue-maker's, the telephone-bell rang in Mr Neuburg's room. With one glance at the floor near the door he had just shut and bolted, he rose and answered the ring.

What he heard over the wire gave him apparently a pleasant surprise, for, though his curiously impassive face showed no sign, he said, 'Eh, but you have been quick. I did not expect you for a day or two. . . . No; say nothing now. . . . I will see you this night, about ten o'clock. And now, listen'—— And in his slightly purring voice he gave a string of directions. They were very guarded—for telephones have eavesdroppers—but quite explicit to understanding ears.

He hung up the telephone, dropped back into his chair again, and thought and smoked. But after a perceptible minute this curious, immobile-faced man allowed himself the luxury of a great laugh. It was a terrible laugh, but a short one. It was perhaps well it was so, for very soon after he had indulged in it there came at the communicating door the scratch which betokened that the woman, Méduse Smythe, had returned to her room, and was ready to serve him.

He sprang up at once, and again glancing at the floor by the other communicating door, went across immediately and opened the door behind which Méduse stood. The woman said, 'I have come back by myself. The girl wished to go for half-an-hour's motor-drive alone in the Battlefield Park. . . . No, the Englishman was not with her. She may be going to meet him, but I do not think so. The whole thing seemed a sudden thought on her part. Can I do anything?'

'You will.' He smiled at her with his mirthless grin. 'This Seadon may be meeting her; but whether he is or isn't, I want you to go down to the lobby, watch for him coming in, and when he enters come up here as swiftly as you can and tell me. No, do not telephone up. Come yourself. I need you.' She made a step to go. 'When you join me in this room, don't be surprised at anything. When I say things to you, play up—play up; remember that.'

The woman Méduse left the room, and it seemed only a few minutes before she was back. Mr Neuburg came through the intercommunicating bathroom at the sound of the key in her door. He looked at her, indicating the necessity for quiet.

'He came in just as I reached the lobby,' she said. 'He did not see me. He came up straight to his room, I think.'

Mr Neuburg caught her by the wrist, and both very stealthily, and without the slightest noise, went back to his room. He led her close to the doors that communicated with Clement Seadon's bathroom. He paused, listened. He could hear no sound from the Englishman's side of the doors. He looked at her, grinned, and pointed to the floor near their feet.

On the floor was a yellow-painted lead pencil. It was lying alongside a white line Mr Neuburg had chalked on the floor. The woman Méduse stared down at it, wondering what on earth it all meant. And as she stared the pencil began to move.

There was no sound. The silence was poignantly profound. There was nothing to indicate a reason for the pencil's movement. And the pencil moved—slowly, silently, cautiously it moved away from the chalk-mark. It moved six inches, and then it stopped. Mr Neuburg looked into her face and grinned. His hand indicated the door leading to Clement Seadon's bathroom.

Then the woman, looking closer at the pencil, understood. Round the waist of the pencil was a thin line—a line of thread. The thread ran from the pencil under the closed door. Undoubtedly it was attached to the inner door of the pair by a piece of wax. She understood at once that the Englishman was in the bathroom. Thread and wax would be invisible in the dim light and in the almost imperceptible space between the double doors; but as Clement's door opened its movement would be shown by the movement of the pencil.

The pencil had moved. The Englishman had opened his door. He was at the opening of the door now, listening for what he might learn through the closed door of Mr Neuburg's room.

The woman Méduse in a flash understood how the Englishman had learnt the name of Joe, which he had used to get her away from Heloise

at lunch-time. Clement Seadon had overheard the conversation she had had with Mr Neuburg that morning. Mr Neuburg, in his brilliant manner, had solved that riddle.

Mr Neuburg, in his brilliant manner, was going to make the most of his knowledge. Very quietly he led the woman back to the door through which she had entered. He left her standing there with a soundless command of silence. He went to his chair and lowered himself softly into it. He picked up a newspaper and rustled it. He cleared his throat. He moved so that his chair would creak. He did this for a long ten minutes. Then abruptly he sprang up, making a definite noise, and moved towards her. 'Ah, you are back, my dear Méduse,' he said aloud. 'Where is the girl?'

Méduse played up—played up well.

'She wished to go for a drive alone in the Battlefield Park. No, the Englishman was not with her. She may be going to meet him, but I do not think so. The whole thing seemed a sudden thought on her part.'

'We cannot help it, anyhow,' said Mr Neuburg, smiling in his sinister manner. 'I do not think, on the whole, her seeing him will have much effect. I have good news—Siwash Mike has arrived.'

The companion Méduse was a little startled at that, but she played up. 'But—is that possible? You did not expect him for a day or two.'

'It is a fact. He has arrived, my mild Méduse. I had a telephone message from No. 7 Sault Algonquin this afternoon.'

He said 'No. 7 Sault Algonquin' precisely and clearly. He wanted the Englishman behind the door to hear it. Clement Seadon, behind the door, heard it, and chuckled silently. He was certainly having great good fortune. This was the second time in the day he had had the chance to overhear crucial conversations.

'Did—did Siwash say where he had found Henry Gunning? I suppose he has found him? That's what his coming here means?' The woman was not playing up so well. Mr Neuburg frowned bleakly; and yet, swiftly, he made her question serve his ends.

'Siwash knows better than to talk of matters like that over the telephone,' he said. 'I take it that he has discovered the lurking-place of our besotted friend Gunning. But I shall not know until to-night. I meet him at Algonquin at 10.30. He will report then.'

He said the last words very clearly. The Englishman was to hear them. Clement heard them, and congratulated himself. He was glad he had found out so much about the glue-maker's in Algonquin. If Siwash Mike was going to meet Mr Neuburg there at 10.30, talk to him about the whereabouts and the condition of Heloise's old sweetheart, Henry Gunning, then there should be much that would be worth hearing. He felt, indeed, that it was rather necessary that he should overhear. There was a pause in Mr Neuburg's room; then Clement heard the massive man speak again. 'What are you doing to-night—you and the girl?'

'O-oh,' said the woman, 'we are going to a concert of old *habitant* French songs. One of the ladies from the *Empress* told the girl she must not miss it for the world, so she booked seats. But if you wanted me at Algonquin, I could have a headache.'

'You will not have a headache,' said Mr Neuburg very distinctly. 'I do not want you at Algonquin. I want you by that girl's side. But—and attend to this carefully, my dear Méduse—if anything untoward occurs, you must come to the glue-maker's immediately. Understand that—you must come yourself. I will not have telephoning. I do not trust a woman on the telephone in so delicate a business as this. Follow carefully what I have to say. You may take a taxi, if you like, as far as the docks, but you *must not* take it into the Sault Algonquin, or to the door of No. 7. You understand? No curiosity, particularly that of the glue-maker's neighbours, must be aroused. For that reason you will not knock at the door, which, you know, is in a cart gate, or wait about outside. *All you need do is to push against the little door in the gate. It will be open. It will purposely be left open.* Now you understand that perfectly?'

The woman understood that perfectly. She repeated the directions to show that she had it perfectly. Mr Neuburg said, 'That is good. I do not think anything untoward will occur, but we must always plan for any event. And now that you know everything, you had better go back to your room and await the girl. We cannot risk suspicion of any sort. Let us hope that Siwash will bring us definite and good news of Henry Gunning, and that what I hear at 10.30 to-night may mean a speedy finish to our big scheme.'

Clement echoed the sentiments. He hoped—in fact, he felt certain—that what Siwash Mike would have to say about the vanished Henry Gunning would give him (Seadon) facts which, in addition to the other damning material he had, would enable him to settle the accounts of these rogues swiftly and for all time when he spoke of them in his talk with Heloise Reys to-morrow morning.

He felt, indeed, that it was all part of fate working on his side. Siwash Mike could not have come to Quebec on a more fortunate day. If he had come to-morrow, convincing though the facts were that would be put before Heloise Reys in the morning, they might have lacked full conviction; whereas Clement now hoped to get material this very night that would make the case against the rogues an absolutely shattering one.

Siwash Mike's coming fitted into the situation as neatly as if it had all been thought out. Clement thought it might have been thought out, ordained, by Providence.

And not only had good fortune sent along Siwash Mike to-day, but good fortune had also stepped in to enable him to make the most of Siwash Mike. To be present when that rogue reported to his master was not going to be child's-play, but it was going to be simpler than he had first thought. The way down the cliffside to the glue-maker's of Algonquin was a certain way in, but it would be difficult and dangerous in the dark. Now, thanks to his abounding good luck, he had overheard that all he had to do was *to push against the little door in the big cart gate of the glue-maker's, and it would be open.* Good fortune had favoured him with an easy entrance. How could he reject this offer of good fortune? He could not.

And Mr Neuburg, as he sat in his own room and smoked, thought much the same thoughts. How could this Englishman reject this offer which good fortune apparently had offered him? No, the fellow could not—and he would not. He would go to the glue-maker's of the Sault Algonquin at 10.30 to-night.

And Clement Seadon went.

He put on old clothes. He carried an automatic pistol in his pocket, and a very heavy and stout stick in his hand. He also wore rubber-soled brown shoes. His adventure was not going to be easy and without danger, and he was prepared for all eventualities. But, on the whole, his great good luck had given him an exhilarating sense of confidence, and as he passed through the dark streets of the lower town of Quebec, and into the canyon of lowering and silent blackness that night made of the Sault Algonquin, he felt sure of his success.

There was no one about. He reached the glue-maker's unobserved. The face of the house was black, enigmatic. There was no sign of life or light. He pressed upon the little door in the big cart gate. Yes, it was yielding—it was open. With a sharp movement he opened it wide enough to let his body through, slipped inside.

Under the arch of the house the cartway was a cave of almost impenetrable blackness. Moving very slowly and very silently, Clement stole to the left. The door of the house must be there. He felt along the house wall. There was no window. For yards there was nothing. Then his hand dropped into the recess of the door, slid across the woodwork, found the handle. Softly, gently, he turned. The door answered under pressure; it opened. Clement was inside a pitch-black room.

There was just a faint sound; something small fell—something as small as a pencil. Only in that terrific silence would he have heard so small a sound. Then complete silence—silence bearing down like a shroud. Slowly, cautiously, Clement closed the door behind him—took one, then another, then another step into the room. Something tautened and snapped across his instep—a thread. He half-lifted his stick.

A hoarse whisper—a sudden rush of movement. A torch clicked, wavered, struck into his eyes with its brilliant and dazzling light. There was a sweep of movement. Men—men—men bore down on him in a terrific rush.

(*Continued on page 215.*)

SANCTUARY: THE HISTORY OF ALSATIA.

IN the year 1241 Henry III. granted to Sir Richard Gray, first Prior of the Carmelite Monks or White Friars, a plot of ground lying to the south of the site now occupied by Fleet Street, whereon to build a monastery, to which was attached the right of sanctuary. To this privilege may be said to belong the history of Alsatia.

The better to understand the exact meaning of the term sanctuary, it will be necessary to glance briefly at the laws which governed England at the period in which the right was granted. There were then in existence two modes of legislature, one administered by the Church, and the other by the State. Among the laws relating to the Church was that of sanctuary. This measure provided that persons guilty of any crime were immune from the law of the State should they succeed in gaining the precincts or sanctuary of the Church. The privilege will be better understood when it is stated that a criminal could be arrested by the law of the State outside the boundary of sanctuary; but once inside the boundary-line of the monastery grounds, he could not be molested. Here he was in Church territory, and was consequently outside the jurisdiction of the State. How this right was abused will presently be seen.

In the fourteenth century London was visited by the great plague, Black Death, which was then devastating Europe. The city was almost entirely depopulated, the mortality among the monks being particularly heavy. The small number who survived its ravages were now no longer able to preside over the immense grounds which surrounded the monastery, and they accordingly sold them for building purposes. In a short time, therefore, there sprang up in the grounds of the monastery a number of elabo-

rately built houses, which were occupied by the nobility and wealthy merchants. For over one hundred and fifty years this district, which was known as Whitefriars, maintained all the dignities then attached to a fashionable residential locality; but London was rapidly extending, and soon warehouses and shops began to flourish in close proximity to the mansions of the wealthy citizens, who thereupon abandoned their houses for more secluded quarters. Whitefriars then began to degenerate, until in the reign of James I. it consisted of a heap of wretched tumble-down mansions. The monks, of course, had long since been swept away by the Reformation, but the privilege of sanctuary still remained to the locality. After the Reformation the privilege was vested in the inhabitants of the district, who elected yearly a bailiff to exercise the functions formerly performed by the monks. The holders of this office were open to bribes, and the place soon became a veritable den of iniquity, infested with highwaymen, pirates, assassins, and almost every known class of criminal. Alsace-Lorraine was then, as at the present day, a bone of contention between France and the German States. The constant struggle for it by the rival countries left it practically without laws, and from its resemblance to this district Whitefriars now became known by the cant name of Alsatia.

The Sanctuary of Whitefriars was situated at a considerable distance below the terraces and gardens of the Thames. For this reason it was frequently enveloped in the dense fogs and mists which rose from the river. The buildings of which it was composed were naturally packed closely together, for in a place possessing such strange privileges space was of considerable value. Here every second house was a tavern or inn, and each inn had its particular customers, who ate, drank, fought, and not infrequently murdered each other just as their humour suited. The kingdom of Alsatia was presided over by a council of six, who were elected by a majority of its inhabitants. This governing body sat at regular intervals for the purpose of considering applications for admission to their territory. A 'king' was elected each year, and each member of the council became monarch in turn, so that the monarchial line of Alsatia was incongruous to a degree. One year the 'king' was some rascally lawyer, and the next would see in the chair of state some swashbuckler who had killed as many men as he possessed fingers and toes. To gain sanctuary was not a difficult matter. Any one requiring it was promptly brought before the council, and on divulging his crime he was called upon to pay two nobles, this being the admission fee. In many cases, however, where the applicant did not care to disclose his offence, the payment of five or six nobles was taken in lieu of his confession, and he was admitted. When these monetary considerations were arranged, he was called upon to take the oath of allegiance upon the Grand Register of Alsatia. This was a huge book heavily ornamented with silver, and was probably a tome belonging to the monks, who very likely used it for the registration of the names of the members of the community.

It must not, however, be thought that all who craved sanctuary were criminals. Large numbers of persons who were falsely accused of crime hurried to Whitefriars, where they received that protection which their innocence could not obtain for them outside. In those days of intolerance, too, many a poor wretch whose religion was his only crime had to thank the Alsatians for his life. But in general the character of those who resorted to the sanctuary was of the same uniformly low level. Here it was that Colonel Blood hatched his plot to hang the Duke of Ormonde, and his still more desperate plan to steal the Crown-jewels. Here, too, resided for a time Henry Morgan, the buccaneer; while it was the favourite resort of Avery, the famous pirate. Claude Duval, the highwayman, and Titus Oates, the perjurer, were amongst other notable characters to whom the sanctuary afforded refuge, and they were a fair index of its everyday population, which was composed of every species of criminal—bravoes or professional murderers, ruined gamblers, absconding bankrupts, unfrocked clergymen, broken captains, and attorneys who had been struck off the rolls. These, and hundreds of like characters whose existence was inevitable in a city with a population of half-a-million, formed the *élite* or aristocracy of Whitefriars, the rabble being composed of such meaner criminals as housebreakers, pickpockets, and footpads.

The death-blow was struck at Alsatia by Shadwell's celebrated work, *The Squire of Alsatia*. Public attention was first roused by the notorious characters which he adopted as the *dramatis personæ* in the play, and later the Government was forced to take action by having Shadwell's words brought under its notice. In the play one of his characters exclaims, 'Was ever such impudence suffered on a Government? Ireland conquered, Wales subdued, Scotland united—but there are some spots in London just in the face of the Government unconquered yet—that hold in rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange that places so near the King's Palace should be no part of his dominions. 'Tis a shame in the society of law to countenance such practices. Should any place be shut against the King's Writ or *posse comitatus*?'

In 1697 a special Act of Parliament removed for ever the privilege of sanctuary from Whitefriars, and thus a spot which long cloaked iniquities of the vilest type, and sheltered criminals from the results of their misdeeds, ceased to exist, and rapidly died out of memory.

THE FELINE WAY.

PART II.

IV.

I FANCY he cherished a grudge against the evil little spotted beast that had caused all the trouble. Certainly she was no specimen of a she-leopard for any such as he to risk his handsome pelt over; yet not three hours had crept past, and the lions had not finished their evening concert of thunder among the hills before starting on their rounds, when Idzimba was back in the palm-belt by the river again, hunting for the trail of the she-leopard and—the other.

He found where both beasts had leapt from the baobab, separately, for their lives; found, too, where they had come together later; traced where they had at first left, then returned to, and crept actually three times round the village; and finally came upon them trying to effect an entrance *through*, not over, the ten-foot stockade of thorns that protected the village from the outside.

It was M'balana who, in an interval of moonless blackness, managed to wriggle, with many half-smothered feline remarks concerning the thorns, half-way through the wall. But it was the little female beast who, in her ravenous temper, mercilessly clawed him aside, and nearly completed the entrance, before she stuck fast, and seemed in danger of going silently mad in her eel-like wrigglings. Finally, it was Idzimba himself who, with reckless claw, scraped her a way free by which all three beasts at last entered.

They found themselves within an outer circle of bee-hive huts, fires that had died to red glimmers, and—a 'niff,' if I may thus gently put it. The dark was full of snoring savages all about them. Beyond was a low reed-wall, and they reached it, snake-fashion, flat to the ground, rippling, on their bellies. And within that wall, forming the centre of the village, were the flocks and the herds there gathered.

Three soft thuds announced the arrival of the leopards among these beasts. There was a second's pregnant pause, and then the madness of the little demon she-leopard took her. It was an extraordinary phenomenon.

She leapt at the throat of a goat, wrenched it down, and, before its life had flitted, rebounded upon another. From this victim, kicking with a severed spine, she flashed to a third, tore open the jugular of a fourth, and repeated the manœuvre.

But that was not all. Excited, it may be—for leopards are the most excitable members of a most excitable race—by the actions of the adored feminine, or by the smell of blood, or the chance to kill so much so easily in such a confined place, or by all three, both male leopards went apparently mad together also—Berserk, crazy, *must*, call it what you will.

I cannot pretend to tell you what they did actually, because I do not know. Besides, it was not nice. All I can say is that they shot from place to place, from beast to beast, with unbelievable speed, almost like demon birds, and that wherever they passed they left a dead or dying goat or sheep behind them. It really was a most diabolical killing, and in three minutes the place was a reeking shambles, no less.

Then that village awoke to the accompaniment of hoarse yells, racing figures, dancing firebrands, spear-blade flashes, and the voice of one—probably the chief—shouting in stentorian tones, 'You think it is a hyæna or some such a one, but I tell you it is no small beast.'

For one boiling minute of chaotic inferno the three leopards streaked about the enclosure clawing, biting, tearing, almost too quickly for eye to follow—oblivious to spears, fire, risk, noise, and all else.

Then, in a breath—they were gone, leaping the outer ten-foot stockade effortlessly, with inches to spare, in their stride, and flying, each male leopard taking a goat with him! It was a surprising feat, the more so because they had made such a surpassing bother of it in getting in.

Only the female went out by the way she had come, as if, for some reason, unable to jump. *But*, before she left, like lightning she had charged and clawed three men, one after the other, ere making her escape.

And it was that act that did it really, for it is written in the Laws of the Wild that whosoever attacks man becomes an outcast, banned utterly, and—dies. There is no appeal when Nature speaks from the Chair of Justice; only death, sooner, it may be, or later, but death certainly, sure, relentless, and probably painful.

V.

Dawn, 'rose and saffron, robed and splendid,' found Idzimba 'moulded' along a mighty limb of a giant fig-tree. He had not got over the madness of the night; there was still a red tinge back of the green light of his cat's-eyes, a restless twitch to the last two inches of his tail. He looked, and was, unsafe to approach yet. Whether he knew that the small female leopard was also alone—in thick forest—that, in fact, both males had left her, a little awed, perhaps, if not almost disgusted, at the risks she ran them into, or tired of her heartless ferocity, I cannot guess. The ways of the cats are strange, and mystery enshrouds them all.

Only this I know: by sunset both male leopards were back again; had met—and snarled

—following up her track, seeking her favour, submissive beneath her cuffs—for claws and fangs were all they got from *her*.

And now, as she saw them together, gliding snakily through the dappled sun and shadow under the plaque-like acacias, we, who are privileged to watch them, may note an extraordinary difference between Idzimba and the other two.

Whereas *they* possessed the yellowish-rufous-fawn of all leopards, punctuated with black spots set in the form of rosettes, and fading to white on the under parts, Idzimba's coat was a rich orange, and the spots, quite solid and nowhere forming rosettes, ran together, as it were, from head to tail in a wide zone, giving to the beast at a little distance the appearance of being, though he was not really quite, black. Other differences revealed themselves also. The other male leopard, short-coated, long, low, snaky, almost exactly eight feet from tip of nose to black tail-tip, weight one hundred and twenty pounds, was as perfect a specimen of the typical leopard of the plains as could be found. Idzimba, taller, more leggy, much longer in the coat, more ruffed, measuring perhaps seven feet nine or ten inches, but turning the scale at a hundred and thirty pounds, was, except for his rare pelt, an equally typical and fine specimen of the leopard of the hills.

The trail of the little female leopard led to trouble, as usual. Unable, or loath, for some reason, herself to make the 'kill,' she induced her admirers to drop from an overhanging branch upon the shoulders of two Grant's gazelles fleeing through the night as from some doom unspeakable. It was only when they had got their prey to earth that they discovered the gazelles were being hunted by a pack of those hyæna-like wild dogs that are at once the terror and the curse of the wild life of Africa. Thereafter things happened, and the two leopards, fairly exploding snarls and curses, leaping here and everywhere like jumping fireworks of mammoth proportions, and most horribly annoyed to boot, succeeded in reaching a tree—any tree—alive, if not undamaged.

And after that the leopards had the pleasure of watching the gazelles dissolve down the throats of the ravening pack as sugar dissolves in a glass of—hot water.

Then for two hours the pack lay about in the tinder-dry grass resting, or from time to time gathering like gibbering gnomes at the foot of the mimosa-trees that held the leopards. Finally a tropical thunder-storm, that tore the heavens with sheets of flame, and the hot earth with gushing channels of water, drove the wild dogs into the night, and the leopards into a fit of soaked sulks.

VI.

By the time that all had cleared up again and a tall moon rode aloofly across the sky, M'balana and Idzimba discovered that the female leopard had discreetly vanished. There was nothing for it but slowly and painfully to trail her; but since they could not agree within yards of each other, that trailing developed into a running fight.

First, they found where she had waited with wonderful feline patience for a *rat*, if you please, to come out of its hole—what proud prey for the proud leopard!—but it was a mamba snake, eight feet long, that came out at *them* instead, and sent them flying. Next, her tracks took them to the freshly slain carcass of a zebra; but it was a lion, not she, who had done the slaying, and he did his kingly best to slay them, in addition, for meddling.

Skirting a plain that lay like a lake of silver in the cheating moonlight, the way took them to a goat tethered under a tree, who appeared harmless enough till just as M'balana was about to spring upon it, Idzimba, with a growl, discovered the crouched form of an armed hunter on a platform in the juniper-tree above.

From the goat the scent took them through dense thorns, where, by the smell, not less than the entire male population of the Masai village had been looking for them during the day. From this place they removed, with snarls, and belly-flat, to the village itself!—nay, more, to a gun set across the path, and a lump of meat tied on to the muzzle thereof. This thing, by some miracle, barely missed blowing M'balana's head off when, rather vaingloriously—he would have investigated it for hours before he touched it, ordinarily—he essayed to seize the meat. And—*and*, mark you, Idzimba, leaping back at the enormity of the explosion bursting asunder the brooding silence of the night, touched off another gun, the string attached to the trigger of which was stretched, just at the height of his chest, across the native path. Only the matter of a little rust on the trigger of the weapon, which delayed discharge for perhaps the half of a second, saved his life. But, of course, he was not to know that, and the two leopards made off for a quarter of a mile without stopping—their love could go hang—while the awakened village boiled like an overturned bee-hive behind them.

Then it was that Fate got in on her fine work. Suddenly the uproar in the village way back in the night was cut asunder by the thick, choked, damp report of a black-powder musket—by, in fact, such an old weapon as they use for trap-guns—and, following this, one brief hush; a single, short, sharp, coughing roar; a yell, a scream of agony and fear, and then pandemonium.

Then—they were downwind, remember—the two listening leopards stopped, and returned silent as sleep, flattened, and with that concentrated caution that had earned for them from the natives the name of 'the father of cunning.' It had taken them three minutes to remove

from that native village. It took them three hours to return to it—never placing one paw forward till eyes, and ears, and nose, *and* whiskers, *and eyebrows* said the position was safe. And *this* time no trap-gun, or trap of any kind, would have tricked them, nor any eye or ear have discovered or suspected their approach.

They were following something upwind, and it drew them as if by ropes—the scent of the female leopard.

There she lay full in the middle of a circle of red light from the leaping fires that seemed to spit and hiss at her like vengeful snakes. She was quite silent, and very still, and about as full of spears—venomous Masai spears, two feet long in the blade—as a porcupine is full of quills; and her ruffled coat was as red as the dawn of a stormy day.

Both male leopards made a funny little moaning noise, very softly indeed, as they saw her from afar, for *she* was dead, as dead as the warrior she had charged and killed when the trap-gun went off and wounded her—charged, because a wounded leopard always does charge till it kills, or is killed; charged till the Elmoran, closing in upon her on all sides, stabbed her to death.

But it was not the spears that had killed her really, nor her wound from the trap-gun either. Upon her back, almost between the shoulders, the flickering light of the flames revealed, to such as cared to look, the unhealed scar of a bullet-wound *five months old*. It was that—that pain—which had made her do what she had done; made her thin and unable to hunt; made her fall foul of man, and attack his herds and flocks, and finally man himself; had made her break, too, the Law; had turned her into a living fiend incarnate; had, in the end, sent her to her doom.

Next dawning the baboons knew that Idzimba was back in the cave on the *kopje*, and those 'spirits of the rocky heights,' the mountain reedbuck and the klipspringer antelopes, were signalling with whistling snorts all down the slopes that peace reigned there no more.

THE END.

LOST TREASURES OF CANADA.

CANADA, though comparatively young among the nations, has her genuine stories of buried treasures, stories that stir the imagination and draw heightened interest. Of them all, those concerned with the *Primrose* privateer, with the Rock of Percé, and Montcalm's treasury are matters of historic fact.

Few Frenchmen during the reign of Louis XV. made a greater use of privateering to get wealth than Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry. Availing himself of his authority, he issued papers to a large number of ships to prey on British commerce. In a few years they returned him so great an amount of treasure that he feared to send more of it direct to France lest Louis laid hands upon it in his anger, for the governor's privateers had captured and looted vessels other than those of the enemy. He bethought himself, therefore, of Canada. Here he had a younger brother in an official position in Quebec, who could hold the ill-gotten gains till the governor of Pondicherry had resigned, and returning to France a poor but 'honest' man, could emigrate to Canada to find his fortune, as Frenchmen did in those days. It was a country believed in France to be a place where any man not a fool might become rich speedily. Dupleix realised that if he spent six months there, no suspicions would be aroused by his riches on his return to France.

He carefully fitted out one of his largest privateers, the *Primrose*, said to have been captured from the British merchants, and sent her with a cargo of merchandise, in which was concealed a great part of his treasure, to the far-distant port of Quebec. She made the Gulf of St Lawrence safely in 1759, and her captain was told by the fishermen of the fall of Quebec one month previously, and of the neighbourhood of British men-of-war. He was short of stores and water; so, having taken on board a fisherman-pilot, he stood away for the Bay of Islands, at the mouth of the St Lawrence, where he trusted to get the necessaries from the French settlers.

During the evening a heavy gale came down, and drove the ship on the reefs inside the bay. Here she sank in comparatively shallow soundings, and three survivors managed to reach the shore. To-day two old wrecks are known to be there, and are marked on the charts. One of them is the *Primrose*, with her great store of Dupleix's gold and silver, precious stones, and other valuables. The fishermen of the Bay of Islands have their traditions about the *Primrose*. With modern diving methods it should be possible to salve this wreck of a hundred and fifty years or so ago.

Before the attack on Quebec in 1759, the French seigneurs sent up to the citadel there, which was supposed to be impregnable, their family jewels, heirlooms, and other valuables, together with great sums of money in louis-d'ors, gold doubloons, and other coins; and these were put in the strong-rooms of the military treasury, with, as well, a large sum newly arrived from France. When an attack on the citadel became certain, Montcalm directed the treasures to be bound up in skins, placed in barrels and boxes, and taken in boats up the St Charles River near by, and buried until the danger was past. That

this was done is proved by the fact that the strong-rooms of the citadel were empty when Quebec was captured. Much cogitation ensued over this; but all traces of the removal were lost.

Now, in the spring of 1908 the proprietor of an eighteenth-century château not far from Quebec took it into his head to rebuild an old-fashioned fireplace in the house. Behind the back of the fireplace a small cavity was discovered, and in it a little silver-bound box of eighteenth-century make. On its being opened, a small parchment, aged-stained and brittle with the heat of the fires, was found, on which, written in the unmistakable French script of Louis XV.'s time, were certain directions.

The *habitant*, who was aware of the tradition of the removal of Montcalm's treasury, took counsel of his priest. Next day the two went to work, as the parchment directed, at the 'little bay on River Saint Charles.' After much trouble in agreeing on the likely spot, 'ten feet up the east bank,' and in the measurements, 'five feet deep in the earth,' they commenced to dig. Some feet from the surface they came upon the items enumerated in the parchment, 'plaster, burnt wood,' and found there the 'plate and ingot of silver, and the skull of a sheep.' 'Beneath is the secret of a great treasure,' ended the parchment's information; and there, beneath, lay a little, rusty, iron-bound box. They burst it open.

The box contained a very rough chart—the ink of it much faded—and information written in French of the time of Montcalm. It read: 'Across River Saint Charles to the wood near the small bay and peninsula. Twenty feet NNW. by N. toward the group of firs. Fifty feet as the sun sets. Five feet deep and set in plaster the great treasure from the Citadel. God save us all.'

The two treasure-seekers pondered over the chart and directions for some days, then went to work. As, however, the land in question now belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, they had to do it secretly and in the dark. After much searching around and much calculation, they began to dig. They dug in vain. For, though the documents are to be relied upon, that little peninsula of the Saint Charles has not remained the same throughout the one hundred and fifty odd years since the treasure was buried. There have been many a heavy flood and many a severe winter and many a gale. The group of firs is gone. Nature has sealed up the exact spot of the long-concealed treasures of Old Quebec. Yet—they are there.

Full of wild romance is the tale of 'Devil Duval's' hoard on the Rock of Percé; and full of wild daring are the tales told of those who attempted afterwards to climb up and recover his treasure. So many lives were lost that early in last century an Act was passed in the Quebec legislature forbidding any one to make the attempt without authorisation from the governor of the province. To this day the superstitious French-Canadian fishermen, unchanged in a hundred and forty years, declare the fierce spirit of the seaman protects his own.

The Rock of Percé, named from the fishing-hamlet at hand on the coast of the Gaspé Peninsula, is one of the natural wonders of the North American Continent. Some terrific convulsion tore this rock from the near-by mountain many thousands of years ago, and left it standing about five hundred feet high, with a flattish top and beetling, unscalable sides. Once it was pierced by two caverns at its sea-foot, through either of which a boat could sail; but one of them has collapsed, leaving only the greater, through which the sea thunders and boils in stormy weather.

Captain Duval was a French privateer, who, after the Peace of Paris, February 1763, became a most daring pirate, on whose head the British authorities put a tall price. He, however, through his protection of, and generosity to, the French fishermen and settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, was kept well aware of the movements of the British against him. At last he was hard pressed, and likely to be captured; and having in his service a Micmac Indian, who was devoted to him, and was aware of a secret trail to the summit of the supposed inaccessible Rock of Percé, Duval collected all his caches of treasure and set sail for Percé. The Micmac is said to have wormed his way to the top of the rock by means of an opening from the greater of the caverns. On arriving on the summit, he threw down a thin line, and with it hauled up a block and fall. Two prisoners were pulled up by him, and then came the captain himself. Boats containing the treasure in chests stood by below.

Tradition runs on that they were a day and a moonlight night getting it all up. Then the Indian came down, and Duval himself was lowered away. His sword was all bloody. With muskets he himself and his few trusted seamen shot at the tackle till it was cut through, too high up the rock for any one to reach. Then Captain Duval pulled for the ship and sailed away. He never returned, nor did any of his trusted men. Either the hurricane that burst that same night sent his vessel to the bottom, or she was sunk by the British men-of-war looking for her.

For a couple of generations the winds battered and the rains rotted the stout hemp ropes on the side of the rock till at last they disappeared. Though there are fishermen in Percé whose grandfathers could recollect seeing these evidences of Duval's visit, none but the sea-birds that nest on the rock know what happened to the two English prisoners and the chests of treasure left on the bleak summit. But—some daring airman may one day find his fortune lying waiting for him there.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A PETROL-ECONOMISER FOR CARS.

THE function of a carburetter on a motor-car is to mix air and petrol-vapour in such proportions that the most economical and effective results are obtained under all circumstances. The problem is, however, a difficult one, as is evidenced by the large number of carburetters on the market, each claiming to give a perfect mixture. As a matter of fact, no carburetter gives the most economical and effective results at all speeds and with all loads. In order to improve matters in this direction a device has been brought out through which air is admitted into the induction-pipe under certain conditions. It consists of a spring-controlled air-valve which is fitted just above the throttle. When the car is climbing a hill, with the throttle fully open, the suction is not powerful enough to open the air-valve. But when the motor is throttled down for descending a hill, a partial vacuum is created in the induction-pipe, and air is drawn in. The effect of the extra air is to reduce the suction at the throttle, and consequently the amount of petrol consumed. At trials made by the British Motor Cab Company, of London, the mileage per gallon of a 4-cylinder Renault car was increased from 16 to 18 in one case, and from 19 to 23 in another. The effect upon a 4-cylinder Charron car was to increase the mileage from 18½ to 23 and from 18½ to 24½ respectively during two trials. Similar trials of Thorneycroft and Daimler lorries on heavy roads in France showed a saving of 14·42 per cent.

SCRUBBING A SHIP'S BOTTOM AFLOAT.

As will be known to most of our readers, barnacles and vegetable growths attach themselves to ships' bottoms both during voyages and when in port. These growths take place very rapidly in the tropics, and it has been necessary hitherto to scrub them off frequently. For this operation a vessel has to be floated into a dry dock and the water pumped out. These frequent scrubbings form a very big item in the working cost of all ships sailing through tropical waters, as not only are the dock charges heavy, but the loss of time when the vessel could be carrying freight is a very serious item. Moreover, in many ports dry-docking facilities do not exist; consequently a vessel arriving in a foul condition has to proceed to another port without any cargo for the purpose of being scrubbed. These disadvantages have been obviated by an ingenious appliance which is capable of scrubbing a vessel when afloat. It consists of a revolving brush, five feet in length, which is driven by a submersible electric motor. The motor is fitted at right angles to the brush, and at an angle of about forty-five degrees below the horizontal. It drives a shaft parallel with that of the brush through worm-gear, the brush being driven at each end of this shaft by chains. At the back of the motor is a screw propeller, which forces the brush against the vessel's bottom. The apparatus is carried in a special steel motor-boat, forty-five feet in length, which is fitted with a powerful oil-engine and a dynamo for supplying current to the brush-motor. This oil-engine is also used to drive a propeller, which gives the boat a speed of nine miles an hour. The scrubbing-gear is suspended from two booms projecting at one side of the motor-boat. Owing to the direction of rotation of the brush, it tends to pull itself down under the ship's bottom. It is allowed to scrub down to the keel, and is then hauled slowly back by an electrically driven winch, after having cleaned a band five feet wide. The motor-boat is then moved four feet forward or backward, and the process repeated until the whole of the bottom has been cleaned. The revolving brushes are made of fibre of varying degrees of stiffness, and they can be quickly changed when necessary. The apparatus is capable of cleaning an 8000-ton steamer in about eight hours, and the work can be done while the vessel is loading or unloading or waiting for orders, so that no delay is involved.

A NEW SPARKING-PLUG.

Every owner of a car is familiar with the effects of over-lubrication in covering with soot the sparking-plugs, with the result that the motor misfires and stops, and cannot be restarted until the insulating material and the points are cleaned. A new sparking-plug has been placed on the market, which is unaffected by oil even in large quantities. It is constructed with two chambers. The outer chamber intercepts the oil, soot, and gases before they come in contact with the insulator. The soot and oil are deposited on the walls of this chamber and are consumed by the hot gases. The temperature of the exploding gases is considerably reduced before they enter the inner chamber, in which is housed the insulator. Practically no combustion takes place at this point, thus keeping the insulator cool and free from carbonised oil and soot. The method of fitting the insulator is unique, it being held within the gland-nut, together with the joint washer. This unit can be instantly removed in one piece for inspection.

PURE DRINKING-WATER FOR THE ARMY.

Among the many difficult problems arising out of the war was the sterilisation of drinking-water for the troops in the field without introducing into it any appreciable taste. This was successfully accomplished by diffusing chlorine

gas through the water, and afterwards treating it with sulphur-dioxide to remove the taste of the chlorine. The apparatus adopted was worked out by Messrs Wallace & Tiernan, of New York, from a patent taken out in 1912 by Major Darnell, of the United States Army. After passing through a compensator, which equalises the pressure, the gas is metered, and then forced into the water through a diffuser, which breaks it up into very small bubbles. Subsequently the sulphur-dioxide gas is introduced to remove the taste of the chlorine. For troops on the move, portable plants built on motor-lorries or larger forms of the same apparatus carried on barges were used. For town water-supplies and big quantities for large numbers of men, a stationary plant was employed. A small amount of chlorine was purposely left in the water, but this mostly disappeared before use and no unpleasant taste could be detected.

A QUICK TIRE-CHANGING DEVICE.

The forcing of a heavy motor-tire into place with levers is often a long and arduous task—so much so that most car-owners prefer to carry a complete spare wheel instead of merely a spare tire. The quick and easy fitting of a tire to a wheel without removing it from the car can now, however, be effected by a detachable rim at one side of the wheel. This rim is bolted to the wheel, but about two-thirds of it is hinged to the remaining portion. When a new tire is to be put on, the nuts holding the hinged portion in position are taken off, and this part of the rim is turned back. The tire can now be put over without any forcing with levers, and the rim turned back into position on its hinges, the nuts being put on to the bolts again and screwed up. At a recent demonstration before a number of editors of motor papers, the inventor took off a large tire in nine seconds, and *kicked* it on again, without touching it with his hands, in eleven seconds.

A HOME GRAMOPHONE RECORDER.

Many persons in possession of gramophones must have wished at some time or other to make their own records. But until recently this could only be done by costly and cumbersome apparatus, involving also the use of a special machine. The necessary fittings for making records with an ordinary gramophone can now, however, be purchased at a comparatively low price. Naturally, when a record has to be cut upon a polished wax disc, the needle must be guided; and this is effected by a tracking-plate, which is placed upon the turn-table of the machine in the same way as an ordinary record is put on. The centre portion of this plate, which corresponds with the blank part of a record, has a fine spiral groove cut upon it. This portion is also slightly raised, and has an excrescence on the edge that fits into an indentation in the wax blank which is placed over the plate when a record is to be made. The recording attachment fits into the tone-arm of the gramophone in place of the ordinary sound-box. When a record is taken, the singer or speaker stands as near as possible to the front of the instrument, and articulates in a loud, clear, and distinct manner. At the beginning of the record a fibre-needle rests on the outside groove of the spiral track, the needle gradually working up to the centre of the plate and guiding the recording attachment. The actual recorder is fitted into a socket in the attachment, and a small recording-horn is fixed at the rear. The record is cut by a sapphire needle, which begins at the outside of the wax blank and is guided inwards by the fibre-needle resting on the tracking-plate. The record can be reproduced by substituting the reproducer for the recorder, and moving over the tone-arm until the fibre-needle is again in its first position in the outside groove of the track. Records made with this attachment can be retained and played over as often as is desired, or they may be cleaned off and the blanks used over and over again. The apparatus is made in England, and fits any machine.

VARYING THE EXPRESSION OF A GRAMOPHONE.

A device has been recently brought out which enables the operator to vary at will the expression of a piece of music rendered by a gramophone. It consists of three small studs which make contact with the sound-disc, these being pressed against the disc with more or less force, as desired, by a lever working on a fulcrum at the edge of the sound-box. Under the other end of the lever is a rubber ball connected by tubing to a second ball, which is held in the hand of the operator. By varying the pressure on this ball, the air in the ball under the lever is compressed to a greater or less extent as deemed desirable, this pressure being in turn transmitted to the three studs resting upon the sound-disc. A clip holds the device at the edge of the sound-box. A complete sound-box is also sold, with the expression device as an integral part of it. The makers claim that the device not only fulfils its primary function of modifying the expression, but also eliminates the objectionable blast and surface scratch which are so often present while a record is being played.

A HOME PRINTING-OUTFIT.

A considerable saving in money and in time could frequently be effected by printing notices and circulars at home or in the office. Special outfits at low prices are now available for this purpose. They are made in three sizes to print sheets $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 5 inches, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches respectively.

Each consists of a lever printing-press, with all the necessary accessories, including a fount of type, a type-case, a composing-stick, a chase to hold the type when set, and an inking-roller and a supply of ink.

A HOME WASHING-MACHINE DRIVEN FROM THE WATER-TAP.

In these days every one is more or less familiar with washing-machines intended for use in the home; but a washer which we have recently examined possesses distinctly novel features. Instead of being worked by hand or by electricity, it is driven by the flow of water from an ordinary household tap which gives the requisite pressure. The washer itself consists of a round hard-wood tub, with smoothly fluted or corrugated sides and bottom, mounted at a convenient height on three legs. Attached to the top of the tub is a small motor of simple design, which can be readily connected to the water-tap by means of a hose-pipe especially adapted for the purpose. To begin operations, the tub is three-fourths filled with boiling water and the necessary soap, the dirty clothes are dropped in, and on top of them is placed the 'washing-disc,' which is smoothly ribbed on its under surface, and rests upon the clothes very lightly. The lid having been fastened down, and the hose-pipe connected with the tap, the water is turned on, and runs down the pipe to the motor, which contains a simple two-way valve, allowing the current to enter at one side and go out at the other. In its passage, however, the water does very useful work, causing the washing-disc, which is connected up with the motor, to make alternate half-revolutions to right and left, thus forcing the soap-laden water through the dirty clothes, and effectively cleansing them without injuring them, a process which is complete in about eight or ten minutes. During this time about twenty gallons of water have flowed through the motor, from which it is conducted by means of a second length of hose. Still fit for further use, it may, if desired, be discharged into a tub instead of being allowed to run to waste down the sink. This machine has been found to be particularly serviceable for blankets and woollen goods generally. Its capacity is four sheets or their equivalent; and naturally much hotter water can be used than if the washing were done by hand. The same supply of boiling water, it has been found, serves for three sets of clothes; a batch of white things, for example, may advantageously be followed by a number of woollen goods, and these in turn by dusters or towels. A suitable ledge for the attachment of a wringer is fitted on every machine.

A BOON TO THE ONE-ARMED.

Probably under no circumstances does the one-armed man feel at so great a disadvantage as when, seated at the dinner-table in the company of other diners, he is unable to manipulate a knife and a fork in the customary manner. To minimise his difficulties, a combined knife and fork which appears likely to prove serviceable has recently been placed on the market. The handle is of the usual shape, but the blade, instead of being straight, is curved, and somewhat exceeds an ordinary table-knife in breadth. The central part of the convex side of this curved blade forms a keen cutting edge by means of which food can be cut up; at the end remote from the handle the blade is so subdivided as to become a short-pronged fork, with which suitable portions of food may be carried to the mouth.

A PUBLISHING CENTENARY.

We desire to extend to our contemporaries, Messrs Charles Griffin & Co., Ltd., our heartiest congratulations on the completion of one hundred years of successful publishing. Founded in Glasgow in the year 1820, the business was in 1848 removed to London, where the firm speedily made for itself a reputation for the excellence of its technical and scientific text-books—a reputation which has steadily grown with the growth of the years. To mark so notable an occurrence as the celebration of its centenary, the firm has issued a handsomely appointed volume, setting forth, with quite unusual literary skill, the history of the achievements of this well-known house. The intensely interesting 'Foreword' from the pen of Lord Moulton on the advance of science in the last century is followed by valuable chapters on various categories of scientific books, each chapter being written by a specialist in his own department—Professor Hudson Beare, for example, dealing with engineering subjects, and Sir W. S. Abell treating of naval architecture and shipbuilding. The whole volume, which is beautifully illustrated, is unique in its interest, and is well worthy of the enterprising house whose progress it records, and for which we desire a continuance in its career of prosperity.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

REGINA'S AFTERNOON.

By C. EDWARDES.

PART I.

I.

THE morning letters were delivered at Gwynfrwyn late this Christmas Eve of 1918, and Mrs Lizzie Jones ('L.J.' to the lady-gardeners) was eager for her cup of tea when she had toiled flat-footedly up the mile-long avenue of gaunt, wind-shattered beech-trees to the sinister old gray Tudor manor-house on the mountain-side.

She had some expectations of a Christmas-box as well, upon hints given by the village postmistress that English people were capable of such extravagances; but the Gwynfrwyn cup of tea had been a regular weekday comfort ever since, in 1916, she had entered His Majesty's service to do (and make) her little war-time bit.

But neither tea nor Christmas-box was her portion this day. The two brave young ladies (they were brave, according to local opinion, for devoting themselves to the hardships and seclusions of such a life in such a spot) awaited her picturesquely at the clock-tower entrance, Miss Regina Colway in a yellow-and-black jumper, smoking a cigarette, and Miss Mary Buckstone smiling, her hands stuck in a rose-pink ditto; and two minutes later 'L.J.' began to retrace her steps, with an aggrieved air, and at first only a slight amount of roused curiosity as a set-off.

Her chirpy 'Good-morning, then, my dear young leddies, and a right nice one it is, yes, indeed, for the time of the year—one—two—nine letters it is to-day, two parcels, and three newspapers, and one letter for Megan Evans herself—yes, indeed!' had been a long breath of wasted affability.

She was as surprised as disappointed.

Megan Evans's letter she was taking back with her. This was the small, curiosity-exciting amount of counterpoise to her brace of disappointments.

'Look here, L.J.,' Miss Colway had said curtly, with a puff of tobacco-smoke; 'Megan 's hooked it, so we don't want *that*.'

'She 's not with us now, you know,' added Miss Buckstone, with the graciousness and the smile which were generally characteristic of her. She believed that 'hooked it' might be too idiomatic for a Welsh brain.

'Well, I *never!* Mrs Burscow go last week, and now it is Megan!' commented Mrs Lizzie, and proceeded to inquiries about whys and whens. With reasonable confidence, she hoped that questions and answers would drift her on towards the Gwynfrwyn kitchen, tea, buttered scone, &c. But Miss Colway cut her hopes at the root.

'You know about as much as we do on the subject, old thing,' she declared. 'Beastly nuisance, your Celtic tempers!—Come along, Bucky! And by-by, L.J.'

Miss Buckstone waved two or three kindly brown fingers, and away they made across the quadrangular courtyard for the sombre, heraldic-shielded portico of the ivy-mantled old house. Down in the village the young ladies were often spoken about, in Welsh phrasing, as 'Miss Big' and 'Miss Little,' or 'Miss Dark' and 'Miss Fair,' and they really were strongly contrasted in these respects. But a fine healthy brightness of eye, an enviable complexion, and an athletic carriage they possessed in common, and for a few pausing seconds the postwoman's disconsolate gaze followed them in their effective arm-in-arm movement to the house. The winter sun shone impartially upon Miss Colway's black hair and Miss Buckstone's almost golden.

II.

Regina Colway shut the massive, nail-studded, seventeenth-century door with a swing of her foot, and they settled down to their mail in the window-seat of the low-ceilinged, panelled hall.

There was just one break in their perusals.

'Hello! *W-hat's* that?' ejaculated Regina, with a wrinkled stare towards a gigantic armoured shape in a corner.

'The rat the cat won't face, I expect,' suggested Mary Buckstone lightly.

'What's the *use* of that idiot Tompkins? Ch—Ch—*Ch!* Cat! Cat! Where the deuce are you, you good-for-nothing old stuffer?' shouted Regina at the gloomy kitchen-way corridor. 'Oh, well!' With a laugh that was not hearty, she went on with her reading.

She was through first.

'Time we grubbed, Bucky,' she announced, in

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a tone that had none of the keenness of appetite in it. 'Any news?'

'No-o. Only the familiar story. Mother *loathes* our being alone like this, particularly now that Mrs Burscow 's away, and thinks'——

'Same here, only more so!' said Regina, with nod after nod. 'The pater 's absolutely furious about it. Says it 's enough to injure our nervous systems for life, and he 'll write to the shire sheriff or somebody to give us special protection if I don't make up my mind to chuck it at *once*. Three females on their own in a thirty-roomed house, with German prisoners peppered about the landscape—"It 's not *safe*, my dear child!" says he, underlined—I can fancy him shrieking it to the mater. Wonder what he 'd say if he knew the three that was four has now melted to two! That *confounded* little Megan!'

Her hasty footfalls echoed from the corridor.

The sound of plate-clatterings followed before Mary Buckstone decided to join her.

Hitherto their Gwynfrwyn meals had been served to them by Megan, with a certain measure of refinement, in the small and snug oak room known, for some medieval reason, as Lady Betty's Parlour. But they saved labour to-day by dining in the kitchen. There was a cheerful log fire, and they drew the table up to it. Tompkins, the Persian cat (a philosopher), welcomed them to the glow with yawns and a flourishing tail, but, having crunched a dish of partridge-bones, curled up and purred himself to sleep again.

While they ate they discussed the condition of Europe, the rock-garden they were constructing by the lowest of the three fish-ponds, Sir Blackstone Prichard, the aged and eccentric absentee baronet owner of Gwynfrwyn for whom they were working, chiefly in the interest of Sir Blackstone's design of bequeathing his property to the nation for some patriotic purpose, and—Megan Evans. Especially Megan. And with their after-dinner cigarettes Megan's shock of the morning came under renewed consideration.

The minx must have got up hours before the first cock began to crow, and although they missed their early cups of tea, they had descended to an attractive residue of a fire and the breakfast (even its toast) laid as usual under the canvas eyes of the ancestral Prichards on the walls of Lady Betty's parlour. All they had had to do was to boil the eggs and the kettle, and digest the letter which Megan Evans had impaled on the teapot's spout.

This remarkable communication they now read together yet again:

'DEAR MISSES—I am gone and no use you trying to find me at my mothers because I not gone home. You shud not have spoke so sharp to me about being long time at the shop yesterday. A servant girl has her fellings same as you. Them partridges or the rabbit pie and the tin pudding will do you a Chrismas dinner all right. I am sorry about it but you *shud* not have blowed me up like you did Miss Colway even if you be a gentlefoke born. Then theres that poor Germin Hans of Bryntyn you have been so narsty over. Why shud not I be friends with him if I chews. He did not wish to fite the Allys any more than what youselves did and never hurt a sole with his gun being took a prisoner thank Gott he says first chance they give him. Well it don't matter. I sharnt write any more. What 's the use? I done with dull old Gwynfrwyn its gosts and all praise be the Lord. I hope the wether will be suetable for you to-morrow afternoon Miss Colway to meat your sweetheart the captain.—Yours truly MEGAN.'

III.

'So that 's *that*—the malicious little monkey!' said Regina after the reading, her earlier wrath warmly revived. 'I 'll bet L.J. 's made us the talk of the village by this time.'

'Who cares if we are, Colly?' inquired Miss Buckstone, still dimpling prettily over Megan's supremely impertinent reference to Regina's captain. 'But *isn't* her spelling delicious? And, you know, it strikes me as not half a bad epistle in itself. There 's her thoughtfulness about our breakfast, too. I like that the more I think about it. Honest, I do!'

'*Honest*, you say!' Regina pounced upon the word. 'I 'm not so sure about her honesty. We 've gone through the spoons, but I shudder to imagine what other things she may have helped herself to. The priceless old china and uncountable knick-knacks all over the place! As Burscow says, Sir Blackstone must be an ideal old fool to leave such a lot of temptations knocking about. If the pater knew *that*, *my*—goodness! And as for being sharp with her, I only called her a slacker. Where 's the harm of *that*, pray?'

'Oh, there 's none really, of course. I quite agree. But I don't believe she has gone off with anything except herself. And that reminds. You 'll be calling *me* a slacker next, Coll.' Mary Buckstone pushed back her chair. 'One can't expect much more of this decent dry sort of weather in December. I 'll get on with the rocks until tea-time. *You* needn't come, though.'

'I 'm *not* coming.'

'I never dreamed that you were, dear,' said Mary, her pretty dimple in play again.

As a rule they were the best of war-time friends, but Regina detested being taken for granted like this by any one. 'Don't be such an obvious ass, Bucky!' she exclaimed, colouring considerably. 'Er—*some one* must mind the house, I suppose?'

'O-h! I didn't remember that.' Mary's

lifted eyebrows joined in the admission. 'Isn't it a bore? But I don't see why *you* should be the one. We'll toss up. Here's a ha'penny. Heads you, tails'——

'No,' interposed Regina petulantly. '*I'm* going to stay in, I tell you.'

'But it's such a—a "suetable" afternoon for a walk, old girl,' urged Mary, with the smiling ingenuousness that was often such a charm in her.

To-day it was an exasperation, not a charm.

'I don't happen to desire a walk, my dear,' said Regina icily, and then burst forth: 'Why don't you say outright, like that fiend Megan, "Bobby Chirk will be hanging round by the cromlech," and you don't want to spoil sport? It's intensely obliging of you, Bucky, but it so happens she's wrong for once. I have no appointment of that kind with Captain Chirk this afternoon. And that'll do about it—*and* him. I'm fed up.'

Hunching her shoulders, she turned to the fire, and after a moment or two of plain perplexity Mary Buckstone whispered, 'So sorry, old girl!' and left the kitchen.

IV.

Mary truly was sorry if, as she feared from the accent of Regina's 'fed up,' her friend's well-grown attachment to Captain Bobby Chirk of the Shropshires, in the camp three miles the other side of Moel Ddu, the Gwynfrwyn mountain, had suddenly come to an end. She herself liked the little she had been permitted to see of Captain Bobby, and there was no denying that Regina had been a pleasanter companion in every way since that November afternoon when, kerchiefed and looking rather like a couple of Sicilian peasant girls, they had found him in the Gwynfrwyn drawing-room, stuttering perspiringly at Mrs Burscow's hard-featured face (including a moustache) about his ambition to explore the ages-old underground passage from the manor-house to the seashore. Mrs Burscow opposed his desires in the matter. She gave him to understand that the secret passage was a sort of sacred family myth. This, with some tea, was all she did give him. When, with his eyes upon Regina, whose ankles above her hob-nailed brown brogues were of the neatest, he half suggested a second visit, Mrs Burscow shook her head uncompromisingly. 'Sir Blackstone would not like it,' she said, 'and neither should I,' with such emphasis that he grasped his hat forthwith. But herein Mrs Burscow's prudence, or whatever it was, had overshot its mark. Regina flared up becomingly about such excessive regard for duty and the proprieties, and announced that, if it was all the same to him, she and Buckstone would accompany him for a mile or so on his return tramp. They could do with a 'stretch,' she said. Captain Bobby responded with enthusiasm. 'Rather, indeed! Nothing I could have wished for more, by Jove! —if I'd *dared*, you know.' The 'dared' was a mild retaliatory flip for Mrs Burscow, but the wish was an inspired straight tribute to the beauty of Regina's flashing eyes.

That was how the romance had begun, and from the warrior's subsequent more or less clandestine reappearances in the neighbourhood, and the very marked change for the better in Regina's looks and spirits, Mary had drawn the natural conclusions. Moreover, Captain Bobby had switched his antiquarian interests from the Gwynfrwyn secret passage to the Gwynfrwyn cromlech, a capital specimen of its kind, on Moel Ddu's slope, and Regina had become surprisingly well informed about the Druids.

And now this bomb-like avowal of Regina's that she was 'fed up'—in other words, that her romance was over!

Mary Buckstone crossed the upper lawn with an unaccustomed sense of depression. Dark billowing clouds and a wind from the sea had set in, and the dead tops of the Gwynfrwyn trees were swaying and dirging dismally. In the middle of the lawn, and shadowed by a battered cedar (Elizabethan at youngest), was a leering once-white marble imp, now distressingly greenish from damp and neglect, whose strained attitude almost upon its toe-tips, with two broken-fingered hands extended towards the house, not at all with an air of blessing, was never exactly entertaining. To-day it was an abomination, well calculated to increase Mary's uneasiness as she booted past it with averted head and down the three sets of steps to the nethermost fish-pond, which the rock-garden was to embellish.

Fond as she was of Regina, she had no illusions about her. Colly's was distinctly not a temperament to be sweetened by adversity in solitude, and this Bobby Chirk trouble, ensuing upon (or perhaps only just preceding) Megan's desertion and cheek, both combined with the always rather, and now exceptionally, nervy atmosphere of the place, augured an anything but happy Gwynfrwyn Christmas-time.

Fortunately 'the curse of Eden' enabled Mary to suffocate her own personal megrims of the moment. She was an earnest spade-lover, and that humble instrument of toil soon rewarded her with all its available consolations.

V.

Regina in the meantime had fallen an equally prompt prey to certain unexpected but not at all unnatural emotions, which were now to head her straight towards surprising consequences.

Scarcely was Mary Buckstone off the premises when she realised that there might be some painful truth in her father's letter of the morning. The house seemed suddenly to have transformed itself into a musical-box—the music devilish. That rising wind from the sea had,

in fact, started its tricks in the corridors and the upper storeys when they were at dinner, but Mary's society and their joint preoccupations had then kept her from noticing them. Now acutely aware of them, she had just glanced round, as it were, to the call of a particularly hideous caterwauling of whines and moans, when a sound like a staccato thunder-clap over her head brought her to her feet with a bound, tingling all over.

'What —in the *world?*' she gasped, her hands to her breast.

Her cogitations were quick—and unsatisfactory.

The crashing-to of a window left insecurely open she could have understood. But this was something on the leviathan scale. Massive though the old house was, she had felt it shake —or fancied so—to the shock.

An intense longing for Mary Buckstone was the first of her brain's following activities. This she dismissed with a short, mirthless laugh. Never yet had Gwynfrwyn made her hang out the white feather; nor should it now. Whatever the mystery, she would elucidate it for herself, by herself.

An unsolicited second longing then sneaked into her—for Bobby Chirk this time. And this also she stifled scornfully at its birth. With scorn, moreover, that worked upon her like brandy, and sent her treading off into the corridor, head defiantly erect.

A few moments later she was back again, and with no thought of the absurdity of challenging an unsubstantial noise with a firearm, she took from a drawer in a side-table a slender, long-barrelled pistol. Times were when she and Bucky had tried to kill rabbits with it, always unsuccessfully. Her agitated brain flashed a vision of the thing at her, and she had responded to the hint.

With steadier eyes, but continuing heart-tumult, and a finger on the trigger, she returned to the corridor.

Thence to the low-ceilinged hall, in which the wind was now practising a chorus of lamentations; and here she at once perceived something. The vizored helmet of that armoured shape in the corner was askew, and one of its gauntlets lay, fingers crooked, by its long-pointed metal toes. Worse still—when, with an enlarging stare, Regina approached it, and, after a straining effort (for the armour was of the thickest plate period), moved it and its stand a few inches from the wall, she discovered traces of fresh farmyard soil and the unmistakable print of two twentieth-century boot-heels in the accumulated dust on the parqueted floor behind it.

VI.

'My God! There's a man in the house!'

The words shouted in her, and for several spell-binding seconds she stood as rigid as the shape itself under the menace of this alarming, inevitable deduction. The pistol, which had slipped in her hand, drooped its barrel floorwards. The man had been concealed there, eyeing them through the armour's chinks, while they were reading their letters. He must have stolen into the house when they were on the look-out for 'L. J.' under the clock-tower. *He* was the rat of whom Bucky, in her innocence and justified contempt for Tompkins as a hunter, had made such airy mention.

Slowly—very slowly—Regina gathered her courage together again. Having gallantly resisted the almost driving instinct to rush from the house down to Mary among her rocks, she drew a deep breath, and exhaled it with a vigour that resounded even above the wind's many-voiced orchestra.

The memory of a conversation with Bobby Chirk had come to her as a stimulant. 'My dear Regina,' he had said that day, with her hand hard pressed in his, 'you need have *no* fear of the Gwynfrwyn ghosts. But what I *don't* care to think about is you three ladies at the mercy of two or three—or even only one —flesh-and-blood marauding scoundrels any one of these coming dark winter nights, and the nearest constable an ugly mile away! How do you suppose you'd deal with such a situation? *Tell* me.' She had not been able to tell him off-hand like that. He had been a dear boy that day — itself a bright and beautiful one—and so she had simply laughed and replied, 'Blessed if I know. I suppose we should worry through somehow, in the usual British way.'

'Three,' he had said. And here she was being tested — alone! Well, so be it. He should see; or, rather, he should learn about it. And Bucky should see. And the village, in its snug, safe nest so far, far away, should rejoice in its wisdom that it had made no mistake in acclaiming the Gwynfrwyn lady-gardeners as worthy to be ranked among the boldest of the bold even in a war-time of heroes by the multitude.

Regina examined the pistol. Two of its chambers were loaded. Good! Silly of her not to have made sure sooner, but these two little cartridge friends were hailed as an instant tripling of her strength. Only one man could have stood hidden behind that armour, and if, as was just possible, he was without a pistol, when called upon she might play the 'Hands up!' game with the luck and the honours on her side.

A brief and dignifying vision came to her of the wretch plodding down the avenue, his hands still in the air, and of herself behind him, ready to perforate him at a moment's notice.

(*Continued on page 226.*)

FOODS AND HEALTH.

By P. Roualeyn Gordon.

IT is when we are sick that our philosophy of life is put to the hardest test. It is the most difficult of mental tasks to be resigned to physical suffering and incapacity. True, there have been cheerful sick men in history, but they were (and are) few and far between. No one wants to be ill; everybody desires health. Many would give all they possess for health, but it cannot be bought. Rockefeller, it is said, so impaired his constitution by the nervous strain of acquiring excessive wealth that he lost his hair, his beard, even his eyebrows, and his stomach refused to digest food. Yet with all his millions he could not provide himself with another stomach. A truer statement was never made than the one made by Max Nordau, the author of *Degeneration*—'No other business in this world pays so little as the chase after millions.'

Modern life imposes a heavy tax on human energy, and good health is absolutely necessary in the struggle to achieve success in any line of endeavour. Most of us become so absorbed in our efforts to attain our desires that we neglect that which is of far more importance to us—the care of the body. Consequently, when we become sick and are compelled to seek advice and treatment, we realise—probably when it is too late—the value of nature's greatest gift to mankind.

Health depends principally upon diet, climate, altitude, temperature, air, occupation, and motion. These are the most important considerations for almost everybody. Of these diet is probably the least studied and the least understood by most people. Yet the right kind of diet is essential for maintaining good health, besides being a valuable ally in the fight against disease. The human race is composed of so many different temperaments and constitutions that to lay down hard-and-fast rules of diet is impracticable. The food that suits the full-blooded vital type of man is entirely unsuited to the requirements of the anæmic individual.

A great deal also depends on the quantity and the quality of the food consumed. Many people—unwittingly, no doubt—eat more than the body actually requires for health. As a rule, a man of general proportion, one who exercises sufficiently every day to maintain health, requires per day five ounces of nitrogenous food-stuffs for the muscles, twenty ounces of carbonaceous food-stuffs for heat, one ounce of salts for brain, nerves, and bone, about one gallon of liquid for the body, the functions and the glands, the secretions and the blood, to enable the system to perform its work efficiently. He requires, in addition, waste for bulk and some natural acids to enable the eliminative function to go on with its work. He needs natural acids for the liver.

The great danger is in eating too much heating food, to inflame the blood and lay foundation for disease. Most foods contain carbonaceous elements too abundantly. There is some danger of eating nitrogenous food-stuffs in too great quantities, but the danger is not so great. A man living on nothing but cheese would at last reduce his stomach to about one-third of its original size. Hence the stomach would not be able to secrete sufficient gastric juice to carry on the process of digestion. Some foods are very rich in nitrogenous food-stuffs, such as cheese, beans, lentils, lean meat, liver, kidney, ham, halibut, and some other kinds of fish. People who are emotional or who study hard are in need of phosphates. A tired brain needs phosphates. A weak stomach requires sodium. A sluggish liver needs acids. A sluggish circulation needs oxygen. If a weak, tired person eats foods containing phosphorus, his step will become more lively, his eyes will become brighter, and that 'tired feeling' will depart. Phosphorus is contained in bran tea, in whiting, turbot, smelt, plaice, lobsters, trout, figs, barley, and in certain vegetables and fruits, though not to any great extent.

Practically all disease is due to one cause—wrong living, especially to wrong eating and shallow breathing. These errors sometimes result in an acute disease that may suddenly end the sufferer's life, or if the individual has fairly good resisting-power, the stored-up poisons in the blood may result in later years in chronic disease. Whatever that disease may be, it will invariably affect the weakest part of the constitution. Temporary relief may be obtained from drugs and in other ways, but a cure will not be effected without regulating the diet to suit the particular constitution.

Indigestion is probably the most common ailment of the human race. It is caused in many ways. Writers, medical authorities, food scientists inform us that indigestion is due to overeating, lack of exercise, poisonous substances in the system, over-indulgence in liquor, cold, &c. These are the seeming causes, but are in reality not direct causes. The causes are temperamental, psychical, constitutional. One man can eat anything at one time of life and not suffer from indigestion. At another time he cannot eat anything without having digestive disturbance. Other people, again, are never troubled in this way, no matter what or how much food they eat. They can eat heavy meals at any time; they can be up all night; they can pass through the most intense ordeals

of grief, disappointment, passion, and unfavourable emotions, and not suffer from indigestion. They can live in hot or in cold regions; they can eat fats, oils, starches, soups, beans, peas, and mix their foods with liquor, wines, coffee, all kinds of condiments, spices, yet are never troubled with disturbances of the digestive functions. The direct cause of indigestion is weakness of the vital faculties, the particular temperament, and the direction of thought action. To develop the vital side of man cures indigestion when fasting, hygiene, diet, and drugs fail.

People of certain temperaments have naturally weak digestive organs, and they are in many cases the worst offenders of diet rules. The tall, thin, bony individual of an atrophic temperament, whose digestion is poor, is invariably a hearty eater, and is in danger of overeating. The more he eats, the more lean and bony he becomes, and the more hungry he is—or thinks he is. He eats to excess, and his digestive organs cannot digest the food he eats. To increase weight a lean man should consume about one-third as much food as he does. He also needs a warm, slightly moist climate and a comparatively high altitude, though too high an altitude is not good for a lean man who is very nervous; it will draw the blood to his brain too strongly, affect his blood-pressure, and cause sleeplessness.

In the right climate, with the diet most suited to his constitution, and with the right kind of employment, the atrophic man will improve in health and in physical development. Wind, excessive moisture, cold air, exposure have a very marked effect on him. So soon as the temperature sinks below fifty or rises above eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, or if the air-pressure be too high or too low, or if there be changes in the electrical tension of the atmosphere, or if the wind be strong, or should the diet not be suited to his needs, or if there be changes of any kind, the atrophic man feels the change at once. He is a human barometer; he feels an approaching change in the weather before it actually takes place; he grows sleepy before a storm and after a heavy meal. His most invaluable doctors are dryness, ozone belts, and a uniform temperature of about seventy to eighty degrees Fahrenheit. Mentally this type of man is a giant, but vitally he is a baby. Yet, to look at him, one would never believe that he is so delicate as he is. The least thing will affect his health. He is tall, broad-shouldered, seemingly vigorous and full of vitality; yet he is weak constitutionally. In some cases it is the digestive organs; in other cases it is the lungs. In this temperament the more vigorous the intellectual processes are, the weaker the nutritive functions will be. When he is well, no man is more reliable, more industrious, more accurate and painstaking in all his work than the atrophic man. Some of the greatest men in history—in literature, science, philosophy, mechanics—were of this constitution.

Because of their temperament and brain development, atrophic people are very fond of fats, fatty meats, fatty fish, fatty foods, oils, soups, nuts carrying oils. They like cream, and can eat butter by the pound. They need fat and oils for nerve, brain, lung, and marrow. Yet they cannot assimilate fatty substances. Many of them lack red blood-corpuscles. Hence they like red meat. They need meat-juice, but not the fibrin of the meat—that they should leave alone. Foods containing lime salts, iron salts, sodium salts, silicon, and phosphorus are absolutely essential for their system; but the diet usually adopted by people at large and the atrophic type in particular does not furnish enough of calcium even for a small-boned rabbit, and calcium is the very food-element that atrophic people, above all, need. They require lime salts in great quantities for their digestion, bones, and blood; in fact, they can never get enough of these salts for their needs. For this reason a diet composed of cow's milk, if possible warm from the cow, and whole wheat bread toasted is the very best diet for them. Milk-puddings, fresh raw eggs in milk well shaken, spinach-juice with sweet-milk are all excellent foods for people of this temperament. In addition to lime salts they require iron salts in abundance. Iron is necessary in the body for many reasons, but the main reason is that it combines with the oxygen of the air, so that oxygen can be carried to the tissues of the body and thus help elimination. Lack of iron in the blood will cause the whole system to become clogged, with consequent disturbance of all the organs of the body. The best iron-carriers in foods are kidney-beans, spinach, asparagus, watercress, dark fruits, and raw egg-yolk. Care should be exercised in the use of iron-carrying foods. One wine-glassful of blackberry-juice per day is enough iron for the average person. Two large dishfuls of watercress once per day will give the system the iron that is required. Three egg-yolks per day yield sufficient iron for the blood. Egg-yolk is rich in iron and phosphorus, and is easily digested; but because of the amount of sulphur it contains egg-yolk is not a good food in times of liver trouble, or when the venous system is dull and sluggish. Sulphur will clog the liver and give rise to sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

The indigestion which the man of the adipogenic constitution suffers from is of an entirely different nature from that of the man whose temperament is atrophic, whose stomach is as dry as sole-leather, whose skin is dry, who has no more oils, juices, secretions in his system than a dry bone. Adipogenic people, or 'porky' people, as they are vulgarly called, are very fond of fat-producing foods; in fact, their system is simply hungry for fats, oils, starches, and sac-

charine substances. Their blood is full of fatty acids; there is a lining of fatty tissue under the skin. Their skin in the warm summer weather is oily. If they perspire, they exude droplets of fat or oil. They suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart or the kidneys or the liver. They require a diet free from oils and fats. A fairly good general diet of this kind is lean meat, green vegetables, turnips, bran bread, acid fruits (limes, lemons, sour oranges), rhubarb, claret. Foods that should be left alone are barley preparations, pastry, sweets, sugar, dates, all kinds of starchy foods. A cold, dry climate and a high altitude will help to reduce the excess of fat. Hot water will help to remove the fat, and yet people of this constitution are fond of very cold water because it will make them feel more comfortable for the time being, only to increase the appetite for fatty foods. Massage, Turkish-baths, steam-baths, hard physical work outdoors are excellent fat-reducing agents.

People who suffer from flatulent indigestion should leave vegetables, fat meat, and starches alone, or all foods that have a tendency to produce gas. Figs, eggs, cabbage, onions, cauliflower, sprouts, radishes, and most vegetables are gas-producers, and should be used sparingly, if at all, by dyspeptics. All foods that are antiseptic in nature are good in times of flatulence, such as milk with lemon-juice, dandelion, spinach, parsley, lettuce, apricots, tart apples. Rice or tapioca, as a starch food, will sometimes agree.

Heavy meals should be tabooed by people with weak stomachs. Nibbling at food is preferable, with one food article at a time, the food being changed at every meal. Fruits, vegetables, milk, soup, meat, wine, should never be mixed at one meal or the dyspeptic will have a hot time.

Chewing something that excites the saliva of the mouth is excellent, as it supplies the alkaline principle to the system, so necessary in those with chronic indigestion. One man we heard of cured himself of indigestion, when all other methods failed, by eating raw bran, now and then, during the day. Raw bran and raw food may help some, but raw food is difficult of digestion. Thinking of food and relishing food until the saliva flows are great aids in overcoming digestive troubles.

Foods should be studied from many standpoints. One food may be rich in a certain element, but may lack another. It may be difficult to extract the nutritive material from a certain food because it is difficult of digestion—pork, for instance. Therefore one food may not have the same value as another food. It can be said, in regard to dietetics and tables of food value, that they are very unreliable, for the simple reason that the chemist may give only the elementary constituents and not think of the difficulty of digestion, or of some other conditions connected with that special kind of food. Dietetics is a more important science than most people realise. If we feed the body with that which is needed in individual requirements we shall be more healthy; there will be less sickness and fewer undertakers.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War*, *The North Afire*, *The Undying Story*, *Phillip in Particular*, *The War Cache*, *Green Ladies*, *Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

I.

MEN bore down on Clement Seadon in a terrific rush.

It was a trap. Clement realised instantly that it was a neat one. The thought, however, did not rob him of activity. The nimble and smooth wits that had made him an excellent fighting-man, as they had made him an excellent diplomatist; the sense of instinctive action that every sportsman must possess if he is to be ranked as anything of a sportsman, functioned immediately. In that room of deliberately planned darkness men were coming at him. And they had flashed the blinding rays of an electric-torch into his eyes for a definite end. They expected him—as any cornered animal would—to charge at that torch.

Clement did not.

He swung cleanly on his heel, and was jumping as he swung. His agile senses caught all the details of the room as the torch revealed them. There was the door—and a crouching man by it, ready for him. There was another man swinging in from the left. In that instant's vision Clement changed direction to the right. The window with its flimsy covering of advertisement and glass was to the right. If he shattered that glass there would be an uproar in the Sault Algonquin. He jumped for it.

An oath behind him. Something whistled through the air—ineffectually—hit a wall with a soft, heavy, and terrible thud. 'Sandbag,' registered Clement's brain, working at express speed. Another oath; he zigzagged a little as he jumped. Miss again. A lithe shadow, a lean and leaping shape like a cat, shot from the ring of darkness into the dazzle of light. Clement saw a fierce face hanging before his, brows down and knotted, lips, cheek, nose even, all puckered together with a feline ferocity. One hand was stretched forward, to clutch.

The right hand and arm were up — holding something, striking.

'Siwash,' Clement's brain signalled in its flashing way. Even before the name was realised, Clement had, no, not stopped and ducked that blow, but had spurred his body forward with a quicker drive of his foot. He was into Siwash two seconds before the half-breed had timed to loose his stroke. The hand, with a stick in it, threw itself away harmlessly over Clement's bunched shoulder. And at that instant Clement punched. He upper-cut with his left, hard and sure. Siwash jerked upward grotesquely, his toes turning in, as though he were trying to keep them to the ground as he rose. Then he went over wildly into the blackness—disappeared. Clement's hand was on the advertisement-boards that screened the window. Mr Adolf Neuburg was on him.

The mountain of a man with his unexpected and terrible agility swept down on him from nowhere, it seemed. His great hands went out plucking at the young Englishman. His vast fists were free of weapons, for he was confident in his enormous strength. And he grabbed at Clement; he did not hit—that was foolish. His hand closed on Clement's upper arm, swung the lighter man round. Then Mr Neuburg uttered a curious, staccato yell. As his hand closed on the arm, the arm, instead of being wrenched away, had closed on the hand, the upper and the lower arm coming together. As the Englishman swung round his body doubled forward, and Mr Neuburg's arm, caught and twisted, was vilely wrenched. The fact that Mr Neuburg endeavoured to save his wrist and forearm by exerting his huge strength only made matters worse—that is the great truth underlying Japanese wrestling. But Mr Neuburg did not know that.

He snatched his hand away as Clement unhinged, but only to receive a snapping right-hand swing to the side of the head. He bellowed, waving his strained hand, and made a furious swipe at the Englishman with his left. Clement ducked it, slipped in under it, banged right and left to Mr Neuburg's great face. And Mr Neuburg went down. He went down not because he had been knocked out, not because he had become unconscious, but because Clement had employed a trick he had once seen a shifty boxer use. As he jumped in to hit he had slipped his left toe behind Mr Neuburg's heel. The force of the blow had sent Mr Neuburg reeling over that toe, had brought him down.

But Mr Neuburg had served his purpose. He had delayed Clement. Clement knew it. Directly he had struck the mountain of a man he darted, not towards the window now, for the other men—how many were there?—must be converging on that, but towards the door again, which doubtless had been left unguarded. The tussle had lasted moments only—but——

The man who had held the electric torch had not moved during all the fighting. He stood there invincibly. It was Joe, who was slow, but enduringly calm. He had seen Siwash go down and out. He had seen the massive Mr Neuburg go down. He had stood still. He saw Clement dart away from the window towards the door. He stood still. His hand still held the glaring torch steady. But his other hand moved. It moved in a long, swinging arc. It completed its swing at the moment Clement's hand touched the door-handle. Clement slumped forward against the door, was supported by it for a second, and then crumpled nervelessly to the floor. The sandbag in that swinging hand had reached its mark on Clement's head with a beautiful accuracy of timing.

Joe stood still. He played the light round Clement's inert body. Mr Neuburg scrambled to his feet, snarling because he tried to help himself up with his damaged wrist. He came to Joe's side. He stared at the felled man for a moment. Joe put out his hand and clicked on the electric light. Both rogues stood over the Englishman. He did not move.

'Some fighter,' said Joe. He gazed down with grim admiration. He looked at Siwash, still prone; he looked at Mr Neuburg's palpably damaged face and wrist. A fourth man, so tall and thin that his bones seemed loose and rattling, joined the two. He was the only other in the room. He held a sandbag in his hand, but he had the general air of being a worker, a tradesman. That gave his furtive pose a tone of nervousness. He looked at Neuburg, moistening his lips in agitation, and did not speak. He looked at Joe, and did. 'Dead?' he asked hesitantly. 'Dead?'

'Aw,' said Joe without passion, 'you make me tired. A little knock like that killing any feller!'

Mr Neuburg looked across the tall, thin man's shoulder with an emotionless chuckle. 'Since our good Louis took to glue his moral sense has become—shall we say?—very sticky,' he said softly.

'Well, mustn't one preserve appearances, Adolf?' the thin man protested nervously. 'Now, mustn't one? If anything happened to cause trouble, would it help me—any of us? It is by keeping up the appearance of—of honesty that we—we'——

'Timidity has given our dear friend Louis a certain wisdom,' said Neuburg, smiling his creaseless smile. 'There is something in what he says.'

'That means,' commented Joe without emotion —'that means you ain't goin' to dump this coyote inter the river.'

'No—no—no,' cried the glue-maker feverishly. 'If it got out, that would'—— The man Louis seemed to have a terror of finishing sentences.

'Aw, you 're crazy,' said Joe. 'You make me real tired. Get quit o' him once and for all, I says.'

'The shock of the water would bring him to,' murmured Mr Neuburg, not in friendliness towards Clement, but in speculation.

'We could fix that—rope him,' said Joe.

'And that would indicate foul-play. So would hitting him over the head, or shooting him before we slipped him into the St Lawrence.'

'I could keep him safe,' put in the timid Louis. 'Safe, up at top of house. In that room he'd never get out. You see?'

'He'd have to get out sometime,' said Mr Neuburg.

'I'd see that he didn't.'

'For ever?' put in Joe dryly.

'Well—for long enough. For days, for a week, or until you've got things fixed.'

'That's all right,' said Mr Neuburg with quick decision. 'You take him up to that room of yours and keep him tight. Don't forget he's a cunning one, whatever you do. I'm not a pleasant person to have trouble with.' Louis cringed away. 'Right; you understand that. In a few days we'll telegraph you. Then you can let him free.'

'To raise hell,' sneered Joe sullenly, startled and puzzled by Mr Neuburg's decision.

Mr Neuburg turned with his silent swiftness on Joe. He gazed bitterly across Joe's shoulder. 'Do I give orders, Joe, or do you? Do I make mistakes, Joe, or do you?'

Joe shuffled his feet anxiously. Mr Neuburg was not looking at him, but Joe dropped his gaze to the dirty floor. 'Oh, I know you're the brains, boss; but I don't see'—— he muttered.

'I'm seeing for you,' sneered Mr Neuburg coldly. 'You're a bright feller in a rough house, but thinking isn't one of your assets. Just for that I'll explain to you. Item one: we don't want trouble in this business. Item two: if we can squash trouble, it's wiser to squash it. Item three: if we can make this fool Englishman feel that he's played a losing game; that he's only butting in where he's not wanted—by the girl; that the girl is happy and content with what she's doing, an' so on, an' so on—well, he'll stop making trouble right then an' there. Item four: given that the girl is what we know she is, and Gunning being licked up to the scratch, an' the pair or twain thrown together—well, she'll be content. Do you follow now, my friend? This Heloise girl meets Gunning. Gunning is love's young dream to her. They fix it up together. That's settled. We wire Louis here to release this feller; he can even let drop where he is to find the girl. Seadon comes chasing after her. He finds her. She hasn't a glance for him. She is all for Gunning. Maybe, even, she has married him—I think we can fix that up, get a reason for the hurry. Anything this Englishman says to her, he says against Gunning, so it will be an insult. He'll be simply out of it. She won't look at him or listen to him. So he goes away quietly, for her sake. Do you see now?'

'If he *did* go away quietly,' said Joe haltingly. 'It has a good sound, what you say; but'——

'And if he doesn't go away quietly,' said Mr Neuburg in a soft, cold voice—'well, we shall be, perhaps, in the wilds; at Sicamous, or somewhere. Away from cities and men, from people who ask questions and pry deeply. In the wilds *accidents* have a more plausible air, my good Joe; dead men are less noticeable.'

Joe looked at the big mountain of a Mr Neuburg with a wide-eyed gaze. 'You're a wonder of a devil, Adolf,' he said.

'Take his head, Joe; Louis will probably drop him before we get to that room at the top.—Louis, his legs.'

Thus, at some indeterminate hour later, Clement Seadon, conscious of the racking pain in his head and the anguish caused by the cutting ropes at wrist and knee and ankle, came to his senses in a dark room at the top of the glue-maker's house.

(*Continued on page 229.*)

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN INDIA.

I.

NOTHING is more interesting to the average railwayman than measures for the prevention of accidents, and the investigation of their causes when they occur; not only because of the horrible and expensive consequences they may entail, but, in addition, because training on a railway teaches, or ought to teach, everybody concerned to keep a sharp look-out for any defects, of material or practice, that may possibly lead to an accident in the future. A careful study of past mishaps provides the widest and most economical mental equipment for a man whose duty it is to prevent similar occurrences. If his mind is of a type that can get its experience only from facts with which he is personally connected, he is not suited for responsible railway work, and is a bad bargain, even if he never actually contributes to an accident.

In India all accidents have to be reported to the Railway Board; and the term 'accident' includes such unexciting events as the derailment of a goods-truck when shunting, or the natural death of a passenger in railway premises; and also, at the other end of the scale, collisions between running trains, attempts at train-wrecking, and numerous other occurrences. Observe

that an attempt at wrecking a train constitutes an accident; it is not necessary for any damage whatever to be done. In the same way, a fire that involved a likelihood of damage, and an averted collision, are both dealt with as accidents, on the principle that prevention is better than cure. 'Safety first' is one of the oldest maxims of railway working; and a 'safety rule' is one that is rigidly enforced, unless it can be conclusively shown that it was safer in the circumstances to disregard it.

Most bad accidents have one of two causes: the failure of material, such as the breaking of an axle, or the failure of the human element—for example, a mistake made by an engine-driver or a signalman. The two may overlap; there may have been negligence in testing or examining the axle. 'Natural causes,' also, may lead to a mishap; but as new rules are made, when experience shows it is necessary, to eliminate risk on this account, accidents from natural causes continually tend to decrease. For instance, if, as has happened, a train is blown over at some exposed place, instructions are issued that trains liable to this risk should take refuge in cuttings or other sheltered places when it seems advisable.

II.

Though conditions in India are very different from those in England, the safety of passengers carried in trains is as carefully considered in the one country as in the other. Of course, one or two bad accidents in a particular year may cause a large increase in the number of persons killed and injured; but, on the whole, a man is as safe in a train as anywhere else, provided he exercises reasonable care. As an example of accidents due to the passenger's own fault may be mentioned those resulting from a very common habit among Indians—that of sitting in a train with their feet sticking a considerable distance out of the window. It is bad enough for heads or elbows to be exposed to a blow from an open door, or from a carelessly placed tool on an engine, but legs project much farther; and Indian railways now place in every carriage notices, printed in three or four languages, warning passengers against this dangerous practice.

One cause of the greater liability to accident in India is that most of the open mileage in that country is single line. This introduces the possibility of head-on, or, as they are called in America, 'butting,' collisions, which are practically unknown on double lines, where trains follow one another in the same direction. Of course, each train should have an authority to proceed, or 'line clear,' which is either obtained from the next station by telegraph or by means of an electric token instrument, which is supposed to be foolproof; but negligence in the upkeep of the instrument, or the delivery of the token to the wrong train, has led to accidents; while drivers have even been known, in a fit of aberration, to run without a 'line clear'—one of the railwayman's unforgivable sins.

Again, Indian stations are not so universally, or so completely, interlocked as they might be; with the result that signals can sometimes be lowered for one line while the points are set so as to guide the train into another. The rules for setting the points are perfectly clear, but constant supervision is necessary to ensure strict adherence to the rules, and India suffers from too little supervision.

III.

This brings us to another great difference between Indian and Western railways—the quality of the human material employed. The literate classes in India consider it beneath their dignity to do anything with their hands, except wield a pen or its equivalent; so that the ordinary station-master starts his professional career as a telegraph-operator, and, after an examination in the rules and a little practical instruction, is sent to a small station as assistant station-master, and is generally in entire charge during his hours of duty. The actual setting of points and pulling of levers is done by 'menials,' as they are slightingly called—ignorant, illiterate men, who have few opportunities of promotion, and are content to follow their humble calling for the rest of their lives. Though their minds are untrained, these men usually get a thorough grasp of the few duties required of them, and do their work faithfully and well. Indeed, the menial station-porter is the backbone of the Indian railway system. His superior, the 'babu' station-master, on the other hand, often takes little interest in his work, except as a means of making money, though there are keen men among them. But even the zealous tend to become discouraged by the baneful system of promotion by seniority that frequently prevails, depriving men of any incentive to good work. The enervating climate, and the extraordinary idea prevalent in India that adipose tissue is a sign of dignity, result in the paradox that promotion to more responsible positions is, apart from greater opportunities of graft, chiefly prized because the promoted man has more subordinates to take actual responsibility off his shoulders. The eagerness to cultivate a 'presence,' as a paunch is euphemistically called, is illustrated by the story of some regiments in the Indian Army, in which superfluous flesh in a junior is visited by fatigues and other figure-restoring devices; but where, on the attainment of high rank, an increasing obesity is not only permitted, but encouraged. The greasy food beloved of the Indian, together with his capacity for a sedentary life, bring the attainment of a satisfactory figure within the

reach of all who are opulent enough to give rein to these tastes.

IV.

Other rarer causes of accidents, from which English railways are almost entirely free, are the buckling of the line owing to the great differences of temperature by day and night, train-wrecking from political motives or in the hope of robbery, and the washing away of the line by floods during the monsoon.

In the hot weather the metals expand considerably during the great heat of the day, and, if there is not enough room between the ends of adjacent rails, they press against each other with such force that the rail is bent in a curve, and a vehicle passing over it gets derailed. Rails are constantly 'creeping,' or moving slightly in the direction of the heaviest trains that pass over them; and if they are not frequently pulled back to preserve the proper intervals between them, disaster will certainly result.

Train-wrecking is, fortunately, not common, but it is occasionally attempted at times of political unrest. The aboriginal and criminal tribes, too, which are scattered over India, are not above trying to wreck goods-trains, especially during famines, for the sake of the large quantities of grain and other food that is then carried about the country. These people do not, however, often go to such lengths, as they can generally steal all they require from a train standing at a station or outside signals at night.

Excess of water, or the want of it, are two ever-recurring troubles in India. In dry seasons it is difficult to keep the train service going, and whole trains of water-tanks are run daily in places for the railway people and the engines; while in the rainy season heavy floods breach the line or scour away the approaches to bridges over large rivers, with the result that through-traffic may be interrupted for weeks before communication is restored. As railway lines are still few and far between, and distances are long, it is quite possible for a detour round the breach to involve one or two days' extra travelling; so that the usual practice for intending passengers is to sit patiently at home and wait till the damaged line is restored. The extent of these floods may be imagined when it is stated that a locality having a normal annual rainfall of twenty-five or thirty inches may get as much in three consecutive days of downpour; and the volume of water that flows in the monsoon down the larger rivers, some of which are almost dry in the hot weather, must be seen to be believed.

V.

Having mentioned some of the causes of railway accidents in India, we may pass on to describe the way they are investigated. The regulations require that every serious accident, within seven days of its occurrence, should be fully inquired into by a 'Joint Inquiry Committee,' composed of the traffic, engineering, and locomotive officers of the district in which it happened. Other officers, such as those of the signal or the carriage departments, sit on the committee when there is any possibility of their branches of the railway service being concerned, and an official appointed by the Government is also entitled to attend; but the three first-mentioned form the nucleus of the inquiry. The committee inspects the site of the accident and the condition of the permanent way, rolling stock, signals, and anything else that promises to throw light on the occurrence; and it also takes the evidence of witnesses. For reasons that will be mentioned directly, it is often difficult to be certain of the cause of an accident, but the committee is obliged by the regulations to state its opinion of the cause. If one or more members disagree with the 'finding' or verdict, they state their opinions separately, giving full reasons for them, and the whole report is then signed and sent to headquarters to be dealt with. It is even possible for each member of the committee to hold a different view of the cause of the accident, but in practice it is found that agreement is usually reached.

It may be difficult, for several reasons, to find the cause of an accident. For instance, after a derailment it is sometimes found that extensive damage has been done to the permanent way and to the rolling stock; it is then hard to decide whether a broken rail or axle caused the derailment, or resulted from it. The engineering department naturally maintains that the road was all right, and the locomotive and carriage officers assert that nothing was wrong with the engine or the vehicles. The driver and the firemen, if they were not killed, were too busy trying to stop the train or jump clear of the overturning engine to have much idea of the sequence of events; while the guard and the brakesmen were hanging on to something to prevent themselves from being thrown out, or were being rattled about their vans like peas in a pod. Even in such cases it is sometimes possible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, but derailments are often considered unaccountable, though the probable reason has always to be stated.

VI.

But the greatest difficulty experienced in coming to a correct conclusion results from the Oriental habit of misrepresentation. Nobody admits having made a mistake, and evidence is carefully prepared beforehand, so that the findings are, as often as not, directly opposed to the bulk of the evidence. The old story of the magistrate in India, who used carefully to write down what all the witnesses said, and then decide the case on the spin of a coin, may, or may not, be true; but the fact remains that even

witnesses on whom no blame for an accident can possibly be fastened will give the most imaginative versions of what they saw or did. Whether it be from friendship or dislike, or in order to curry favour with his immediate superiors, every man takes sides, and devotes his energies to exonerating a friend or incriminating an enemy. There is generally a standing feud between the traffic staff of a station, who admit trains and work the signals, and the drivers who run past the said signals, each party blaming the other for having done the wrong thing. When a station is interlocked, the task of the committee is sometimes appreciably lightened, as it may be possible to show that a good deal of the evidence is disproved by the interlocking, some of the movements described having been mechanically impossible.

A good story appeared a few months ago about an officer who discovered that there was one machine-gun missing out of the fifty in his charge. His method of restoring it was to submit a series of indents for new parts of machine-guns, to take the place of old parts condemned, and when all the parts had been received, he fitted them together to form a new gun. In India the supervising engineers usually inspect the line on trolleys, which run on the rails and are propelled by coolies. A collision between a trolley and a train is treated as a serious accident, and involves, at the very least, a severe reprimand if the occupant of the trolley is technically to blame. Sometimes the only tangible evidence of a collision of this nature is the remains of the trolley, and it is not impossible to substitute another for it by means as simple as the machine-gun officer's device.

VII.

To illustrate the value of evidence the following occurrence may be mentioned. A, B, and C were three adjoining junction stations belonging to different railways. A local passenger-train, owned by railway C, used to run from A through B and C to another station on the owning line. An inspector of railway B reported that he had seen, from his house at B, an engine come from A to B, and return to A, before the passenger-train arrived. No record of the running of the engine existed at A or B, and the station-masters of these stations denied that there had been such an engine. As this appeared to be a case of running without line clear, the officers of all three railways concerned met at A to investigate the occurrence. The station-masters and responsible men on duty at A and B knew nothing about it; the guard and the driver of the passenger-train testified that they had left A to time, and passed through B and C to time. The tendency was to accuse the inspector at B of having imagined a vain thing. He could not, however, be shaken in his evidence, which was borne out by two despised 'menial' porters at B. To thrash the matter out, it was decided to examine the books at all the stations through which the passenger-train had passed to its destination. This shook the nerve of the man in charge at A, who went to the station register and inserted a remark to the effect that the engine had run to B without the train, and had returned and restarted a quarter of an hour late. The case was at once clear, and none of the perjurers had a further word to say in his defence. The driver had, through an oversight, neglected to attach his engine to the train at A, and had gone to B before the mistake was discovered. He immediately returned to A, without line clear, and brought the train to B, also without line clear, and persuaded the staff at these stations, and the guard, to omit all record of his extra trips.

On one occasion a fireman gave evidence in favour of his driver, and it was only by chance that it was discovered that the fireman had not worked on that engine on the day in question. Another witness, a signalman, fainted in the course of his evidence about a collision between an engine and a train. Medical examination proved that he had several ribs broken; and it then transpired that he had been absent without leave, and was travelling back to his station in an empty wagon that was overturned by the collision. His account of what he had been doing in the signal-box at the time was pure invention.

VIII.

An account of accidents would not be complete without some mention of the extraordinarily lucky escapes that sometimes occur. There is a legend, on more than one railway in India, of entire trains passing safely over a line from which one length of rail had been removed. Something very nearly as lucky occurred not long ago, when a troop-train, containing British soldiers, was being hurried to a town where serious disturbances had broken out. The rioters heard of the approach of the troops, and succeeded in removing a rail on a curve some twenty miles away. The night was dark, and the engine of the train, travelling at high speed, passed over the gap and rerailed itself on the other side, taking the first carriage safely with it. The second carriage derailed; but the brakes went on, and the train stopped without serious injury to any of the occupants. Other cases have been known of the engines of trains derailing and rerailing themselves without damaging anything but the permanent way.

The foregoing gives some idea of one phase of the duties of a district railway official in India. 'Joint inquiries' are invariably looked upon as a nuisance, as they take up a great deal of valuable time, and are trying to the temper; but, by punishing negligence and remedying defects, they serve a useful purpose and add considerably to the safety of railway travel.

THE DIARY OF A MEDIOCRITY.

I.

ALL diaries proper are of great psychological interest; unless they have been compiled for purposes of publication, they reflect the personality of the writer in a way which nothing else can. But there are diaries and diaries; some of them, like that of Pepys, the prince of diarists, or of Sir Walter Scott, are of absorbing interest, both on account of their reflection of the manners of the time and the insight they give into the character of the diarist. There are others, such as that of Johnston of Warriston, which may be useful historically, but which do not beguile a reader to sit up late at night with them. And there is yet another kind, which is wholly or nearly useless, in which a faithful record of every day's doings is no doubt given, but which contains no item of interest, public or private. The writer has known two men (one of them a Society star of his day, to whom all the best houses in Scotland were open) who kept diaries in which brief notes record what they did each day of their lives from seventeen to seventy, and yet the result is unreadable.

But one does not need to be celebrated, or clever, or fashionable to write a journal which may be of absorbing interest. There lie before me as I write six slim volumes, which form part of a diary kept by a 'nobody,' a poor woman who lived in Edinburgh in the first half of last century. It begins in 1825, but earlier volumes dating from 1800 have disappeared, as has another containing the years 1834 and 1835. The writer was one of those people who seem born to be unhappy, and who rather like being unhappy. She was a dyspeptic, self-centred, hysterical, and sensitive creature; deeply religious, very affectionate, but somewhat unstable in her friendships. Her feelings are always expressed in superlatives; she is continually 'deeply agitated,' 'extremely anxious,' resentful, unhappy, and despairing. If a letter of hers is not answered speedily, she concludes that her correspondent must be dead, or that something dreadful must have happened. Of course, nothing of the kind ever does happen, and there is invariably some simple explanation of the delay which relieves her mind at last. She has no 'give and take' in her constitution, and with all her real goodness must have been a difficult person to live with; yet, from all one can gather, her friends liked and esteemed her, and would doubtless have liked her more if she had been a little less exacting in her friendships, and had had, as her somewhat unworthy sister once put it to her, a little more patience.

The diary itself is not very easy to decipher. Not that she wrote a bad hand; on the contrary, it is a model of neatness. But she uses a great deal of obsolete shorthand, and crowds her pages to repletion; she has sixty-five lines to each small octavo page, so that reading her journal makes heavy demands on the eyesight. One thing alone saves it from being well-nigh unintelligible. At the end of each year she gives a summary of the diary, written in longhand throughout, though still very cramped and crowded.

II.

When we first come to know her, Margaret R. is staying with her mother and her only sister in their house in Lady Lawson's Wynd, near the High Riggs, Edinburgh. The street has long ago been modernised and widened, and none of the old houses now remain. The family were far from being in affluent circumstances. They had a slender income, partly derived from some interest they had in Jamaica, and partly from the rents of some house property in town. But this hardly sufficed even for their small needs, and a considerable load of debt had accumulated, which gave Margaret much tribulation through a long part of her life. Her father, who had been dead a good number of years, was an architect, not perhaps a very prosperous one, but with some business, as we read of his 'plans' being stored in an attic of the house. He must have died a comparatively young man, before he had time to make sufficient provision for his family. The mother was a sweet old lady of nearer eighty than seventy, with white hair and a fresh complexion which made her look younger than she was. As to Margaret herself, she tells us that at this time (1825) she had been a communicant in St Cuthbert's Church for twenty-five years, so that we may perhaps put her down as about forty-five. There is some reason to suppose that she was quite presentable in appearance, and that in her youth she had had a sweetheart, who was killed at the battle of Corunna in 1809, as the anniversary of the battle is annually noted in the journal for many years.

Her inherent pessimism displays itself in the very first entry in the diary, when, on 1st January 1825, she anticipates an unlucky year, but resolves 'to brave everything.' Although at this time a spinster of somewhat mature years, she had still a susceptible heart, and a Mr Matheson figures largely in her pages as a being for whom she evidently had a warm affection. He was a widower, and may have been connected with the business in Jamaica. Unfortunately Mr Matheson, though he was an elder in St Cuthbert's Church, does not appear to have been worthy of the gentle and devout Margaret. He was evidently a convivial soul, and fond of his glass. Indeed, he tried to prove to the lady that

the taking of liquor, far from being forbidden in Scripture, was recommended in it. He hung about her for a long time, and was a frequent visitor at the house. On 2nd November 1825 he threw his arms round her neck and 'kissed her warmly,' much to her consternation, if not surprise. A few months after he tells her he is in love with her. In December 1827 she begins to doubt his sobriety—a doubt which is sadly confirmed at the New Year, when he calls 'much the worse of drink,' to the disgust of the old lady. However, that did not prevent him from coming again in March and actually proposing to Margaret, who seems to have definitely, though with reluctance, refused him, saying that she wanted a grave, serious husband, and he was merry at times. He certainly was pretty 'merry' on one occasion, as we hear of his being seen in Leith Walk very drunk, and the little boys round him shouting, 'See the West Kirk elder!' Whether Margaret's refusal drove him to drown his sorrows still deeper in the bowl we know not, but he resigned his eldership, and soon after married some one else, and disappeared from Margaret's life.

III.

She had many friends, some of them in quite a good social position; but her chief and most intimate ally was another Margaret, the daughter or the sister of a farmer near Niddrie Castle, Linlithgowshire. These two exchanged letters with each other every month (indeed, one year the diarist says she wrote to her friend every day). This correspondence began many years before the commencement of the diary, and continued to the end. They had many points in common. Margaret Hill had worse health than her friend; she always seemed to be going through terrific crises and emerging from them safely. Indeed, she was the survivor of the two. But though they had a warm and deep affection for one another, this did not prevent frequent tiffs, if not actual quarrels. Miss Hill was not averse from giving her friend a heart-to-heart talk occasionally when she thought it would be good for her; and one summer, when Margaret R. was paying her annual visit to Niddrie Castle, things were so unpleasant that she wished she had never come. But, on the whole, dear Margaret Hill always occupied the first place in her heart among her friends. No doubt she had others; but, however enthusiastically she may write of them for a time, they fall out of favour in the end, and she begins to think she was mistaken in them. It is a pity, too, that they flit through the pages in a way which makes it difficult to identify them, as they are seldom named, being designated merely by initials. Margaret had many correspondents. She was an indefatigable letter-writer. One year she calculates she has written ninety-two letters, and though this number may not appear to us to be very large, it must be kept in view that letter-writing then was a much more serious business than it is now. The pages were crossed and recrossed, every available space being utilised, and in this respect Margaret was an adept; few persons could get so much information into so small a space. The postage, too, must have been rather a serious consideration for a person of her limited means. Occasionally she got a frank, but frequently letters were sent by the hand of an obliging friend who happened to be going to the required district.

She calls herself more than once a misanthrope, but in reality she was a kindly and social creature, as is seen from the fact that she went out 'to drink tea' as often as she could, and tea then was a very different meal from the casual function of the present day. If her head had been as well balanced as her heart was expansive, she would probably have been a very creditable specimen of humanity. But she was sentimental to a sickening degree. She confesses to having two 'idols,' a little boy called William Auchie and her own canary. The latter, after a long life, died, but was left unburied for some weeks till a suitable receptacle was prepared for its precious remains. It was then laid in its coffin, embedded in the finest white cotton-wool, with a silken shroud. A sheet of glass was put over the whole, with the following inscription: 'My canary bird, which died 10th November 1829, aged ten years and six months, and which was in my possession nearly nine years.' She wept copious tears over the body; and when some flippant person suggested that she might have had it stuffed, she said with anguish that she could not bring herself to 'throw away his little heart!'

But more serious griefs were soon to come to the poor woman. Her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, died on 14th June 1830, at the advanced age of eighty-two. Margaret abandons herself to paroxysms of grief, describes the deathbed of her mother in harrowing detail, and gives a long account of her character. She really never got over her mother's death, and though the diary is continued for fifteen years subsequently, the time which has elapsed from that death is calculated, nearly every month, in years, months, weeks, and days, and her one desire is to be reunited with her parent as soon as possible. The year after her death Margaret had a curious subjective vision of her mother while she was at communion in St Cuthbert's. She avers that she saw her mother for a moment or two beside her, clad in robes of spotless white, and wearing a golden crown on her head. Once, at least, in after-years she rushed to the bedside of a friend who was believed to be dying, and gave her 'messages.' But the friend, in an inconsiderate way, disappointed her by refusing to die, and recovering in due time.

IV.

Other troubles were not far to seek. Her sister Jean, for whom she appears to have had a kind of contradictory affection, was half mad and half bad. She had a villainous temper, and there were frequent 'scenes.' The culminating-point was reached when it was discovered that she was drinking four shillings worth of laudanum every week, and on more than one occasion Margaret had the mortification of finding her exceedingly drunk. Of course, a woman like this should have been treated with a stern hand, but Margaret was incapable of sternness. When Jean was good—which was seldom—she was very, very good, and to the end of Margaret's life the sisters were never separated for long.

Shortly after the mother's death Jean thought of accepting a situation as a lady's-maid to a Mrs Macleod. It is interesting to note what was expected of her. In the first place, she was to lay her account for being in the same service all her life! Then she was to sleep in the same room as her mistress, and when travelling or in a friend's house, in the same bed; while on the road she would travel with the manservant in the dickey, and she was also to act as sick-nurse if required. For all these requirements the magnificent salary of eight pounds per annum was offered! Even in those days this was pretty bad, and we are not surprised that Jean did not accept the situation. Margaret records that she thinks Mrs Macleod 'very mean,' a judgment in which most of us will heartily concur.

The women had, however, to do something to earn enough to keep themselves. Margaret accepted a post at Rosneath as schoolmistress, for which she probably had but slender qualifications. She went there alone, liked the place, and her employer, 'Mrs C.,' appears to have been very kind to her—she had certainly need of patience. Margaret had hardly been there a fortnight when we find her fretting herself to death from fear that Jean would take cholera, which was then prevalent in Edinburgh, and she actually, after giving a great deal of trouble, returned home. Perhaps it was as well that she did, for she found Jean had been borrowing money and again taking badly to drugs.

In 1833 she went to stay with 'the laird' at Tipperlinn, a small village to the south of Edinburgh, apparently as housekeeper. The laird was an old man, irascible, but kind, and he hinted that at his death she would find that she had not been forgotten. Before long, however, he received an anonymous letter which incensed him extremely against Margaret and her sister. What it contained is not clear, but Margaret had a shrewd suspicion that Jean was the writer. Whether that was the case or not, the incident terminated her permanent stay at Tipperlinn, though there is some ground for thinking that in the end the old man did leave them some sort of legacy.

V.

The diary now breaks off, owing to the loss of a volume for about two years, and when next we hear of Margaret she is keeping a school at Fochabers, under the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon. The effect of change of scene and occupation is marked; she confesses herself wonderfully happy, but whether she was a great success as a teacher is doubtful. She tells us that one day twelve of her scholars left her. She had still the incubus of Jean, whose conduct was far from satisfactory. She had come to like Fochabers and the people there; but once more, from some cause or other, she had to be on the move. She was, however, fortunate enough to be engaged without any delay by the Countess of Galloway to teach school at Whithorn. On her way there from Fochabers she travelled about a little, and saw various places of historic interest. She enjoyed this little jaunt immensely, and her delight in it is rather touching, and shows how little of good fortune was wanting to make her a fairly normal being. She was, on the whole, comfortable at Whithorn, though she had some squabbles with Lady Galloway, who, nevertheless, seems to have behaved very well. Not only did she employ Margaret at the school at Whithorn, but after a time she actually engaged Jean in a similar capacity at Newton Stewart. This might have been the saving of both the sisters if Jean had only kept steady; as it was, she resisted all Margaret's ill-judged requests, made within a fortnight of her going, to come back to her, and she held out against similar entreaties frequently repeated. She said she was very happy where she was, and urged her insistent sister, very properly, to have a little patience. But this was too good to go on; after two years Jean does come back. Margaret resigns her appointment, and the two sisters continue to live together at Whithorn, Jean apparently taking a few pupils. But Margaret is as morbid as ever, and says that the only things that interest her now are the monthly returns of the dates of her mother's death and burial. Their circumstances seem to have improved to some degree owing to a legacy which was probably left them by the old laird of Tipperlinn. But the diarist was by this time getting old, and becomes more gloomy than ever. She describes herself as a poor, friendless creature; notwithstanding which, she goes on a visit to Edinburgh in 1842, and sees many of her old friends. Her end, however, was approaching; there is no index to her diary for 1843, and it is not resumed again till July 1845, when the erstwhile clear and steady handwriting becomes shaky and confused, stopping abruptly in the middle of a sentence on 30th September.

VI.

Such is a brief account of the personal element in the diary. But other features may be noticed. Some public events are recorded more or less fully. The lying-in-state of the body of the fourth Duke of Gordon at Holyrood is mentioned on 11th July 1827, and there is a long account of the execution of Burke, the murderer, on 28th January 1829. It was attended by a crowd which she reckons as of 20,000 people; windows were let at a guinea apiece, or two shillings and sixpence for 'a sight.' On the appearance of the criminal the spectators 'gave a shout of ferocious exaltation,' the shouts and yells being heard so far as Heriot's Hospital. When the body was lowered into the coffin there was a scramble for bits of rope and handfuls of shavings. The progress of the Catholic Relief Bill is mentioned frequently, and we are told that on its passing the Cameronians kept a solemn fast-day.

In 1829 Margaret goes to see two statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny. These were probably the work of Robert Forrest, a self-taught sculptor, and were afterwards (within the memory of many people yet alive) exhibited, along with other works of his, on the Calton Hill. They seem to have created much interest in 1829. Margaret records that there were 1665 visitors on one Saturday, and altogether the attendance amounted in the aggregate to 18,000 people. The artist, whose name she does not mention, got two-thirds of the profits, and a Mr Auld of Ayr the other third.

It is curious to note that water was brought into their house for the first time on 1st March 1831, and the diarist expatiates on the delight of drinking a tumblerful from her own cistern.

Margaret was nothing if not methodical. At the end of each year she chronicles the marriages and the deaths which have taken place in her own circle of friends, and occasionally those of public characters. She was a great church-goer, and at the end of every year she annexes a beautifully tabulated list of the text of every sermon she has heard during the preceding twelve months, the church in which she heard it, the name of the preacher, and the date. The family were devoted adherents of St Cuthbert's, and Margaret had a great admiration of Sir Henry Moncreiff, who was minister there till 1828. But this did not prevent her going to other churches; we find her worshipping in Morningside Chapel of Ease, the Cameronian Meeting House, the Methodist Chapel, Roxburgh Place Chapel, New Greyfriars Church, Bristo Street Chapel, and others. More than one visit to the Roman Catholic Chapel is recorded, on one occasion to see Charles X., who was then staying at Holyrood, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême 'kiss the crucifix.' The Episcopal Chapel, too, at Fochabers was a great resort. She used to put in from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty attendances at church during the year; and there is a long account of the lectures given by Edward Irving in 1828, which were delivered in St Cuthbert's at six in the morning.

VII.

Margaret was by no means an uncultivated woman, and read, if not widely, at least thoroughly, many of the books mentioned being studied more than once. Among other works she mentions as having been read by her some may be noted. Chiefly, of course, they were devotional, but there are many others both of history and fiction. Among the last mentioned there are *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Woodstock*, and several others of Sir Walter Scott's novels; more serious works are the *Life of Lady Glenorchy*, Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, Blair's *Sermons*, Flavel on Providence, the forty-eighth edition of Brooks's *Mute Christian under the Smarting Rod*, a now forgotten book then popular; in general literature, *Six Months in a Convent*, *Helen of the Glen*, Travels in England, Wales, Spain, Portugal, and Germany. She also knew some French, and read Perrin's *Fables Amusantes*, *Contées à ma Fille*, and went through Boquet's *Cours de Littérature* with her sister in the evenings of one winter. Her religious duties occupied a great part of her life, though not, perhaps, unduly protruded in the diary. She was, as has been mentioned, an enthusiastic member of St Cuthbert's Church, and must have spent many hours in the gaunt old building, with its two superincumbent galleries and its long services. Allusions to all the ministers she sat under are frequent; and when Dr Dickson of St Cuthbert's died in 1842, both she and her sister went into complimentary mourning, though they were then at Whithorn. And they wrote to the session-clerk recommending as his successor a certain 'Mr M.' (who did not get the appointment), saying they would vote for no one else. It is curious, considering the writer's extreme 'churchiness,' to find no mention of the Disruption in the diary. It is not probable that she would go 'out,' being, as she was, so much bound up in St Cuthbert's, and her minister at Whithorn, Mr Nicholson, the father of the Rev. Maxwell Nicholson of St Stephen's, Edinburgh, and grandfather of Lord Sands, was hardly the person to encourage dissent.

The diary is a pathetic little document. The writer was indeed a doleful creature, without, I am afraid, any sense of humour. She lived in an atmosphere of gloom, and thought every person's hand was against her. But she was no doubt a conscientious, worthy mediocrity who tried to do her duty according to her lights, and the record of her uneventful and drab life is deserving of study by any one who is interested in the history of a human soul.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

A WORD FOR THE TOAD.

By Canning Williams.

I.

IF, as a reward for my many virtues, or as a punishment for my countless faults, I were the last man left alive, and I were allowed to choose one animal as a companion, I should not, unless my loneliness had made me melancholy (and it is conceivable that it would have that effect), select as my bosom friend a toad. I imagine the animal is capable of expressing emotion—at any rate in the spring, when, stirred by strange promptings soon after awakening from its six months' sleep, it forsakes its terrestrial haunts and seeks a wife in the still waters of a pond—but, although I have watched many toads attentively, I have never seen an exhibition of feeling, save and except a certain gleam of its beautiful eyes when it sights a bit of animated food.

Are you disposed to quarrel with me for using the word beautiful in this connection? If so, the next time you come across a toad, look carefully at its eyes, and you will agree that they well deserve the adjective. It is as though nature, conscious that she had been rather unkind to the toad as regards shape and colouring, had, at the last moment, done her best to make amends by providing it with organs of sight of unusual beauty. 'Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes,' said Juliet to Romeo, the inference being that such living jewels would better become the ethereal minstrel than the ungainly crawler.

A year or two ago, as I was taking an evening stroll in a dark and dismal country lane, I met a large toad similarly employed. Out came my handkerchief, and in the twinkling of an eye he was a prisoner in my pocket. I had not proceeded far towards home, when I heard a dull thud on the ground near my feet. It was my amphibian, who had become discontented with his new environment. He seemed none the worse for his fall. This time I took care to render escape impossible, and in due course he was exhibited on the table in the nursery. The children, who had not been taught to look upon the toad as a loathsome creature, were not in the least repelled by him, and when I drew attention to his gleaming orbs of gold, rapturous were the exclamations of delight. We put him in the greenhouse, and it became the daily interest of the youngest (aged three) to discover 'Toady's' hiding-place among the leaves.

One day I picked up a half-dead bee, and placed it on a piece of wood near the toad as it sat immovable, 'cool patience personified.' The insect was too weak to crawl; all it could do was slowly to move its legs and its antennæ. Presently the toad gave a half-turn to its head, its eyes seemed to grow larger and more brilliant, and then, so quick as to be invisible to my dull sight, the long, sticky tongue flashed out, and the bee was gone. There ensued sundry rollings of the eyes and swallowings, signs of intense gastronomic delight. I sought another bee, but the second one was not so dead as the first. She was placed on the feeding-board. Again the eyes rolled and shone, and again the tongue made its lightning and unerring aim; but the next instant there was a slight throat-clearing sound, and out came the bee as quickly as she had gone in. The insect had dug her lance into the gullet of her captor.

The toad does not restrict its diet to small creatures capable of being caught by the tongue; it also feeds upon earthworms, large beetles, &c., which it pushes into its mouth by means of its forefeet. It is interesting to watch the wriggling of a large worm when held in a toad's jaws, and to note the slow but sure way in which it gradually disappears and is ultimately swallowed. A very extraordinary case of a toad being discovered (by a clergyman and two friends) holding the head of a viper in its mouth is recorded in Thomas Bell's *History of British Reptiles*. 'The entire head of the viper was in the toad's mouth, which seemed completely filled in consequence, and its jaws were perfectly closed; and yet it did not appear at all inconvenienced by the mouthful, respiring apparently without effort.' Unfortunately, one of the gentlemen, after failing to separate the snake from its enemy, must needs throw them down a steep bank, and so an excellent opportunity of observing developments was lost. There could not have been a naturalist among the trio! Perhaps they sympathised with the snake; but there was no need to do so, as he had dined on toad pretty often, I should imagine.

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II.

All sorts of superstitions have gathered about the toad, and the character of the harmless and useful creature has probably been more grossly libelled than that of any other member of the animal kingdom; and all because, forsooth! his shape and his warty, earth-coloured skin do not square with our notions of what is beautiful. And yet (as the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge remarks*) 'there really is something fit, and beautiful too, in the rugged brown old fellow,' with his 'wide and toothless smile' and awkward gait.

Shakespeare makes frequent and effective use of traditional and current beliefs concerning the 'venomous' toad. The very first ingredient that the witches in *Macbeth* flung into the boiling cauldron was, you remember, a toad:

> *First Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
> In the poison'd entrails throw,
> Toad, that under the cold stone
> Days and nights hast thirty-one
> Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
> Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

And when the gentle 'Swan of Avon' wanted one of his characters to hurl a particularly offensive remark at another, he fell back upon our inelegant but inoffensive friend. For example:

> Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
> A most toad-spotted traitor.

Milton, too, in *Paradise Lost*, makes Satan assume the attitude, if not the shape, of a toad. On Ithuriel and Zephon approaching the bower of Adam and Eve in their search for the Evil One:

> Him there they found
> Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
> Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach
> The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
> Illusions.

The idea that the toad could spit poison is one of great antiquity. Indeed, 'Aelian makes its venom so potent that, basilisk-like, it conveyed death by its very look and breath;' and Juvenal refers to toad-juice as being used by Roman ladies who desired to rid themselves of unwanted husbands:

> To quench the husband's parching thirst is brought,
> By the great Dame, a most deceitful draught;
> In rich Calenian wine she does infuse
> (To ease his pains) the toad's envenom'd juice.

For purposes of self-protection, the toad is able, by means of glands in the warts of the skin, to secrete a thick, yellowish fluid which contains a small amount of poison that is capable of causing slight inflammation of the human skin; and this is the only basis for the fantastic stories of olden days. That this secretion is a very effective protection is proved by the fact that toads are left severely alone by most predatory animals. Then, too, the creature, in common with frogs, chameleons, &c., has the power of inflating its body in order to present, when attacked, as terrible an appearance as possible—a fact of which Æsop makes amusing use in the fable of the 'Ox and the Frog,' only in this instance it was not fear, but vanity and envy, which led the frog to blow itself up until it burst. The toad's dingy skin is also a protection, as it makes the practically defenceless animal almost indistinguishable from its surroundings.

The only good thing that the ancients said about the toad was that it bore in its head a stone that was possessed of wonderful virtues, medicinal and magical. The well-known lines in *As You Like It* will at once occur to the mind:

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

Bunyan also makes use of the fable:

> A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
> And may be found too in an oyster shell.

Fenton says: 'There is to be found in the heads of old and great toads a stone they call borax or stelon, which, being used as rings, give forewarning against venom' (1569); while another old writer observes that 'a toad-stone, called *crepaudia* (?), touching any part envenomed by the bite of a rat, wasp, spider, or other venomous beast, ceases the pain and swelling thereof.' The fable is probably based on the fact that there is a piece of shining cartilage on the head of the toad, which (if you will pardon me for quoting such words) 'represents an unossified basioccipital.'

In his *British Zoology*, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Thomas Pennant refers to 'the many attempts of late to cure the most terrible of diseases, the cancer, by the application of live toads' to the affected part, and he prints a detailed account, supplied by a friend, of several cases of women who were alleged to have been cured, or whose sufferings were alleviated, by this singular and unpleasant means.

III.

Toads are capable of living for many years, and, if treated kindly, lose their natural shyness. Mr Pennant gives a striking illustration of the truth of both statements. 'The greatest curiosity in it [the toad] was its becoming so remarkably tame. It had frequented some steps before the hall door some years before my acquaintance commenced with it, and had been admired by my father for its size (which was of the largest I ever met with), who constantly paid it a visit every evening. I knew it myself

* *Nineteenth Century and After*, March 1920.

above thirty years, and by constantly feeding it, brought it to be so tame that it always came to the candle, and looked up as if expecting to be taken up and brought upon the table, where I always fed it with insects of all sorts.'

There is not the least doubt that toads can exist for considerable periods without food and with very little air, but there is no truth (as Dr William Buckland proved by direct experiment) in the statement—made, doubtless, in good faith—that they can maintain life for many years while embedded in a mass of clay or in a solid rock.

Mr Edward Jesse (Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces), in the tenth edition of his *Gleanings in Natural History* (published in 1861), makes the remarkable statement that 'a gentleman put a toad into a small flower-pot, and secured it so that no insect could penetrate into it, and then buried it in the ground at a sufficient depth to protect it from the influence of frost. At the end of twenty years he took it up, and found the toad increased in size, and apparently healthy;' and he quotes a Dr Townson's explanation that the frog and salamander tribes take in their supplies of liquid through the skin alone, and that the moisture thus imbibed is sufficient, without any other food, to enable some amphibians to exist. It is more than probable, however, that some small aperture was left through which diminutive creatures passed.

Mr Jesse also tells of a discovery of his own which is extremely interesting. Having climbed a mulberry-tree, he found in the fork of the two main branches a large toad almost embedded in the bark, which had grown over the animal so much that it was quite unable to extricate itself. How did the toad climb the tree? Perhaps in the same way as some frogs managed to escape from an area which gave light to one of the windows of Mr Jesse's house. 'The wall of the area,' he writes, 'was about five feet in height, and plastered and whitewashed as smooth as the ceiling of a room. Upon this surface the frogs soon found that their claws would render them little or no assistance; they therefore contracted their large feet, so as to make a hollow in the centre, and, by means of the moisture which they had imbibed in consequence of the rain, they contrived to produce a vacuum, so that by the pressure of the air on the extended feet (in the same way that we see boys take up a stone by means of a piece of wet leather fastened to a string), they ascended the wall and made their escape. This circumstance occurred frequently.'

Sir Ray Lankester offers a plausible explanation of the origin of the statements that toads have been found in pieces of solid rock. He points out that the rocks in many stone-quarries are cracked, so that a narrow fissure extends through many feet of thickness of rock to the surface, which is covered with vegetable mould. It sometimes happens that a young toad is carried down by rain into one of these cracks, where it may exist quite comfortably if worms, grubs, and insects are washed down occasionally. In course of time the rock in which the creature is cribbed, cabined, and confined may be removed and broken up, when, heigh-presto! out jumps a toad. But living in a fissure on edible godsends is a different thing from existing for years in the heart of a rock or stone without food or air. It is not difficult, however, to see how the stories originated.

IV.

The male has a very keen sense of smell, which is of great assistance to it when seeking a mate. It is recorded that a gentleman, after having held a female toad in his hand, put his finger under water near one of the opposite sex, when it was at once seized and gripped in a firm embrace.

Toads also possess a truly wonderful homing instinct. Except during the breeding-season, they lead a solitary, hermit-like life; but in the spring they repair to ponds, where the spawn is produced and fertilised. This important business over, each toad returns to his or her hermitage (which may be two or three miles away), the journey sometimes occupying several days.

Like other amphibians, the toad casts its skin from time to time. After the new skin has formed, the old one becomes dry and dull-looking. Then a slit appears down the centre of the back and the abdomen, the opening becoming wider and wider until the two halves are brought in rugged folds to the animal's sides. At this stage of the process the toad, by means of its legs and its mouth, rids itself of its old cuticle. Then an extraordinary thing happens: the skin is formed into a small ball, pushed into the mouth by the forefeet, and swallowed in a single gulp!

The metamorphosis of toads is similar to that of their livelier cousins, the frogs, but the perfect state is reached later in the year; and the spawn, instead of being deposited in compact jelly-like masses, consists of beautiful gelatinous strings, three or four feet in length, the ova having the appearance of small jet-black beads. Not the least interest is taken in the eggs; they are simply left to their fate, which is often an unhappy one. In marked contrast to this is the remarkable provision which nature has made for the young of the large and grotesque Surinam toad, a native of Surinam and the neighbouring parts of South America. The back of the female is covered with a soft skin, which in the breeding-season becomes indented with small pits, in each of which a young one undergoes development. How are the eggs placed in their cradles? The natural-history books and encyclopædias tell us that the female deposits her eggs at the side of a pond, and that the

male, having gathered some of them in his clumsy, webbed hind-feet, scrambles on to his partner and neatly spreads the eggs upon her back. A few weeks ago some kindly influence led me to buy a copy of Bartlett's *Life Among Wild Beasts in the 'Zoo,'* and there I read the true explanation. The author states that in the early part of 1895 he and some of the keepers were surprised to see that the back of a female Surinam toad was covered with eggs, regularly arranged. Being anxious to discover how the eggs were placed in position, the keepers kept watch the following spring. Towards the end of April the males became lively, and repeatedly uttered their peculiar metallic call-notes. On examination two of the males were observed each clasping the lower part of the body of a female, and on the following morning one of the keepers witnessed the mode in which the eggs were deposited. It seems that the female is provided with a bladder-like oviduct which, after protrusion, is passed between her back and the underside of her partner. The male appeared to press this protruded bag, and to squeeze it from side to side, apparently pressing the eggs forward one by one on to the back of the female. Thus the eggs were spread with nearly uniform smoothness over the whole of her back, to which they firmly adhered.

In due course the tadpoles appear, but they still remain on their mother's back, and a dozen weeks elapse before they quit their living nursery and lead an independent existence. It is doubtful whether a more remarkable method of ovipositing and brood-rearing could be found in the whole of the animal kingdom.

REGINA'S AFTERNOON.

PART II.

VII.

BUT it was early to indulge in such a dream. Stealthy as Tompkins stalking a blackbird, Regina took to the staircase which, with one sweeping bend, would bring her to the main landing. Its splendidly carved old black woodwork was, of course, nothing to her in her crisis, but the mere grip of its balustrade was like a new reinforcement.

They were shallow steps, crimson-carpeted, and she mounted them almost imperceptibly. The problem of a possible connection between the thunder-clap and her human enemy ought to have given her mind some heavy food to digest, but it did not occur to her. There were thirteen rooms on that first floor, and the passages that linked them were a winding maze, with disconcerting steps down here and up there, and unexpected alternations of light and gloom even in full noontide.

The actual problem that absorbed Regina midway on the stairs was which of the two principal rooms she should tackle first—the state bedchamber in which James the First had slept (very badly, according to local history) after a ruinously expensive banquet and frolic downstairs, or the museum, in which Sir Blackstone and his father had amassed a collection of objects more or less curious that was the outspoken envy of the shire capital.

The chance of an open door settled the matter. This and an excusable shrinking from the ordeal of the museum, with its host of cabinets and cupboards, mummy-cases and imaged things, amid which her foe might screen himself and dodge from her pistol until her anxiety became unendurable. Nor this only. The museum was itself a little arsenal of weapons, ancient and modern, and of the crude but horrible South Sea island sort—enough to arm a regiment. Regina's shrinking became a shudder in the shock of this recollection as her gaze pivoted from the museum's closed door towards the wide-open one of the state-room. There before her was the historic four-poster, cheerily draped in modern pink-and-white dimity, its bed-gear covered with a precious many-hued counterpane from Persia.

She passed the threshold, welcoming the abundance of daylight from the three large diamond-patterned windows.

It was an agreeable, well-furnished room, having but two articles of furniture upon which the most exacting of present-day guests might glance a little dubiously—the four-poster itself, and——

And it was towards this other article that Regina at once crossed the thickly carpeted floor, after a roaming, keen look elsewhere.

It stood close to the wall, extending its considerable length beneath two of the windows. A rude chest of the kind one sees in old churches, for the storing of anything—from registers to candle-ends; axed out of the trunk of a great oak-tree. A thing so ponderous that a team of horses could not be warranted to stir it.

The state-room's linen and other deckings were housed in the chest, about half-filling it, and the instant Regina's eyes rested upon it she remembered that its lid, a massive integral part of it, had been propped open when she and Buckstone descended to breakfast that morning. Now it was shut. The shutting explained the thunder-clap.

This being so, why she should make straight for the chest, as if still more was to be ex-

pected of it, was a question Regina could not have answered. Enough that she did so. Her enemy might have been under the bed, behind its copious hangings, or, especially, standing his full height in the sublime Chippendale wardrobe by the opposite wall of the room. But the chest magnetised her; nor did she lift her eyes from it until she was within a pace or two of it.

And then once again fear seemed to petrify her. No sound came from the great box, but there was a sluggish trickle of bright-red fluid by one of its rusted iron clamps. Blood, unmistakably! The trickle oozed from the line of the lid's socketing into the chest, and had already formed a tiny puddle on the polished floor-space which bordered the room.

VIII.

What?—Who?—How? Time passed, and, with flogging pulses, Regina, after the first numbness of her horror, attempted to grapple with the mystery of that blood. But it was a feeble attempt. The little puddle enlarged its area, and still she stood, thrilling to no purpose. She might have gone nearer and lifted the lid, but did not. She stood thus, indeed, until something living touched her right ankle and made her start backwards with an exclamation, in a panic of new terror.

It was only Tompkins, exerting himself, most unusually, to caress her in a cat's way. His friendly overtures being thus slighted, Tompkins advanced with an air of moderate interest to the little puddle, and nosed it.

This was the limit, almost, to Regina's powers of endurance. Almost, not quite. Hoarsely she shooed Tompkins away, and had scarcely done so when a beam of joy shone in her eyes, and she rushed on to the landing.

Distinctly, amid the wind's furious harping upon the house's many wires, tuned and out of tune, another noise had come to her ears. From below. A creaking, rubbing, or scraping—no matter what it was. Thanks be to Heaven, Bucky had returned! It could only be Bucky, thus demonstrative.

Without an intrusive doubt on the subject, Regina fled down the stairs, crying 'Bucky!' several times, until she was in the hall again. Though she put her soul into them, her cries were mere whispers, carrying no farther than her own ears. But she did not know this. All she knew and cared about was . . .

But there was no Bucky in the hall. Only the armoured shape, revolting to the imagination in its tilted helmet.

The noise, however, continued, and with another appealing whisper, 'Bucky, Bucky—wherever *are* you?' Regina fled down the corridor which gave upon the old banqueting-chamber, the drawing-room, the billiard-room, the music-room, and other living-rooms of the awful old house.

She drew blank in the banqueting-chamber, a lovely apartment in broad daylight, with minstrel gallery, escutcheons, stags' heads, and other ancient fitments to match. In a screened alcove was a many-piped organ, upon which Buckstone was wont, when the spirit moved her, to play rather well. Possessed by the beckoning hope that her friend might be skittishly lying low in the alcove, Regina darted towards the organ. But she did not get halfway. The noise—behind her now—brought her to a stand. It had changed its character, and become a definite tap-tap-tap! A hollow tapping, like the beating of a wooden drum.

Motionless, while she counted eight taps, Regina then murmured wearily, 'I shall go *mad!*' And it seemed to her that the demoniacal wind snatched at the word 'mad,' and shrieked its echoes rejoicingly.

But there were still some fine dregs of courage in her, and although she had no hopes now of Bucky—none whatever—she forced herself to return, slowly, to the corridor.

'Tap! tap!'

With awed eyes, twin and true mirrors of her soul—for unearthly suggestions were peeping in her—she trembled at the door of the banqueting-hall, and sought to locate the noise.

It was not from the drawing-room and billiard-room side, but from the other, where were the Lady Betty parlour, the music-room, the library, &c. Of this little she was convinced when the tapping was succeeded by a burst as of a stubborn cupboard suddenly forced open.

Ah! For what the achievement was worth, she believed she had placed it now! It came from the room of the second door on the right—the Lady Betty parlour. And thither, with fixed eyes and shortening breaths, she tottered to her fate. Whoever or whatever it was, embodied or disembodied, she would enter. Afterwards, the Deluge—if so it was to be. Meanwhile she could still snap a trigger, if that were required of her.

This, in fact, is what she did. She saw a pair of field-gray legs, and a large blue circular spot on the trousered area just above. The man's trunk was lost in a gap of the panelling on the left side of the fireplace, under the portrait of a spectral-faced lady in an Elizabethan ruff; but his left arm, bearing another spot—diamond-shaped and crimson, this one—was as visible as his legs. The man was, of course, one of the German prisoners who were leased to the local farmers, and, regarding the blue spot as the bull's-eye to a princely target, Regina fired her shot.

A snappish yell, and the brisk plastering of that exposed left arm's hand upon the corresponding thigh, was followed by the withdrawal of the rest of the man from the gap. Regina had scored a hit. So far, well. But this was no trivial rabbit, to be put out of action by a few pellets, and she was about to fire off her second

cartridge, when the man's face came round, blazing with indignation, and—the pistol fell from her hand.

'Who the dev'—— the man had begun to storm, but he broke off very short.

With the last breath of such strength as remained in her, Regina had moaned out anguishedly, 'Oh, Bobby—it's *you!*' As the pistol fell to the floor, she also fell—into Captain Chirk's arms, which opened just in time to receive her.

(*Continued on page 248.*)

POST-OFFICE STONES—CAPE TOWN.

IN the vestibule of the General Post-Office at Cape Town is preserved an extremely interesting engraved slab, one of the best examples of what are known at the Cape as post-office stones. It was discovered in 1897 during the excavation of ground immediately in front of the newly completed Union Castle Steamship Company's offices, not far from the original water-front. Curiously enough, this was the second time it had been unearthed, its first discovery being recorded in the *Cape Town Gazette* of August 1827. On that occasion, however, no attempt was made to preserve it. It was a source of interest at the time, but was allowed to remain where it was found.

The inscription is quite clear, and reads:

THE LONDON . ARIVED THE . 10 . OF M(arch)
HERE . FROM SURAT . BOUND . FOR
ENGLAND AND . DEPAR(ted) THE 20 DITTO
RICHARD BLYTH . CAPTANE 1622.
HEARE UNDER LOOKE
FOR LETTERS

It is a far cry now to the days when Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape and reached India; but from that time forward this southern point of Africa (or, to give it its original Portuguese name, Saldanha—a name which it long retained) was the welcome touching-place of the early European navigators on their way to the El Dorado of the East. The landing was of the easiest, with fresh food and water in abundance, and soon, far and wide, it became known as 'the best and cheapest place to refresh men in these voyages that ship ever came to.'

Following upon such visits, a custom arose of recording the names of the ships and their masters—with the dates of arrival and departure—upon conspicuous flat stones in the immediate neighbourhood; while later a further development of this practice was the leaving of written information concerning such matters as supplies, or the attitude of the natives, hidden beneath the stone.

But the real establishment of the post-office stones, as they came to be called, may be traced to the regulations of the East India Company, and the orders to their captains. These instructions—explicit enough—were: 'When you arrive in the Bay of Saldanha, you shall make search for letters, and in like manner, at your departure thence, leave behind you in writing, fitt remembrance of all matters useful.'

Such instructions were, of course, implicitly followed, as may be gathered from a quotation from one of these old-world letters:

'1608 July—Viewing over the stones where the ships that are bound outward and homeward do use to get their names, when we found Captain Keeling, Captain Hawkins, Captain Middleton, and divers others being passed towards the Indies, vizt. Captain Middleton in July 1607, and Captain Keeling the month of December, ditto anno.'

Another extract (28th June 1614) tells how Captain William Edwards 'found, as the custom is, advice of divers of our ships that had lately touched there, both outward and homeward, vizt. the Dragon, arriving there the 20th February 1613, departing thence the 6th March next, homeward.'

The original landing-place was at the mouth of a small stream running down from Table Mountain to the sea. In course of time, however, as Cape Town and its principal thoroughfare of Adderley Street extended, it became covered over, and not till the railway station was being extended, in 1907, was it again laid bare, when several of these post-office stones came to light—all now carefully preserved in the South African Museum, in the beautiful public gardens of Cape Town.

To turn to the stones themselves, it is not unusual to find more than one inscription upon the same stone—later records of the visits of other ships. The 'London' stone, for example, carries a second short record referring to the visit of a Dutch vessel in 1629—seven years later; while another, known as the 'Bull' stone, bears at least four inscriptions.

On this particular stone the characteristic message of 'letters under' occurs in two of these. The first and fuller runs as follows:

ROBt ADAMS COMdr. OF
THE BUL ARIVED 29 OF
NOVEMr. & DEPed THE 12 OF DECr. 1619
FOR BANTAM 10s COCKRAM CAPE MARCH
LETTERS UNDER

The second reads:

WILL VOR LETTERS 1629.

The *Bull* was a ship of 400 tons burden; while the *Will*—a contraction for *William*—was a fairly large ship for the time, and on one voyage alone brought home a cargo to the value of £60,000.

Wrapped in pitched canvas, and even further

protected by being enclosed in lead, these letter-packages were at first simply and safely enough left beneath the marked boulders; but as time went on, and rival nationalities just as often touched at this favoured calling-place, the letters did not always fall into the proper hands. The East Indiaman *Jonas*—to give one instance—touched at the Cape in July 1624, and in his despatch home to the Company from India her captain makes the following note:

'Anchored there July 19th . . . wee perceaued by inscriptions on stones that the Dolphin was departed thence homeward-bound from Surat, in April last; but could not find anie letters, though the inscription mentioned some to be left which appeared plainly to be disinterred and taken thence by the Dutch or Danes, ships of each having touched there since her departure.'

In another of the Company's ships—the *Scout*—which anchored at Table Bay (20th January 1626) the 'master's mate' was sent ashore to look for letters, 'but they were taken away befor.'

Following upon this, it would seem that certain precautions came to be adopted to guard against such interference, one at least of these post-office stones revealing a hint of a certain secret code in use by the East Indiamen. This particular stone was found built into one of the outer walls of Cape Town Castle (completed 1679). Three English inscriptions are recorded upon it, one of more special interest reading:

JOHN ROBERTS
COMMAUNDER OF
THE LESSER JAMES
AR [arrived] YE 8TH DECEM DE [departed] YE
26 . 1622 . LOVK [look] . WITH . THS
LINE FOR LETERES.

Probably the 'line' (the beginning of which is scored across the stone from the last letter of that word) took a definite compass direction of a certain known length, leading to where the letters were concealed, and quite possibly this secret code arrangement may explain why the same stone was chosen by different ships at different times, a practice at first sight so confusing. In any case, the system, even with its limitations, was of genuine service to the East India Company.

A word as to the general contents of these letters. Not only was information left regarding the local conditions of supplies, and the attitude of the natives, but as a routine practice the ships of different nationalities that had passed were noted down, with as full information as possible concerning them. The conditions prevailing in the East itself were also recorded, one missive relating how an English 'Advice Boat' had paid a hurried call on its way to England to acquaint the Company with the news of 'the injurie the Dutche had donne to the East Indie!' Then, again, trading instructions were left by homeward-bound ships for the supercargoes, or 'Cape Merchants,' as they were called, outward-bound.

Generally speaking, the lettering of these stones varies only in quality. There is no attempt at ornamentation or extraneous embellishment—with one exception, and that in an interesting direction, for upon the stone recording the visit of the ship *Thomas* (one of a small company of East Indiamen, outward-bound in 1611) there are the distinctly cut Masonic emblems of the Square and Compasses—the first indication of Freemasonry found in the Cape of Good Hope.

Not after 1652, the date of the foundation of Cape Town by the Dutch, are the records of passing ships found graven in stone. No longer were the venturing mariners directed to 'looke for leteres' hidden beneath such stones. The old order gradually passed away, an establishment ashore handling the letters, the forerunner of a regular postal service.

'Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.' These lines, beautifully carved on the frieze of the new post-office building in Eighth Avenue, New York, may be accepted as proclaiming the creed and principle of the postal system of the world. May it not be conceded that in the evolution of this great scheme the 'Post-Office Stones' of the Cape, in their own simple way, played a part?

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

II.

FOR some minutes Clement struggled with the pain caused by the sandbag blow on his head, and the suffering inflicted by the ropes on his stiffened limbs. Unlike a good many people he had read of in fiction, he woke with a clear knowledge of how he came to be there. He did not have to fumble about in his mind; he remembered everything that had happened up to the moment when the sandbag had knocked him senseless. He knew quite well that he was lucky, that the mere fact of being alive was an unexpected good fortune. What he did not know exactly was where he was, and, of course, he did not know why he was there, and what were the intentions of Mr Neuburg and his blackguard gang towards him.

At first he thought he was in a cellar, but in a minute his ears caught the deep booming of a distant steamer-siren. That told him he was

above ground, for in a cellar he would not have heard it. It told him, too, that he was still near the docks. Probably he was in the same house. He listened. He heard a sudden puffing, a rattling and clanking of coupling-irons. That was a goods-train at the docks—*and the sound came from somewhere below.* Then he heard some kind of lorry passing—and the sound floated up to him. He was, then, high up in a house, high up in the house of the glue-maker in the Sault Algonquin.

He was in an attic-chamber, he thought. An unused one, a lumber-room, perhaps, for there was a stuffiness, a staleness, in the air about him. He rolled over a little to the left, and hit some sort of big bundle. He rolled a little to the right, and was checked by a packing-case. Yes, it was an attic, a lumber-room. The movements had caused Clement acute pain, for his bonds, already stifling circulation, had pressed into him. He had to remain quiet until he recovered strength. As he lay he wondered how long he had been unconscious. Had it been minutes or hours? If it had been hours, what had happened to Heloise? . . . That woke him up stiffly. He was caught, a prisoner, and that gang of rogues could do what they liked with her unhindered. If he had been unconscious hours, it might be morning; they would have had time to do something. He looked about wildly, seeking some window that would tell him if it was dark or light. He could discover nothing. That might be because it was yet night; or it might be that the window, if any, was blocked up; lumber might stand between him and it. With an almost savage output of will he wrenched himself to a sitting position; then, almost shouting with pain, he sat getting strength for another effort. He glanced round. He saw nothing. He listened for sounds in the house. There was not a sound. Then, with an old schoolboy trick, he managed to double his aching and pinioned legs under him, and with a quick jerk raised himself to his feet. The effort had been too exacting. He was in an agony of pain. Pain overwhelmed him. He swayed; he fell. But as he fell he saw something faintly blue-black against which the heavier black of lumber was silhouetted. As he fell, swooning again, he muttered, 'A window. . . . And still night—still night.'

He was forced back to consciousness by the frightful sensation of blood recirculating in wrists, knees, and ankles. He writhed and moaned. An oath sounded at his side. Something soft and yet heavy was flung over his head. Something snapped on to his wrists. In pain, but alert immediately, Clement struggled to throw the thing from off his head. There was a shuffling movement; steps thumped quickly across boards; something was flung down. He got whatever it was off his head. He just had time to see the legs of a tall, thin man flash out of the door, and the door slam. He heard a strong lock snap home. Louis, the glue-maker, did not wish to risk identification.

For the next ten minutes Clement was grappling with the agonies of returning circulation. As he rocked and nursed his exquisitely painful limbs he smiled grimly at the way the heroes in the cinemas overcome this problem. He had seen bound men slip out of their bonds and skip into a new adventure without even pausing to chafe a wrist. He wished his own case had been as easy and as painless as theirs. Yet even in his condition he was able to take stock of his new circumstances.

In the first place, he could see. There was a pale, thin light coming in from beyond the piles of oddments that strangely littered this attic. It was morning, then, and daylight was shining through that window. In the next place, his rope bonds had been taken off him. His jailer, no doubt, felt that the former tight trussing would spell injury, and also that, trussed up like that, it would be difficult for him to feed—and the jailer wanted him to feed, for a jug of water, some meat, and some bread on a plate had been placed near Clement. That meant that, for the time being anyhow, the rogues did not want him to die.

Still, they intended him to remain a prisoner. Round his wrists was a pair of old handcuffs—that was the snap Clement had heard. Round his ankles was another pair. Connecting this pair with a heavy old stove in the corner of the room was a long, thin chain, both ends padlocked. Clement also saw that the thing that had been flung over his head was a bundle of sacking. He saw, too, that the ropes which had bound him had not been taken out, but had been flung down near the door. He guessed from these facts that he had regained consciousness before his jailer had finished his job, and the fellow, in order to avoid being seen, had got out of the room as quickly as possible. And hurry quite often means carelessness. Clement flashed over himself an instant survey. In a minute his right hand was free.

Hurry had done that. The handcuffs on his wrists were of a certain make. They were made to take three sizes of hands. They were ratcheted so that by pressing the loop farther into the lock any wrist from the large to the small could be accommodated. In his hurry Clement's jailer had been content just to snap the first ratchet home. That would have sufficed to hold a large wrist—Clement's wrists and hands were small. It was not much that Clement had his right hand loose, for he was still hobbled and chained, but it was something. Man may do much with a free hand.

In fact, Clement proceeded to do it. Finding that the rest of his shackles resisted preliminary attacks, he left them alone. He surveyed his prison. The length of his chain allowed him to

get close to the door, but not up to it. And it was an intimidating door. It was made of stout and solid timbers warranted to defy his strongest efforts even if he were free. He knew that if he could not get through that door by guile, he would never be able to break through it. He turned to the window. He found—and here was where his free hand helped him—by removing bits of lumber, and by stretching full length on his face, he could get his eyes to within a foot of the window-panes. It was a queer window, of the type known to architects as a 'lie-on-your-stomach.' That is, it began on the level of the floor, and rose to where the roof-slant rested on the house wall but two feet above. Clement observed that it was meant to open inward, though apparently it had never been opened; had, possibly, been screwed up. But the fact that thrilled him most about it was that the top of some structure rose to the level of its lower panes. From the appearance of that structure, from the position of the window in the house, Clement felt certain that the supporting uprights of the fire-escape ended there.

III.

Clement lay on his stomach staring out of the window for a few minutes. He could see, but only faintly because of the grime, the face of the cliff rising up to the builder's yard in which he had hidden yesterday (he hoped it was only yesterday) to survey this very house. Indistinctly he saw men moving about in that yard. That meant that the morning was fairly well advanced, a fact of which he had already been unpleasantly aware by the sound of road traffic, the clang of tram-bells, and the like coming up to him. What the time was exactly he did not know. His wrist-watch, together with his pistol and the contents of his pockets, down to his very pocket-handkerchief (Mr Neuburg was not the sort to leave anything that might be used as a signal of distress, even in the hundred-to-one chance of Clement finding an occasion to use it), had been taken. He did not know the time. He only knew that the day was here, and was advancing, and that Mr Neuburg and his fellow-rogues must already be carrying out their plans with regard to Heloise.

What those plans might be he did not attempt to conjecture. But he knew that Henry Gunning must have been found, because Siwash Mike had come here to report. Whether Henry Gunning was sober and tractable, or still drunk and rebellious against the gang, he did not know; though he fully understood that upon her boyhood lover's condition would depend whether Heloise went to him at once, or remained here in Quebec for a few more days. He prayed that Gunning was in no condition to see the girl, and that she might remain.

For he meant to get out of this place, and go to her, whatever the cost. He had learnt enough of these scoundrels to recognise that he was the only one in Canada who stood between her and most terrible dangers. He, and he alone, could rescue her, and—even apart from his own feelings for her, arguments enough in themselves—he was determined to save her.

The first problem to face was to get out of this place. He went and sat down beside the food, and as he ate and drank he thought the matter out. As things were now, chained as he was, he might be able to get away by creating a disturbance. He could, for example, shatter that window with a pole, throw things out of it, make any amount of noise. He could beat on the floor, or hammer through the tiles of the roof with a pole. He could make it obvious to outsiders—the men working in the factory even (they couldn't all be in the gang)—that something was wrong. He would attract attention. Clement would not have stopped at burning the house down if it would have effected his rescue, but he rejected this plan. It would attract the attention of the gang before it attracted the attention of passers-by or workmen, and the alert scoundrels would see to it that he gave no more trouble of that sort—and that would be the end of his attempts to help Heloise. The end of himself, too, no doubt.

The next plan was to choose some sort of effective weapon from this lumber, and wait the return of the jailer, stun him in a surprise attack, take the keys of handcuffs and padlocks from his pocket, and, by so freeing himself, escape. This plan was rejected because it was more than likely the jailer would not visit him again that day—the ample supply of water and food seemed to bear this out—and that meant a whole day wasted. It was a plan, however, that could be kept in the background ready for use, in case the jailer did come up to the attic at any time. An argument against it was that even a surprise attack might mean a scuffle or a yell, and another rogue—Siwash, maybe—would be warned, and ready to deal with him as he went downstairs.

The third plan seemed the most feasible, and it also seemed to promise quickness. It was, briefly, to get his fetters off, to get himself out of the window and down the fire-escape, and up the cliff by the way he had reconnoitred yesterday. This Clement set himself to do.

First, there was no getting away from the stove to which he was chained. It was too heavy to lift. He must cut himself free from it. He saw in the attic a box of rusty iron oddments—and found it was out of his reach. Prowling round softly, he found the lid of a box that was loose. By catching the batten that held the lid-planks together on the side of the box of rusty iron, and by exercising patience, he managed to draw the box within his reach. It was the oddest collection of scrap, but one of the first things he found was a staple. He inserted this into the tight loop of the thin chain where it secured

his ankle handcuffs. He twisted it tourniquet fashion. He had to exert all his strength; he had to endure the wrenching at his ankles by the shackles; he had to try and try and try again. But in the end he succeeded; by slow degrees the strained chain gave, and, after a time, a weak link yielded and parted.

He was free—but only free to hobble. There were yet the handcuffs about his ankles. He examined them carefully. They were old, and their undoubted strength seemed to be weaker in the link against the left ankle, which was rather deeply rusted. Clement tried to prise this link apart, but the wrenching caused by doing this gave him so much pain that he had to stop. But his luck was not out. As he searched carefully through the scrap-box he came upon a hack-saw, and not a bad hack-saw, and, though the steel of handcuffs is stolid stuff, Clement prayed that the rust had had such an effect on the metal that the saw would make a good job of it. His prayer was answered. The task took time, and it was difficult—those who have tried to saw through a ring that is not only tough but movable will know how hard it was—but in the end he succeeded. He cut through the ring, with his staple he forced it apart, and, although the irons were still round his limbs, he was not fettered. He could walk with a stride as a man should. Rolling down his socks, he pulled them up again over the handcuffs, and got rid of the slack chain on the right ankle by hooking it in his suspender. Then, having found a chisel, which would do instead of a screw-driver, he attacked the deeply rusted screws of the windows. He had just, after a terrific struggle, got the first embittered screw out, when he was startled by an uproar about him.

First one and then another and then another siren began to roar, until it seemed to him Quebec itself was made up of sirens let loose. And amid the sirens he heard the clangour of bells. He started back, wondering what had happened—a fire, a riot, a revolution. Then the truth dawned on him. The 'knock-off' was sounding in a score of yards and factories. It was the midday break.

Two thoughts flashed into his brain. The first was that a whole morning had gone by and he had accomplished nothing towards saving Heloise from those rogues; while the rogues—what might they not have done? The second was that, this being the meal-hour, he might expect a visit from his captors, a desperate eventuality that must be faced desperately. He found a very useful piece of iron to use as a club. He went and lay down where he had lain all night, hiding his feet, but arranging the chain so that he appeared still a captive. With his iron club hidden but ready, he awaited the coming of the jailer. He waited an hour. He waited until the sirens sounded again and work was recommenced. He wasted another hour. Nobody came. The tall, grim house was implacably silent. Clement listened. Not a movement came up to him. With an angry exclamation he rose and attacked the window.

IV.

In half-an-hour the window was open. He looked out. Nothing was showing in the yard beneath save the steady puff-puff of the steam from the factory exhaust-pipe. He stretched his hands out to the nearest post of the fire-escape. He clasped it. On his stomach—all the window would allow—he began to wriggle out. It was not a pleasant or an easy task. To wriggle out, shoulders first, over a drop of six storeys, with nothing more to rely upon but the grip of one's hands about a thin iron pole, demanded nerve. Clement, trying not to think what would happen if he suddenly slipped, wriggled. It was soul-chilling. There was one moment when he seemed to stick hopelessly—the greater weight of his body outside hanging on his straining arms, and his feet stuck inside, refusing to come out. There for an agonised moment he hung swaying, helpless. He made a giant effort. The thin iron of the fire-escape support creaked and appeared to bend toward him. He heard the structure groan. His feet came away suddenly, and his knees and thighs struck the iron pole with excruciating pain. But the instinct of preservation caused his limbs to act almost, it appeared, on their own initiative. Just as his hands seemed bound to be torn loose by his weight, his legs circled the iron support, and gripped. He slid downward. In a moment he was crouching on the top platform of the fire-escape, behind a rain-water barrel.

He remained there for a few minutes, regaining his breath and his nerve, surveying the side of the cliff to the up-town of Quebec up which he must presently go. Then he stood up, looked downward—and saw a man on the flat roof beneath the fire-escape.

The man had come out on to the flat roof from the window of the house that was flush with it. He stood, a slim, lithe figure, gazing idly about him. He was occupied with nothing more significant than the American after-lunch exercise of picking his teeth. He stood there indecisively for a full minute, and Clement, again behind the rain-water barrel, watched him. He knew who the man was. It was Siwash Mike. He hoped Siwash Mike was one of those who liked to take an afternoon siesta on his bed.

Siwash Mike stood there, easy, feeling, no doubt, that the world was a good place to live in. Then he apparently decided what he was going to do. He turned and re-entered the house. Clement, thanks to the stealth afforded by his rubber-soled shoes, was down another floor on the escape by the time he emerged again; that was the fourth floor, through the

window of which Clement had seen Siwash himself enter this house yesterday.

The action of Siwash was now not so satisfactory. Siwash was dragging behind him a deck-chair. Siwash—it was horrible to see it—had under his arm a bundle of magazines with highly coloured covers. Siwash was going to make an afternoon of it on that roof. An afternoon of it—and Clement must leap from the escape to that roof, and cross it, in order to reach the cliff. Clement, that is, was pinned to the fire-escape as long as the half-breed barred his escape by that roof.

It was a bitter moment.

But Clement was not one of those who willingly allow anybody to bar their way of escape. He meant to get across that roof and up that cliff. And, what is more, he had to do it quickly. He could not afford to waste any more time away from Heloise's side. Indeed, he himself dared not waste time here; at any moment some one might go up to the attic, find him gone, raise the alarm.

Raise the alarm! The thought flashed through Clement's mind not with a thrill of anxiety, but with the thrill of a happy idea. With his eyes on the now reposeful head of Siwash Mike, he felt the jalousies of the window behind him. As yesterday, they were unfastened. He opened one, slipped his hand in—yes, the window was wide open also. In another moment he was inside that window, and had closed the jalousies behind him. Through them he could still see the half-breed's head bent over a magazine. He turned. Before him were the stairs, one flight going upwards towards the attic, one descending steeply into yawning darkness. He went to the head of these. With his hands he made a trumpet about his mouth. He opened his mouth. With the full power of his lungs he yelled, 'Siwash! Siwash!'

He nipped back to the jalousies. He looked down at Siwash Mike. The half-breed was standing, glaring towards the house, his body tense and alert. Clement nipped to the head of the stairs. He yelled again in a tone of terrific alarm, 'Siwash!'

He heard a tumult below. When he got to the jalousies Siwash was no longer on the roof. But in a flash of seconds Clement was. He was down the escape, had swung from the escape to the flat roof, had dashed along that roof, and had leaped to the ledge of the low cliff. He was three-parts up the cliff before any sign appeared in the house of the glue-maker. Only then did the fierce face of the half-breed appear at the little window of the attic.

The face appeared, scowled ferociously, then the lithe right arm shot out. The automatic in the hand came down, sighting on Clement's climbing figure. Clement shut his eyes and felt sick. He was a mark that could scarcely be missed.

Nothing happened.

He opened his eyes.

Siwash's face was turned away from him; he appeared to be arguing vehemently with some one behind him in the attic. As Clement looked, a long, thin arm with an incredibly bony hand stretched itself past Siwash's shoulder, and clutched avidly at the automatic pistol. Clement did not waste time then. He was up the remainder of the cliff as fast as his best climbing could take him. He was through the builder's yard at a run, though a man yelled at him to know his business. And in a near street he caught a taxi, and went to the Château Frontenac as rapidly as petrol could carry him.

As he went into the lobby he was stopped by the porter. 'We've been looking for you, Mr Seadon,' the man said—'looking for you everywhere. A lady was asking for you.'

'A lady!' cried Clement, stopping in his stride. 'What lady?'

'Oh, the one that left this morning,' said the porter.

'The one that went this morning?' echoed Clement stupidly.

'Yes, the one that left for Montreal.'

Clement glared at him. 'You can't mean Miss Reys—Miss Heloise Reys—who was here with a companion?' he cried.

'That's the lady I mean,' said the cataclysmic porter. 'She was asking for you right up to the moment she left.'

(*Continued on page 242.*)

SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE GIBRALTAR CAVES.

BRITONS are accustomed, probably owing to the tradition and the inherent conservatism that distinguish the Anglo-Saxon race, to regard Gibraltar as a fitting symbol of the strength and solidity of those ties which bind together our widespread Empire. Undoubtedly, to the casual or passing observer, the rock appears an immense, compact mass; but in many places the interior is very like a sponge, being honeycombed with caves and passages, and although certain of these recesses have been constructed by the authorities, yet by far the greater number are the work of nature. Of the latter, some have outlets on the surface of the fortress, and consequently, for a certain distance, have been explored; but others are purely internal, and their existence is brought to light only when they are accidentally broken into by excavating-parties.

The caves vary considerably in size and shape;

whilst the smaller may be mere fissures between rocks, the largest are comparable to halls, and in cases have long, winding passages leading far down into the interior of the rock. Those which are near the base are much used as Government storehouses, but the higher and more inaccessible served at one time as breeding-places, and now serve as homes, for the monkeys.

A few facts concerning these singular animals may be of interest. Their chief claims to fame are two: primarily, they are the only specimens of their order to be found in Europe; secondly, they have no tails. From the strong resemblance they bear to the Barbary apes, it would seem that originally they came from northern Africa, but how actually they arrived on the rock is not definitely understood. Their habits are dirty, and if the garrison did not afford them its protection, extermination would speedily follow. A very favourite rendezvous of the monkeys is the southern cemetery of the fortress, where lie buried many of the British dead from Trafalgar. It is not uncommon, on looking over the graveyard wall, to find one's self confronted with the rather repulsive sight of some half-dozen apes, each squatting upon a tombstone, nibbling nuts or gibbering amongst themselves. But with advancing years their numbers have steadily decreased.

Probably of all the caves St Michael's is the most extensive, and unquestionably it is the most famous. The entrance lies about half-way up the western face of the rock. In bygone days so numerous became the fatalities to members of the garrison bent on exploration that the authorities erected a guardhouse, at which a body of soldiers is still maintained, and none may now proceed into the cave unless accompanied by one of them in the capacity of guide, whilst a military pass is essential. One afternoon in the summer of 1910 I arranged with one of the soldiers to show me over St Michael's. Taking with us ropes, candles, and a few mountaineering requisites, we passed through the iron gate at the entrance, to find ourselves in a large hall. The far end was enveloped in pitch darkness, but, as far as I could see, the roof was supported by a single large central pillar of rock, with several smaller ones at intervals round about. The floor sloped downwards at a rapid angle, with here and there large boulders. To maintain a foothold was a difficult task, for by the continual percolating of water from overhead, and the wear of many feet, the rock had become smooth and slippery, a condition which, added to the sharp descent, gave little or no grip for the feet. Lighting a couple of candles, we could just distinguish the bare outlines of the back of the hall; before us and on either side the remnants of what must once have been a grand spectacle. Endless successions of visitors had, however, despoiled it. Each individual had, quite naturally, endeavoured to carry away a memento of the scene; stalactites and stalagmites had been indiscriminately broken off; only the bare stumps remained, casting long shadows in the candle-light. Though the air was cool and damp, yet the silence, broken only by the monotonous drip, drip of the water, was oppressive; the voice echoed back with a ghostly, hollow sound. The whole atmosphere of the cave stirred a feeling of awe, and, try as I might, I could not prevent the grim legends associated with the dark interior from flitting through my mind.

Picking our way cautiously between the boulders, we followed the pathway to the opposite side of the hall, from which a narrow passage led into the bowels of the rock. Along this damp and winding corridor we climbed, first over rocks, then stepping or jumping from one to another, then squeezing through narrow apertures, till we came upon the 'Dead Man's Drop,' so called from the heavy toll it has exacted from intrepid explorers. It is a vertical shaft, rectangular in section, whose bottom has never been reached, or even its depth ascertained. Many there are who have attempted the perilous descent. Some have returned to tell of sheer sides and little ledges; others have disappeared, leaving not a trace behind.

Legend has clustered thickly around the impenetrable darkness of this dismal pit. Years ago, it is said, two officers of the Royal Engineers attempted to map it, but though taking all precautions and being supplied with proper equipment, yet they never returned. Careful search was made, but their bones have never been recovered, and to this day their fate remains an unsolved mystery. A popular story is that the 'Dead Man's Drop' connects up Gibraltar to northern Africa through a subterranean passage running under the bed of the Strait, and is the means by which the monkeys obtain access to the rock. It is difficult to comprehend how one may determine the ultimate destination of the 'drop' when its bottom and depth are unknown, and how even a rock ape could climb its sheer, inaccessible sides.

Continuing our road, we finally arrived at the 'sixty-foot drop,' another large rock fissure. Wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, it is in form like an inverted cone, and the most dangerous of all the pitfalls to be found in the cave. The slanting sides make climbing difficult and approach a matter demanding extreme caution. Fixing a rope, knotted at intervals of about a foot, around a convenient boulder, we descended, hand over hand, the guide leading. On the way down we could hear the peculiar noise of the worms with which the pit abounds. When we reached the bottom another aperture presented itself, and pursuing its course, we found it to be another passage. To push our

way along it was tiring work, for it was but a series of crevices between large rocks, and to pass along it was like threading one's way through the stones of an immense cairn. The candles were beginning to burn low. To have lost their light would have meant certain disaster in the darkness, and as the exploration of the passage had not so far yielded any results which might give a clue to its ultimate end, we retraced our steps to the foot of the 'sixty,' and commenced the ascent. Our previous exertions in scrambling over rocks had been severe, and this, coupled with the slippery sides of the 'drop,' affording little or no foothold, made the work of ascending an exhausting task. I succeeded in reaching within ten feet of the top, when, my strength spent, I felt that I should have to let go and join the already long list of St Michael's victims. Fortunately, however, the guide, who had preceded me, perceiving my distress from above, called out 'Hold on,' and I was drawn up, looking a rather sorry sight in my bedraggled ducks. The incident unnerved me, and I confess that it was with a feeling something akin to relief that I found myself once again in the open air.

The entrance-hall, with its surrounding grottos and crevices, constitutes a scene that figures in the pages of history, for it was from these dark recesses that the Spaniards issued in the last disastrous sortie that ended their final attempt to take the rock by surprise. During the last siege a party of three hundred, taking the last Sacrament, vowed to retake Gibraltar or die. Under cover of darkness a landing was made on the eastern side. Born mountaineers, the Spaniards scaled the precipitous eastern face, trusting for guidance to perilous goat-tracks. Reaching the summit, they succeeded in descending the western face, and in gaining the entrance to St Michael's without detection by the British sentries. All the following day they slept far back in its passage-ways; but next night, sallying forth, they were discovered and cut to pieces. Ever since, right up to the present day, a guard has been stationed at the entrance to the cave.

At Gibraltar difficulty is often experienced in finding sufficient accommodation for such perishable commodities as food and ammunition, and where adequate room cannot be found, it is provided by the utilisation of large spaces cut into the rock. During the construction of one of these storage centres the working-party broke into an internal cave, and it was my good fortune to be invited to view it in its virgin condition. Taking with us an arc lamp and a long lead of electric cable, we climbed up through the roof of the excavation, and found ourselves in a long tunnel, along which we proceeded, exercising great care. Travelling, so far as I could judge, in a horizontal direction for the space of fifty or sixty yards, the path suddenly narrowed, and in front appeared a large black patch. On our approaching closer, it resolved itself into a circular chasm, some thirty or more feet across, in many ways comparable to the 'Dead Man's Drop,' but much larger. Its darkness was profound; not even by throwing down stones could we obtain any idea of its depth. We could not hear them hit the bottom, only the sound, gradually growing fainter and fainter, as they struck the sides and rebounded.

At the side of the passage the path was not more than a foot wide, and along this, our backs to the wall, we carefully made our way, realising that the first slip would mean disaster. From the other side the floor rose steeply, evidently parallel to the face of the rock. In the illumination of our lamp, the sight was indeed beautiful. At intervals stalactites and stalagmites had formed from floor to roof, of ten to twelve inches in diameter. The white stone, reflecting the light, imparted to the cave the appearance of the interior of a Gothic cathedral. To secure a better result we switched off the arc and ignited a magnesium glare. It is difficult to convey by words the striking effect of the dazzling white flame. The foremost columns scintillated and flashed as though set with diamonds, the sparkling mass gradually receding, first into shadows, then into blackness at the far end, altogether a wonderful gradation of light and shade.

The climb to the top occupied about twenty minutes, during which the walls converged to a wedge-point. We concluded that our journey was at an end, when, glancing round to the left, I observed a small aperture, and scrambling through without difficulty, came upon a second cave, much more diminutive than the first. No more than three feet in height, its roof was covered with hanging stalactites, innumerable stalagmites standing up from the floor. The fact that all were intact, not even one being broken, convinced me that this portion at least had never been explored. I must acknowledge that the temptation to retain a souvenir was irresistible, and I crawled back, the happy possessor of a small piece of a stalactite, some three inches in diameter, a memento which now adorns my sideboard as a model of Gibraltar's 100-ton gun, mounted on a mahogany carriage. The wood is blackened with age and exposure. It is a piece of a ship's keel, discovered deeply embedded in the mud when the docks were being built, and believed to have been a portion of the hull of one of the vessels in which the Moors invaded Spain nearly twelve centuries ago.

THE VALLEY OF BONES.

A TALE OF EAST AFRICA.

By E. CHARLES VIVIAN.

I.

I SPEAK, you see, good English, yet my father was Portuguese—it is long since he died. You would that I tell you my story of the valley of bones, the story at which some men laugh, saying that from Delagoa Bay across to Benguella in the west it is known, and yet no man has ever seen the valley. But that is wrong, for when I was yet a boy I saw the valley, and that is my story. They have for it other names, I know; but to me, since I saw it, it has ever been the valley of bones, dry and dead and shining bones, great bones, and horrible. A guarded valley, guarded as is no other.

As a child the story had been told me. I remember when the slave-hunters came down to the coast with their chained gangs to go aboard the dhows, before the seas were swept clear of them. My father—no, he was never a slaver—ran transport inland from the bay, up to the edge of the fly country and beyond, and as a child I used to go with him, so that I learned to run barefoot in the bush, and to hunt—they who know me will tell you that there have been few better shots with an express-rifle, and in the time of which I speak there was no licence to kill big game, but the elephants roamed the land in herds, up to northward of the Zambesi marshes, in the districts I knew. And there was eland, and giraffe, and rhinoceros, and hippo, all for the hunting. As for the lions, there are lions yet in plenty, if you know where to go; and I tell you that I had rather hunt lion and find him in plenty than spoor rhinoceros or elephant.

I was yet a boy, I tell you, in that trek in which I came on the valley of bones. A boy, but I knew how to handle an express-rifle, and had gone up-wind after lion and shot him, many times, mostly in the hour between the lights, at the drinking-places of the bush. And once, with my father, I had gone out for elephant, a time when we shot two, for it was a trek in which we had many bearers with heavy baggage, and we had to feed them. When we shot the elephants the bearers were very hungry, and they called my father '*koos y umcool*,' which in their language means 'great chief.' For in those days a good hunter was a great man with the black 'boys,' from the coast inland.

We had gone—I cannot tell you how far inland, for your maps I do not know, having ever hunted and travelled in this our Africa by the instinct that comes of much living in the bush. We were north from the Zambesi valley, and there comes a point where is a range of mountains running down from the north, and settling to little foothills and tumbled ground before it falls altogether to the level of the river valley. Our course lay northward, away from the river—my father had been that way before, and knew his route, though it was wild country, where no white man came from one year to another. In that time much of the country that is now planted and settled was wild, but as for that part of which I speak, it is wild yet, and ever will be, I think. For the soil is thin and poor, and the grass is like an old man's beard, and the bush is starved; here and there is a spring, and the springs are nearly a day's journey apart; there is rock outcropping through the soil—a poor land, worth no man's effort. If you know it as my father knew it, you may find a line of springs that will give water to take you through; if you do not know it, you may very easily die of thirst, for it is far to the north of the great Zambesi River—how far I cannot tell you, for I never went thence south to the river.

On that trek there was my father and myself, and another boy like me with whom in those days I used to hunt and shoot, a boy named Joaquin Hurtado, whose father, like mine, was Portuguese. In that arid land through which we travelled with the bearers there came a time when provisions ran short, and then it was that Joaquin said to me, 'Let us go out and shoot elephant, to keep the bearers in heart.'

My father laughed. 'As if any of the wild would come to land like this!' he said. 'We shall find no elephant till we come to better country.'

But Joaquin persisted. 'I saw elephant spoor this morning,' he said, 'and that but a few miles back in the bush. It was fresh spoor—there was a patch of soil between the rocks where the footfalls showed clear and fresh. Let us go.'

'It is madness,' said my father, 'and in two days' time we shall come on good game country. I can feed the bearers till then, thinly, and promise them meat when we have won through.'

Still Joaquin persisted. 'If you will let us go,' he said, 'Pedro here'—that was me—'and I will bring back elephant meat.'

We had travelled early that day, and this talk came in the afternoon. My father looked up at the sun, still three hours or more from setting, and he knew there was a moon near on full that night.

'If you will be back not more than two hours after sunset, you may go,' he admitted, 'though I know it for the errand of fools.'

II.

With that grudging permission we set out. We went back some way to the east, taking with us our express-rifles. We came, at last, on the spoor that Joaquin had seen as we marched, and it was as he had said, the fresh spoor of two elephants, both very big, by the marks in the soil. They pointed to the north, toward the hills, and the wind was from the north, as should be, for it is dangerous to track any of the wild down-wind.

We went as those tracks led us, up-wind and to the north. It was as if one followed a great cart-track, simple spooring, and we saw that the great beasts had travelled easily, yet as with a purpose, for even where there was vegetation they might have liked they had not stopped to feed. The mighty hoof-marks took us on and on, and at times we stopped to make certain of the direction of our camp, so that it was sunset when we were rounding the base of a little hill at the eastern edge of the range.

'They go very steadily,' I said to Joaquin, 'and the marks may take us many miles.'

He, too, had begun to wonder at the straight way the elephants had taken, as if they were men on a journey, and not beasts in the bush. 'We will go on for another hour,' said he, 'and then, if we do not come up with them, we will go back to camp to be called fools by your father. Yet, when I saw this spoor this morning, I was certain that it was not two hours since the elephants made it.'

The track led us round the base of that small hill, and beyond it to a broken succession of heights and crags. There was a little stream that came out toward us, and the spoor led up beside the stream, up a valley that became more and more shut in. There came the darkness that follows rapidly on sunset in that land, and the wind, instead of falling with the sunset, came straight and cold into our faces. The moon hung low, so that long shadows were thrown across our way. And we followed the stream until it was nearly an hour from the going down of the sun.

'We will go back,' I said to Joaquin.

As if to answer me there came the trumpeting of an elephant, and others took it up, so that the valley in which we walked rang with their noise. I looked to the breech of my express-rifle, thinking no more of going back.

'It is a herd,' said Joaquin—'a big herd.'

We went on, very cautiously. Before us, as we went by the stream, the valley narrowed to a sort of cleft, shut in by crag walls, narrowed still more to a gateway between the crags, and what lay beyond the gateway we could not see until we had come to it and passed through. Going very silently, we came to the gateway—for so I choose to call it—and the night wind blew cold in our faces all the time. In that place where the cliff walls fell away, and the valley widened out, we stood—or should I not say we crouched?—to gaze.

Before us was the level floor of the valley, and the crag walls shut it in on every side. There may have been another small opening at the far end, which was so far away as to be but a shadow in the moonlight, but I think the valley was locked by the rock walls, save for this one entrance. For at its far end the mountains—the true mountains, not the foothills as those through which we had come—rose up very high, and over them came the light of the moon on to bones—elephant bones. But a hundred yards away from us a great bull elephant was sweeping up the rank, rich grass for his feeding, and beyond him we saw yet two more; so were they disposed that we two could not pass them to get into the valley, even had we been so minded, without being seen by them, or winded as soon as they get down-wind of us.

Beyond these three were bones, glistening white in the light of the moon. Bones and bones and bones, I tell you, and great tusks in the skulls of dead elephants—such tusks as the ivory-hunter dreams of finding, but does not find.

III.

I knew, but Joaquin did not know. I knew because my father had told me, long before, the story of how there is a place where the elephants come to die. For no hunter ever finds the bones of a dead elephant in the bush, but always, when they grow very old, the elephants set out for a certain valley in which to die, and over the entrance to the valley there is always a guard of live elephants, that no man nor other beast may come to this vast elephant graveyard.

I knew, I tell you, and so would have gone away unseen, but Joaquin, who did not know, had crept by the rock wall into the valley, and I knew that he aimed to get one of the guarding elephants between him and the low-hung moon, for a shot with his express-rifle. Seeing that if I called to him, it would but disturb the elephant herd, I could but follow him into the valley, to bid him come back. But I was not a score yards from the gateway before one of the guarding elephants threw up his trunk and trumpeted, and I knew they had heard or winded us.

In answer to that call there came a growing rumble of great hoofs; from somewhere far up the valley, where was thick bush, came the main herd of the guard, and the earth shook with the weight of their advance. Joaquin, who had thought to get a shot, made for a great baobab-tree which grew by the cliffside, and toward it I followed him, for already two of the guarding elephants had blocked the rock gateway into the valley. The third, that one which had trumpeted,

saw me first, and came at me, at which I too made for the tree, and leaped as Joaquin had already leaped. My rifle was slung, so that with it across my back it required a tremendous leap to clutch at the lowest branch even, and I saw that Joaquin's rifle lay on the ground at the foot of the tree. I leaped, I tell you, and swung up to another branch, and yet another, just as that great elephant snapped off the branch that I had first gripped as he charged by and turned to find me, and the might of the blow with which he struck the branch made the whole tree quiver like a sapling.

There was a ledge of cliff on which a man might stand, and a branch of the tree outthrust toward it. Joaquin went out along the branch and jumped to the ledge, and I followed him, leaping after him. In cold blood neither he nor I could have made that jump, but death was behind us, and so we took the risk.

We had scarce got foothold on that ledge before the hillside quivered as the herd charged up toward the tree. That elephant which had first caught wind of our approach to the valley charged the tree, and the impact of his skull against the trunk was such that, had we been still among the branches, we should have been flung out, to be trampled under the hoofs of the herd. We saw them plainly in the light of the moon, and they were all great tuskers, with no young among them. They were perhaps fifty, perhaps more, for they moved and circled round each other so that in such light it was hard to tell.

Beyond them shone the bones of their dead fellows, and mighty tusks, some black with age, some white and new-looking. They lay there, the skeletons of thousands of elephants who had come to the valley to die, and in seeing them I knew that the legend of the valley of bones was true, after all, and it was as the proverb has it, that there is never smoke without fire, nor story without cause. We had no longer any thought of hunting elephant, but only considered how we should prevent elephant from hunting us. You see, that is a little joke of mine. Oh yes, I can even joke in English, so well do I speak it.

The ledge that we had gained went up the side of the valley, but away from the entrance through which we two had come. Yet we had to follow it, for there was no other way, and a perilous journey we made of it. Once, since then, when I went on *safari* to the Mountains of the Moon, I have climbed real mountains, and in the climbing was no more of danger than we two found that night. We climbed and wound up and up, and the moon was high when we came to the top of the guarding cliff, and could look back on the valley.

For miles it stretched, and I could see no entrance but that one where still three elephants kept guard, trumpeting to each other from time to time, while the great main herd of the guard roamed by twos and threes among the bones in all parts of the valley, disturbed, and searching to see if any intruder were left in that sacred spot—for to them it is as sacred as are our burial-places to us. We saw them in that place of fear and mystery, patrolling among the bones of their dead; we caught the gleam of their mighty tusks, and saw the moonlight glint back from great rain-washed skulls of their dead; we gazed, before we turned away, on the place where the elephants come to die.

. . . . . .

No, I cannot tell you where is that valley, for I do not know your maps. If you would, and if I could, I might take you there, if I had a mind, for showing a way is different from telling that way to another. Yet in my mind I question if I would take you there. So far as I know, no living man—for Joaquin Hurtado is dead—has set eyes on the valley of bones save myself, and I count that the elephants have a right to one place that shall be sacred to them, even as we men have many places that are sacred to us.

Sometimes in my dream I see them, the shining bones, and the great tusks of the dead, and the herd patrolling in that guarded valley. I dream that I leap and clutch at the baobab-bough, and behind me thunder the feet of the charging elephant who guards the dead. Sometimes in my dream I stand on the top of the cliff and look down into the great guarded valley, the place where the elephants come to die.

I speak very good English, do you not think?

VENUS VICTRIX.

GODDESS! we trembling mortals bow before thee,
As votive wreaths we to thy temple bring;
Queen of the circling globe! we now adore thee,
And 'Venus Victrix' we exultant sing.

Great is strong Mars, and valiant in the fight;
Great is the fearless, peerless conqueror Jove!
Great is Minerva, throned in placid light—
Greater than *all* is loyal, royal Love.

For lowliness is Love's resplendent mail,
And gentleness her sceptre, white and pure;
All weapons that she beareth must prevail
O'er human lives, while sun and moon endure.

Then wake and worship, all ye gods of stone!
For Love is living, and her heart is warm;
Supremacy is hers, and hers alone;
She sways the whole wide world with her white arm.

She melts the iciest waters with her eyes;
She brings a crown and kingdom with her kiss;
She only—the immortal—never dies,
So, 'Venus Victrix,' this to know is bliss.

M. B.

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SEVENTH SERIES

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.

I.

CENTENARIES are curious things. Sometimes the celebration of them seems almost superfluous, so deeply rooted in the public mind and the public affection is the subject of them. Shakespeare and Dickens and Burns, for instance, have, as it were, outsoared the necessity for such reminders, and the anniversaries of their births or deaths are hailed rather as occasions for festival than as a means of keeping people's minds alive to the fact of their greatness. On the other hand, there are centenaries which require recognition in order that a man's fame may not sink gradually into the oblivion which attends such as are remembered only by 'a little clan.'

I am not sure if Smollett is not to be remembered among the latter class. Those, of course, who give themselves to the study of literature know all about him and his works; but I doubt if outside this class many people read Smollett to-day. His fame has suffered a rather curious eclipse, and for a dozen who know *Tom Jones* or *Tristram Shandy*, I think it would be found that there was but one who was familiar with *Roderick Random* or *Peregrine Pickle*, or who had read the far finer *Humphry Clinker*.

Smollett is, indeed, one of those names which people glibly repeat, but concerning which their knowledge is vague. And yet in his day Smollett was not only a great novelist, and recognised as such; he was the typical man of letters of the eighteenth century—a pamphleteer, a reviewer, a translator, and a historian. He produced three great novels, some plays, and a little verse; while his book of travels in France and Italy overflows with interesting facts, and is informed with a curiously original power of observation and criticism.

The month of March marks the bi-centenary of Smollett's birth, and the occasion calls all the more for recognition because, as I have said, the writer's fame is a little in shadow. For Smollett, in whatever way one regards him, was a very remarkable man, one who made a figure in almost all the directions in which a literary worker can do so. Even in that century teeming with illustrious writers, the century of Johnson and Fielding, Sterne and Richardson, and a hundred others, he stands forth in a pre-eminent position, and can, in the eyes of some great judges, challenge supremacy with those whose fame burns with a brighter lustre. In a full, although a relatively short, life he succeeded in doing an extraordinary amount of varied literary work, and it is perhaps for this very reason—the full flow of his genius being diverted into so many different channels—that his name is less remembered than are those of the men of his time who controlled their output within narrower limits.

II.

Tobias Smollett was born in March 1721, and was christened on the 19th of the month. Little is known of his early years, but he appears to have received a good education at Dumbarton school, under John Love, who made a name for himself as a grammarian, and who had become head-master after being an usher in this establishment. Young Smollett's idea was to join the army; but difficulties occurred, one of which was the refusal of his grandfather to apply for a commission, he having already done so in the case of one of the future novelist's elder brothers. It was, therefore, decided that Tobias should follow a learned profession, and to this end he was sent, in 1736, to Glasgow University. He appears to have been the typical medical student of the period, full-blooded, boisterous, and a bit out of hand. In due course he was apprenticed to a Dr Gordon, and there is every reason to suppose that he qualified himself adequately for his new career. Even at this time, however, the desire of expressing himself by his pen became urgent, and we find him busy at a tragedy, *The Regicide*, a subject dealing with the murder of James I. of Scotland. It was, if nothing else, a symptom of unrest, and one is not surprised to find its author shortly afterwards throwing up his position with Gordon, and setting out to try a larger fortune in London. He arrived there in 1739, many of his experiences on the journey undoubtedly affording him material of which he made such excellent use in *Roderick Random*. Apparently one of Smollett's first acts on arriving in England was to attempt to secure the patronage of Lord Lyttelton; but failing in this, and perhaps anticipating Scott's dictum as to literature as a means

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of supporting life, he incontinently obtained the post of surgeon on a ship about to sail for the East. At a later date he made use of his varied experiences in this capacity, both warlike and peaceful, as 'copy' in his first two novels, and thus *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* alike contain the germs of his autobiography, and are filled with the recital of many of their author's own adventures. Among other places he visited, in his capacity of ship's-surgeon, was Jamaica; and here he fell in love with a wealthy creole's daughter, whom he subsequently married in 1747. It seems probable that his wife's fortune was not so large as he expected. The anticipation of it, however, was sufficient to justify him in removing his name from the navy, to try his luck as a doctor in London. Thus we find him in 1744 domiciled as a physician in Downing Street, Westminster, not then, as now, wholly given over to the service of the State. Smollett while waiting for patients occupied his time in various ways. On arriving in London he found a number of his countrymen who were delighted to add him to the fellowship of their society, and he became a leading spirit at their gatherings; while a poem, the best of his little-known excursions into verse—*The Tears of Scotland*—some satires, among them *Advice* and *Reproof*, and a parody on Lyttelton's 'Monody' show that his pen was not so idle as his lancet. For the fact is that he made little headway with his medical skill, and after moving from Downing Street to Mayfair (hoping for better fortune in a more fashionable neighbourhood) without any marked improvement in his fortunes, he gave less attention to doctoring, and turned to literature as his chief business in life.

III.

As I have said, he married in 1747, and in the following year *Roderick Random* appeared anonymously. It made an immediate hit. The critics attributed it to Fielding, although reflection should have shown the differences between its author's methods and those of the author of *Joseph Andrews*. Its chief characteristic was the development of the eccentric, and a broad, full-blooded, somewhat boisterous manner of recounting adventures, combined with a certain cynicism of presentment which makes the book one rather for the student of its period than for the modern novel-reader. But it has the qualities of its defects, and remains a remarkable—as a first effort a very remarkable—production. It was avowedly modelled upon Le Sage, the translation of whose *Gil Blas*, issued by Smollett in 1749, is still regarded as a standard work.

The authorship was soon a matter of common knowledge, and Smollett became a person of importance in the literary circle in which he had already made a mark. Even with this success to his credit, he seems to have clung to his medical work; and although he did not make much headway in this direction, he took his M.D. in 1750, and apparently anticipated combining a literary and a medical career. Among other labours about this time was the share he took in assisting his friend Smellie with one of his medical treatises.

But he was on the eve of a far more momentous labour. During part of the year 1750 he paid a visit to Paris, and certain experiences there were worked up into his next important book, *Peregrine Pickle*, which appeared in the following year, and fully confirmed the reputation he had gained by *Roderick Random*. It is an advance on the earlier work, but it is disfigured by certain quite uncalled-for, in some instances gross, attacks on contemporaries, who found themselves pilloried under very thin allusions—Lyttelton, Garrick, Cibber, and Fielding all coming under the bludgeoning of the rather boisterous, and not very squeamish, author. It is difficult to understand the reason for Smollett's hostility to Fielding. If, as has been conjectured, professional jealousy was the cause of his attacks, all that can be said is that they were as uncalled-for as they appear pointless. After the first edition, which contained them, they were removed; and it is only fair to Smollett to assume that his better judgment caused him, on reflection, to realise his mistake. *Peregrine Pickle* was further vitiated by the inclusion in its pages of 'The Memoirs of a Woman of Quality,' written by the notorious Lady Vane, and said to have been interpolated for a money payment made by that person. These blemishes set aside, the book is a great performance, containing much fine characterisation and many brilliant descriptive passages. It is not Smollett's greatest work, but it properly takes its place as one of the most characteristic and outstanding novels of a period which was curiously rich in them.

IV.

Our author's next move was to go to Bath in order to try to establish himself there as a doctor. If the experiment was not a success in this direction, as it certainly was not, it had an influence on his eventual output, and many of the most humorous and amusing touches in *Humphry Clinker*, his last and by far his greatest novel, may be traced to its writer's sojourn in the city of Bladud and Nash. Smollett was nothing if not outspoken and combative, and the fact that he had not been long established in Bath before he wrote a pamphlet decrying the efficacy of its famous waters was in itself sufficient to create antagonism and to hurt local susceptibilities.

When, finally, he quitted the place, he did so with the determination of giving himself up entirely to a literary career; and henceforth doctoring knew him no more. Arrived in London, he immediately took Monmouth House, Chelsea, a large and imposing structure (it was

pulled down in 1835), and there established himself as a literary man pure and simple, frequenting the neighbouring taverns, such as 'The Swan' and 'Don Saltero's,' and soon surrounding himself with a distinguished company of writers, which included such men as Johnson, Goldsmith, Sterne, Garrick, Wilkes, and Hunter; while the host's natural goodness of heart was exhibited in the hospitality he extended to numbers of less successful workers in the same field. Indeed, he became something of a patron, although he must have strained his resources to do so, and could only have succeeded as he did by constant and unremitting literary labour. His wife's income, nominally more than adequate, suffered diminution, and as he seems to have anticipated much of it, his monetary troubles were a constant source of vexation and anxiety.

But he was not the man to be daunted, and the writing of *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, was succeeded by that translation of *Don Quixote* which, although, as its adverse critics said, it was really but a *rifacimento* of Jervas's work, yet proved a marked success, and long held the field as the standard version.

The year after it appeared Smollett became the head and front of the *Critical Review*, which was inaugurated by Archibald Hamilton in 1756. There is no doubt that this venture was one of the ablest that had hitherto appeared. Its criticisms on well-known works were written with knowledge and ability, and it may, in a way, be regarded as the parent of that remarkable series of similar publications which have adorned the annals of British literature ever since. Unfortunately Smollett could not keep clear of the personal note, and some of the strictures contained in the *Critical* brought him into conflict with dangerous adversaries such as Churchill, and created a feeling of antagonism in men like Grainger, whose influence was extensive and whose friends were many. While he was carrying on this *Review*, and incidentally indulging in all sorts of reprisals against his critics, Smollett was engaged on his *History of England*, a venture in which he designed to forestall the completion of Hume's work, certain volumes of which had already been issued. Smollett had become a journeyman of literature, but, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his undertakings, he managed to impart to all sorts of what might have been supposed to be alien labours the touch of an able and practised hand. His *Compendium of Voyages* was followed by a farce, *The Reprisal* (about which he may be allowed to have known something). These, again, were succeeded by that *Universal History* in which he collaborated with Dr John Campbell. Then suddenly he was mulcted in a fine and thrown into the King's Bench on account of a libel on Admiral Knowles. The incident was far from stopping his labours, however, and we find him carrying on his literary work, visited by his friends, and living the three months of his imprisonment not unhappily, just as Leigh Hunt did some sixty years later.

v.

The year of George III.'s accession saw Smollett embarked on a fresh venture—the starting of the *British Magazine*, in which first appeared a new, but hardly successful, work of fiction, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, in which the Cervantes vein is worked in an alien manner and an alien period; while that dangerous love of caricaturing his contemporaries in which the author habitually indulged is here again resorted to with renewed energy. Following a visit to Scotland, where he was the guest of George Home, Smollett issued, at the close of 1761, the first volume of the Continuation of his History, which was followed at intervals by other instalments, and now forms a recognised sequel to the work of Hume, which the complete book was at first designed to supersede. During the next year the author undertook the editorship of a journal called *The Briton*, started with the intention of defending Bute against the assaults of his numerous enemies. There is no doubt that it did its work as thoroughly as was possible, and Smollett's later grievance against the Government for its non-recognition of his labours appears well grounded. The starting of *The Briton* soon brought into the field an opponent, in the person of Wilkes, whose *North Briton*, laying about it right and left at everything Scottish, so irritated Smollett that after a few months he relinquished his conduct of *The Briton*.

It was perhaps as well that he did this, for the amount of other literary work he had undertaken was so large and so various that one man, even helped as Smollett was by paid assistants, could hardly hope to do justice to his multiform activities. These included not only the superintendence of the translation of Voltaire's works, with historical and critical notes, but all sorts of compilations and hack-work, which must have made his house a sort of literary factory in which the novelist was like a working foreman, incessantly labouring at top-speed, with too few of those happy intervals in which he could enjoy the society of his wife or play delightedly with his idolised little daughter.

It was the premature death, in 1763, of this only child that gave a staggering blow to Smollett's already anything but robust health. After it he was never the same man. His grief was intense; and when he went abroad, later in the year, he went in the hope of forgetting amid foreign scenes a sorrow that proved unforgettable. There is little doubt that the jaundiced view of men and things which characterised 'Smelfungus,' as Sterne dubbed him in the *Sentimental Journey*, and which is apparent throughout the otherwise excellent book of travels which Smollett published on his return from his wanderings in France and Italy in 1765, was the result of that

shaft which embittered his later life. At the same time, his journey did him good, and the visit he paid to Edinburgh in the following year, when he mixed with the brilliant set that gave to the capital its name of the Northern Athens, temporarily, at any rate, completed the cure. But it was but temporarily, and before long he was induced by his doctors again to try Bath, although one remembers that so far as its waters were concerned he had earlier admitted himself a sceptic.

It was there that he began his last, and his greatest, novel—*Humphry Clinker*. On his return to London he appears to have worked on this excellent and amusing book, and, in addition, he published *The Adventures of an Atom*. They were the last flickers of a tired man, and, considering the circumstances, the uniform excellence of *Humphry Clinker*, its humour, its variety of telling characterisation, and its 'go' are the more amazing. But the novelist's health gradually grew worse, and another journey to Italy was recommended, rather obviously in the nature of a last resource. He left England in 1769, going first to Lucca and Pisa, and in the following year reaching Leghorn. It was in Italy that the last touches were put to *Humphry Clinker*, a book which has been uniformly praised, and which remains its author's masterpiece and his swan-song. For on 17th September 1771, with the words, 'All is well, my dear,' addressed to his wife, his ardent spirit ceased its life of turmoil and activity.

Smollett lies in the English Cemetery at Leghorn, just as Fielding does in Lisbon, and Keats in Rome. In Scotland a tall column, between the Clyde and Loch Lomond, perpetuates his fame. But, although he may not be read as Fielding and Richardson and Sterne are read to-day, he requires no such memorial. The man who has given us such portraits as those of Commodore Trunnion, Strap, and Matthew and Tabitha Bramble, to mention no others; the man who during his lifetime received the suffrages of such as Johnson and Burke and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and who has been praised by Scott and Hazlitt (they both thought him equal to Fielding), Leigh Hunt and Thackeray, requires nothing further in the way of recognition or commemoration, and is safe from censure or depreciation.

So much for the writer. As to the man, we may regard him as the typical Briton of his period. Generous to his friends, loving and tender to his family, he hid under a rough exterior sterling qualities. He was proud, independent, what the French call *difficile;* in his travels he exhibited, as is so often the case with us islanders, the worst traits of his character; although in those days many excuses can be found for him in the dishonesty, the 'grasping' character, the suspicion of small hotel-keepers and post-boys, which were a by-word. When all is said, he remains a great writer and an upright, hard-working man, whose name will endure as that of one of the outstanding novelists not only of his period, but throughout the range of our literature.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

V.

CLEMENT SEADON was for the moment dazed by the dismaying unexpectedness of the news.

He had lost. Mr Neuburg and his gang had not wasted a moment. Short though his captivity had been, it had been enough. They had whipped the girl out of his reach. They had effectually put a barrier of distance between him and Heloise. She had gone away with them, in their power, without his being able to speak with her, to warn her, to save her from the great danger he felt certain threatened her. They had acted promptly, those scoundrels. He had lost, and they had won.

He had a bitter vision of Heloise travelling away from him—away through this vast country where communications were scarce. She was more completely in the clutches of those terrible and sinister people with every mile she travelled, and he was less able to help. He stared at the porter. 'She's gone,' he said. 'She—didn't the lady leave a message?'

'None, sir. She seemed to expect that you was going to see her.'

'Yes,' said Seadon. He could understand how bewildered Heloise must have been when he did not keep his appointment that morning. 'And you're sure she went to Montreal?'

'Yessir,' said the porter.

Some one touched Clement's arm; somebody said, 'Seadon, old fellow.' Clement waved this hand aside without looking round. 'Just one minute,' he said. Then to the porter, 'You're sure it was Montreal? I mean, she wasn't going farther? Through to Sicamous, for example?'

'Sure they're stopping off at Montreal, her and her lady fren'. Didn't I check their baggage to Montreal?'

Clement thought for a moment. What did that mean? Did it mean that Heloise would stop in Montreal, or did it mean that she was merely changing trains there in order to go to the place—wherever it was—where Henry Gunning was lurking at the moment? That seemed the more likely, and it was the more dismaying. She was

going to some unknown town in the tremendous continent; a town of which he did not know, and of which he'd find, perhaps, the scantiest clues —if any clues. It was a dismaying problem. It filled him with dread even to think of it.

His arm was touched again. He thanked the porter, turned, and saw the captain of the *Empress of Prague* by his side. 'Hallo, Heavy!' he said.

'I've been looking for you, old chap,' said the captain. 'I want you to meet The Chief.'

'The Chief?' echoed Clement vaguely. He saw a man of middle height with astonishingly thick, square shoulders standing by the captain's side. He was a man with a firm, sunburnt face in which big bones showed strongly. His nose was powerful and high-bridged, and the skin round the eyes was dark. The eyes were extraordinarily steady and keen, and, since he was smiling, his face had a singularly pleasant, indeed tender, kindness which tempered its undoubted resolution. Clement looked at this man, and knew him at once for a staunch and extremely capable friend. He said again, 'The Chief?'

'He's our policeman,' said the genial captain. 'He's down here to find out why you weren't arrested in that diamond tiara affair on the *Empress*.'

'Is he, by Jove?' cried Clement abruptly, glancing at the strong, intelligent face of The Chief with a sudden feeling of hope.

'He's the head of the railway police organisation,' explained Captain Heavy. 'Not the Dominion police, mind you. His name, by the way, is Joseph Fiscal. And, seriously, he'd like a few words with you regarding that robbery.'

'He's the very man I'm wanting myself,' said Clement heartily, to the surprise of the captain. Nothing yet created seemed able to surprise The Chief. 'Can we go somewhere and talk?'

VI.

The three men went into the private sitting-room in the manager's office. The first thing Clement did was to take his left hand from the pocket in which it had reposed since he escaped from the house in the Sault Algonquin, pull up his sleeve, shake his arm, and so expose to The Chief the handcuff still clasping his left wrist.

That redoubtable man looked at it calmly, fingered it, sat upright slowly, and turned on Captain Heavy a dry, genial smile. His eyes scrutinised the puzzled face of the captain for but a moment; then he turned back to Clement. With the same movement his hand came out of his pocket, and in the hand was a handcuff-key.

In a few seconds, and with free hands, Clement was rolling down his socks, exposing the handcuffs on his ankles.

The smile of The Chief became broader. 'Is your friend quite as honest as you think, Heavy?' he asked genially.

'Ab-solutely,' said Heavy in a perplexed tone. 'Though he does seem to have been trying to do Houdini stunts, and failing.'

'Not altogether failing,' smiled Clement, as The Chief's key got to work. 'I managed to get out of *this* trap, just as I managed to get out of the one on the *Empress*—the diamond tiara trap.'

'Ah,' said The Chief, looking up, smiling with his lips, but his eyes keen. 'There *is* something behind it all?'

'There is; but, first, how soon can I get to Montreal?'

'Talking to us won't hold you up,' said The Chief with unexpected penetration. 'You can't go before the night train.'

'Isn't there anything before that — any means?'

'No,' said The Chief. He looked at Clement steadily.

'Well, as I said, I want your help; but it's going to be a tale, even a sort of "shocker," a strange, unbelievable crime and mystery story.'

'I'll be able to appreciate it,' smiled The Chief. 'Go on, Mr Seadon.'

So Seadon told the whole story from the beginning. He told it from the first surprising and headlong interview with the little lawyer, Hartley Hard. He told how the lawyer had entreated him to look after Heloise. He made it plain that the lawyer's fears that Heloise's quixotic journey to her girlhood's lover was all part of a devilish trap to get control of her and her million of money had been more than confirmed by the actions of Mr Neuburg, the companion Méduse Smythe, and others of the gang. He told of the way the gang had endeavoured to cut him off from Heloise, to raise a barrier of misunderstanding by means of the stolen letter; how the rogues had even tried to get rid of him by means of such tricks as the stolen tiara and this last attempt to trap him in the house of Sault Algonquin. He told how he had escaped—and yet how he had been too late to speak to Heloise, to save her, as, of course, he could with the information he possessed about Gunning and the evil deeds of the rogues. He told everything, indeed, except one thing. That thing was the little lawyer's suggestion that he should make love to and marry Heloise, and the fact that he had himself arrived at the conclusion that the little lawyer had talked wisdom. He did not speak of it, but perhaps the men who listened were not unaware of his condition. The Chief smiled even more humanly. Heavy, with a seaman's bluntness, cried, 'I remember Miss Reys—a beautiful woman. To think that a pack of scoundrels—— Still, old man, you've got The Chief with you now.'

Clement thought of Canada and its vastness. Even the most astute chief of police would find it difficult to track a girl through that immensity —and do it in time. Yes, it would have to be in time; Clement understood that painfully.

'Mr Seadon is not quite sure about The Chief,' smiled the head of the railway-police.

'Well, Canada 's such a huge place. It 's easy to vanish without trace in such a country.'

'Oh, our system compares with the country,' said The Chief genially. 'That porter told you he 'd checked Miss Rey's baggage through to Montreal? We 'll begin by confirming that.' He pressed a bell. A girl came in. 'How do, Miss Jeannette? I wonder whether you 'd mind asking Mr Labage—he 's still at the rail reservation desk, isn't he?—to step along. Say, that 's real nice of you.'

Mr Labage came in. The Chief said to him immediately, 'How are you keeping, Mr Labage? That 's good. Now, I 'm wondering if you can tell me if a lady from this hotel and her companion, a Miss Heloise Reys and a Miss Méduse Smythe, took reservations on any train pulling out to-day.'

'Sure she did. Both ladies reserved on the Imperial, leaving at 1.15. They reserved for Montreal.'

'That confirms it, then,' said Clement.

The Chief only smiled; he was after full proof. 'And, say, did another feller—a big feller by name of Neuburg—go out to-day?'

'He certainly did,' said the efficient Mr Labage. 'He an' a feller with him, some one outside, had reservations on the morning train.'

'To Montreal?'

'To Montreal.'

'And the next move, Chief?' asked Clement, as the railway-clerk went out to his desk in the hotel lobby, for he knew that there would be another move. He saw that The Chief had made it certain that Heloise—and the gang—were going straight through to Montreal, and were not leaving the train before. He was beginning to appreciate the calm ability and keenness—yes, and the immense resources—lying behind the genial smile of this man.

The Chief put out his hand to the telephone. 'I want Montreal, miss,' he said into the receiver. 'Get me Windsor Station, the Department of Investigation.' He hung up and turned to Clement. 'This feller Neuburg is new to me. I 've been thinking about him, but I can't place him. He must have come up from the States, or he must have worked behind others. The one class of life I am thoroughly acquainted with is bad men. I know all the leading lights, but I don't get him. . . . This Gunning feller we 'll get news of—easy. And we 'll find out about this Joe Wandersun. He 's Neuburg's travelling-companion on this trip, since Siwash stayed, hey? P'r'aps we 'll trail up Siwash Mike too. But this Neuburg. . . . Give me an idea of him, Mr Seadon.'

Clement described Neuburg as pointedly as he could, while The Chief listened with his smile, as though it were merely a good story, but his level and capable eyes proved his keenness.

Clement had just finished his picture of the master-rogue when the telephone-bell rang. The Chief picked up the receiver. 'That Mac speaking? This is The Chief. Who 's about? . . . Ah, Gatineau 's there. Call him. . . . Oh, Xavier, it 's The Chief speaking. I 'm in Quebec on the *Empress* robbery case. . . . See here, there is a lady stopping off at Montreal on Imperial No. 1. She is a Miss Heloise Reys; she has a companion with her, a Miss Méduse Smythe. I want her trailed. Find out where she 's stopping if she stays in Montreal. If she isn't staying, find out where she 's going and by what train she goes. . . . No, don't interfere with her; just find out what she 's doing. Got that? Next, I want you to find out all you can about a feller called Henry Gunning, and another called Joe Wandersun, both of Sicamous.' He gave the few details Clement had been able to give of these men. 'If you can't find out anything about 'em in Records, or from the Dominion police, just flash through to Sicamous or Revelstoke. Got that? Next isn't so easy. I want to hear something about a man who calls himself Adolf Neuburg.' He spelt it out. Then he described him with an accuracy which was amazing, considering he had only had Clement's not very expert description. 'This feller Neuburg seems to be an out-size bad-hat, but I can't place him. We haven't come across him, I know. But just find out if there 's anything known. You might trace him through mining, or you might pick up something about him in connection with British Columbia. He pulled out of here for Montreal on the morning train—see if that helps. . . . You 've got all that? Well, if it 's possible, long-distance me here at the "Frontenac" about Miss Heloise Reys. The other stuff can keep. I 'm pulling out myself by the night train.'

As The Chief put down the instrument Clement said enthusiastically, 'That 's splendid; it draws a noose round them. We 're bound to have them now.'

'Yes, there are possibilities in my job,' smiled The Chief. 'We 've got many means of heading off rogues and finding out things about them.'

'And I 'm going to give you another,' said Clement. 'This Sherlock Holmes business is contagious. This is my offering to this conspiracy of detection. Miss Heloise went because she had reason to go. Yes, I know they must have persuaded her, and persuaded her well, for why else has she gone in such a hurry? That 's not like her. . . . And, then, she expected to have a talk with me.' He tried not to show youthful emotion. 'But—and this is my point—they wouldn't have persuaded her unless they had something to persuade with. At the bottom of this journey there must have been a message.'

The Chief stood up, reached for his soft hat. 'That 's it. She got the message she was expecting about this Gunning man. He 'd been found, as we know; the message told *her* he had been

found—and where. You said she had letters addressed to her at the Post-Office. Come along; we'll look at that message.'

They went down the hill to the Post-Office, where most of the notices were in French. The Chief's authority took them at once to a superintendent, who had no difficulty in finding the duplicate of a wire which Heloise Reys must have received late the night before. The wire had come from Sicamous. It was signed by Wandersun—that meant Joe's wife had sent it. It said tersely: 'Gunning found now working at Cobalt.'

'Cobalt!' said Clement, staring down at the flimsy slip. 'That's the famous silver-mining town, isn't it?'

'Yes, and this Gunning is a miner,' said The Chief. 'Well, that's all natural enough. You see what's happened. When Gunning broke loose from those toughs he came east, meaning probably to hit the high spots. Somewhere this side of Winnipeg his money ran dry, just about the time he was sobering up. Being on his uppers, and being a miner, he'd just naturally think of Cobalt, for Cobalt'd be the place where he would find his own job, and at good money. So he went to Cobalt.'

'And I see how they persuaded Heloise—Miss Reys. They made her feel that if she did not start for Cobalt at once, there'd be every chance of her missing him again. Gunning would wander off again directly he got money into his pocket.'

'Yes; and they got her to go by that train because she'd be able to catch a connection out of Montreal,' capped The Chief. 'She'll go out by No. 17. It's one of the few direct trains. She'll get a through-sleeper on that. Cobalt it is, Mr Seadon.'

'But Cobalt is an unhandy place to get at.'

'It's just as unhandy a place to get out of, too. But it's Cobalt she's gone to; take that as fixed, Mr Seadon.'

Before they boarded the night train for Montreal they knew definitely that Cobalt was Heloise's destination. Over the long-distance 'phone from Montreal they had learnt that the girl and her companion had taken reservations for Cobalt on the night train.

That, and one other fact, was all the fresh information they obtained. The other fact was that a large man, answering unmistakably to the description of Mr Neuburg, with a companion, had left Montreal earlier in the day.

He, too, had booked through to Cobalt.

VII.

Thanks to The Chief, Clement was able to travel to Montreal in a drawing-room compartment; that is, he shared the privacy of The Chief, and did not have to sleep in the public sleeping-car. In spite of this advantage, however, he had a bad night.

All night he was thinking of Heloise and the danger she was in. His own adventures with Mr Neuburg and his gang had taught him that there was very little these scoundrels would stop at, and the thought of that slim, beautiful, and fine-tempered girl at the mercy of creatures so base and so cruel was a thing of terror.

What would happen to her? What, even now, was happening to her, or was about to happen?

She was on her way to Cobalt, where the man who was invested with all the romantic glamour of her girlhood's love was working. Mr Neuburg had travelled to Cobalt before her; it was easy to know why. He was going to see Gunning first. He was going to see to it that Gunning was up to the scratch when he met Heloise. If Gunning was still suffering from the effects of drink, then Gunning would be sobered. Mr Neuburg, with his terrible, silent power, would see to that. If Gunning was down at heel, unseemly, then Mr Neuburg would see to it that Gunning was presentable. Mr Neuburg had gone on ahead so that the whole business should be stage-managed efficiently. Mr Neuburg was going to take no chances.

Heloise would arrive at Cobalt. She would find Gunning. Her introduction to him would be a calculated affair. Every ounce of romance would be brought to bear upon her responsive nature. She would find him, perhaps working, perhaps alone in a rough house; living alone, remote, fighting against odds. Oh, the whole business would be beautifully done. And Gunning would be well coached. . . . And she would be filled with a splendid pity at his braveness and his plight. That meeting would be made poignant, ineffaceable. It would have such an effect on her genuine and lovable nature that all the things he, Clement, had to tell her, all the truths he might utter concerning the plottings of these scoundrels, would be negatived by her feelings for her lost lover. . . . Gunning would only have to be plausible to carry weight with a girl willing to be persuaded. And with Mr Neuburg at his back Gunning would be plausible enough.

At Montreal they were met by a slim, pleasant young man, with a quiet manner and a nearly bald head; a satisfying young man, whose quiet modesty covered a definite ability to think and do things quickly. He told The Chief at once that he had reserved accommodation for two on the next train out to Cobalt.

'Two?' asked Clement.

'Xavier Gatineau here is going with you, Mr Seadon,' said The Chief, indicating the quiet young man with a nod. 'It's our case, too, you know. We want to get to the bottom of that tiara business. Now, come along and have breakfast with me. We have time before your train goes. Xavier will tell us anything fresh.'

Over the cantaloup and ice-water and Gaspé salmon and superb coffee, that made the ordinary breakfast, the young man told them there was nothing particularly fresh.

'The two ladies went through to Cobalt,' he said. 'A point is, they travelled light. They took only suit-cases. The heavy baggage was left here—on demand. The baggage-master told me that Miss Reys expected to wire for it to be sent on somewhere.'

'That means they don't expect to make a stay in Cobalt. It also means that if they left in a hurry it wouldn't be so easy to trail them,' commented The Chief. 'Well, we're warned, anyhow. I'll take steps, Xavier. If you lose the trail, or anything goes wrong, get a message to me. I'll try and have something at all sections,* too, and I'll send a general warning west. Now, about Mr Neuburg?'

'He pulled out early on the west-bound. He'll have changed at North Bay, and so got to Cobalt last night. I haven't been able to connect up with Cobalt.—It's not on our system, you know,' he explained to Clement. 'Neuburg had another man with him. Both carried only suit-cases.'

'Anything through from Sicamous?'

'Joe Wandersun is a bad-hat. We have his record, because he fell foul of us once over false declarations in way-sheets. He's got a shack at Sicamous. . . . I've had a message through from the station-master there. Seems to be living more or less in retirement for the present. Sicamous, anyhow, is no more than a scattered handful of shacks, no scope for a man who lives by his wits. That's what Wandersun has been doing for years. He's done a term in prison for fraud; it reads as though it were the confidence trick. He's a friend of Gunning's.'

'Ah,' said Clement, 'you've heard something about Gunning.'

'Our chap at Sicamous says he's a remittance-man. That's a term in British Columbia for a man who won't work—a fellow who lives by sponging. He's a ne'er-do-well, apparently. Says he has mine-claims, and is a boose artist.' The young man's eyes twinkled. 'That's our expression for a man given to drink, Mr Seadon.'

'Nothing against him?'

'Nothing proven—to our knowledge; but his habits are bad, and his company shady.'

'Have you found out anything about Siwash Mike?' asked The Chief.

'Nothing.'

'Neuburg?'

'I'm going to hear from the Dominion police—perhaps; or, rather, they'll get on to you, sir. They don't place him. But one of them said he had an idea that the description you gave was like a man the U.S.A. police were after. So far as he remembered, this man was wanted in Oregon—well, considerably more than a year ago. They are going to look into it, and get in touch with the U.S.A. too. They'll communicate with you, sir.'

* A section on the C.P.R. is 133 miles. All trains stop at the end of each section to change engines.

From the way he spoke, Clement thought that the quiet young man was holding something back. Abruptly he leant across the breakfast-table. 'Did they say what he was wanted for?'

The young man looked at The Chief before answering. The Chief nodded.

'Murder,' said Gatineau quietly.

Murder! Clement fell back in his chair staring at the quiet, partly bald young man who had made the calm statement. Murder! Heloise was in the clutches of a man wanted for murder.

'So far as the Dominion police could remember—it was a good while back, you understand—it was a matter of murder, or complicity in a murder. Something with a lot of money in it, and a man killed. But they'll find out the full facts.'

'Good God! and that girl is in this—this murderer's power!' gasped Clement, unable to think of anything else.

'It may not be the same feller, Mr Seadon,' said The Chief kindly. 'It's an old case, and they are only working from memory, not facts.'

'Are there many men answering to the description of Mr Neuburg?'

'No,' said The Chief slowly. 'But, then, I don't know. An' when we get the Oregon description, we may find it doesn't fit him.'

'A case of money and murder—that fits Neuburg,' said Clement. 'Yes, he's a murderer and a thief, and—and that poor girl's at his mercy. We must do something.'

'We can't do anything until you get to Cobalt, Mr Seadon. Come now, you mustn't lose your nerve.'

But the thought of the terrible danger Heloise was in was too much for Clement. He was torn with anxiety. It was awful to think that Heloise was out there—out there in the great spaces of Canada—without anybody to defend her, completely at the mercy of that huge and implacable man who would stop at nothing, who had, it seemed certain, not stopped at the most terrible of all crimes on a previous occasion in order to further his own ends. Like a man battering his head against a stone wall to find some way through, his mind darted hither and thither trying to find some means of aiding her, even though he was that vast distance separated from her. He said, suddenly, 'Can't you get through to Cobalt—warn her by 'phone or wire?'

'By the time we connected up with the police the business might be over,' said The Chief. 'Worse; it might precipitate matters. Best wait until you get to Cobalt yourself, Mr Seadon.'

Clement thought he was right. Anxious though he was, he felt that for the moment the only real danger (and he thought that grave enough in its way) was her meeting with Henry Gunning. Neuburg and the gang would do nothing until they saw how that turned out.

Indeed, they would avoid all violence, for that would clash with their plan of making the meeting a lovers' reunion. . . . No, there was no danger of physical hurt—yet. But there might be if the rogues suddenly found their hands forced. A hint of suspicion shown by a clumsy police-officer, a hint that their whereabouts had been discovered and that Clement was hot on their trail, and they might do anything, might feel themselves forced to take any steps, in order to secure themselves. No, it was best not to disturb them until Clement himself was within striking distance, until he was there to protect her against—against that murderer.

'You 're right,' he said to The Chief. 'We can do nothing until I get to Cobalt. And when I get to Cobalt, then I 'll settle the matter once and for all, even if there are twenty murderers about her.'

(*Continued on page 261.*)

A NOVEL LIVE-STOCK INDUSTRY.

IN the little province of Prince Edward Island some thirty years ago there was established the then new industry of breeding silver and black foxes in captivity. The pioneers met with many difficulties and discouragements; but, after years of disappointment, they at length succeeded, and the business has now attained large proportions. Charles Dalton (now Sir Charles) and his partner, Robert Oulton, were the prime movers in the enterprise, and both in time made considerable fortunes as a reward for their patient skill.

The ordinary red fox had been common to all parts of Canada from the date of the first settlement, and no doubt for centuries previous, and amongst them the trappers came upon occasional specimens of both the black and the silver-gray varieties.

These were found to have a much higher fur value than the red variety. For this reason, and because the supply of merchantable furs from the forest was steadily decreasing as the settlement of the country advanced, it was thought to be well worth while to make a painstaking effort to domesticate the silver fox, and the result has fully justified this conclusion.

Some excellent specimens of both black and silver fox pups were unearthed, and the effort was made to rear them to maturity. But the cunning creatures, when a little more than half-grown, proved exceedingly resourceful in making good their escape. They would jump or climb over enclosing fences, or burrow beneath them. And at first they would not breed in captivity. This led to the evolution of the modern fox-ranch, an enclosure of meshed wire, attached to posts about ten feet high, and made with an overhang at the top, projecting inwards about two feet to prevent the foxes from climbing over. The meshed wire was also extended downward into the ground to a depth of two or three feet to prevent escape by burrowing.

At length a very few young were produced, but only a fraction of these grew to maturity. The parent foxes were very distrustful of their keepers, and made all possible efforts to conceal their young ones, sometimes burying them in the snow or in the ground, according to the weather conditions. In other cases the change from their wild, free life in the forest to close captivity in a wire enclosure seemed to destroy the maternal instinct, and the mother foxes would devour their young. The infant mortality among fox pups bred in captivity still continues to be serious.

Messrs Dalton & Oulton kept their enterprise secret until they had surmounted the initial difficulties and had begun to find a profit from their furs, sold in London. In the year 1910, out of a small consignment of silver-fox pelts sold for them at Lampson's, one skin realised £540, and another an even £500. After that secrecy could no longer be maintained, and the enterprising owners began to sell breeding foxes to their neighbours. And quickly the prices realised for these advanced from $2000 or $3000 per pair to $10,000 per pair. In 1912 the first fox-breeding companies were incorporated.

The 'boom' was now on; companies to breed foxes were incorporated by the score and the hundred, ranches were built in equal numbers, and the price of good quality breeders rose to $20,000, $25,000, and even $30,000 per pair, so greatly did the demand exceed the supply. Very high prices were continued down to 1914, and these were sustained by the huge profits made by the fox companies and by individual owners of well-stocked ranches. I well remember being present at the annual meeting of one of these companies, in which I had five or six $100 shares. It was with some trepidation that I saw a resident Presbyterian minister then and there invest $2500, probably the savings of a lifetime, in the shares of this company. I was present at the annual meeting the following year, and saw him receive the company's cheque for $25,000, along with additional shares equal to 50 per cent. of what he already held. Other fox companies paid dividends of 200 per cent. to 300 per cent.

This was the period during which money was rapidly made by promoters of fox companies and by those who had breeding foxes to sell. During this time no foxes were killed for their pelts. Then came the Great War, and with it the practical closure of all the European fur-markets.

This reacted upon the demand for living foxes, and resulted in a swift decline in prices. A large majority of the fox companies stopped paying dividends after 1914, but most of them continued in operation, and began adding the best in quality of their young foxes to the breeding stock of their ranches, also getting rid of their inferior or non-productive animals. In fact, the industry came down to a pelt basis almost entirely.

In the meantime, and during the closing years of the war, extensive fur-markets developed in New York, St Louis, and Chicago, and later in Montreal, at which silver fox proved to be in good demand at fair prices; and, while few new ranches were set up in Prince Edward Island, there was a growing sale of breeding foxes abroad, but at modest prices compared with those of the boom period. Sale prices for breeding foxes ranged from $500 to $2000 per pair, while the maximum price for pelts was $1200 to $1500 each. In 1919 a fraction of the fox companies resumed the payment of dividends, paying 3 per cent. to 12 per cent. Last year a much larger number came again into the dividend-paying class, and averaged a higher rate of payment.

The sale of breeding silver foxes has extended from Prince Edward Island to every one of the nine provinces of the Dominion, to a dozen of the border states of the American Republic, and to Norway, Japan, and other Eastern countries. It is claimed that the original black and silver foxes of this island possessed the most lustrous fur, its climate and soil alike being conducive to this result. There is no lime in the soil, and the fox being a burrowing animal, he here escapes the tarnishing effect of lime upon his fur. It is also claimed by fox men that the highest prices ever yet realised for silver fox were from animals bred in the ranches of this province.

Be these contentions well founded or not, there can be no question that the business of producing a very valuable quality of fox-fur under domestication originated and was developed here, and has attained a status not approached in any other state or province of the civilised world. As now carried on, it is conducted in about five hundred different ranches, containing approximately twelve thousand breeding foxes, with some ten thousand pups of the year's production. And those engaged in the business very confidently assert that their fur-farming business is the most profitable live-stock industry in the world to-day. This is a large claim; but it is to be remembered that the fox is cheaply fed and cared for, and comes to maturity in a year, being then worth as much as a young horse of three years, which has cost many times as much to feed and care for.

REGINA'S AFTERNOON.

PART III.

IX.

AND there she rested, and listened—and little by little recuperated—while Captain Chirk, none too coherently at the outset, gave tongue to his own astonishment and sensations.

His primal concerns were creditably unselfish, and it was only when he understood that Regina was neither dead of fright nor likely so to die, was not even unconscious, and preferred to stand thus in his arms rather than be set upon a chair, that he began to be fluent about himself.

It was the rottenest day, and one of the absurdest, that he had ever had to do with, although probably he deserved it.

He ought to have known that when Regina said a thing she meant it. Herein she differed so admirably, as a rule, from most other girls of his experience, whose minds had quite untrustworthy backbones. She had told him to go home for Christmas, since the privilege had been granted to him. He was not eager about it, as she knew; but the events of the day had shown that she was right. He *ought* to have gone home, and not hoped that Regina had not meant it when she said that a man's mother had, she supposed, the first claim on his bits of leave.

'I *did* think you might have stayed,' said Regina faintly at this point.

His embrace tightened. 'Darling! If only I'd *known!*' he exclaimed.

'Never mind,' soothed Regina, in the concentrated comfort of the moment. 'Somehow I *thought* you wouldn't. Go on.'

'But, I say, old girl'—— he demurred.

'Go on, Bobby,' said Regina.

'But'—he persisted, making a disturbing movement which still further revived her intelligence—'I'm no end glad you're bucking up, old thing, and it's as ripping as can be to have you like this. But—it makes me frizzle to think that I'm in that blighter's clothes. It's an insult to your dear face that you should *touch* me while I'm like this. By Jove! yes. And that reminds me—I ought to be getting on the fellow's track. I really ought, you know.'

Uttering a little cry, Regina released herself from his embrace. She also remembered something. 'I've *shot* you, Bobby!' she wailed, in new consternation. '*Don't* smile like that. I know I did, because—— Let me *look!*'

Captain Chirk turned his gaze sharply to the pistol upon the floor, then laughed and shrugged his field-gray shoulders.

'If it's only that baby thing, I don't care a—anything!' he said, with heartening levity.

Nevertheless, he helped her to look, and laughed on with a boisterousness that was more fine medicine for Regina when, between them, they discovered only two tiny holes in the field-gray trousering.

'I've a hide thick enough to stop fifty such, and no harm done, after the first twinge,' he declared stoutly.

'Are you *sure?*' asked Regina, so enchantingly wistful that he had to clasp her again. And, thus clasping her, he went on with his story.

'It's the rummiest yarn, and I positively must be off directly to cable about the county, and chance what they say about me. The beggar must have lain in wait by the cromlech and sandbagged me, or something of the sort. I was sitting down, making a cigarette, when—*thud!*—it came on my napper, and I didn't know a thing more till I found myself all in a huddle, among *these* filthy togs.' ('You poor boy!' interjected Regina.) 'Yes, exactly, old girl. That's what I felt like too until I began to get some light on the situation. That set me up, and I hadn't much more than a headache when I got here. Thought I'd just call and tell you about it, you know, on my way to the post-office. And that's where the mischief began again. It so happened that on Thursday I met an antiquarian old bird at the "Goat" of Dolgelly, and in talking about Gwynfrwyn he told me he believed the old secret passage started from this very room we're in—where I've busted the woodwork. Couldn't have had my senses in proper control and all that, you know, or I'd never have done such a hot-headed, silly thing; but the temptation buzzed at me when I found no one at home, not even the faithful Megan'——

'She's gone. She left this morning,' said Regina placidly.

Suddenly she remembered *everything*, and tore herself apart from him.

'*You* didn't hide in the hall, behind Old Sixteenth-Century, Bobby—*did* you?' she asked, with feverish eyes upon him.

'Hide? Not much. The idea!'

'No. Then there's some one else in the house.' A shudder shook her. 'It's too horrible, but there's blood. You know the oak chest in the state-room upstairs. It's fast, and there's *blood* coming from it. It turned me sick. And then I heard you, and came down. It's there *still*, Bobby.'

She sidled weakly into the arm-chair, her hand to her forehead.

'*Mean* all that?' asked Captain Chirk, after a frowning-fit. A steely light, as of robust interest, had come into his eyes.

'Every word of it, Bobby.'

''M! Sounds exciting. And some one else in the house who shouldn't be, eh? That'll suit *me* down to the floor. I'll be quite pleased to get a little of my own back on that same some one.' He rubbed his hands. 'Turn the key in the door after me, and await proceedings, old girl.'

A tender little skirmish intervened between this outline of a plan and its execution, but Captain Chirk won.

'You *will* be careful?' Regina implored, her hands upon his shoulders.

'You old darling!' said he. 'But not so much row. We're giving shows away, talking like this. When you've locked the door, just sit still—go to sleep or anything—till I knock you up. I don't anticipate much of a job, but you're sure to exaggerate it if you start thinking. So go to sleep, my sweet, if you can. Ssh!'

Smiling and waving a forefinger, he stepped into the corridor, and closed the door; and, partly in obedience, but chiefly because she felt like it, having locked the door, Regina returned to the arm-chair.

And there she sat, not of course even merely thinking of sleep, but—listening yet again. For other sounds now than the wind's screechings. Worse sounds, perhaps; indeed probably.

X.

She sat until patience and her nerves both gave out. Her imagination also spurred her into fresh action. Anything might be happening. There might be a gang of miscreants sown about the house—Bobby but one against a crowd!

Flushed by this ultimate fear, she rose, and, pistol in hand once more, after a furtive, yet sufficing, peep into the gloom of the gap in the panelling, unlocked the door. The gap itself proved to be comparatively a nothing. Standing-room for two or three, in untold dust—that was all. Priest's hiding-hole, or whatever it was, she forgot it as soon as she had inspected it.

In the corridor she paused, and was about to resume her listenings, when, clear above the wind's gabblings, she heard Captain Chirk's laugh, as free as a child's. The laugh swelled, then ended in the remark 'Capital indeed!' and something more which failed to reach her ears. Laugh and speech alike on an unmistakable note of irony—mellow irony—enjoyable to the producer.

Light as a dancer's, Regina's feet ran her back into the hall, and there she waited, throbbing, wide-eyed, and expectant of she knew not what, save only that it was something good. Nor had she long to wait.

'March, my beauty! Quick march, too, my noble Hun!'

Another laugh from Captain Chirk (a deep-throated 'Ha-ha!' this one) succeeded the lusty command. The cheer of the laugh was still upon her when Regina's amazed eyes beheld the

beginnings of a field-gray German where the staircase looped. Another moment and she was able to recognise the entire man. It was Megan's moon-faced slave from Bryntyn. His lower lip, hanging loose like that of a jaded horse, emphasised his abjectness, and he held a bandaged hand stiffly in front of him.

And then Captain Chirk himself came round the bend, no longer ignominious in the hated field-gray, but clothed as an officer of the Shropshires should be; wearing, further, a look of triumph which——

'Hallo, old girl!' he cried, as his triumphant eyes illumined Regina and her bewilderments.

Briskly passing his captive, he pointed the man to a stair. 'Sit down!' he ordered.

Then, with uttermost satisfaction upon his bronzed face, he grasped Regina's two hands, including the pistol, and hugged them to his breast. 'Old girl, I certainly am one of the fortunate ones, and there's just time to tell you so,' he began. 'Cheer up, dear. Don't look so *lost*. It's quite all right now—everything. *This* chap was your real burglar, not I. Having started his wicked day by clouting me on the head with a sling of rooties—taties, you know—he prowled in here. The chance offering, the ass reckoned my uniform would help him on his way back to his Fatherland. Finding an empty house, same as I did, he twigged another chance—of loot. Your return scared him into the armour. Then he got upstairs, and was trying what sort of a second hiding-place the chest might make, when the lid banged him on the head and nipped two or three of his fingers. Knocked him dotty, same as he'd done me. And that's enough about it at this present stage in our three merry histories. Congratulate me, old girl!'

Regina absorbed his news blissfully. 'Oh Bobby!' she panted as her head inclined to his shoulder. 'I do. I do. How thankful—and relieved I am!'

Indifferent to the melancholy and staring German, Captain Chirk kissed her hair. 'Same here, my dear old best,' he said. 'Same here, indeed!'

Never had Regina felt in such need of tendernesses, or found them so congenial; and for a while he was the perfect comforter. Then he proceeded to free himself.

'Awfully sorry, but I really must get this ruffian into the hands of the police,' he explained. 'But I'll look in again on my way back,' he went on in response to an objecting quiver from Regina. 'You get yourself some tea, with a drop of something strong in it—at once. And, remember, I'm here *all* to-morrow—every daylight minute of it.'

'A-h!' sighed Regina, with contented eyes.

XI.

A little more, and from the Gwynfrwyn porch, she watched Captain Chirk and Megan's limp-necked Hun disappear under the clock-tower gateway. Captain Chirk was to have the glory of that conquering march down the avenue, not she. Nor would she have had it otherwise. His last words, from a distance, were about his hunger for Gwynfrwyn food in about an hour. Regina had nodded and smiled heedfully.

. . . . . .

Purged from all anxieties, she returned to the hall and its cushioned window-seat. The gale's discords were lullabies now, and Old Sixteenth-Century nothing worse than a straw-stuffed guy.

. . . . . .

Time passed, and she was feeling momentarily more like her familiar self when she heard Mary Buckstone's voice and footfalls; the door opened, and Bucky entered, wreathed in smiles.

'Well, dear,' she greeted her colleague, dimpling serenely, 'here we are again, as the clown says.' She turned and beckoned. 'Come along in,' she said coaxingly, and a shame-faced girl joined her on the door-mat.

'Yes,' she went on, 'it's Megan come back, Colly. Aren't we *lucky?* And isn't *she?* That's what I've been telling her, poor kid! She had arranged to elope with that Hans Zwiller—conceive it!—but a merciful hitch or something intervened. He didn't turn up, and she says she'll never, *never* have anything more to do with a man as long as she lives. We'll take that with some salt, of course, but the essential thing is that she has her senses back; haven't you, Megan?—Well, dear, and have you had a nice, quiet time yourself? Why, what's the matter?'

Regina was laughing a whole-souled laugh—that was all.

THE END.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

WHICH is the most devastating of the diseases that attack man? Many will think of the white scourge, or the hidden plague; but probably the less-talked-of malaria—which is estimated to cause a million deaths a year in India alone—has best claim to the tragic distinction.

Malaria was long thought to be one of 'the affections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats,' but is now known to be due to a parasite transmitted to human beings by blood-sucking mosquitoes. In the warm evenings of summer and autumn, clouds of tiny two-winged flies may be seen flying in flat and marshy districts, those

which bite to some purpose being called 'mosquitoes,' while others that are less troublesome are dismissed as 'gnats.'

Light sleepers are often awakened by the peculiar sound—a sort of trumpeting scream—made by the mosquito close to the ear; and if one settles upon the back of the hand, its instructive motions may be watched under a pocket-lens. It is only the female fly which sucks blood, and nature has admirably fitted her for her deadly task. In her case the typical insect mouth-parts—which are not really jaws, but limbs—are modified to form a tiny but perfect set of surgical instruments. One part forms a case for six lancets with points variously shaped for piercing, cutting, and sawing. One is like a two-edged sword, with a groove running its whole length so as to convert the weapon into a hypodermic syringe.

Having pierced the skin, the insect injects a quantity of poisonous saliva into the wound, then sucks blood for about three minutes, and finally decamps. This is the beginning rather than the end of the mischief, for the injected saliva contains tiny jelly-like creatures which at once seize upon the red corpuscles of the blood and gradually devour them. Thriving upon their precious diet, the parasites split up into a number of smaller individuals, which attack further corpuscles, and in their turn attain full size.

Obviously the continued operation of this process would soon result in the death of the sufferer; but, fortunately, after a certain time the changed condition of the blood warns the intruders that active attacks must cease. Then they adopt a resting attitude, awaiting a further visit from a mosquito. When this occurs some of them are drawn up into the fly's stomach, and—stimulated rather than incommoded by the digestive juices—proceed to go through a further stage in their development and multiplication. Later on they are found in the salivary glands; and when the mosquito bites another human being, they pass into his blood with the saliva, and the vicious life-circle begins anew.

Doctors recognise at least three sorts of malaria or ague caused by three different kinds of parasites—all, however, transmitted by the bite of mosquitoes. The tertian and quartan agues are comparatively mild in their effects, and are hence called 'benign'; whereas the tropical form of malaria is continuous and 'pernicious,' and has earned for the deadly coastal regions of certain parts of Africa the title of the 'White Man's Grave.'

In medicine, understanding is the first step towards prevention, and following upon the pioneer-work of Sir Ronald Ross, great strides are now being made in the conquest of malaria. The mosquito may be thinned out by draining its native marshes or covering over the water-tanks in which the young live; or where this cannot be done, a thin film of paraffin-oil may be spread upon the surface of the water. The mosquito-larvæ are then unable to reach the air, and die of suffocation.

In treating patients attacked by the parasites of malaria, the value of quinine has long been recognised; although, strangely enough, to a small percentage of human beings quinine in any form seems to act as a direct poison.

THE PETERSON INHERITANCE.

By William Glover.

I.

IF some eccentric philanthropist were to devise his money to the Society for Providing Burglars with Up-to-Date Tools, the law would probably step in and divert the bequest. But there are other ways—not so glaringly obvious, though quite as effective—by which a legacy may incite to a breach of the Commandments; ways, moreover, with which the law generally refuses to interfere. Who has not heard of wills that simply bristle with temptations to the legatees, and that thrust the dead hand of stupidity or malice into the lives of coming generations? Take, for instance, the notorious Peterson case. It created a sensation at the time it happened; but, for reasons into which it is here unnecessary to enter, the instructive details have never, hitherto, been set down in correct perspective. The story runs as follows.

Cornelius J. Peterson, of Brownsville, a small township at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, had six sons. Of these, James was the eldest. The others, in order of seniority, were William Henry, Peter, Thomas, Washington, and Jacob. They were not nice boys. Each was handy with a gun; each had a taste, cultivated, yet not refined, for every get-at-able variety of intoxicating drink; but, according to public opinion, these were the only virtues they possessed. On one point there could be no dispute: these six sons had done their level best to make their father's existence most unpleasantly lively, and had succeeded in putting a great deal of vivid colour into what would otherwise have been a gray old age.

To the general surprise, Peterson, who had—and quite deserved—the reputation of being a most vindictive man, made little or no attempt at retaliation.

'I can't make it out, Corny,' said a friend, 'why you should treat those boys o' yourn so dif-

ferent from what you treat me and the other folk. Why don't you hit back? What keeps you from givin' 'em tit for tat—ten tits for one tat?'

'Put it down to a father's natural feelin's,' replied Peterson.

'You ain't got 'em,' returned the friend. 'Try another lie.'

Peterson chuckled. 'I never forget,' said he, 'and I never forgive. I'm savin' up somethin' for these boys o' mine that'll fairly make 'em jump. I've studied 'em, and sorter sized 'em up; and I know where to strike so that it will hurt 'em most. Just you wait till I hand in my checks, an' you'll see what I mean.'

'But you won't be able to enjoy it, once you are dead and gone,' remonstrated the friend.

'Who told you that?' returned Peterson. 'What do *you* know about religion?'

II.

In process of time this Old Testament Christian died. When his will was opened, it appeared that the whole of the estate—consisting of a farm of two hundred acres, a well-furnished house, and some fifty thousand dollars lying at call in the bank—had been left to the eldest son, James.

But there were conditions. James was bound to reside in Brownsville; and if, in any year—reckoned from the date of his accession—he should absent himself from the township for more than three calendar months, he was to forfeit everything in favour of William Henry, who would then inherit under similar terms.

Should the charms of foreign travel prove too strong for William Henry, Peter was to be installed. In the event of Peter failing to keep his hold on the reins, he must hand them over to Thomas. Did Thomas slip off his seat, Washington was to take the vacant chair. If Washington allowed his claim to lapse, Jacob got his chance; and if he fooled it away, what was left of the property went to the County Asylum for Deserving Inebriates.

Attached to this ingenious merry-go-round of a document, there was a further proviso that was not without significance to any one who knew the Peterson boys. Should the brother in actual possession die from disease, the estate was to pass to the next in succession—with conditions aforesaid; but should he come to his end by violence, intermediaries were passed over, and everything devolved forthwith upon the beforementioned asylum.

III.

The fortunate James had no sooner come into his own than he began to enjoy himself with all his might. He was a man of many wants, and now, quite regardless of cost, he left none of them ungratified.

The only item on which he economised was that of charity, and here he appeared to be obsessed by a conscientious scrupulosity. 'It wouldn't be fair,' he explained to the people who called upon him for subscriptions, 'if I were to give away what ain't altogether mine—money left to me, as it were, in trust. I have my brothers to consider, and it is only right I should safeguard their interests, so to speak.'

One by one, and in batches, these wretched brothers interviewed the considerate James, and implored him to extend his care for their interests a little further, and to refrain from squandering such huge sums on his own pleasures; otherwise there would soon be nothing left. But they found remonstrance worse than useless. James upbraided them with their selfishness, and grew more extravagant after each visit of expostulation. Being a man of little insight and prevision, he believed he could safely defy all interference; and he failed to grasp the fact that his tenure of office was not absolutely secure.

Three weeks—three glorious weeks—then the inhabitant of this fool's paradise suddenly disappeared. As time passed, without bringing any tidings of him, excitement in Brownsville ran high. Officious searchers scoured the district, but no trace of the missing man could be found.

Strange to say, the most cool and collected individual for miles around was the Peterson next in succession—William Henry. He left the place on the very day of his brother's disappearance, giving out that he was called away to take charge of a man who had gone out of his mind. When he came back, a month later, he laughed at the fuss that was being made. There was no doubt, he said, that James was in hiding somewhere; that he was staying away on purpose to raise a brother's hopes; and that the skunk would return at the very last moment in order to make the disappointment as acute as possible.

'I don't blame Jim, mind you,' concluded the moralist. 'In his shoes I should most likely do the same thing myself. But I'm not goin' to give him the satisfaction of havin' fooled *me*.'

IV.

If this theory as to the disappearance were correct—and it certainly bore the stamp of probability—then James must have made a miscalculation; for he allowed the three months' time-limit to lapse without setting foot in Brownsville.

William Henry had held the property a bare fortnight, when, walking at dusk along the bank of the canal, something hit him on the back of the head, and laid him out. He recovered consciousness to find himself, bound hand and foot, lying in the tiny cabin of a barge. First by canal, then by river, he voyaged down to New Orleans, where he was transferred to a cargo-boat just clearing for China.

As the vessel was on the point of departure

who should come down into the hold—where the victim of such dastardly outrage was roped to a sugar-cask—but the too-long-lost James! 'Bill, my buck,' said he, with a happy smile, 'I'm doin' for you exactly what you did for me. To do unto others as they've done unto you is Scripter; so *that's* all right. Good-bye, old chap, and remember me to the Chin-Chins.'

It says much for William Henry's sense of justice that when, four months later, he returned from Asia, he made no attempt to assassinate his brother James.

V.

Warned by the fate of his predecessors, Peter, the next tenant, took careful precautions against the family tendency to vanish. As a rule he confined his perambulations to his orchard and garden, and these he planted thickly with man-traps and spring-guns. He also bought three huge dogs, which he fed upon a diet of raw meat; and it was only when accompanied by these guardians that he ventured to take his walks abroad.

One night, however, he met with a serious mischance. Strolling round the lawn, after a supper consisting of a bottle of rum and a digestive biscuit, he was guilty of an inadvertence; he stumbled into a man-trap. The machine was in perfect order; he had oiled it himself that very morning. The spring clicked, and the steel prongs, jabbing him in the calf, brought him howling to the ground. His three dogs rushed up, and, failing to recognise their master in such an unusual situation, proceeded to do what they considered to be their duty. Fortunately the hired man came up in time to rescue the sufferer from the triple tomb that had already engulfed the greater part of his clothing.

When Peter recovered, he judged it expedient to change his tactics. Instead of existing miserably in a state of craven siege, he would make a bold sortie, and carry the war into the enemy's camp. He must shoot his three younger brothers, Thomas, Washington, and Jacob; for he felt that he would never be able to enjoy true peace of mind until they should be no more.

But before putting the enterprise into execution, the strategist rode over to the next town to take legal opinion as to whether the fact of his having immolated the three persons next in succession would invalidate his title. The lawyers assured him it would not, and strongly advised him to do as he proposed, and to get to work at once.

His last fond scruple removed, Peter set off joyfully for home. He had only eight miles to go, but it took him just three months and one day to reach his destination. As he rode through a thick grove masked men waylaid him, dragged him from his horse, and gagged him. They held him in the woods till nightfall, and then carried him off to a remote gorge in the mountains, where they chained him up in a lumberman's hut.

The twentieth-century Prisoner of Chillon crept back into Brownsville, as it were, a day after the fair; and his spirit was so broken by captivity that the poor fellow had not a grain of retaliation left in him. So far as Peter was concerned, Thomas might consider himself quite safe.

VI.

Fortified by a knowledge of the legal opinion that Peter had risked so much to obtain, Thomas now took action. He had several opportunities of shooting Washington and Jacob separately, but he allowed these to pass; for he knew that if he should cause only one of them to decease, he would find extreme difficulty in stalking the other. On the very first occasion, however, of his meeting the pair together, he emptied his revolver at them. They dared not imperil their chance of succession by firing back; so they dodged the shots as well as the nature of the cover would permit, and got away, Washington with a bullet in his right shoulder, and Jacob with one in his left leg.

Thomas took his disappointment in a more hopeful spirit than the situation warranted. 'Never mind,' he said to himself. 'No doubt it is all for the best. But I'll wipe the cowards out yet. Better luck next time.'

Fortune, however, is not prodigal of golden opportunities. The next time never came.

Everybody said the sheriff must have been heavily bribed. Such a thing as an arrest for attempted murder had never been heard of before; and when it came out that Thomas had been taken away upon such a frivolous charge, Brownsville was wrathful. There was some talk of a rescue; and the county jail, forty miles distant, would probably have been stormed had it not been that public opinion, once it had had time to cool, declared against any gratuitous interference with the course of the Peterson legacy. It would be presumptuous on their part—so one of the leading citizens put it—to meddle with the inexorable workings of fate.

Of course, Thomas knew he would eventually be acquitted; he was under no uneasiness on that score. At the same time, he recognised the fact that he stood in a position of considerable danger—danger of losing his inheritance; for those who had inspired his arrest would undoubtedly stretch the law's delays to the uttermost.

The captive's efforts to regain his freedom were energetic but crude. He would have shown better judgment if he had first attempted to bribe the jailer, and tried to brain him only as a last resource. By reversing this process he raised the official's price to a quite prohibitive figure, and the error caused him to languish in durance for nearly six months.

VII.

In due time Washington took the post of peril—that is to say, he succeeded to the Peterson estate. He was generally credited with having the best head and the best heart in the family; and now he showed his wisdom and goodwill by making a friendly treaty with his younger brother. In return for a handsome allowance, Jacob pledged himself to refrain from any attempt at abduction; and he kept his promise. Disregarding all remonstrance as to their lame and spiritless compact, the two brothers persisted in amicable relations; and their only rivalry was as to which should be the more riotously dissipated and recklessly extravagant.

At this juncture the trustees of the asylum—who had for some time been much exercised in their minds as to the institution's chances of benefiting by the Peterson bequest—called a meeting.

The chairman, in his opening address, said he feared they had been sadly neglecting their duty. They ought, in the interests of the helpless beings under their charge, to have taken steps for raking in the shekels immediately upon the death of the testator. If only they had wiped out James Peterson at once, everything would have been theirs, and the estate would not have been wasted in such a deplorable manner.

'Not so deplorable,' interrupted a dissentient. 'There 's been a good bit of fun for the money; and if we 'd stopped the game before it had well begun, people would never have forgiven us; we shouldn't have got another subscription for years.'

This opinion met with general assent; but, seeing that Washington and Jacob had entered into such an unworthy compromise, it was felt that nobody could grumble if the trustees should now intervene. But how were they to proceed?

The chairman proposed that Washington should be killed; and he offered to do the job himself, using any method of despatch that the meeting might dictate. The majority, however, were against such a drastic course. They argued that one of a band of brothers that had made things so gay and lively for a whole countryside must not be dealt with too harshly; and they carried a vote in favour of a measure more gentle than homicide.

VIII.

Next day a close carriage, accompanied by four stalwart warders, left the asylum and drove into Brownsville at dusk. Half-an-hour later it started on the return journey—with Washington and Jacob inside—and arrived at its destination without mishap.

The unhappy brothers were lodged in the violent ward, where their behaviour proved quite in keeping with the traditions of that wing of the building.

Dipsomania is a difficult disease to tackle. In Washington's case, however, the efforts of the doctors soon met with success; and the victim of alcoholic craving was able, after a comparatively short course of treatment, to leave the asylum with a certificate stating that he was completely cured. He took his departure after a residence of three months and two days, but he went away with no stirrings of gratitude in his bosom. That the trustees had deprived him of lands and money was, he said, bad enough—though it was a trouble that might be borne. But if the infamous scoundrels had robbed him of what, in the language of the poet, he might term his sole remaining joy—his love of whisky—he believed he would go mad.

Jacob was not so fortunate as his elder brother. With him the mischief had bitten deeper, and not until six months and three days after his incarceration was the young sufferer discharged.

'Git! We 've done with you, so you can make tracks as quick as you like,' said the head warder, as he opened the big iron gates.

'All right, fat-head,' returned Jacob. 'I bear no malice toward you. You 've only been doin' the dirty work you 're paid for doin'. But you can tell the blatherskites that run this show that I 'm on the war-path, and I 'm goin' to drop 'em, one by one, as soon as I can steal a gun.'

The adventures of the Peterson legacy were now virtually at an end; for, no matter what might happen to the individual trustees, nothing could now deprive the asylum of its just and lawful due.

But when the bequest came to be realised, it was found that farm and homestead had been mortgaged for more than their worth, and the dollars were every one squandered. So the well-meaning trustees, instead of replenishing the coffers of a deserving charity, had diminished its treasury by the cost of Washington's keep for three months and Jacob's for six. The intention was all right; the execution was all right; but, alas! for an ideal outcome one needs an ideal world.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

THE skies have done with weeping,
And the earth
With rain-washed eyes is peeping,
Half in mirth
And half in doubtful wonder,
At the clouds
The sun-rays kiss asunder,
Turning shrouds
To wreaths of fairy lightness,
Changing fears
To smiles of dazzling brightness
Born of tears.

D. P. T.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

FOR me Seville stands for happiness. It lives upon it, and breathes it forth again for joy of all who dwell within its compass. One of our statesmen the other day turned upon some anxious people arguing upon a social problem and murmuring that surely they had a right to happiness, and he declared they had no such right. He bade them to remember the hundreds of thousands of our soldiers who had existed without happiness in trenches of France and Flanders, and all too often died in them. They having so suffered, why should we who lived because they suffered have the happiness denied to them? This seems a harsh rule for our living now; it exceeds the asceticism we have known. But there was another problem of happiness that was not discussed on this occasion, though probably it has been much thought upon, and that is, how to obtain or conduce to happiness from external fact and circumstance as we have been wont to do. What gave us happiness not long ago yields the sweets no more. Life and the world have been somewhat spoiled. All have discovered that in ugly things, in feverish, careless, thoughtless, sometimes savage ways of life, there is nothing of happiness, only just excitement and the depression of reaction. Then some of them have learned that, now as always, happiness can often come only from within, must be a thing of philosophy and thought, based on sincerity and truth, with a certain spiritual contentment attached to the sense of duty. Once before—careless days they were, but not like these—happiness of a kind was frequently derived from external things; but now it is different, for the mark of the world's agony is everywhere, and pursuing happiness from external circumstance is to chase a will-o'-the-wisp indeed. You move restlessly from place to place; they are different from before, but they are equal in their failure. But I know of one who was always the true queen of happiness, and none of her charm has fallen. Seville was ever famous for her happiness; it is undiminished still. Her external influence penetrates to your internal mood; it soothes and sweetens as it used to do. There is a magic in this city. Is it in the air, or the colourings, or the music, the soft languorous nights, the Andalusian women's flashing eyes and their dreamy motion, or comes it from the Guadalquivir or from the high Giralda tower of the Moors, who knew all the arts and practised them, and were themselves on occasion happy people? Or is it as a charm worked upon a city by the tomb within it of Columbus, who widened and changed the world? For this tomb itself within the great cathedral casts a spell upon beholders seeing the splendour of the conception of the Spanish artists, who placed the look of pride and none of grief upon the countenances of the kingly figures that bear the bier.

* * *

However it may be, it is Seville for happiness then and now and all the time. You may approach it for a happiness cure, just as for grosser things you might sip the waters of a spa. The influence of Seville, its healing, quickening, spiritual essences, are absorbed into the heart and mind, and we are made happy. There are a thousand reasons, and yet none that satisfies, except perhaps that, after all, happiness is a communicable thing, and all in Seville are happy. So one loves Seville. She is a delight to me as no other, and 'she alone charmeth my sadness.' *Sevilla mia!* Say it as 'Sevillya'; in its liquid beauty it is a name that suits so well. How lovely is my Seville! She is all brightness and vivacity. There are the flowers, roses and carnations called *claveles* upon every balcony, trailing from every *azotea*, each flat roof upon which the Sevillians sometimes in the evening rest, where tunes are made upon guitars. The colourings of this city are pale and delicate, white the basis of them all. There are pinks and pale blues for the shadings of some house walls and ornamentations, and contrasts are made in warmths and coolnesses. From the heat of an open spot in a *plaza* one moves away into a shady *calle*, and then at each few paces there is refreshment in the vision, so sweet and cool, of the *patios* abounding here as not elsewhere. With their soothingness of green and marble and trickling fountains, their changes in design and order, the houses fascinate, and we regard them as surely the perfection of human habitations. They seem as if they would promote a sense of well-being, of refreshment, of cleanliness of mind, and an exquisite refinement.

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There is the *zaguan* or vestibule at the outside, then the *cancel* or grating, and next the *patio* within, and open for all to see from the *calle*. But Seville is all delights. Often have I leaned from my balcony on warm and starry nights, the sound of the clacking of the *castañuelas* by girls and children coming up from among the big palms below, and marvelled again upon her charm. They tell you, and truly, in Seville that there are only three things that matter there—one being love, and another happiness, and the third religion.

* * *

The chief street of no other city has such a peculiarity, such an individuality, as the Calle de las Sierpes, the main street of Seville. Perhaps the Corso of Rome is the nearest to it; yet it is far off in comparison, for often there is a whirl of traffic down the Corso, but there is none of it on wheels in the Sierpes, only just a mule or some other four-legged creature ambling through it very rarely. Wondering how such a way as this could have come to be the main street of such a city, I think at last that it must be an agreeable and harmonious evolution, for I cannot imagine what other kind of street would suit Seville so well. It is a gentle, a charming, street; applying the common rule of contrariness, you would divine so much beforehand, since the name of it means in English words the Street of the Serpents, for once upon a time there was here a tavern with the sign of a serpent over it. Here in this street, as also in the Paseo de las Delicias, one observes the happiness of Andalusia in a certain sort of concentration; here there is a little of many things that represent the capital of Andalusia in its charm. It is a very narrow street; I take it to be about twenty feet in width, and the floor is laid with spacious flags. There are no side-paths, since, with no wheel traffic, none is necessary. It is in main features of construction and design like many streets in nice cities in other parts of Spain. Almost farther away from Seville than anywhere in the Peninsula is Corunna, in the north. A gentle city is Corunna, a certain cultural quality and distinction with it; but Galicia is severe in comparison with Andalusia. It lacks the scarlets and the golds, the jetty blacks, and the fires of women's burning eyes; and yet here in Corunna is one of the nearest things to the Sierpes, the Calle Real, the lounging-place, the place of the clubs, of the best shops, the heart of La Coruña. But it is no Sierpes. I have seen an automobile passing impudently through the Calle Real of Corunna, angering us, but doing it just the same. I would not say that no such thing has happened in the Calle de las Sierpes, but I have not seen and cannot imagine it. When, if ever, I see a thing like that in the Sierpes, another tradition, another charm, will have gone away. And until you experience it in these times, become accustomed to it, you do not understand how blessed is a street that tolerates no wheels. You come to know in the Sierpes that, while perhaps the early discovery of wheels was a first movement by the human race towards their distant progress, these wheels were to become as a passion, a fever, an obsession, always intensifying the desire for wheels, more wheels, faster and faster wheels—were to send men mad. Lounging in these Sierpian shades where the only wheels seen or suggested are tiny things in watches in the windows of the jewellers—these mattering nothing, for time is nought when happiness is all—you come to realise completely that wheels have been a leading cause not only of our progress, but of our afflictions and our troubles. For its lack of wheels, for the new and better sense of life that this prohibition yields, we love Sierpes well. Here in this charming *calle* there is colour of every kind; it glows in the Andalusian light and shade. The buildings are high, as suits the climate with its sun and its heat, and in the hot summer great *amarillo* awnings are stretched across the tops of the houses from one side to the other to keep the Sierpes cool and shady. As one goes forward to the Sierpes from the Plaza de la Constitucion one is intrigued a little in preliminary with a flower-stall at the corner, where the lady offers roses and carnations. The note of floral colour is struck often through the length of the Sierpes, and from the balconies up above. There are street venders of many things all along the way. The heart of their commerce is near the big lion's mouth projecting from the wall, into which we drop letters that go then by simple post from the Sierpes to our England. And here are the nicest shops. They are daintier, more delicate, have more of ease and elegance about them, than the shops of Madrid. In some are sold the *abanicos* (fans) and *castañuelas* with the pretty ribbons; there are some with the sweetmeats of Seville, the daintiest in Spain; good book-shops are here, and if you visit Spain and would take back a volume of Cervantes for keepsake, then for the love of fitness reserve the purchase for the Calle de las Sierpes. There are likewise shops of a stern utilitarian kind, selling things to wear. You know of the Barber of Seville, have loved the tale, conjured visions of delight upon the lively music fancies of Rossini? Here for you is the barber of Seville—many barbers and good ones, too, though I do not see that any shaves by the name of Figaro. There are here also three or four of the best clubs in Seville, established on the Spanish system, whereby clubdom looks from its main apartments through wide windows (which may be open and are level with the street) out on to the Sierpes, while all the world looks in; here, we suppose, being good men who have nought to hide from women of their family. There are most things for living and loving in this *calle*, and high above there are little birds in cages singing continually of

their own peculiar joys. Save for a few brief hours before the *madrugada* gives way to full *mañana*, the Sierpes is always full of people, but not to the point of crowding. We lounge and linger in it, feeling our Sevilla warming within us. Sedately is the way for the Calle de las Sierpes. Of mornings the loungers are mostly men, wearing in the *primavera* and the summer the big, hard felt hats with wide brims and tall crowns that are favoured on sunny days in the south of Spain. These strollers, if so they should be called, are often engaged with what they would consider serious things, such as politics, or matters of personal interest, or even business. In the afternoons the siesta claims the loungers, but later animation makes an upward move. To the dusk come the señoras and the señoritas in their high mantillas, with roses and carnations in their bosoms and their hair. There is gaiety and laughter then, sounds of music, the clacking of the *castañuelas*.

* * *

In a few years from now much of the old Spain will have passed away, but some parts of her will never pass; and let us rejoice for that. The warmth of Spanish blood will never cool, the generosity of Spanish sentiment will not fade, and the magnificence of Spanish dignity, without an equal in the world, will not diminish. One would turn from thoughts of stones and streets to something upon which the sun of Spain has had its full effect. One might make a chance remark or two upon what are, after all, among the finest things in Spain, the women thereof, and in these also there are superficially —and not that only—some important changes; indeed there are. But this is of itself a tremendous theme, and not a trifle for the end pages of a paper. It must be treated with qualifications; for example, the important point must be realised that there are no Spanish women, but women of different parts of Spain, Galician women, Castilian women, and Andalusian women. There is as much difference between the women of Madrid and those of Seville as between those cities themselves—which means that there is an immensity of difference. Indeed, there is more likeness between the Madrilenian and the Parisienne than between the former and the señorita of Seville. And it is not for me here and now to say which of the two I like the better; only—say so many with old John Gay—'how happy could I be with either.' . . . And, again, there is another difficulty in falling to thought upon the señoras and the señoritas, and it is one of which the histories of many authors' journeys to Spain bear impressive monuments; it is that of developing an excess of enthusiasm for these creatures upon whom the sun has left the reflection of its living rays as not upon the women of more northern parts. One would not, with so many warnings, succumb to such enthusiasms. There is the sad case of Théophile Gautier, who, having talked of that intentioned '*voyage en Espagne*' of his until most were tired of the project, suddenly departed upon it, and was all enthusiasm from the first moment. Let the gentle of France condemn the *corrida* much as they please, but from his first bull-fight Théophile Gautier lusted for more in every city that he visited, insisting that the world had no scene to match this one. Then you find him in Seville in raptures on the maidens there, the witchery, the devilry, the fire and life and leaping thrill of the quick glance from their blue-black eyes, as for a second they dart it upon a stranger, and then turn their gaze to the floor again. That glance, with its stab of sex, that momentary flashing of the eyelashes, came not as a custom from the soil of Europe. To the East it owes itself; the Moors and Africa are in it; the scents and the songs of Araby belong to it. And the Sevillana also has such dainty feet and such a pretty manner in her pacing as are to be equalled only in Japan. They say there are many women in Seville whose feet could be held in the hand of a child; and so with their hands, the neatest things. However, this is no place for rhapsodies. The Madrilenian young lady is a different creature; she also has her special charms. She has fallen to some extent under an influence of Paris, but for the Parisian gaiety and abandon, which scarcely appeal to her, she has substituted her natural dignity, that black-and-gold dignity as one thinks of it, which suits her best and adds enormously to her attraction. She is rare in her restraint, in her dignity; and in a new world where there is so much less of both among the general womenkind, one is impressed by the magnificence of its effect. There is a disposition, as it seems, in London and Paris to copy some of the features of the Spanish ladies when 'tis thought it can be done, in cloaks and head-dress, and other details. It is well enough, perhaps; but it will be long before any other European can carry these things of Spain like the Spanish lady. To French and British eyes and minds the mantilla, perhaps, seems something a little freakish; but see it worn in the streets of Madrid and Seville at Easter, and realise that here is a device for the increase of dignity and charm such as no other people has ever thought of. However, a feeling again that this is no place for rhapsodies; there are yet more things that should be said; and so one turns to a most intimate companion, who has studied, as objects of the highest and most absorbing art, the women of France, of Italy, of America, and many other countries in their native walks, and one asks this careful and discriminating student, whose judgment can be trusted, for a considered appreciation of the Spanish women whom well he knows, and he, not an unduly impressionable fellow, supplies it.

* * *

Let us quote this Authority, then. He says it is his carefully formed opinion, stated in calm

and unimpassioned moments, that a prime feature of the new establishment of this Spain, aspiring to resume her old high place in the world, is the new Spanish señorita—particularly, as he considers, the lady of Madrid. The new señoritas, he says, are not like those of old; not as those before the war. They are very different. He had had opportunities of considering the 1914 señorita in her native land; she embraced all the intrinsic qualities, for new strains of humankind are not accomplished in six years, but they were comparatively undeveloped. The pre-war señorita was in a sense the raw material, as Spain herself, waiting for the grand occasion, the magic touch, when she should be transformed to the highest. And just as Spain sprang to the opportunity of the war, so the señorita also rose in six years to a height that in other circumstances might have needed generations. She was ready for the advance, says our friend the Authority. The Spanish families of the present generation have travelled considerably and widened their ideas; they have been sending their children to school in France and England; you might be surprised at the number who know England well. They have cultivated new manners, and a taste with them. But, above all, they are fresh; they seem to suffer less than others from the wracks of our terrible civilisation; they are not nervous, jumpy, craving for excitements, though they can enjoy pleasure as well as any. Never—so Authority tells us confidentially—has he seen women more charmingly, more bewitchingly, attired than the new señoritas of the better classes in Madrid, and yet it is exceptional for any of them, morning, noon, or night, to be dressed in anything but black. They know the heights they can achieve with their traditional Spanish black. And it is not without a cause that one of the foremost Parisian modistes has recently built a veritable palace, one of the finest of the new commercial houses, in the Carrera de San Jerónimo. From this point in his calm and considered judgment, our Authority expresses himself with more emphasis. He states deliberately that the Madrilenian girl of good breeding and modern training is a wonder, a dream; that she is like nothing else you and I have ever seen or thought of; that her manner and her charm are perfect. He considers that much of her attraction is due to the fact that, while art—the artistic feeling, sense, consciousness—pulses through every being in this land, the señorita of Madrid, risen now to the achievement of her finest individuality, exercises that prime canon of all art, which is restraint. Magnificent in her quality, in her power of fascination, conscious of her feminine force, she can afford restraint, and be the more forceful for it. When the time comes she may surpass all other women, so many of whom have fallen farther than they know through their extravagances, their excesses, and their stupid liberties. At different periods this Authority thought the Italians had it with their women; then the young Parisiennes. There have been days in New York when, watching some of the daintiest things tripping along the Fifth Avenue in the sunshine, seeing how, with a marvellous American acuteness, they had attached a fineness of France to their Anglo-Saxon quality, he thought that the young American girl was to be the joy and torture of the world. He says that for obvious reasons he will leave out of these considerations the girls of Britain. He is sure that the Spanish señorita has the measure of the rest. She may be feared as much as the new Spanish energy and enterprise, rising up after the long sleep this people has had, ridding itself of its troubles; she may be feared more than the untold riches that lie in the bosom of the Spanish soil, more than the millions of pesetas in gold that are cellared in Spanish banks and are being increased constantly by the ships that come to Spain, more than the new democracy (with Don Alfonso in sympathy) that surges in this land of the old grandees. Gold and commerce, worldly ambition, are most powerful things, but a living woman is another matter. These new Carmens, says Authority, always make him think of Cleopatra. He feels that the time is coming on when these new señoritas will go out into the world, jealously as they are now kept in Spain, for the men of other lands will want them, and, as one might say, these men will combine business with pleasure to their heart's delight, seeing the new commercial, economic, and political position that Spain is assuming in the world. And every one of these señoritas, ceasing to be a señorita, will be a unit of Spain, flaming, burning in spots in the world outside. Already they are being seen more than ever before in Paris, in London, and in New York. The Spanish politicians say that Spain must withdraw from her isolation, must go out into the world; the Spanish girls are disposed to give a lead. But Authority, fearful of conveying any wrong impression or of insufficiently enforcing certain points, returns to the matter of restraint. Spanish family manners and customs have always been strict and straight; so do they remain. The señoritas are carefully watched and guarded by their parents. Etiquette is rigorous; the girls have little licence, but enough; they are not like the children of the countries of the war. And, observing them in all their dignity, their care, their self-possession, their charm, but again in their young feminine dignity, he sighs and wishes all others were the same. He tells me that one night not long ago he watched them pensively at a great social function at the palace of a nobleman, and how in their freshness, their new life, they did enjoy themselves. Here he said was '*la joie de vivre*' as girls gone mad in other lands knew nothing of! On Monday nights the most fashionable hotel is practically reserved for a general social

function of good Madrid society, and here the young ladies are to be seen in similar conditions, but with perhaps a shade less of restraint. This has been as a kind of social class or school for the new development; the new and fine hotels have become centres for meeting and comparison and rivalry such as Madrid lacked a few years ago. But, Authority warns, Europeans and Americans are not to think that the old Spanish feminine soul no longer burns. Look, says he, upon these rare complexions, transparent ivory with olive showing through—and rarely is a touch of powder seen upon them—the perfectly moulded features without sharp, angular points, the true black hair and eyes, most piercing eyes, and here are seen fire and flame! Here is the Spaniard still, finer, quicker, keener than e'er before. This lady is such a one as men would risk kingdoms for. Authority has seen nothing like her; considers she is an improvement on Cleopatra. The Spanish men know her tremendous value; they know it well. . . . And here Authority pauses. His statement, despite its rhapsodies, is one of fact; it may be taken as official. Still, on perusal of it in Madrid, it was considered right to give hint to our Authority that it was time he was going home.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

VIII.

WHILE they were waiting to catch the connection at North Bay, Clement Seadon saw a man dodge out of the station telegraph-office. He came out furtively, saw Clement near him, hung hesitating, and then, with the movement of a weasel, snapped back into cover behind the telegraph-office door.

Clement walked away, but, always, he watched that door.

When the train for Cobalt drew up, he handed his bag to the black porter of his car—and still kept his eyes on the door. The young detective who accompanied him paused as he entered the train, and stood watching Clement's antics. Clement heard him speaking over his shoulder. He mounted the steps of the train backwards. He said, 'Ah, Gatineau, you 're there. Glad of that. Just keep your eyes on the door of the telegraph-office, will you?'

The train began to pull out. A head appeared round the door of the telegraph-office. The dark, swift eyes in the head scanned the train and the platform. Clement felt that, shrewd though that glance was, he and Gatineau were well screened by the side of the train. One look, and the head was followed by a lithe, sinewy figure. This figure crossed the platform at a swift, loping run, jumped to the steps of a car farther back, and pulled himself into the train.

'You saw him?' said Clement. 'That was Siwash Mike. He 's travelling with us to Cobalt.'

They went to their seats in the train. Clement sat facing back so that he could see any one who came forward through the train. He thought Siwash Mike would lie low, but these rogues were so bold and unscrupulous that he meant to be ready for all emergencies.

'I was rather startled to see him,' he said to Xavier Gatineau, 'but, of course, I should have expected him. He has been following me from Montreal, without a doubt.'

'Yes, in worrying about other things we forgot him,' admitted Gatineau. 'He complicates matters. He 's probably given warning of our movements. He 'll have sent Neuburg word that we are coming to Cobalt. He was probably doing that in the telegraph-office.'

The young detective's surmise was a natural enough one. But it happened to be wrong—as they found out later. Siwash Mike had sent his message of their coming to Neuburg when they left Montreal. He had gone into the telegraph-office at North Bay for quite another reason. But Clement and his companion were not to know that. They simply formed their deductions on the material they had, and as the material they had was limited, their deductions were wrong.

'Yes, they 'll know we are coming; they 'll be prepared for us. And we can do exactly nothing,' said Clement bitterly.

'Let 's try and think what they 'll do to checkmate us,' said the detective.

'That 's easy,' said Clement. 'They 'll do what they 've been doing or attempting to do ever since this affair began. They 'll get Heloise —Miss Reys '— he could not help speaking of her by her Christian name only: it was the way he thought of her—'they 'll get her out of our reach.'

'Not easy in a smallish town like Cobalt.'

'Then they 'll take her outside Cobalt—take her away.'

'But—but can they move her about at their will like that? She 's an intelligent woman. Wouldn't she object? Wouldn't she see something wrong in this constant repetition of these tactics?'

'They 'll be plausible,' said Clement. 'Their excuse will be logical. You must remember, too, that this Gunning fellow is not supposed to know she is coming to him. However erratic

his movements may seem, they're his own, or appear to be his own. If they tell her at Cobalt that Gunning has left the town, gone off to a shack, or a mine, in the wilds, she can't say anything. That's the sort of thing he *would* do, and she has to adapt herself to his journeyings. That's how they'll get her away. Gunning will go off somewhere—and she'll follow.'

'It's a tough problem,' said the little detective. And both men fell silent, thinking this tough problem out. Clement had been thinking it out, indeed, all through the long journey that skirted the quick blueness of the Ottawa River. The scenery; the endless ranks of spruce; the gaunt white skeletons of woods smitten by forest-fires; the hard and bitter rock that shouldered its way through the thin soil; the sudden and delightful sight of clearings and homesteads, with their pretty verandaed houses and their lack of hedges; the abrupt swinging into the astonished view of little lakes set like jewelled floors in some deep wood, of keen and bustling rivers fighting a flashing way over wide shingly beds, of deeper streams, their surfaces solid with the corrugation of timber 'booms'—all these sights were old friends of his, but he did not pay them any attention. He had simply threshed and rethreshed out the problem of what was to happen when they arrived at Cobalt.

To arrive at Cobalt was one thing. To find and speak with Heloise was another. She might, of course, be staying in one of the hotels, and then to find her would be as simple as going through the room-register, after asking a baggage-man or a railway-man where she was staying. But the probability was that she would not stay at a hotel. Neuburg could be trusted to avoid that risk of giving an easy clue. He would take her somewhere else, somewhere perhaps remote, and then the difficulty of tracing her would be great. Neuburg would see to it that there were none of the ordinary clues—there would be no cab or car driver to tell where he had taken the girl. He and the detective would have to hunt for her harbourage. That would not only mean loss of time; it would also mean the chance of their presence being observed—and then the work would be undone. Heloise would be whisked away once more; they would have to begin all over again.

That was how Clement had thought out the problem on that long journey westward, through country that had steadily grown more wild as the day lengthened. It was the problem he was thinking out now as, through the night, they passed up along the railway to the rocky, barren silver country in which Cobalt stood, a savage land of rocks and lakes and mine-slime, and active and derelict mine-workings. And he was thinking that now there was an added complication to that problem. The rogues knew they were coming, because Siwash, who was on the train, must have warned them. They would be prepared. Then suddenly, as he thought things out, thought of the new aspect Siwash Mike's presence on the train had given to the case, he smiled. He smiled with satisfaction, and said, 'By Gad! it's just luck, after all.'

The little detective looked at him sharply. He answered that look by saying, 'From our brother Siwash's antics do you gather that he thinks *we* know he is on this train?'

'Why, no,' said the detective. 'From the way he acted I reckon he thought we hadn't seen him, and he hoped we shouldn't.'

'That's my conclusion,' smiled Clement. 'He has us under his eye, and expects no guile from us, simply because he thinks us innocent of his presence. And that's going to help us. In our innocence, we'll make use of his innocence.'

The detective's eyes showed that he hadn't grasped what Clement was driving at.

'This is what I mean. He, personally, fears nothing from us. He is confident that he can do his job without any suspicion or threat to himself. Now, what is his job? It's to shadow us to Cobalt, see us safely there, and report. Do you agree with that? I mean, do you think there might be something further for him to do?'

'No,' said the detective, with thought. 'I don't see what more he can do. They'll naturally want to hear from him exactly what we've been doing. He'd probably turn us over to another man; or if, it being night—the dead of night—we went to the hotel, he'd judge we were safe for an hour or so.'

'And we'll arrange that he thinks that. But the point is that you agree he'll report. And whom to?'

'Why, to Neuburg—the gang.'

'Yes—he'll lead us to them,' smiled Clement quietly.

The detective looked at him, and then smiled in return. 'Say, that's pretty snappy thinking. Tell me the idea.'

'It's based on the fact that he thinks we don't suspect he's following us. Now, this is my plan. When the train stops at Cobalt, we'll delay getting off until the last. That'll thin out the other passengers who alight.'

'There won't be many, anyhow; there rarely are here, and at this time.'

'Well, anyhow, we'll make it easier for you to spot him, to fix him in your mind.'

'I've got him already,' smiled the detective. 'That's our job, you know—to remember men. There's your description of him—and I saw enough of him myself at North Bay. I know him. I won't miss him.'

'All right. But, anyhow, you'll get a chance of picking him up easily if there are fewer people about. When we get on to the platform, and he has a chance of hearing all we

say, and you have your chance of seeing him, I'll arrange in a loud voice to have both the bags carried to the hotel. I'll call out for the hotel baggage-man, or tell a porter to carry the bags. Then you will say to me (for, remember, we don't suspect he's there; we don't suspect the gang knows we've come to Cobalt), also in a loudish voice, that while I'm reserving rooms in the hotel, and asking questions, you'll have a word with the station-master. I'll agree to wait in the hotel lobby until you come to me.'

'And Siwash Mike overhears it all?'

'Siwash Mike overhears it all. And having overheard all that, he'll do one of two things, I think. He'll either shadow me, as the person he's most concerned in, to the hotel, or put another person on to me to follow me to the hotel—if there is another person; or he'll decide that we're safe for a short while, and so go off to report to Neuburg.'

'And I?'

'You keep your eye on Siwash all the time. You follow him. If he follows me to the hotel, follow him. . . . I shall go straight there unless I get some signal to join you. If I am in the hotel, I'll manage to keep my eye on the door all the time, so that if he moves off I'll take a signal from you and join you at once—I know you've an electric-torch. If you shine that, I'll come out. But I'm rather hoping that if he feels certain we don't know he's here, he'll go off at once after hearing our conversation about the hotel, and will trust his luck about getting his report in before we stir abroad. If that's the case, then we will both follow him. . . . We must plan a way for you to call my attention, should I have already gone towards the hotel.'

'That should be easy. You have to go up a pretty steep hill to get out of the station-yard. The hotel is just across the road. From the hotel door you should command the approach. If you've not reached the hotel by the time he goes off—well, I should pass so close that I should be able to get you a warning. . . . But—but—he might go by car or by rig.'

'That would be the devil'—— began Clement.

But the detective cried, 'No, I don't think it would. If he got right into a car or a rig, I should know at once what he was about. I'd take one of the other cars that are sure to be there, and that steep hill in the station-yard—well, it'd check his car, and enable me to pick you up, say you were still on it, if you hadn't seen for yourself he'd taken a car.'

They talked out the general line of this plan, and the more they talked the more satisfactory it seemed. They would get to Neuburg's headquarters by following the man who was trailing them, and who felt secure because he thought they didn't know he was trailing them. There were, of course, dangers and difficulties bristling along the line of their proposed action.

'What if they do put another man on to shadow you?' the detective asked.

'We'll have to deal with him—as the contingency arises,' said Clement grimly. 'It is a risk we can't avoid.'

'And we must beware of traps.'

'We must,' said Clement with a smile that was yet more grim. 'But, trap or no trap, I'm going into it. But I'm going in with my eyes open, prepared for anything.' He patted his pocket where reposed a new pistol The Chief had given him. 'I'm going in with my hand on the trigger, ready to shoot. I'm going in with an electric-torch. I'm ready for all tricks—and I'll have you with me. Armed, I suppose?'

The little detective's hand went down to his pocket. 'Automatic. Brother to the one The Chief gave you. And a good supply of magazine-refills.'

'The two of us ought to be able to deal with them. But I don't think there'll be a trap. I can understand how I tumbled into one before. I gave the game away, I'm certain, by sending Joe Wandersun's name in to Méduse Smythe at lunch. Neuburg put two and two together, guessed I'd overheard through that bathroom door, and so laid the plot for my fall. But here—how could there be a trap? So far as they're concerned we're entirely unaware that Siwash is on the train. Anything that we do will be a bolt swung out of the blue. . . . There's no reason or time for them to prepare traps. We'll simply carry the day with surprise tactics. Oh, we'll be thoroughly on our guard. We shoot at the slightest hint; we are warned by previous actions, and will take no risks. . . . Only, I hope there won't be any risks. I hope they'll be so sure of themselves that we'll score before they know what's happened. And, in any case, *is* there any possible other course of action open to us if we are to rescue that girl effectively and without loss of time?'

There was no other way. Now that Siwash had warned the rogues—as they thought he had done by telegraph from North Bay—that Clement and his companion were arriving at Cobalt, there was precious little time to lose. Neuburg would be for moving the girl Heloise at once on receipt of that warning. The only way to get to Neuburg and the girl Heloise was to follow Siwash. There was no other plan so swift. And its boldness, Clement thought, must make it effective.

He would have been less sanguine had he known that in the telegraph-office at North Bay Siwash had not been sending a message, *but receiving one;* that he had been fulfilling the instructions in that message at the moment that Clement saw him come out of the office, saw him hesitate; that, far from Siwash thinking that Clement did not know he was on the

train, the half-breed Indian was perfectly aware that Clement *did* know of his presence. If Clement had known all these things he might have hesitated. But he did not know.

He did not know. And when a closed car passed him groaning at the steep grade of the station-yard hill at Cobalt, and following that car came another, with a man—his man, Xavier Gatineau—leaning out of it and calling to him, 'Get in; get in. He's in that car in front. He's swallowed our bait. He got into that car the minute you began to walk out of the station'—directly these things happened, Clement gleefully congratulated himself that their little comedy of deception had proved brilliantly successful. He scrambled into the car through the door Gatineau held open. He fell back into the padded seat smiling. He watched the red rear-light of the closed car in front picking up speed as it wound through the corkscrew streets of Cobalt. And his heart was saying, 'To Neuburg. . . . To Heloise. . . . That car's leading us to them.'

And in the front car Siwash Mike was chuckling. He leaned across to Joe Wandersun, who was driving, and cried, still chuckling, 'They 've bitten. They 've bitten. They 're following.'

(*Continued on page 281.*)

INSECT-LIFE IN THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

By Herbert Luss.

RIGHT across the vast continent of South America, from the Andes in the west to the shores of the Atlantic in the east, the mighty Amazon rolls its broad, deep current, and it discharges a greater volume of water into the ocean than any other river in the world.

The entire length of this noble stream, measured from its source, far away in the Peruvian Andes, probably exceeds 3600 miles. The tide ascends the river to Obidos, a distance of 400 miles; while for nearly 2000 miles there is depth of water for vessels of almost any burden.

The estuary into which the Amazon widens at its mouth is from 160 to 180 miles in breadth.

Magnificent forests clothe its banks, and abound with trees of gigantic size. Many of its tributaries are larger than the great rivers of western Europe, and some of them are equal to the Volga. The moisture which is carried from the Atlantic by the trade-winds annually descends along the valley of the Amazon in deluges of rain, causing the river to overflow its banks, and covering with its rising and spreading waters an immense extent of country. In consequence of this periodical irrigation and these heavy rains, coupled with a burning, tropical heat, the vegetation of this extensive region is so profuse that trees, shrubs, and flowers are often intertwined with parasitical plants so as to form impenetrable fastnesses. Nor is the animal-life less prolific which is nourished amidst these dense forests and hot, humid plains. Alligators haunt the waters; birds of brilliant plumage and countless number, and monkeys of various tribes, throng the woods; and the jaguar, or South American panther, lurks in the close-matted vegetation.

Some idea of the exuberant fauna of this valley of the Amazon will be formed when we mention that one traveller, after eleven years of industrious exploration of a portion of this territory, collected fifteen thousand specimens of mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, molluscs, and zoophytes, of which eight thousand were new to science.

It is, however, only with the intense development of insect-life we are at present concerned. Of the various tribes which here swarm in countless myriads, ants are among the most numerous and remarkable. One of these, called the Suaba ant, infests some districts in almost incredible numbers. They are greatly dreaded, and commit most destructive ravages on trees, vegetables, and field-crops, not to mention other depredations. Their hills are sometimes forty yards in circumference, although carried only two feet high. These are dome-like coverings to extensive subterranean galleries, which are carried to a great depth, and are spread out in wide ramifications. No contemptible sappers and miners are these Suaba ants, for we are told that they excavated a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge.

Another species of ants are winged, and at certain seasons abound to such an extent that after a sudden squall which has blown them into the river, they have been seen heaped up in a line at the water's edge for miles. Another species of the hymenopterous family are known pre-eminently as the 'foraging and predatory ants.' These are found in the neighbourhood of Erga, a town near the junction of the river Teffe with the Amazon; and so dreaded are the fierce attacks of these rapacious insects that the natives, whenever they can, fly from their approach.

In one part of the course of the Amazon is a sort of gadfly, which displays a strong and very inconvenient predilection for human flesh, 'as a breeding-place for its grubs.' The presence of one of these grubs in arm or leg is known by the appearance of a painful boil, which, when opened, discloses a creature an inch long, snugly

secured in its nest by two horny hooks. It has, fortunately, been discovered that tobacco-juice sharply injected will dislodge the intruder in a trice.

Great varieties of bees are met with; but it is remarkable that in the construction of their combs they do not display the same architectural symmetry and skill as their European kindred.

Conspicuous among the insect families of this river region, and distinguished for extraordinary beauty of colour, 'the rich hues of all glorious things,' is a profusion of various kinds of butterflies. Within an hour's walk of the town of Pará no fewer than seven hundred species may be found! In the British Isles only about sixty-six or seventy species are met with, and in the entire European continent perhaps not more than three hundred and ninety.

One of these butterflies, the *Morpho rhetenor*, sparkles with a lustre almost dazzling to the eye, but as it rarely approaches the earth nearer than twenty feet, it can seldom be caught. The upper surface of its wings is a bright blue, and they flash in the clear sunlight, often making its course visible for a quarter of a mile. Some of these beautiful creatures have their wings bordered or spangled with lines and spots that look almost like burnished gold and silver. The wings of others are transparent as glass.

On moths, and mosquitoes, and dragon-flies, and beetles, and spiders (some of which are so enormous that they weave their webs to catch birds instead of flies), and on other forms of life, we have not time to dwell. We have only been able to give a glance at a very few of the wondrously varied tribes which crowd the vast belt of country spreading on both sides of the Amazon.

À BON CHAT, BON RAT.

By 'IGNOTUS.'

I.

THE sun had been blazing down fiercely the whole morning from a sky intensely blue, unrelieved by a single white cloud, though ever and anon a little puff of air moved the edge of the tent-fly, drawn aside to admit the passage of any wandering wind that might be stirring.

Across the aperture so created, like moving pictures come to life, passed, with its unhurrying, leisured pace, all the immemorial traffic of the East: now a barefooted woman veiled in black, balancing on her head an earthen pitcher; now a native on a donkey, seated far back on the beast's quarters, crooning a song as he rode, and only interrupting himself to bestow an extra thwack of his stick on its ribs; or a long string of camels tied head to tail, the leader bearing a figure in a blue *galabieh* and a white-turbaned tarboosh, who sat cross-legged as the string lurched and padded its apathetic way across the gap. These simple, everyday sights, the reflection from the yellow sand, the gently rustling date-palms, and the blue haze of the hills in the far distance seemed to appeal with extraordinary force and fascination to Marsland, thin and sun-tanned in his khaki drill and faded medal ribbons, as he rose from his table to lean against the opening, puckering his eyes against the glare.

'By George! it 's a corker this morning, Jerry,' he remarked, snuffling at the light breeze like a foxhound.

'I don't know that one isn't better off inside a tent to-day, even though you are tied by the leg to your desk.'

Charles Stanley, the man so addressed, and known to all and sundry as Jerry, owing to a very elusive and fragmentary resemblance to a former light of the Prize Ring, looked up from his work and smiled. 'Doesn't much matter what you think, old son, does it, if you 're detailed to the job?'

'Oh, I don't know,' yawned Marsland reflectively. 'If one asked to go back to one's regiment and really made a fuss about it, I suppose one could shove it through.'

'Not you, old boy. You 're something of an asset with your knowledge of Arabic and the native—rather too much so for any self-respecting general to pay the slightest attention to your wishes. However'—he interrupted himself—'I 've got all this list of bad-hats to go through before luncheon, so I can't afford to waste much of my sweetness upon you.'

'What are you doing, Jerry?' inquired Marsland, with rather more animation than he had hitherto displayed.

'I 'm engaged in the compilation of a register, my dear man, if you want to know, of all the most unmitigated blackguards between the east bank of the canal and Damascus. You, who know the country even better than I do, will realise that hardly a day passes that I do not cull some bright, particular gem to add to my Rogues' Gallery. At the moment I 'm developing the life and times of one, Ahmed Hussein, who, having come across to us from the Turks at Gallipoli on the plausible plea of desertion, but actually to spy, was drafted into the E.L.C.* in the days when we were still green, tender, and succulent; and having done as much damage as he possibly could during the ensuing twelve months, promptly redeserted to the Turks

* Egyptian Labour Corps.

when we re-formed line on the Suez Canal. He's evidently regularly employed by their Intelligence Department, for he was recognised by one of our agents this morning in the native market at Ludd, selling oranges, as bold as brass, with a forged pedlar's licence signed by an A.P.M., and is at the moment safely locked up, pending disposal.'

'What are you going to do with the beggar? Shoot him?'

'Don't quite know. It's no use trying to turn him on to work for us, for you can't trust him a yard. On the other hand, if you shoot him you close his mouth for good. In a way, it might be a good thing; but that would prevent his giving away his late employers, which that sort generally does sooner or later. I must say I like the Turkish way of dealing with these gentry.'

'You mean licking 'em, Jerry?'

'That's the little notion. Tie 'em up and give 'em a couple of dozen, and then check what they say by your other information, and if they lie, as they nearly always do, lick 'em again, and they generally cough up the truth. But one can't do that, as you know.'

'He might do for me,' said Marsland. 'I want to send a message to Williams in Damascus. Would he take it?'

'Yes, straight to their Intelligence Headquarters. I tell you, you daren't trust him; he's too crooked. I shall either send him to an internment camp for the rest of the war, or else let him see what's going on now, lock him up for six weeks' quarantine detention, and then turn him loose one night to fill up the old Turco with stale truth. They're as useful that way as any other, and, thank goodness! the Turks don't realise it as yet.'

Before Marsland could reply, the flap at the other end of the tent was raised, and the chief clerk entered with the midday post; whereupon both men settled down to read their letters.

II.

'Sergeant West!' called Marsland. 'Where are the files relating to these letters? I've told you about that before, and I do wish you would try to remember it's no use bringing in letters without the previous correspondence.'

'Very sorry, sir; I'll go and get them,' replied the sergeant.

'All right; and send in Abdul if he's about.'

'He's in the clerks' tent, sir. I'll send him in.'

A minute passed, and a deep-bass voice boomed outside. '*Effendi?*' it said interrogatively.

'*Khush*' ('Come in'), remarked Marsland absently, immersed in the details of the papers spread out before him.

'*Neharak saida, effendi*' ('Good-morning, sir'), boomed Abdul Hassan, entering, and waiting for his master to speak.

A man of rather above the average height, finely made, so far as could be seen from the movements of his loose olive-green *arbaya** edged with an elaborate braided trimming, the universal tarboosh on his head, and green slippers of native leather on his feet, that slopped gently as he moved, he presented no feature out of the common from the millions of natives about him; while a pair of piercing black eyes, gazing intently underneath penthouse-shaped eyebrows in a nut-brown face contoured with myriads of tiny wrinkles, a carefully tended white moustache and beard, afforded no visible clue to the loyal and cunning brain beneath, for Abdul Hassan, chief of the Intelligence agents, was of the *vieille souche*, devoted body and soul to Marsland, in company with whom he had been in, and had got out of, some very awkward corners.

'*Said mubarak, ya Abdul. Ezaiyak?*' ('Good-morning, Abdul. How are you?'), replied Marsland.

'*Elhamdo lillah*' ('Thanks be to God, well'), boomed Abdul.

'Look here, Abdul,' remarked Marsland; 'I want to talk to you. I'm not satisfied with the way the agents are working at present. The last two men we sent across to the Turks were due back here to report two days ago, and neither of them has returned. Either they have given us away to the Turkish Intelligence, or they've been caught, and whichever way it is, it's not much to our credit, for we can't afford to get our agents trapped. The net result is, we've had no news worth having for several days, we're two men short, and the general's very much annoyed. Have you any ideas on the subject?'

'I always had my doubts, *effendi*, about that son of a dog, Hussein. He used to grumble a good deal in camp about his food, though he got just the same as everybody else, as your Honour knows, and he's a fanatical sort of man at the best. He comes from Tantah, which, your Honour knows, is a hotbed of disaffection, and always will be; and my belief is that he had been screwing up his courage for some time to desert, and that he persuaded Ibrahim, who is but a boy, to do likewise, and when the chance came he took it. *Yinal abu-u!*' ('May his father be accursed!'), he finished fervently, spitting on the ground in the intensity of his disgust.

'*Fikrak?*' ('Do you think so?'), responded Marsland. 'Well, I dare say you're right; but it's no good crying over spilt milk. We won't take any more men from Tantah, no matter how good their credentials are, but we *must* get a couple more at once to take their place, and meantime I'll ask the *genabel kaimakam* [worthy major]'—nodding across at Stanley as he spoke—'to put them both on his black-list. Send

* A native robe worn by the better type of natives.

Jussuf out to-night as soon as it gets dark to go across and see if he can find out what has happened to them, and go into the *suk* [native market] this afternoon and drink coffee with Mursi el Kozack, and try to find out if any enemy agents have come in.'

'*Taib, effendi*' ('Very well, sir'), said Abdul, as he salaamed and left the tent.

'That's rather a jolt,' commented Jerry, as the native departed. 'Because, as you know, with this contemplated move, the chief has been more than ever anxious to prevent news leaking across, and this might mean a lot of unpleasantness. By-the-by, you spoke just now of wanting to send a man up to Damascus, didn't you? What do you want him to go for?'

'I want to send Williams a message,' replied Marsland curtly.

'What's wrong with the ordinary way, old boy? I'm sending an agent up to-night in the *Sparrowhawk*, and she's going to drop him off Jaffa if the green shutters augur favourably. There's no object in sending up two men if one will do.'

'That's quite right, Jerry, but your green-shutter game has been played so often, I think the old Turco is getting a bit suspicious. To begin with, you daren't put your man ashore till the signals say "All clear," and on the last occasion precious time was lost. It's such a roundabout method, and I want to get my information through to Williams at once. The fact is,' he went on rather desperately, 'Williams has not had his final instructions as to rail-cutting when the new move opens, and I want to get him into touch with Mursi el Kozack's brother on the Turkish lines of communication before the show commences.'

'Whew! I see,' said Stanley. 'That *is* a bit of a bird. What about old Said Mahmud?'

'Do you mean the old reprobate with the performing monkey who hangs about the native quarter in Cairo? The beast tried to take a bit out of my calf last time I met him.'

Stanley laughed. 'That's the lad,' he said. 'He'd take a message for us and bring back an answer too, if it were made worth his while.'

'I doubt if he'd take on the job, but it's worth trying,' replied Marsland, as he pulled a wad of telegraph-forms towards him. 'Sergeant West!'

'Sir?' replied the chief clerk as he entered the tent.

'Take down this message, please, and mark it "Priority." Are you ready?'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'To Intelligence, Cairo.—Find and send Said Mahmud, monkey-tamer in Cairo, here by to-night's mail—urgent.'

'That's done,' sighed Marsland with an air of relief. 'And now, what about a spot of luncheon?'

III.

The message, arriving late that afternoon in Cairo, caused some trouble and search, for locating the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay is child's play to finding a particular native at a moment's notice in an Eastern city; but by the evening's mail there departed a brown-skinned native, provided with a pass and accompanied by a muzzled baboon, which kept a crowded third-class carriage awake and amused the greater part of the night from Cairo to Kantara, and thence up the single-track military line to Ludd, where man and beast were safely decanted on to the line at dawn next morning, to trudge slowly, in the teeth of a raging sand-storm, along the dusty white road bordered with cactus-hedges to that vast canvas city set in the plain whence their call had come.

'Well, Said Mahmud,' said Marsland, as he found the pair squatting outside his tent when he came to his office, 'you haven't been long coming. But why did you bring your monkey? I didn't send for *him*.'

'*Saadtak* [Your Excellency] knows I am a poor man, and with whom should I leave my monkey when your Excellency sends for me? Besides, I have never been so far before, and my monkey bears me company in my strangeness. Does not your Honour wish to see him perform?'

'The old idiot,' thought Marsland; 'does he really think I sent for him all this way to see his monkey's parlour-tricks?'

'*Malesh*' ('It doesn't matter'), he said aloud. 'Come along into this tent. I want to talk to you. Yes, bring the monkey too,' he added, as the man hesitated. 'Sit down there,' pointing to the soft, warm sand. 'You say you're a poor man; do you like money?'

'Your Honour knows I do. Money buys many things.'

'Well, Said Mahmud, I'm going to give you some work to do, and when you have completed it to my satisfaction, the Government will pay you much money. Do you know Damascus?'

'No, your Honour; but I have often heard talk about it, for my father's cousin, Ahmed ibn Daoud, lives there. He has a shop in the Suk el Nahas [the brass bazaar],' he added proudly.

'I'm going to send you there with a letter to an *effendi*, and when you return with the receipt, you shall have much money.'

'How much, *Saadtak?*'

'Twenty pounds.'

The man's eyes glistened, he straightened his back, and his whole bearing underwent a change; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he asked, 'But what about the Turks, your Honour? There is war between the Turks and the English, and when they see me, they will surely kill me.'

'Not so, Said Mahmud. Who will know you

carry a letter? Have you not your monkey with you, and are you not a poor man who lives by his monkey's tricks?'

'True, your Honour; but yet I fear. Nevertheless, tell me what I have to do, and I will go, for, Allah knows, it is a great reward.'

'To-night, when it is dark, we set forth from this place, and go together to the place where the soldiers keep guard, and from that point you set forth alone on your task. When you get to the Turkish lines, you have but to say you are a poor Muslim who cannot make a living amongst the accursed *Nuzrani* [Christians], and who is, therefore, making his way to his cousin in Damascus, and they will let you pass. When you get to Damascus, you shall go to one I shall name to find the English *effendi*, and so deliver your letter. Bring me then the *wasl* [receipt], and you shall have your money.'

'But how to carry the letter, *effendi*, so that they do not find it?'

'I can make a suggestion as to that,' put in Stanley, who had meantime entered the tent, and had been an interested listener to the conversation. 'If he won't be parted from his d—d monkey, why not sew the letter into the lining of its collar, and then take its muzzle off? I shouldn't think anybody would care to search the monkey, from what I know of it.'

'By George, a good egg!' replied Marsland enthusiastically, as he rapidly explained the scheme in Arabic to Said Mahmud. Then, raising his voice, he shouted for Abdul Hassan, and bade him feed and take charge of man and beast till wanted that evening.

IV.

Meantime a letter was written on thin paper and carefully stitched between the two strips of leather forming the collar, and as dusk fell the queerly assorted trio entered a car for their six-mile drive to the front line. The journey was a short one, and was enlivened by but one incident, when Said Mahmud, to save time, removed the beast's muzzle, and a deliberate attempt to bite Marsland followed.

On their arrival at the wire, final directions were given, the muzzle was again removed, and the pair set forth on the first stage of their long journey across a field of young green corn waving mystically in the dusk. Marsland lingered a short time at the outposts discussing events with the officer in charge of the sector, and then, re-entering his car, was driven back to headquarters.

Two nights later he was wakened by a rapping on the wall of the tent, and going out, discovered a little group, consisting of the officer on night-duty, and Said Mahmud in the charge of an escort from the front line, very bedraggled, knocked about, and in tears.

The officer explained that the man had been found by a patrol wandering about in No Man's Land and brought in for examination, and being recognised as the same native who had set forth two nights earlier with a monkey, had been sent straight to G.H.Q.

Marsland's laconic inquiry of '*Khabar e?*' ('What's the matter?') let loose a flood of eloquence.

'Alas, your Excellency! I am unfortunate. Two nights ago when I set forth I found my way without difficulty to the Turks, who, being Muslims, received me kindly and gave me a place to sleep, and when day broke crowded round me; whereupon, to please them, I made my monkey perform. With this, however, they were not content, but sent me from place to place, and each time my monkey had to do his tricks afresh. At length he became tired, and I as well, for we were both hungry, having eaten naught since the night before, and a Turkish officer incautiously venturing too near, my monkey, with one spring, bit him in the hand. Thereupon the *effendi* became enraged, and ordered the soldiers to kill my monkey, and without delay they beat him with the butts of their rifles till he died. To my remonstrances they replied by falling upon me, and beating me too till I was sore. Look, your Excellency!'—slipping out of his *galabieh*, he exposed his back, all raw and wheeled with blows. 'They finished by casting me forth with my dead monkey, and telling me that it was only because I was a Muslim that they did not treat me likewise. I wandered all that day and the next till the soldiers found me and brought me in,' he finished simply.

'Where is the collar?' was the eager question.

'See, your Honour, I am no fool, but a clever man, for, when they cast me forth, I understood the importance of the collar, so, leaving my monkey in the long grass, I slipped it into my pocket, and here it is, unharmed!'

'*Inte shatir auwel*' ('You are exceedingly clever'), replied Marsland approvingly. 'Lie down now and sleep till daybreak, and I will reward you;' and dismissing the escort, he turned and re-entered his tent.

V.

Dawn broke in a pearl-gray sky, rose-tinted with the coming sun, and Marsland's 'boy,' entering his tent with the morning cup of tea, found his master wide awake, and revolving, with the aid of a cigarette, his problem this way and that, seeking a solution, for time was scarcely less important than secrecy.

Many ways offered—and yet others might be evolved by a cunning brain—for getting a message through, such as, for example, dropping messengers from aeroplanes; but they were all marred by the one defect of publicity, for in that far land, where time is as naught compared with gossip, curiosity, and the pertinacious in-

vestigation of your neighbour's business, a means had to be sought, both sure and speedy, of getting communication through without arousing the least vestige of suspicion. These bare, sandy wastes and stony outcrops are to all appearance tenantless, but the noise of an aeroplane is heard and understood there by wandering Bedouins, and the descending airman as quickly and efficiently plundered as in more civilised regions—a fact of which Marsland, walking to his office after a hasty breakfast, was only too sadly conscious.

'Heard the news, Jerry?' he rasped at Stanley as they met. 'Said Mahmud done in, and three clear days wasted!' In response to Stanley's tactful inquiry, Marsland poured out his tale of woe. 'I'll have to go myself,' he finished dolefully.

'Don't be an ass, Marsland. You couldn't be spared now, of all times; and, besides, you've got a sheet-anchor in Abdul Hassan, whom you can always fall back upon as a last resource.'

'Yes, I know, Jerry; but if the Turco got to windward of old Said Mahmud, it isn't likely Abdul Hassan would get through, if he went.'

'Abdul's a man of infinite resource,' retorted Stanley, 'or at least you always say so, and he'd have his wits about him more than Said Mahmud, whose head was probably full of his monkey half the time. He'd go, of course?' he queried.

'Abdul would go to the world's end with me, or for me,' replied Marsland; 'but I can't see how to hide the message. He couldn't possibly commit it to memory,' he concluded decisively.

'What about "Morse"?' inquired Jerry. 'Williams know it?'

'Of course he does,' was the caustic retort; 'but you don't suppose we can "Morse" a message hundreds of miles without being seen, do you?'

'If you had your temper under better control, Marsland, you might find it an advantage.'

'Sorry, old chap, if I hurt your feelings; but what's the game?'

'First of all, send for Abdul. Tell him to be ready to move off at dusk, and make him give you his *arbaya*.'

'I won't have anything sewn up in the *arbaya;* it's certain death to the man, and there's nowhere to hide it,' snarled Marsland.

'All right, old son, do it your own way,' said Jerry equably.

'Tell me what you propose,' was the ungracious reply.

'Let's have Abdul in.'

'*Esma, ya Abdul*' ('Listen, O Abdul!'), said Marsland as the chief agent came in. 'I am going to send you to Damascus with the letter Said Mahmud has failed to deliver. You go to-night.'

Not a muscle of the man's face moved. '*Taib, effendi,*' he replied simply. '*Taht el amr*' ('I am under your orders').

'Be here at seven o'clock. And now go and sleep; but first give me your *arbaya*.'

Withdrawing for a moment to slip the gown over his head—for no native removes his tarboosh in a white man's presence, unless as a gross affront—Abdul handed over the *arbaya* and departed.

'And now, Jerry?' inquired Marsland, interested.

'Now we'll write your message, and then boil it down to the smallest possible dimensions;' and the two heads, the iron-gray and the brown, bent side by side. They wrote, altered, redrafted, and excised till at the end of twenty minutes it was clear the message could not be further compressed.

'Now I'm going to turn it into "Morse,"' remarked Jerry cheerfully.

'All right,' was the resigned reply.

'Meantime,' continued Stanley remorselessly, 'you can hop over to the tailor's shop and get a man to come along with a needle and some green thread.'

By the time the message had been encoded, Marsland reappeared with a craftsman from the tailor's shop.

'Look here, my lad,' said Jerry briskly; 'do you see these marks on this paper—d'ye think you could embroider them on a native gown?'

'Yes, sir,' said the corporal, rather mystified; 'but it'll take time—say three to four hours at least.'

'Never mind. Sit down here in this tent, rip all the embroidery off the front of that *arbaya*, copy these marks on to it, and then sew the embroidery on again.'

The job proved more troublesome than anticipated; but when Abdul Hassan reported for instructions that evening, he was simply told to make his way to Damascus, a city whose intricacies he knew of old, and to report himself to Williams Bey there, whose whereabouts were disclosed to him, and hand him his *arbaya*, with the instructions from Marsland Bey to rip off the embroidery.

. . . . . .

Upon the intricacies, the difficulties, and the dangers of that journey of Abdul Hassan across the Plain of Esdraelon, leaving the bold outline of Mount Carmel at Haifa on his left and Nablus on his right, sheer across the enemy's lines till he sighted Damascus, there is no need to enlarge. Suffice it to say, none but a man whose playmate was danger, and whose bedfellow death, could have brought it to a triumphant conclusion. Nor could one less skilled than Williams in unravelling problems correctly have interpreted the cryptic message so ingeniously sent him; but that it reached its consignee was clearly evident some weeks later when the enemy's railway-lines, Tom Bowling like, went aloft, and communication in several sectors was irretrievably broken.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW ALLOY FOR CUTTING-TOOLS.

WE have been accustomed for so long to associate steel with all kinds of cutting-tools that a new metal, having no iron in its composition, for which better results are claimed than are possible from steel tools, comes almost as a shock. Cooperite, as the new cutting alloy is called, has been invented by the Cooper Research Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. It is composed of nickel, tungsten, silicon, molybdenum, aluminium, and zirconium. Unlike steel tools, those made of Cooperite are not forged or hardened, but are cast in the form desired and ground to a cutting edge. When tried in a lathe with a very heavy cut, a Cooperite tool lasted for 14 minutes 39 seconds, and was then in fairly good condition; whereas a tool made of high-speed steel was worn out after 2¾ minutes at the same work. During another similar test, a Cooperite tool lasted for 21 minutes 20 seconds, against only 2 minutes 20 seconds for one made of high-speed steel. Cooperite is said to be suitable for all but very thin tools. Arrangements are being made to produce the alloy in this country.

NOVEL HIGH-SPEED BOATS.

During the war some remarkable craft, driven by air-propellers, were developed in France, and they have since been standardised and adopted by the French Colonial Service. The hulls of these boats are in the form of a rectangular, shallow, flat-bottomed box, which is sheathed with thin sheets of duralumin (a very light and strong alloy of aluminium). The front, or bow, of the boat is curved upwards to an edge at the top, and the hull is divided into five or more water-tight compartments. Three or more steps are arranged along the bottom, the effect of which is to cause the boat to rise almost out of the water at high speeds and skim along the top. The standard type of 'hydro-glider,' as this kind of craft is designated, measures 24 feet by nearly 10 feet, and it will just float in nine inches of water when at rest or proceeding at a slow speed. At forty or fifty miles an hour the boat skims along near the top of the water, and requires a depth of only 3 inches. The propelling-power consists of a petrol motor, capable of developing 230 h.p., which drives a 9 feet 10 inches propeller through chains. The boats may either be open or fitted with cabins. With the open type, carrying three persons and petrol for sixty miles, a speed of fifty miles per hour is guaranteed. The engine, however, is throttled down after the boat is skimming, 150 h.p. being enough to maintain this speed. Hydro-gliders are used for carrying goods as well as passengers, and each is capable of transporting a load of two tons. For the shallow, weedy rivers to be found in many parts of the world these craft are invaluable, especially in cases where high speeds are a desideratum. Recently a hydro-glider made a trip of seven hundred miles on the Mekong River in French Cochin China. During this trip water only five inches deep was passed over, and immediately the boat was stopped it rested on the mud, but no difficulty was experienced in starting again. In some cases the boat was run over only three inches of water, and grounded when stopped. With this shallow depth, however, it was found necessary to push the vessel into deeper water before it could be moved with the propeller.

A FEATHER-WEIGHT DYNAMO FOR BICYCLE-LIGHTING.

Every cyclist admits the advantages of electricity for head and rear lights. It is both cleaner and more convenient than oil or acetylene, the only drawback being the weight of the apparatus involved—the accumulator or the dynamo, according to the immediate source of the current adopted. Dynamos driven from the rim or the tire of one of the wheels have been used for several years, but until recently their weight has been considerable. A new model has been brought out recently, however, the dynamo of which weighs only 7½ ounces. This dynamo resembles a small bottle in appearance, the spindle projecting through the 'mouth,' and terminating in a small rubber wheel. This wheel is pressed against the outer edge of the rim or the side of the tire, the resulting friction driving it at a high speed. Both front and rear lamps are supplied with current through insulated wires, which are attached to the frame by special clips included in the outfit. The lights are turned on or off by a switch that brings the wheel on the dynamo into contact with the rim or the tire, or causes it to stand clear, as may be desired. This switch, it may be noted, can be worked while the machine is being ridden. The appliance is clipped to the back-fork on the left-hand side, and the complete outfit can be fixed on a bicycle in a few minutes.

AN ELECTRIC CABLE FOR GUIDING SHIPS.

No condition of the weather inspires greater fear at sea than fog does, and this in spite of directional wireless apparatus, sound-signals, and other aids for ascertaining the position of a vessel when no lights or landmarks can be seen. An electrical device for overcoming the fog danger, known as the leader cable system, was invented during the war, and was used to great advantage by the British Navy. An electric cable is laid along the bottom of the sea, leading

into ports or through any specially narrow or difficult channels. An alternating current of electricity is passed through this cable from the shore. The apparatus on the ship consists of two coils of wire, one on each side, these coils being connected to telephones on the bridge. When the vessel is within three hundred yards of either side of the cable, a clear, musical note is heard in the telephone. By means of a key at the shore end, the current can be broken up into the dots and dashes of the Morse code, the signals being strengthened by instruments in the telephone circuits known as amplifiers. On approaching a harbour in foggy weather, those in charge of a vessel endeavour to strike the track of the cable. When a note from the latter is heard, its comparative loudness in the port and starboard telephones indicates on which side of the vessel the cable is located and its approximate distance away. It can then be followed until the ship is in port or has navigated the channel through which the cable leads. A demonstration was recently given at Portsmouth, where a leader cable is laid, to a party of foreign naval attachés, who were present at the invitation of the Admiralty. The system is also in use for the Ambrose Channel leading to New York harbour.

HUGE MOTOR-OMNIBUSES FOR LONDON.

Londoners have long been familiar with what is known as the K type of omnibus, which is capable of carrying forty-six passengers, against only thirty-four carried by omnibuses of older design. A later type, known as the S, has now been placed on the streets. This vehicle carries fifty-four passengers, and is fitted with a motor of 35 horse-power, which drives the propeller-shaft through a new type of clutch at 940 revolutions per minute, when the omnibus is proceeding at twelve miles per hour. Owing to the effectiveness of the radiator, only six gallons of water are needed for cooling the cylinders, against ten gallons in the original form of motor-omnibus. The pistons are of aluminium, and the gear ratio is $9\frac{1}{3}$ to 1; but against this feature must be set the larger road-wheels. The dynamo for lighting the omnibus is driven from the engine, and is larger than in the K type, as three extra lights are provided. The body is built mainly of three-ply wood, and improvements have been made in the means for ventilation. The cost of the new omnibus is estimated at £2150.

A NEW MOTOR-SPIRIT MIXTURE FOR CARS.

Efforts are constantly being made to produce a motor-spirit for cars which, while giving as good results as petrol, may be purchased at a lower price. In this connection some interesting experiments have been carried out recently at the Bristol University by Mr L. S. Palmer, M.Sc., who has laid the results before the Institution of Automobile Engineers. He found that if 15 per cent. of naphthalene was dissolved in commercial benzol, the mileage per gallon was increased by 3·4 per cent. over that obtained with benzol only. With naphthalene at £7 per ton, the price of an efficient fuel is thus reduced from 2s. 9d. to 2s. 6d. per gallon; and with the increased mileage the saving per 100 miles is estimated at 8d.

CARBONIC ACID GAS AS A FERTILISER.

Every plant contains a large proportion of carbon in its composition, and this element is now generally admitted to be derived from the atmosphere by means of the leaves, in spite of the very small proportion of carbon, ·03 per cent., to be found in fresh air. It is only reasonable to suppose, therefore, that by increasing the percentage of carbonic acid gas, known by chemists as CO_2, in the air around growing plants, their growth will be accelerated. But in order to make such a method commercially successful, a cheap and abundant source of carbonic acid gas must be found. As is well known, the gases escaping from all fires contain this gas; but a particularly large proportion distinguishes those discharged from blast-furnaces. Founding on this fact, Dr Riedel, of Essen-on-Ruhr, has patented a process whereby growing plants are supplied with blast-furnace gases after they have been purified from their noxious constituents, such as sulphur. In order to test the process, a greenhouse was supplied with the purified gases by a number of pipes, these being run backwards and forwards over the whole length of the room, and punctured at intervals for the escape of the gas. Two other greenhouses, without any gas-supply, were tested at the same time to obtain comparative results. Experiments were begun about the middle of June. The effect of the gas upon a castor-oil plant was to produce leaves more than a metre in width, whereas in the two other greenhouses the leaves reached only about half that size. Tomatoes increased in weight by 175 per cent., cucumbers by 70 per cent. Open-air experiments were also tried in suitable plots of land, around one of which was a pipe with holes at intervals, through which the carbonic acid gas was continually escaping. CO_2, being heavy, would, of course, lie along the surface of the ground. In the open air the yield of spinach was found to be greater by 150 per cent. in the gas-supplied plot, while potatoes increased by 180 per cent., lupines by 174 per cent., and barley by 100 per cent. Later tests on a much larger scale have shown an increase in a potato-crop of 300 per cent. According to the inventor's opinion, as set forth in the *Scientific American*, carbonic acid gas works for supplying agriculture will before long be quite as common a feature as electricity and gas works, the large industrial centres at the same time becoming centres of increasing agricultural production. Careful

analysis has shown that no danger to the health of man is threatened by the additional amount of carbonic acid gas contained in the air where this system is in vogue.

A GLOBE UNBREAKABLE BY HEAT.

We presume that few users of the incandescent gaslight have not been annoyed at some time or other by the breaking of a globe through its becoming overheated. A new kind of globe has recently been put on the market, however, which will entirely obviate this annoyance. It is made of a substance to which the name 'Vitreosil' has been given, and which is composed of pure silica fused in the electric furnace by a special process. A test carried out lately in our presence gave ample proof that a globe made of this material was quite unbreakable by heat. The globe, after being dipped in cold water, was placed, without being dried, on the top of a lighted Bunsen burner, and allowed to remain there until it became white-hot. It was then lifted off, and though dropped instantly into a pail of cold water, was found upon careful examination to be entirely unharmed. Its durability, however, is not the only good feature of this new globe. Owing to the nature of the material, the light passing through it is soft and pleasing to the eye, all trace of glare being removed. The lighting-power of the gas is also enhanced, for the globe fits so close to the incandescent mantle that the temperature of the latter is increased, thus causing it to give off more light. Even a slight increase of temperature, it may be observed, produces a considerable augmentation of illuminating-power, for the heat and light given off at different temperatures are not in simple ratio, but vary approximately as their cubes. In addition to these advantages, a damaged mantle may still be used without danger to the globe, a thing utterly impossible with the ordinary kind of globe. Silica, it may be noted, has long been employed in the manufacture of crucibles, tubes, basins, &c., for use in chemical laboratories, as it resists the action of ordinary acids, and does not crack when it is suddenly heated or cooled. Its utilisation for globes or lamp-shades, however, and for the large hemispherical bowls, hitherto commonly made of glass or alabaster, which are employed in the semi-indirect method of gas-lighting, opens up a much wider sphere of usefulness for this important constituent of the earth's crust.

A NOVEL HAT AND COAT PEG.

A new form of hat and coat peg which has recently been invented appears likely to find a distinct niche for itself. The back part forms a small bracket which is fixed to a door or a wall in the ordinary way by means of three small screws. Attached to the lower part of the bracket is the peg proper, which works on a spring, so that when it is not in use it lies flush with the wall or the door. When required for service, the peg can be instantly pulled down into position, and the weight of the coat or hat placed on it is quite sufficient to keep it there. When the garment is removed, the peg again springs back, so that it is once more flush with the wall. This device should prove especially valuable where space is an important consideration, as in narrow passages, in 'hanging' cupboards, on board ship, or in a motor-car or a railway train. When provided at the back of a seat in a church or other place of public resort, or on a table-leg in a restaurant, it completely solves the problem of the disposal of the hat. Fastened to a door which swings back against a wall, it will save the wall from the danger which constantly threatens it from the ordinary form of peg. It is obtainable in plain or polished brass, steel bronze, oxidised copper, or in the familiar nickel-plated form.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.

Like its British confrère, this valuable reference-book, which is published biennially, is 'swellin' wisibly.' The first edition (for 1899-1900) contained 827 pages and 8602 'potted' biographies; the present edition, the eleventh (for 1920–1921), contains 3302 pages and 23,443 biographies, of which 2514 appear for the first time. Even a brief examination shows that it has succeeded in its aim of giving crisp, personal sketches of the most notable Americans in all parts of the world—the men and women whose achievements or whose official positions render them of interest to 'the man in the street' or 'the woman at home.' References are also given showing in which of the previous issues particulars may be found of noteworthy people who have died or retired recently. A feature of the work which will make a special appeal to local patriots is the section called the Geographical Index, which groups, both by States and by the townships within them, all the persons dealt with in the body of the book, thus making it easy to find the biographies of those connected with any particular locality. The book is published in this country by Messrs Stanley Paul & Co., 31 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2, at 45s. net.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE MYSTERY OF THE *WELL MET.*

By E. R. PUNSHON, Author of *The Woman's Footprint, Old Fighting Days,* &c.

CHAPTER I.—ADRIFT.

WHEN for the second time the sun rose and showed to Hervey Drake nothing but the same desolate and wide expanse of unbroken sea and sky, hope left him.

Two days before he had been the first mate of the *Bramley Cottage* of the Cottage Line, on a voyage from San Francisco to Auckland with a general cargo. The trip had been uneventful and prosperous until the morning when one of the hands came to him with a slightly scared look to say that there seemed to be a smell of burning coming from No. 2 hold. Drake reported the matter at once to the captain, who treated it as of small importance, and, somewhat rashly, ordered the hatch to be removed, when, with the admittance of the current of fresh air, a great smouldering mass of cargo amidships burst into a perfect volcano of raging fire that swiftly wrapped the ship from bow to stern, spreading with an inconceivable rapidity.

The catastrophe was as overwhelming as it was sudden. Of the three boats they had, one was leaky and of no use, one was launched successfully, and the third, that of which Hervey was in charge, capsized as it was being lowered, one of the falls unfortunately breaking. Hervey himself and one other man of those thus precipitated into the sea succeeded in regaining the boat and clambering upon her as she floated upside-down. With infinite labour they managed finally to right her, but not until the burning ship and the other boat, which did not seem aware of their misfortune, were nearly out of sight.

Darkness fell soon, and when morning came Hervey and his companion were alone on the wide bosom of the sea, without food or water, without oars or sails, everything with which the boat had been fitted having been lost when she capsized. All day they drifted thus. During the night the other, a Scandinavian ordinary seaman, went mad and jumped overboard—and Hervey envied him the swift and easy way of escape that he had found.

For he had little hope or none. How small was the chance of so infinitesimal an object as a drifting boat being discerned on the trackless desert of the sea Hervey knew well. Even if a ship did pass, it was not likely he would be seen. That land was not far away he knew well enough, because all that part of the Pacific is studded with islands, known and unknown, inhabited and uninhabited; but without sails or oars he had no chance of being able to reach shore, even if he had been aware of the best direction in which to steer—or, for that matter, had had the means of steering, for the boat's rudder had been broken. To some extent, indeed, he remedied this by improvising a kind of rudder from a thwart, and with the aid of another thwart and his shirt he rigged up something that he tried to pretend was a sail, but that, in fact, was hardly enough to give the boat steerage-way.

All he could do was to try to keep her head west, and to wait the almost inevitable end. Fortunately the weather remained fine and calm, and his shirt, if not a great success as a sail, did at any rate relieve a little the boat's extreme inconspicuousness. A ship passing near might now perceive that pathetic patch of dingy white against the horizon, and might possibly alter course to investigate it. Towards noon he was almost sure he could see land on the port bow. But he had no means of reaching it, and indeed it might have been a mirage or a mere illusion, for once or twice already he had found himself growing light-headed.

'Might as well follow Jansen's example and jump overboard and end it,' he said to himself; but the instinct of his race to fight even a losing battle to the end was strong upon him, and presently towards three o'clock in the afternoon he fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was back at home, and that his mother, grumbling at him for being late for dinner again, was taking out of the oven an endless succession of savoury and steaming dishes, to which he was just about to help himself, when he awoke, with a kind of gurgling cry, to the realisation of the truth.

But the hoarse, choking croak he had uttered as he awoke he repeated again, for, as he looked round upon the merciless sea, the unpitying sky, he saw suddenly, not very far away, and coming fast towards him, a small schooner, following as

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directly on his course as a hound follows the trail of its quarry.

Incredulous, he fell upon his knees in the bottom of the boat, and for fully a minute he hid his face in his hands. He was, one supposes, as brave and firm of soul as a man, as a sailor, need be, but it is the literal truth that he kept his face hidden thus because he dared not look again lest what he had seen had been a fantasy of his overwrought brain.

He possessed, too, besides a sailor's bravery, a sailor's simple piety, and while he kept his face hidden in his hands he prayed earnestly, commending his soul to God, and having, indeed, the full expectation of standing soon in his Maker's presence. But when at last, his mind more tranquil now, and braced to meet what might betide, he lifted his head and looked, the schooner was still there, palpable, evident, and much nearer than before.

Her course was laid directly for the drifting boat, but he could see no one on board her, and now a new fear assailed him, lest all the crew should be asleep or occupied in some way, and so pass him unobserved.

He noticed, too, that though the little schooner was a smart, trim vessel, evidently in good repair, showing plenty of fresh paint, and appearing well-found in every respect, yet there hung about her certain odd indications of neglect and carelessness that went strangely with her generally smart and trim appearance. These indications were very slight and trivial, merely a sheet hanging loose, an untidily stowed tackle, an awning put up aft in a very clumsy style, and so on. Only a sailor's eye would have noticed them, but they puzzled Hervey a good deal, even now in the moment of his reborn hope.

'Ahoy! Ship ahoy!' he shouted, long before there was any possibility of his thin and exhausted voice reaching the still distant schooner. 'Ahoy, ahoy!' he shouted again, and though even yet he could not have been heard, he could make out that he had been seen, for he saw forms moving quickly on the schooner's deck.

Eagerly he watched, and soon he saw that the schooner was beginning to shorten sail—saw, too, that this was being done very clumsily and unhandily.

With increasing wonder and impatience he watched a whole series of awkward manœuvres which really seemed to suggest that the crew of the schooner knew so little how to handle her that they were not even sure how to get him on board. In the end they as nearly as possible settled the matter by running him down, but he managed somehow to push his boat from under the schooner's bow, and then, as he scraped alongside, one of the men on board dropped him a rope, which he at once seized. A moment later he was on deck, where he promptly fainted. . . .

When Hervey Drake came to, he was lying on a pile of rugs under the awning he had noticed aft, and sitting on a deck-chair near by was a tall, thin man dressed in an ill-fitting suit of white flannels that seemed to have been made for a somewhat shorter and much stouter man. The face of this stranger looked to Hervey as little prepossessing as any he had ever seen. The eyes and the cheeks were hollow and sunken, the mouth thin-lipped and scowling, the general expression at once fierce and furtive, and an ugly scar on the left temple added nothing to his attractiveness. His whole manner was, indeed, so malignant and repulsive that instinctively, as he watched him, Hervey felt just such a chill shudder of abhorrence crawl down his spine as some people experience on seeing a snake or a toad.

'Feeling better?' this individual asked, his tone quite friendly, and with a smile that had the very curious and daunting effect of making his expression appear even more evil and malignant than before.

And that is indeed a bad man whose smile does not show at any rate some touch of kindly, human feeling.

'Yes, thank you,' Hervey muttered as well as he could, for his lips and tongue were still black and swollen, though they seemed to have been bathed with cold water. 'What ship's this?'

'The schooner *Well Met*,' answered the other, 'bound from Suva to Manilla.'

'The *Well Met*, indeed!' murmured Hervey, struck by the coincidence of the name. 'Are you the captain?'

The stranger shook his head.

Hervey, too weak to continue the conversation, closed his eyes, but opened them again at once as a delicious smell reached his nostrils.

Coming along the deck towards him was another man, smaller in build than the other, and wearing ill-fitting white flannels that had evidently been made for a bigger and stouter man. In looks he was nearly as ill-favoured as his shipmate, his small, greenish-hued eyes, flat, short nose, low receding forehead, and huge protruding jaw giving him a strangely animal appearance. His manner, too, had the same fierce and furtive air, and his cheeks also were worn and hollow, so that it seemed as though they had both recently experienced many hardships.

But of his unprepossessing appearance Hervey took no heed, for he bore in his hands a basin of steaming soup, and no living being carrying such a burden would have failed at that moment to find favour in Hervey's sight.

Eagerly the rescued man held out both his hands with a gesture that was pitiful enough, so much did it tell of what he had gone through. But he was still too weak to feed himself, and when they realised this, the evil-looking, tall, thin man knelt down by his side and began to feed him with a spoon.

'Thank you,' Hervey muttered between the spoonfuls. 'I 'll remember; handsome is as handsome does.'

'What 's he say?' asked the second man, with an oath.

'I don't know. Off his head, very likely,' his companion answered indifferently; and when he had given Hervey all the soup there was, he picked up a rug and flung it over him, telling him he had better sleep now.

CHAPTER II.—ON BOARD THE *WELL MET.*

IT was good advice, and not difficult to follow, and Hervey fell almost at once into a profound slumber, from which, some hours later, he wakened with a start, unable at first to remember where he was, or what had happened, or why he felt so weak and ill.

He was lying in a bunk, he saw, but not in the one in his familiar cabin on board the *Bramley Cottage*, which puzzled him enormously for a time, till he remembered the catastrophe and his own rescue.

Sitting up, he looked around. It was evidently night, for the only light came from a smoky lamp swinging overhead, and as evidently the place in which he now found himself was the forecastle of a small ship. Moreover, it was a forecastle that either had been until recently, or was now, in the occupation of Kanakas.

That much was proved by various little articles of native use or adornment that were lying about, and Hervey's first sensation was one of great indignation against this breach of the etiquette of the sea that had put him, a white man and a ship's officer, in with native seamen. It was an insult almost enough to wipe out the memory of his rescue. While he was still hot with indignation two men came in and seated themselves at the narrow table that ran down the middle of the forecastle. They had a bottle with them and glasses, and seemed in so great a hurry to help themselves to the liquor that they never gave even a single glance in Hervey's direction.

They were both white men, and were nearly as unprepossessing in appearance as the two he had already seen. They were both low-browed, scowling rascals, with the odd air he had noticed in the other two of furtive, slinking fierceness, like that of a half-tamed wolf which is eager to snap and bite, but is restrained by fear of swift punishment. They resembled the others, also, in having the same worn appearance, hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks of men who have known many hardships, and in being dressed, not in ordinary rough sailor costume, but in linen suits that fitted them very badly, and that had apparently belonged to a much bigger man.

The smoky lamp, flaring overhead, threw its uncertain and flickering light on these sinister-looking companions as, with their heads close together, they drank and muttered in each other's ears. Hervey, leaning back in his bunk—for he was still very weak—thought to himself that he had been taken on board a ship that carried a strange crew. Yet they had saved his life, and, of course, the insult of putting him in the forecastle with the Kanakas lost much of its poignancy if the white members of the crew shared the same quarters. Yet that they should do so seemed to the mate very strange; and another odd thing that struck him, as trifles will at times, was that the smoky lamp overhead had a brass holder, and was of a quality not often supplied to forecastles. He thought it would have seemed more in place in the captain's cabin.

The two men drinking together had so far never once looked in his direction or seemed in any way aware of his presence. They were muttering away in a very eager and absorbed manner, and the few words that Hervey caught now and again were in French, a language of which he had little knowledge. Sitting up in his bunk, he called out to them, 'What time is it?'

They sprang up together, and one of them whipped out a great knife with a very threatening gesture; but the other cursed him angrily, and told him to put it up again, which he did, sulkily enough.

'Time, m'sieur?' said this second man, turning to Hervey and speaking good enough English, though with a strong foreign accent. 'It is nearly midnight. How do you find yourself?'

'A bit shaky still,' answered Hervey. 'That chap seems rather handy with his knife, doesn't he?' he added, surveying the individual in question with considerable disfavour.

'Ah, monsieur must pardon him,' answered the other. 'It is his nerves. The poor Jacques suffers from his nerves, and your question startled him. But it is nothing. He has the good heart, and in reality he would not harm a fly.—Jacques, step on deck, like a good creature, and tell the captain that monsieur is awake.'

As Jacques, with a final scowl, and still fingering the handle of his knife, slunk—there is no other word to describe his manner of progress—out of the forecastle, Hervey, looking after him, remarked, 'That chap would suffer from something else besides his nerves if I had much to do with him.'

'He is a good soul,' answered Jacques's friend. 'I assure you, at bottom, one of the best of men, and with a heart—oh, without doubt, a heart of gold.'

'Glad to hear it,' said Hervey, realising that he was not exactly in a position to be too critical. 'Your watch below, is it?'

'Without doubt.'

'Your first voyage?' Hervey persisted.

The other shot at him a glance so sinister and threatening that it was worthy of the golden-hearted Jacques himself. 'What causes m'sieur to think that?' he asked.

'A good many things,' answered Hervey; 'for one, when I asked you the time you said it was nearly midnight. A sailorman usually talks of four bells or eight bells, not of hours.'

'M'sieur is observant,' said the other, 'and he is truly correct. This is my first voyage, and I hope also that it will be my last. I ask myself,' he added, 'what other things m'sieur has noticed.'

'A good many,' answered Hervey, swinging his legs out of the bunk and sitting on its edge. 'That, for instance,' he added, pointing to a very large and dark stain in the middle of the forecastle floor. 'What did that?'

'That?' said the Frenchman, looking at it—and he laughed; nor was his laughter good to hear. 'Oh, that is coffee. The good Jacques spilt it, clumsy fellow that he is, and, as you see, it will not come out.'

'Must have been a stronger brew than most sailormen get,' observed Hervey, and as he spoke the good Jacques came slinking back again, followed by the tall, thin man, in ill-fitting flannels, whom Hervey had seen first of this ill-favoured crew.

'Ah, you are awake,' he said as he entered, his voice brisk and cheery, his strange and daunting smile accentuating the cold malignity of his eyes. 'How are you feeling? Better, I hope, but ready for something to eat, very likely. Tommy Drew is our cook, and he will be along in a minute or two with a feed for you. Food and rest are what you want, I guess; aren't they?'

'It's very good of you, I'm sure,' said Hervey hesitatingly, divided between his instinctive shuddering disgust of this man and gratitude for what seemed his genuine kindness.

'That's all right,' said the other heartily. 'Any one is always glad to do what he can for a shipwrecked sailor. I suppose you have been wrecked. By the way, you haven't told us yet how you came to be in such a fix, you know. I reckon you're a sailor, though. An officer?'

Hervey nodded, and noticed that his questioner looked suddenly relieved, and that the golden-hearted Jacques, who in the background had been fingering his knife again and feeling its edge with his thumb, slipped it back into its sheath, for all the world as though understanding that now it would not be needed.

Like lightning the idea flashed through Hervey's mind, 'What would have happened if I had not been an officer?'

The tall, thin man was speaking again. 'You understand navigation, I suppose?' he asked.

'I hold my master's ticket,' Hervey answered.

'Good for you,' said the other heartily. 'It was a stroke of good luck for you that we happened to find you, and perhaps it is going to prove as lucky for us. The fact is, we are in a good deal of a hole, and you may be able to help us out. But I had better explain. My name is Wilson—John Henry Wilson, of 'Frisco. I have business interests in Manilla, and I am on my way there on board this boat as a passenger. A week ago our captain was taken ill and died. The mate fell ill and died next day, and several of the crew the same night.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Hervey, greatly startled; 'what was it?'

'Cholera,' answered Wilson. 'The Kanaka crew bolted. They seized our boat and went off, most likely to some island they knew of. There were left on board only myself; Mr Drew, who is in reality in charge of the cargo and has an interest in the schooner; and these two worthy fellows, Jacques Dubois and Sylvestre Lazin, the only white members of the crew, and unluckily neither of them is a navigator or even an experienced sailor. You see our position, Mr——?'

'Drake,' said Hervey. 'Hervey Drake.'

'Thank you. Well, you see how we are fixed, Mr Drake. Our joint knowledge of seamanship and navigation is exceedingly small, and had we not had the good fortune to meet you, I doubt if we should ever have found our way to Manilla. We shall have to depend on you to take us there. You can do that?'

'That will be easy enough,' answered Hervey. 'We shall be a bit short-handed, but if the weather holds, that won't matter much. Five men ought to be able to handle a boat this size.'

They all looked a good deal relieved at this, and in the background the golden-hearted Jacques actually smiled and took his hand from his knife, as though finally convinced there would be no immediate need to use it. No one spoke for a moment, and in the silence Hervey distinctly heard a low and soft voice speak on deck, the gentle tones of a woman.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed; 'have you a woman on board?'

'A woman? No!' exclaimed Wilson, looking extremely surprised. 'What an idea! What put that into your head? Our situation is bad enough without that.'

'I thought I heard a woman speaking,' Hervey answered.

'Ah, you have been through a lot,' said Wilson sympathetically. 'No wonder you imagine things—no wonder at all—or see them, either.—Jacques,' he added, turning to that worthy, 'go and tell Mr Drew to hurry up. Our poor friend here is nearly starving, and light-headed for lack of food—oh, and'—— and he added a word in French which Hervey could not understand, but to which the good-hearted one responded with an understanding nod as he slunk away.

(Continued on page 293.)

THE LAST OF THE SCHOOLMEN.

By Aylmer Cecil Strong.

I.

IN what to us, enlightened by our super-wars, are known as the Dark Ages, logic assumed the somewhat misleading title of 'Handmaid of Theology.' The metaphor is perilous, for ever so many of the questions so hotly disputed by mediæval doctors, bishops, Dominicans, and Franciscans are not in the least concerned with the grounds upon which dogma rests, but with purely metaphysical problems. In many of the earlier 'disputations' signs can be discerned of the birth of a critical spirit, intent on resolving the highest perplexities of the time. But the germ never fructified in the Schoolmen's keeping, for it was the belief of these that the groundwork of philosophy was interpretation, and nothing else. Holding that the supreme instrument for gaining certainty was the formal syllogism, they turned for further light to a Greek philosopher, whose teaching they could only partly grasp, while he required to be studied as a whole. Speculation then seemed to the more cautious to be running riot, and it was with a view to preventing damage being done to the Creed itself that Peter Lombard—who died Archbishop of Paris *c.* 1160—framed his celebrated *Sententiæ*. He collected passages from the Fathers bearing on the chief topics of dispute, arranging his four books so as to contain a number of questions, some of which he does not pretend to resolve. The subjects treated of are the Creation, Angels and Men, Free Will and Grace, the Sacraments, Heaven and Hell, and many more. This treatise was almost at once adopted by all the schools as the one universally recognised theological text-book of the mediæval universities, and so it remained for four centuries. After its publication, however, a well-marked cleavage set in in the Schoolmen's ranks. Those who grouped themselves round the mighty figure of Thomas Aquinas, who died in 1274, seemed likely to form conclusions which might themselves have crystallised into inconvenient dogmas, till the threatened dictatorship of the great Dominican was met by the opposition of the modest Franciscan known in the schools as Duns Scotus, the Subtle Doctor. Henceforth, till the rise of William Ockham, theologians were ranged in one or other of the two camps of Thomists or Scotists. Both these schools, it must be remembered, were at one in all matters affecting the fundamentals of faith; both, too, professed the same practical object—the reconciliation of dogma with metaphysics. But the Scotists were above all things critical, and refused to accept dogmas on the ground that their authenticity had been proved; they accepted these dogmas as being simply the command of God. Thomas Aquinas, on the other hand, firmly held that creation out of nothing, the immortality of the soul, and many another basic dogma were capable of proof. The intellect, he held, in opposition to his critics, was superior to the will. The Scotists stressed the love, as opposed to the knowledge, of God.

II.

This brief summary of the main tendencies of the highest mediæval thought has been ventured in the belief that it may help a modern reader to understand the ideas and experiences of the last of the great Schoolmen. We mean John Major, whom the late Dr Law has termed, in his collected *Essays and Reviews*, the single genuine Schoolman Scotland can boast. John Major was undoubtedly a man of profound erudition of the pre-Renaissance kind, outstanding as a theologian, an antiquarian, a casuist, and a historian. It is fortunate for his repute that he has found such devoted interpreters as the authority just cited, to whose testimony must be added that of Mr Archibald Constable, the scholarly translator of Major's *Greater Britain*, and Mr Æneas Mackay. For the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives him short shrift, and would have us believe that were it not for the fact that John Knox and George Buchanan delved deeply in his writings, these would possess little interest or importance at the present day. We feel confident, however, that even if his works on logic and the commentary on Aristotle's ethics, which he dedicated to Cardinal Wolsey, have lost their savour in this year of grace, his *Greater Britain*, which gives us not merely the chronicles of his own country, but a vast amount of information regarding the England of his day, is still quite entitled to stand on its own merits. And one may feel assured that the last title to fame the safe and moderate author of the shrewd commentary on Peter the Lombard's *Sentences* would have desired would be that of a 'forerunner of the Reformation.' Orthodox and conservative in matters of religion he is to the core, yet withal an eclectic, adhering to neither of the afore-mentioned schools. Editor of a work of an opponent of Scotus, he often cites the words of the Subtle Doctor to approve of them. This independence is, within its well-defined limits, a very strong note in his personality.

One or two of the points of casuistry discussed by Major in all sincerity and reverence may be of interest as throwing light not only on certain aspects of his own mentality, but on the Schoolmen's way of thought in general. One question

is whether God can place one body at the same time in two places. 'For my part,' he says, 'I do not regard it as a problem, but I hold the affirmative part to be most certain.' The first proof which he adduces is that St Ambrose said mass at Milan while at the same time he assisted at the funeral of St Martin at Tours. His fifth proof is characteristically scholastic: 'God can put an angel or a soul in two separate places; therefore He can do the same with a body.' The antecedent is thus proved: The soul of Sortes is in his head and in his foot, but God can make his soul cease to inform the middle parts of his body. The soul remains in his extremities, and so in two separate places. Then, again, there is a subtle point about fasting, the treatment of which would hardly, we imagine, convince a modern examiner in 'Greats.' It is possible, Major assures us, to eat flesh-meat in Lent and yet to fast canonically. For beans and peas contain little animals (*bestiolæ*). Again, take the case of the beaver. He always keeps his tail in the water and his forepart outside it. So you may eat the hinder part without breaking your fast (that is, the submerged end is equivalent to fish!). If Major's claim to fame rested on no sounder base than these trivialities, we should readily dismiss him with the scornful terseness of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But not so readily can we ignore the arresting sketch he gives us of the 'Greater Britain' of his age, or turn down his spirited appeals for union between the countries north and south of the Border. In one regard, at any rate, Major was distinctly an inspired political seer, a thoroughly practical mystic. And the qualifications of this travelled Scot to inform us about certain aspects of the Europe of his day and its life and thought, a short glance at some of his experiences will perhaps suffice to establish.

III.

Born in 1469 or 1470, in the parish of North Berwick, John Major or Mair appears to have been the son of a small farmer of Church lands. To a lad of parts and promise his country has ever afforded ready encouragement, and accordingly it is permissible to conclude that the school of Haddington, where a little later John Knox was a scholar, first received him. He then chose the vocation of a travelling scholar, a mediæval first-step which would have attraction in plenty to-day for a young student anxious to converse with his kind in distant centres. At the age of twenty-three, in 1493, he found his way to Cambridge, which, for all the higher reputation of Oxford (which he frankly admits) and the rival claims of Balliol College, was the university preferred by his countrymen. He became a member of God's House, the earlier foundation, which was converted in 1505 into Corpus Christi College, which he chose for the queer reason that it was situated in the parish of his country's patron saint. The bells of Cambridge seem particularly to have charmed and fascinated him. 'During the great festivals,' he tells us, 'I spent half the night awake listening to the bells.' Yet, with the impartiality habitual to him, he concedes that the bells of St Osney, the cradle of Oxford, are the best in all England, and adds that 'as in music the English excel all nations, so they excel in the sweet and artistic modulation of their bells.'

In 1493 Major passed from Cambridge to Paris (probably his original destination), which at that time contained the most famous university in Europe. Thither thronged students from almost every European country, from Scandinavia, from Spain, from Scotland. At a low estimate, there were computed to be ten thousand students there, nor was Europe by any means as densely populated as to-day. National jealousy and the growth of Oxford and Cambridge had recently withdrawn the English students, and the Scottish students who stayed on were at this time enrolled in the *Natio Alemanica* instead of the *Natio Anglicana*. Before crossing to Paris, Major appears to have seen a good deal of England in one way and another, and his remarks about that country are interesting, as those of an intelligent contemporary observer. The population of Paris at this time he calculates to be three times that of London. It was the business of the Mayor of London to see to the corn-supply, and if there was not enough corn produced in the country, to import it. On the Thames, near London, Major noticed between three and four thousand tame swans, though he adds, after the manner of a Scottish Herodotus, that he never counted them. York is the second city of England, though not rich and populous, and Norwich the third, where a kind of cloth called Ostade is manufactured. Of the English universities, he tells us that the number of students is four or five thousand in each, and that it takes *seven or eight years* to take one's M.A.! 'They do not pay much attention to grammar.' Though the number of laymen (that is, townsmen) is greater, 'they do not venture to rise against the students, who would soon put them down. The students are all adults, and carry swords or bows, being for the most part of good birth.' The little sketch closes with a comparison (in favour of the former) between English and Scottish ecclesiastics; and, to show how little the main traits of national character change, after all, through the ages, we must add his concluding remark: 'For courage, prudence, and other virtues the English don't think they are the least nation in the world, and if they meet a foreigner who has parts or bravery, it is much to be regretted, they say, that he is not an Englishman.' Major graduated as Licentiate in 1494, and as Master in 1496; taught philosophy as Regent in Arts down to 1505; and then took the degree of

Doctor of Theology, remaining in Paris for some twelve years.

IV.

During this long sojourn the inspiration of stirring events and decisive tendencies cannot have been lacking. The Renaissance, upsprung in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was in its heyday. In the sixteenth century it had crossed the Alps and asserted itself, with Erasmus as its pioneer, in England, Germany, and the Low Countries. France was consolidating her dominions by completing the absorption of the great feudal houses, and, though driven forth from Italy, was absorbing the arts and manners of the southern land. A long succession of events had sharply accentuated the hostility between England and Scotland, and, as a consequence, a warmer welcome than ever was extended to Scottish students in the French capital.

And the wondrous charm and beauty of that city itself! Certain old plans and maps of the sixteenth century still exist to give us an idea of its general arrangement, and such seventeenth-century views as those of Zeiller, while adding to our topographical knowledge, represent, in all probability, the main features of the Paris Major knew. But by far the most vivid reproduction of the aspects and spirit of mediæval Paris and her university a modern can hope to find is that given to us in words by Victor Hugo. To quote this description at full length, or anything like it, would, of course, be impossible here. But a few sentences from the master's pen will not be amiss, for they give us more than vague indications: they evoke an atmosphere. 'The university,' writes the great novelist, 'crowned the left bank of the Seine. . . . From the one end to the other it was a homogeneous, compact whole. Three thousand roofs, whose angular outlines, adhering together, almost all composed of the same geometrical elements, seen from above, presented the appearance of crystallisation.' The number of colleges, he tells us, was forty-two, and 'the summits of these beautiful buildings were the productions of the same art as the single roofs they overtopped.' Hugo specifies some of the glorious erections which 'made magnificent inroads among the picturesque garrets of the left bank.' Of these the Hôtel de Cluny still remains to charm the artist, as does the square tower of Sainte Geneviève, to fill us with longing for the rest. Then there were the Rouen palace and the Baths of Julian; the Sorbonne, half-college and half-monastery, whose admirable nave still exists; many abbeys, many cloisters, the Mathurins, the Cordeliers, and the Augustinians' graceful steeple. 'The churches, both numerous and splendid, of every age of architecture, from the circular arch of St Julian to the pointed ones of St Séverin, overtopped all, and, like an added harmony in this mass of harmonies, shot up above the slashed gables, the open-work pinnacles and belfries, the airy spires, whose line was a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.' Nor must we omit Hugo's glorious passage about the Paris bells—the less so when we remember Major's predilection for bells: 'Behold at a signal proceeding from heaven, for the sun gives it, those thousand churches trembling all at once. You hear solitary tinkles pass from church to church; then see (for at times the ear too seems endowed with the power of sight) all of a sudden, at the same moment, how there rises from each steeple, as it were, a column of sound, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell rises straight, pure, separate; then, swelling by degrees, they blend, melt, and amalgamate into a magnificent concert. Say if you know anything in the world more rich, more dazzling, more gladdening than this tumult of bells, this furnace of music, these ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high, than that city which is but one orchestra, this symphony as loud as a tempest.'

How such scenes and sounds must have burst upon the senses of the poor Scottish student, the capital of whose homeland at this time contained but some four or five thousand houses! 'With one narrow street,' as Mr Æneas Mackay puts it, 'from the Castle to the Abbey, the backbone of a skeleton ribbed on either side with vennels, wynds, and closes, which ran on the north to the North Loch and its marshes, on the south to the lower level of the Cowgate, here and there varied by a small church, monastery, or hospital, but only with a collegiate church, St Giles', for a cathedral, the plain Tolbooth for a Palace of Justice, and Holyrood, recently built in imitation of a minor French palace, for its royal residence, as yet without a college, without mansions, and without walls.' The Paris atmosphere was one of beauty and of learning alike; their very surroundings lifted the minds and hearts of scholars from all lands when they passed to their glorious heritage and received the freedom of the dream-domain where the mighty past outpoured its wealth of arts to mingle with the gathering streams of that science which was to fertilise the yet more mighty future.

V.

Not that the *gîte* of the poor scholar in Paris at this time was altogether a bed of roses. In Major's day the college of Montaign was presided over by a Lowlander, one John Standouk. This warden—of whom Erasmus says that you could not dislike his temper and must covet his qualifications—saw with regret (in the words of Crevier, the university historian) 'that the bursaries founded for the poor had often been swallowed up by the rich' (a tendency not confined to the sixteenth century), 'and determined to found a college for the true poor.' To achieve

this end he determined to submit the members of his college to the most rigorous and ascetic discipline. Bread, beans, eggs, herrings—sparse rations of these—and no meat, formed their normal diet, which was varied by the fasts, all of which they strictly kept. They rose at cock-crow, constantly chanted the Church services, worked in the kitchen and the refectory, cleaned and scrubbed, and did all the menial work of the college. They wore a small cape or hood with their peculiar dress, and from this got the name of Capetians. Standouk's motive was of the best, but the rigour was overdone, and Erasmus—who says of himself that he had a Protestant stomach but a Catholic soul—inveighs against it in a biting satire. Major, however, appears to have come through all right, for we next find him hospitably adopted by the Navarre College, with the income of a fellowship and with a theological professorship.

In his new quarters Major seems to have prominently associated himself with the cause of the 'Gallican Liberties,' whereby the supreme authority of the Pope on questions of faith when opposed by a general council was called in question. This is in no way to say that he had any leanings to Protestantism, which he detested, or that he would have subscribed to the far more advanced views in regard to this matter of his pupils Knox and Buchanan.

From Paris, where it is odd to remember that he must have been a contemporary of three such diverse personalities as Loyola, Calvin, and Rabelais, Major, after a spell of lecturing at the Sorbonne, the stronghold of orthodoxy, returned to Scotland, and in 1518 became Principal of Glasgow University, where perhaps he numbered John Knox among his pupils in the then small but beautiful city. Thence, five years later, he was preferred to the premier university of Scotland at that time, St Andrews, where he held various academic offices, including the post of Dean of a Faculty, probably theology. St Leonard's, or the New College of that university (in contradistinction to the older college of St Salvator), was modelled on the college for poor students at Louvain, which itself was a copy of Montaigu College. A principal, four chaplains, and twenty poor scholars, instructed in the Gregorian chant, and six of them students of theology, were on the foundation. The discipline was strict, according to Prior Hepburn's statutes. There was an entrance examination for the scholars, who were to be not older than twenty-one, poor, virtuous, versed in the first and second parts of grammar, and good singers. They were taught grammar, poetry and rhetoric, logic, physics, philosophy, metaphysics, and one of the books of Solomon. It was to St Andrews that George Buchanan, the great Humanist-to-be of Scotland, came, attracted by Major's learning. There was a great contrast between the conservative and traditional scholar and his progressive, graceful-minded pupil, and there is every reason to doubt whether the latter's irritation with Major's old-fashioned habit of thought did not blind him to the fullness of the old man's mental power.

VI.

Much of Major's *History of Greater Britain* is good reading still, and Mr Archibald Constable's fine translation from the Latin now renders it accessible to all. It tells us of the early history of England and Scotland up to the marriages of Henry VII.'s daughters. It advocates, as we have already mentioned, the union of the two countries, pointing out the national and individual advantages of such a fusion. The work is not too kind to the Scottish nobility, whose tyranny and lack of patriotism it rebukes. Reform in the Church is strongly advocated, and the prevalence of pluralities is condemned. Major reveals himself a strong anti-Semite, and opines that all Governments would do well to expel the stubborn Hebrews, unless they kept them to tax them heavily. The book abounds in curious touches. Discussing the French proverb 'As proud as a Scot,' he says: 'I do not deny that some of the Scots may be proud and boastful, but whether they suffer more than their neighbours from such-like faults, I have not made up my mind.' He is angry with St Jerome for having said he saw certain Scots in Gaul eating human flesh. Even if it were true, he says, it would reflect no discredit on their posterity. And he has quite a lot to tell us about the reasons why the men of Rochester are born with tails. 'It will not be,' says Dr Law, 'to the honour of the guardians of Scottish literature if its most precious relic of pure, unadulterated mediævalism is either obscured or forgotten.' The Scottish History Society, by very considerably reducing the risk of either fate befalling Major's *Greater Britain*, has performed a service to mankind.

In conclusion, it may be repeated that Major was emphatically no precursor of the Reformation. Nor, for all his erudition, had he the slightest sympathy with the Renaissance and its spirit. He is a fine old Scottish Schoolman, all of the olden time, who writes feelingly to Dr Eck of 'the new and detestable calamity to the Catholic Church, the execrable heresy of Luther and of those who from him have learnt to blaspheme Heaven.' In order to refute these heresies, he tells us, the Sorbonne began to have recourse to the study of the Scriptures, but the Faculty of Theology, fearing that this study would render the minds of the students torpid, ordained that they should revert to the older methods of discussing subtle questions. In other words, as Dr Law observes, the Theological Faculty, after a moment's hesitation, hastened to arrest any incipient tendencies to educational reform. John Major would have slept none the less soundly o' nights for that.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War*, *The North Afire*, *The Undying Story*, *Phillip in Particular*, *The War Cache*, *Green Ladies*, *Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER V.

I.

THE two cars rushed through the night switch-backing up and down the strange streets of that strange town. Clement had the queer feeling that he was passing through a dream-city created by some fantastic fairy-tale illustrator. The streets of Cobalt wound hap-hazard amid houses built hap-hazard. The bumpy driveway wriggled between houses now on the road-level, now hanging above it on rocky outcrops. Now an ordinary side-road was passed in the dusk. Now a flight of stairs shot upward in place of a road.

The houses of Cobalt clung and grouped where they could. Bold rocks piled out between the houses, or loomed over them. Now houses and rock would give way to Martian-looking mine-workings: humpy, corrugated-iron sheds, the lattice and the cables of overhead conveyers, the great, smooth slack-dumps of the mines. . . . Then more houses. Through this fantastic place, over and down fantastic hills under the pallid light of electric standards, the two cars flashed.

'We've got him,' said Clement cheerfully, looking out at the speeding car ahead, 'and we'll get Neuburg through him. That is, if your driver'——

'That's all right,' said the detective, Gatineau. 'He's game. I put him wise before I hired him. For twenty dollars and a little excitement he'll do all you want him to do.'

'There may be gunning,' said Clement, falling into the idiom.

'He knows that. All he said was that the burg has been kind of sluggish, anyhow, for the past six months. . . . This is a mining-town, you know. Don't you worry—he thrives on excitement.'

The cars swept out of the town. Between the stiff, rocky hills and the giant humpings of silver-mine workings they were pressing towards the wild tracts of the open country. The road grew deliriously worse.

'What about head-lights?' asked the detective. 'We don't want Siwash or his driver to see us.'

'They haven't yet,' said Clement. 'That rear lamp would go out if they did. It's a closed car, anyhow, and unless we were right up to them I don't think they would notice our lights. But to be on the safe side they might be half-switched down, though.'

He rose and spoke to the genial and husky driver about this.

'Sure,' said that individual, and he checked down his lights until there was but a faint radiance on the road before them. 'If this wasn't such a hell of a trail, I'd cut 'em out altogether. Must have some light. I'll bump my springs to scrap else.'

'Put down all repairs to us,' said Clement. 'You're a good scout to take this on. There may be trouble.'

'Ain't exactly done tatting all me life meself,' grinned the driver.

'I guess you haven't,' smiled Clement, looking at his burly figure. 'Where are those chaps heading for?'

'Hudson Bay and the Arctic Belt gen'rally, sh'd say, from the way they're hitting it,' grinned the man. 'Somewhere fresh t' me, anyways. Not that I mind novelties; only, I hope this trail holds to wherever they're going.'

There was, indeed, every indication that the trail would not. It had become astonishingly rough, so that the men in the car bumped and soared on the padded seats in an astonishing way, their only satisfaction being that Siwash and his companion in front were also feeling the strain, and had checked their pace down to something more humanly bearable.

And as the road grew rougher the country became more inhospitable and empty. Its emptiness, in fact, was impressive. They had, some time ago, left the last vestige of the township behind them. They had passed the last of the outlying mines, the blank and almost inhumanly empty grouping of a discarded and probably forgotten working. They were now heaving and shouldering along this strange trail, where the grass proclaimed a lack of traffic, going always into a bleak, strange land where not even the bark of a dog gave indication of the dwellings of man. The enormous emptiness of it weighed down on the mind. It might be a virgin land where white men had never yet penetrated.

Indeed, as the driver had humorously suggested, they might be heading for the great lonely land of the Arctic Circle and the empty stretches of the James and Hudson Bays. And still they drove on over the appalling trail, the driver sweating and wary over his kicking wheel, and muttering quiet, deep swear-words as he ran resolutely on.

'A hell uv a road,' he muttered. 'A hell uv a road. What's got him? . . . He's bughouse, surely. Where's he goin'?' He beckoned Clement with his head. 'That feller in front's

got me guessin',' he said. 'The only thing is—— Well, see, it might be an old through trail to the Harricanaw River. . . . That'd hit the railway somewhere about O'Brien. . . . That's the only thing. . . . Mebbe that's where they're goin'.'

This suggestion, though it meant that the chase would still go on, and that Clement would not come to grips with Neuburg and his gang, as he devoutly wanted to, was not altogether unpleasant. As they pushed deeper and deeper into this cruelly lonely country he had experienced a definite touch of fear. With a sense of dismay, from which he strove to keep a feeling of horror, he was visualising the position of Heloise out here in this complete isolation. Out here in this vast, bleak emptiness, and at the mercy of Neuburg and his gang of desperados, what might not happen to her? She was beyond all chance of succour—save, of course, that which he and Gatineau could offer.

And he and Gatineau—what could they do? Two, and with the driver, who appeared a useful member of the community, three—what could they do against a gang? A sudden, swift stroke of rescue might accomplish the business; but if it was not sudden or swift, if it failed, what would the *dénouement* be? They were right away from help. If he failed Heloise, then, it must be the end. There would be no further hope of saving her.

But if they were merely going through to the railway at O'Brien, inexplicable though this was, there was very much more reason to hope. That would bring Heloise again within reach of human beings and human help, and, too, there were more chances of picking up a lost trail than in this wilderness. On the other hand, why were they dodging across country to that distant railway, when an ordinary train from Cobalt to Cochrane would have been so much simpler? That fact did not fit in. The whole thing was bafflingly mysterious. Think as he could——

'Hello!' said the driver, with a jerk. 'Rock again—silver-rock, or I 'm a piker.'

The country over which they had been passing for, it seemed, hours had been flat. Now it suddenly became broken up. The hard rock was thrusting its way up through the thin soil, first in little outcrops, then in mounds and bluffs that resembled the ground at Cobalt. The trail, which had gone forward as directly as an arrow, now began to twist, worming round the rocky pockets, for ever finding the most negotiable way. Then, in the midst of his automatic and quite unsplenetic growls at the tricky steering this new circumstance demanded, the driver said, 'Hey, *look* at that big Swede.' And then he said, 'Hey, but just you look at him hitting it up again.'

He himself began to open out until the needle on the dimly lit speedometer was crawling well past the twenties.

It was a fact. The car in front of them, the car in which Siwash rode, had abruptly increased its speed. From its steady but cautious pace, it had suddenly started to run away.

'Have they seen us?' asked Clement.

'Not they,' said the driver. 'That's the explanation.' He pointed ahead of him towards the trail. Even as he pointed the reason for the change of speed became obvious. The car ceased its wild and stormy bumping. They were still pitched about, but no more than they would have been in the same circumstances on an ordinary Canadian country-road. The rough trail across country had ceased; they were on a road. As they wound in and out among the rocks they could see the fairly even and rutted surface under their head-lights.

'Where are we? What road?' demanded Clement.

'I miss my guess,' said the driver, his eyes fixed warily ahead for the abrupt and surprising twists. 'I haven't any answer. I don't know more 'n you. It's Nowhere in the middle of the Neverwas fer me.'

They ran on, twisting and turning along the crooked, rock-dodging path. Clement's pulse began to beat with excitement. A made road—that meant a house. A house meant——

The driver spoke abruptly, his expert eye flashing to the side of the track and back again with a darting glance. 'Thought so. . . . Workings.' He pointed with a stabbing finger. 'Stuff taken out of there—see. Ugh, ye brute! *do* ye want to go prospecting wid yer nose?'

Clement looked to the side of the trail, but saw nothing of the signs of mining which the driver noted at a glance. But he saw and felt the road, saw signs of the presence of man in that, and he felt that they were coming to the critical point of their ride. He braced himself alertly, looking ahead. His hand went into his pocket, took out the automatic pistol, and held it ready.

'Water, see,' said the driver, jerking left, with his ear, to where something shimmered flatly and eerily in the dark.

Ahead of them the red light of the rear lamp tilted and vanished.

'Hell!' groaned the driver, and working his hands one over the other like a strenuous pianist, he whipped the car round an 'S' curve into a straight, round another curve, and caught the distant twinkling of the red light again.

'They 're moving away,' cried the detective, now by Clement's side.

'They know the ground, hang 'em!' said Clement.

'There 's the outfit,' stabbed the driver. 'You look. Don't want ter pile her up.'

Clement imitated the action he had just seen the driver indulge in. That is, he bent low down so that he could catch faintly the black silhouette of the earth against the fainter darkness

of the sky. He saw merely masses of dark shades on shadow—fantastic, indeterminate shades—rocks, no doubt. . . . Then—yes, there was the tall, square shoulder of an iron mine building, the frail fret of derrick against the dark, and the humped mound of slack.

'I see it,' he cried. 'That 's the place, for a certainty.'

'Seems so,' growled the driver. He swore deeply. He had lost the tail-light. He was labouring round another cruel bend. He straightened out. 'Where in creation '—— he began, searching for the red light.

'There,' cried the detective.

'There,' cried Clement. 'Straight ahead. Why, we 've got 'em. We 're on top of 'em. We 've got 'em sure.'

There was a sudden and appalling bump.

'Fer th' love of Mike '—— yelled the driver. He wrenched frantically at the wheel. 'We 're off the trail—off '——

There was a sudden succession of terrific and violent bumps. The car seemed to jump. It thrust forward, sank, kicked again, buried its nose deep, and threatened to capsize. Then the hind-part sank softly and squarely. . . . There was no more motion.

The all-but-buried head-lights, as the driver instinctively switched them full on, shone on a flat, moist surface that threw back the rays with a curious, livid shine. The driver swore deeply.

'Steve,' he cried to Clement. 'Steve, we 're done. We 're knocked. We 're beat. . . . We 're *bogged*.'

In the distance the red light dwindled and dwindled, and abruptly was lost.

In the first car Siwash, leaning towards Joe Wandersun, smiled his cold Indian smile. 'They 're in it, pard,' he said. 'In it up to the lamps. That settles *them*.'

II.

Clement, in a jump of rage, tore at the door of the car, opened it, and made to leap out.

The detective gripped his arm. The driver, leaning back over the seat, joined the detective in that grip.

'Here, Steve,' snapped the driver; 'you quit that. Don't you be in such a lively hurry.'

'We can get to these buildings in time—but we must hurry,' snapped Clement angrily, trying to struggle free.

'You can not,' said the driver. 'You can get up to your occi*putt* in enduring mud, Steve, an' that 'll be about the limit o' your carnal activities. What we 've hit is a slime lake. That mine dumped into here, see. It 's probably a little more solid than water, but more uneasy to swim in, see.'

'But—but—man, we must do something,' cried Clement.

'Sure, Steve, but with circumspuction. As we ain't sinking no more, we have a sure base or deepo to work from. By workin' cautious '——

'And while we are being cautious—with our lights full on—what will be happening at that mine, my good chap?'

'Not much,' said the driver. 'A coyote prowling round, a bat flutterin' hither an' thither. Not much more, Steve. This mine is an abandoned mine, Steve. C'n tell that by the surface o' th' slime.'

'An abandoned mine!' snapped Clement in an edgy voice. 'But that 's just the place '——

'Moreover, Steve,' said the driver—'moreover, our pals in the forward car did not go to or enter said abandoned mine. Take that as law, Steve. For why—I saw their head-lights flash on the building and pass. I saw them lights shine on the landscape a hundred yards beyond. I saw them lights turn beyond a big outcrop of rock further on, going away left, Steve, turning their back on that old mine.'

'They 've gone on?' gasped Clement, in a tone of despair.

'They sure have,' said the driver. 'An' it 's no good feelin' sore about it. Circumstances is just gone bad on us, an' that 's that. No call fer chasing a "Hudson Six" to Baffin Bay on the unaided feet.'

Clement, his eyes still fixed on the point in the darkness where the red light had vanished, dropped back into his seat. 'What exactly happened?' he asked, more in a groan than anything else.

'We got bogged,' said the driver, with a touch of irony. 'I was the tin-horn, an'—well, we got bogged. See how it is? That trail takes a sharp loop round this lake. I came round in a crazy hurry, missed that tail-light—that was because they had swung round on the sharp turn. Then I picked it up dead ahead—that was when they found th' straight again after getting round th' lake. Me being that tin-horn, I took me eyes off the trail for a fleck and drove right ahead instead o' goin' round. And—and—well, Steve, we was well and duly bogged.'

Clement groaned. Again, through the veriest slip, he had lost his chance of saving Heloise.

'If they 'd planned it, they couldn't have beat us to it better,' said the driver, with a curse.

'Perhaps they did plan it,' said the detective, Gatineau, softly and suddenly.

'Eh?' gasped Clement. 'But, of course, they didn't do that. How could they know we '——

'Then why are they turning back?' said the detective. 'There, abreast of us, between those two rocks.'

Clement and the driver swung their eyes to the left. Between the two rocks, distantly, they saw the glow of automobile lamps. They shone steadily. Then the rocks hid them as they moved. Without a word the men in the

bogged car sat staring into the darkness, searching it for those glowing lights. They came again from behind a rock. Now they were well to the rear. The significance of those lights was unmistakable.

'They 've circled,' said Clement.

'You 're dam right,' said the driver angrily. 'They 're heading to cut the trail behind. They 're going to make Cobalt again by the same road.'

Before he could say anything further Clement was out of the car. He plunged desperately, slime or no slime. He went down over his knees in the viscid stuff. Dragging his legs, he jumped forward. He found a shelf of rock, strode off it, again up to his knees. He went on. He slipped and half-fell in a deeper pocket, and with the effort of recovery found himself on ground that was but shin-deep. He plunged forward, and a bush whipped his face. He was on grass, on solid ground, at once.

He ran back along the trail until he met the face of the rock where the turn had been so disastrous to them. At this he sprang, clambering upwards. It was a hard, steep climb, but he was glad of it. The higher it was, the more commanding a position it would give him. He knew he was at the summit by the sudden sight of the departing car lights he obtained. But even as he scrambled erect those lights disappeared, leaving a faint, moving glow only.

Clement followed that steadily with his eyes. Then, as the lights abruptly flamed into view, his hand went up, and the automatic pistol in it spoke, and spoke again. As he fired the lights disappeared, and he wondered if he had hit. They came again, and again he fired. He emptied his clip, and jerked out an exclamation of anger as he reached, snatching into his pocket for a fresh magazine. As he did so the lights vanished once more.

He heard a man panting by his side, and the detective Gatineau's voice said, 'Too far and too dark for fine shooting, Mr Seadon, I'm afraid. Also, it 's quite illegal.'

And even as he said that, Gatineau's own automatic was pumping off, to be joined at least ten seconds later by the snap of Clement's pistol.

But the darkness and the distance were against them. Both men fired once more when the lights showed, but the car appeared to go steadily and calmly on its course. Soon it swung into the trail, and all that could be seen of it was the upflung haze of its great lamps. Presently even that was lost, though they could hear on the almost preternaturally silent air the drone of the car's engines as they dwindled and sank into the distance.

'Yes, you were right. It was planned, and we were tricked—deliberately tricked,' said Clement harshly, as he turned to clamber down to the car, and he did not, indeed could not, speak again, so hot was his anger against himself. When he reached the edge of the slime lake, within hailing distance of the stranded car, he called to the driver. 'It was a trap, after all. A trap to maroon me out here, miles away from anywhere'——

'About forty miles from Cobalt station, anyhow, Steve,' said the driver. 'Forty miles, if it 's an inch.'

(*Continued on page 303.*)

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

MORE WONDERFUL TRICKS.

By C. L. HARDCASTLE.

I.

AS a supplement to the interesting account of some fearsome tricks performed by a small company of Indian jugglers, published in *Chambers's Journal* for September 1920, perhaps the following account of two or three so-called tricks may be of interest. It is many years ago since I witnessed them, but they impressed me so that I have never forgotton them or any of the details. It was as far back as 1873 or 1874. I had not been long in Bombay, and having heard so much of the wonderful feats some of these men can perform, I told my 'boy' that the first time he came across a really first-class performer, he was to bring him to the bungalow. I had seen the ordinary street jugglers with their basket and cobra tricks, and not having been much impressed, I wanted to see a first-rate performance.

Before very long, on a Sunday afternoon, four or five of my chums, who had breakfasted with me after the usual Bombay Sunday cross-country ride, were sitting at my side on the veranda, when the 'boy' announced the arrival of an A1 juggler.

He was an old man with long gray hair and beard, and came alone, with no paraphernalia. After the usual Eastern salutations, he quietly told us that if we would give him fifty rupees he would show us such things as we had never seen before. On the recommendation of the 'boy' we agreed, and being young and irresponsible, we assured the juggler that if he did not give us our money's worth he would know all about it! The old villain smiled and acquiesced.

II.

Leading up to his big tricks, he performed some simple ones. For instance, borrowing a rupee from one of us, and taking it between finger and thumb of both hands, he pretended to break it in half, and threw down *two* rupees. This he continued to do till he had before him a heap of some forty or fifty. Politely handing back the rupee to the man from whom he had borrowed it, he then unwound the wisp of white muslin he wore as a turban and packed up his 'miraculous hoard.' It is to be noted that he was naked, except for a very scanty loin-cloth, and had no bags or baskets with him, and was performing on a gravel drive in front of the house steps.

After one or two other minor tricks (I presume to fill up time), he asked for some curry-powder of three different colours. These were supplied him out of the kitchen. The powders he mixed in one of our coffee-cups, adding water, and then swallowing (or pretending to swallow) the mixture. Bending down on his hands and knees, he now asked us to say which colour we should like. On the colour being called out, he blew out of his mouth, quite dry, a little mound of the curry-powder; and as the various colours were asked for he very kindly accommodated us with the requisite article. Apart from the problem of colours, how did he blow out the powder *dry* and not wet?

Another trick was the same as described in your previous article, but with one or two variations, which made it more strange. I was then in a French financial institution. All our stationery came from Paris, and our office string was of twisted red, white, and blue strands. Our ancient friend asked for some string, and a parti-coloured ball was handed to him. He cut off some five yards of it, and insisted that one of us should cut it up into small pieces, which done, he made a small ball of it and swallowed it (or pretended to do so). He then asked one of us who had a penknife to make a hole in his side. I, as the only possessor of the necessary implement, stepped forward and gingerly pricked him under one of his ribs; but he was not satisfied, so seized my hand holding the knife and jabbed the blade into himself to its full length! I was then instructed to squeeze the wound till the end of the string protruded, and I pulled out several feet of the string, leaving it to him to finish the rather unpleasant operation.

One most mysterious trick came about in this way. Of course, there had been a good deal of chaff and 'ragging' of the old man, and in the end he appeared to lose his temper, called us Christian dogs and unbelievers, and levelled at us other pointed abuse, ending up by saying, 'Even if I called down fire from heaven, you would not believe.' We assured him with many soothing words that if he could do *that* we should certainly 'believe.' We were none of us quite clear as to what we were to believe, but let it pass. After some sort of reconciliation, our friend prostrated himself on the ground and apparently passed into some kind of a fit, foaming at the mouth, his arms and legs twitching. After a time he became still, then suddenly jumped to his feet, with arms outstretched to heaven, and called loudly, '*Rama, Rama, ag do*' ('Rama, Rama, send fire'). Immediately a rain of fire fell round us. I, for one, ran out and caught some in my hand, and it burned. The appearance of it was what one could imagine a lot of cigarette-papers all blazing would look like.

III.

We thought this ended the *séance*, but there was one 'trick' more—indoors this time. We all trooped into the dining-room. To make intelligible what followed, I must shortly describe the room. It was very big, with a dining-table capable of accommodating some thirty people. The rest of the furniture was of very heavy and solid Bombay black wood, the side-board, a kind of buffet, filling up most of one wall. We were told to go through the folding-doors into the drawing-room, and to shut them. As soon as this was done we heard an appalling uproar. When all was still we were called into the dining-room, and our gaze fell on all this heavy furniture taken to pieces and piled in a heap in the middle of the room. Then we were sent back into the drawing-room, when we heard the same racket. On going back we found all the furniture once again in its proper place.

Our friend the juggler then made salaam and asked permission 'to take his leave,' not forgetting to secure his fifty rupees.

So ended one of the most astonishing collections of tricks I have ever seen. The only possible explanation I could give myself was based on the hypothesis of hypnotism. I leave others to give another plausible explanation. I always have blamed myself for three omissions in my observations: for failing to notice (1) if the wound bled in the string trick; (2) whether the wound remained visible during the rest of the time; and (3) whether the fire I caught in my hand left any ash. This juggler looked like a Sikh, but spoke the Hindustani prevalent in the Bombay Presidency. I was so eager to rectify my omissions in observation that I let it be known that I wanted to see our man again; but apparently he never revisited Bombay. At any rate, I never got hold of him again. As to the rope trick, for all my efforts I never saw it, nor have I ever met any one in India or at home who has; although I did hear once of a man who said he had witnessed it and had photographed it, but when the plate was developed it was—blank!

There are more things in the East than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

A COMPOUND COINCIDENCE.

By T. F. Dewar, C.B., M.D., D.Sc.

I.

IT is fully twenty years since there occurred the concluding episode in a rather remarkable chain of coincidences in which I was involved. At that time the first year of the South African war was nearing an end. It is true that the events of the last decade have not merely thrown into the shade the doings of that time, but have gone far to blot them from national memory altogether. Still, a notable incident of those days may be worth recounting.

The tale begins a few years before the Boer War. It was in 1891 that there was held a race-meeting in the little town of Carnoustie, on the east coast of Scotland, about midway between Aberdeen and Edinburgh. I do not think that the gathering was conducted with very strict formalities; but it proved very popular, attracting entries for the various open events from all parts of the country, a large crowd of spectators, and the usual assembly of bookmakers and of the racing fraternity generally. I had a particular and personal reason for being interested in the occasion, for my friend Dr Barclay possessed at that time a fast, dark-gray Irish hunter, standing perhaps 15·2, and had decided to enter him, owner up, for the one-and-a-half miles flat event. Knowing the qualities of the horse and the capable horsemanship of the rider, I looked forward keenly to the meeting; and when the hour came and the crowds were lined up, the jockeys all ready and the flag about to fall, I was in a state of no little excitement.

I was destined, however, to see very little of the race. Scarcely had the horses stretched to their work than distracting events occurred. Within a few seconds, two accidents happened at different parts of the course. The said course was of oval shape, and at one corner it passed through—or at least near to—a group of beech-trees. A horse fell there at the curve, slipping, it was said, on an exposed tree-root. The rider fell heavily, and sustained a compound fracture of his right thigh.

Less than a minute later, and at the opposite side of the field, another accident occurred. There, also when rounding a corner, a rider came to grief. Ligertwood, a young jockey, broke his off-stirrup leather and fell to the ground, sustaining a simple fracture of both tibia and fibula of the right leg. Parlane and Ligertwood, the two unfortunates, had been riding second and third place respectively, but the race had been only half run when they fell. In view of these unhappy incidents, Dr Barclay's victory gave him but little satisfaction, and the whole atmosphere of the day changed from one of gaiety to one of anxiety and distress. Two or three doctors, myself among them, hastened to attend to the injured men. It fell to my lot to look after Ligertwood, the young fellow who had broken his leg-bones just above the ankle. A considerable crowd gathered about the injured man, and several policemen had much ado to secure a space around him. While I was applying first-aid splints as a preliminary to moving the patient from the field, two young men, assisted by the constables, pressed in through the spectators. 'We are medical students,' said one to me; 'can we help you?' By that time, I fancy, there was little for them to do. Anyhow, I forget what I replied. I did not, however, forget their kind and well-meant offer of assistance.

After a little delay, we got both the injured jockeys to the station, and saw them off on stretchers in a railway-van to the hospital in the neighbouring city. Nine days later I was able to pay them a visit in the surgical ward of that infirmary. Parlane, poor fellow, had just begun to suffer from a stiffness of the muscles of the face, the first symptom of the lockjaw from which he died a week later. Ligertwood, on the other hand, had already got over the worst of his accident, was sitting up in bed, and smiled a grateful welcome to me as I entered the ward.

II.

Up near Mafeking—about eighteen miles south of it, to be precise—and on the thirteenth day after its relief—that is to say, at the end of May 1900—I found myself near a place called Biesjesvlei, in the western Transvaal. My unit formed part of an enormous and heterogeneous column, under Sir Archibald Hunter, that was moving northward towards Pretoria abreast of the central column which, on our right, under Lord Roberts himself, was making for the same goal. The war, as we thought, was 'nearly over.' (Undaunted by disappointment, we went on thinking so for a couple of years!) My duty on the day in question was the prosaic one of riding with the ambulance. I was glad of the change of work. Most days my job was to ride far out in front or on the flank, on the cavalry screen, and that implied a considerable strain on the attention. As we crawled over the 'endless plains' of the Bechuanaland border, the slow oxen necessarily setting the pace, I came upon a little group of gunners clustered round a man who sat on the ground. Some instinct led me towards them, and I dismounted, to find an unhappy bombardier the ends of

whose right forefinger and thumb had by some mischance been blown off. He had been handling some sort of cartridge or detonator, the others explained to me, something unfamiliar to him evidently, and it had gone off, taking with it the last joints of finger and thumb. I did not, of course, enlighten the men as to my profession; and they, observing that I wore the shoulder numerals of a private in the yeomanry, doubtless assumed that I was a medical orderly. Moreover, an extraordinary but not unnatural freedom was in the air; introductions were not then in vogue. After inspecting the wounds, I rode over to the medical Cape cart, and, returning with gauze, wool, bandage, and sling, I applied first-dressing to the injured thumb and finger, and explained to the man's companions (perhaps with the involuntary tone of authority natural in a practitioner of ten years' standing) that nothing better could be done at the moment, and that the patient must come on with the column in a wagon, and receive more careful and deliberate surgical treatment when we arrived, towards afternoon or evening, at our halting-place. Just as I completed the application of my temporary dressings, a young medical officer (considerably younger than myself), who was attached to the artillery, and who had been sent for when the accident occurred, rode up to the spot. I rose, saluted him, and told him what had occurred and what I had done, and that I thought the wounds would require trimming and accurate adjustment of their edges, and, of course, stitching; but that obviously such measures could only be taken after an anæsthetic, and therefore after our arrival in camp. My confident, matter-of-fact, yet studiously polite tone seemed to impress the young medical officer (as I had intended that it should!), and I saw him glance curiously, as the gunners had done, at my shoulders. 'You've had an ambulance class, haven't you?' he asked. 'Well, no, sir,' I replied. 'Oddly enough, I've never been a *pupil* in such a class; but I have lectured to such classes and examined for the St John Ambulance Association for several years.' Seeing his puzzled expression, I hastened to add, 'I'm a doctor in a Scottish town when there isn't a war on.' 'Well, then,' he said, with a slight smile, 'we're going to halt for the night at Biesjesvlei, some two hours on. When we get settled down, come round to my place and give the chloroform.' It was my turn to smile. 'Excuse me, sir,' I said; 'I'm not a free agent; but if you will ask my captain' (Captain Hodge, Scottish Yeomanry), 'I'm sure that he'll lend me with pleasure.'

We duly arrived at our camping-place, and, as instructed, I went over to the artillery lines, and the bombardier got his finger and thumb nicely fixed up. I have never heard of him from that hour, but I am sure that his hand did well; for, as a matter of fact, it was I who did the actual surgery, while Lieutenant Inkson, R.A.M.C., administered the chloroform. The work accomplished, and the patient having been carried off to a hospital bed, the officer whom I had assisted turned to me with a slightly embarrassed smile. 'I fear I can't offer you an operator's fee,' he said. 'Stop a moment, though,' he added. 'I can raise you a whisky and sparklet, if that's any use to you.' 'Yes, sir,' I replied frankly, 'it *would* be of use to me. I'm practically a teetotaller; still, there are occasions when'—— 'Yes, yes,' he said shortly; 'I know. Come with me.'

I went to the tent, which he shared, it appeared, with the adjutant and two other gunner subalterns. These three looked at me with surprise and question; but my host coughed significantly as who should say, 'No inquiries now, please; I'll explain later.' He brought out the whisky and sparklet, and we sat on the veld while I consumed it. 'You're in practice in Scotland, didn't you say?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'on the east coast, about midway between Edinburgh and Aberdeen.' 'Why, that must be Forfarshire,' he rejoined. 'I've been there. I studied medicine at Edinburgh, and once I went for a golfing holiday to Carnoustie. You'll know it?' 'To be sure I do,' I replied. 'I know it well; it's only seven miles from the town where I live.' We talked on. Incidentally Inkson mentioned that there had been races at Carnoustie at the time of his visit. 'Then that must have been nine years ago, in 1891,' I said. 'There were two accidents, one of them fatal, on the course that day, and I don't think there was a race-meeting there again.' 'Accidents, by Jove!' he rejoined. 'I should think there were! The man with whom I was staying and I were third-year medical students at that time, and we offered our help for what it was worth to the doctor who was looking after one of the injured men.' 'Yes, indeed, sir,' I replied; 'I recall the incident perfectly. This whisky and sparklet "fee" is superfluous, after all. To-day, in assisting you, I have been no more than repaying you for the help you so kindly offered me nine years ago, and six thousand miles away!'

III.

Twenty-three days later our column reached Rietspruit, in the Transvaal, a few miles south of Johannesburg. In the interval we had swept eastward and then turned toward the south, and we were just about to commence the enfolding movement that ended in the capture of Prinsloo and his force in the Wittebergen mountains a full month later. I, meantime, in view of the shortage of doctors, had passed from trooper's rank to that of acting medical officer, reverting formally to my old rank of captain on the following day, 24th June. We had halted at Rietspruit for the night. The

sun was nearing the horizon, and all the camp was flooded with glowing ruddy light from the west. I stood leaning against the tent-pole in the tent occupied by Bell, Bolton, Boswell, and Blair—why should I not tell their real names?—and my four hosts squatted around on the grass within the tent enjoying the unwonted leisure and the rosy evening light. They told of strange coincidences of the trek; of *rencontres* with old school friends; of the meetings of men who had long passed from one another's ken. Each had his own contribution to the series of unexpected reunions; each remarkable enough, no doubt. And here, amidst these interminable prairies and endless weary wanderings, it was impossible to say that 'it just shows what a small place the world is, after all.'

I heard all the tales patiently in silence. Then I broke in: 'I know it is bad manners, especially in you fellows' own tent, to have heard all your yarns, and then propose to tell a better one; but I can't help it. Listen to this.' And then I told them the story of the accidents in Scotland nine years before, and of the recent accident near Maribogopan, and the sequel to each, just as I have tried to tell it now. My audience sat and listened as I told my tale, looking out toward the red sunset through the open door of the tent.

Soon after I had commenced my narrative, Captain Blair's batman, a comely, well-set-up fellow of twenty-seven or so, came in to make up his officer's bed for the night. He unrolled the valise and sorted things out and shook them up, and so on; in short, he contrived to do many superfluous things in order that he might hear my story out. I can recall feeling quite distinctly irritated by his shuffling movements, my subconscious mind whispering, 'Deuce take the fellow! Why doesn't he finish his work and go?'

Finally I came to the end of my anecdote, and told how I had pointed out to Inkson that at Biesjesvlei I had done no more than repay the kindness that he had proffered nearly a decade before. And then, before there was time for words of applause or approval, Captain Blair's man was on his feet, erect at my side, his figure trembling with excitement, his eyes glistening with delight. Dramatically he asked me, before the others, all hesitation and soldierly decorum thrown to the winds, 'And what part did *I* play in that tale, sir?' The answer, recognition confirming it, flashed in a moment to my brain. With surprise and excitement scarcely less than his, I replied, 'By heavens, I know! You're Ligertwood, who fell in the race at Carnoustie and broke the bones of your leg!' My friends had to admit that my yarn, with its unforeseen *dénouement*, had proved the best of the lot.

Five months later, in November 1900, I was sent to Pretoria to report to the surgeon-general. I was having coffee in a café (whisky could by that time be procured in exchange for coin, and so was no longer the luxury it had been). A six weeks old *Illustrated London News* lay on the table. I glanced over it. A series of portraits of 'Six New V.C.'s' caught my eye, and I was interested to notice two familiar faces among the six. One of these was that of Lieutenant Inkson, R.A.M.C. (now Lieutenant-Colonel Inkson), who had won and received the highest of all battle honours for repeated acts of conspicuous bravery in Natal; who had kindly volunteered to help me in tending an injured man in Scotland in 1891; and whom I had been able to assist in return at Biesjesvlei in 1900.

THE HIGHLAND BONNET.

[Reprinted, by kind permission, from a charming volume of 'Occasional Verse' by A. Stodart-Walker (Maclehose, Jackson, & Co., Glasgow, 1920).]

My heart leaps up, whene'er I hap
Within the camp, on Highland bonnet;
A plain or dice-board Scottish cap
With tails, and toorie red upon it;
The camp dissolves—my fancies free
In happy dreams go northward roaming;
The islands anchored in the sea
All mystic in the tender gloaming!
The burns beneath the moss alilting,
The sea-mews white against the sky,
The hills their skirts of mist akilting!
The peewits' lone bewailing cry!
Would I were there myself to don it
And stride the braes in Highland bonnet!

My heart leaps up when to my ear
There floats the tongue of Scottish laddies;
The soldier men who stalked the deer,
Or paced the links as goufin' caddies;
The scene is changed; my heart is filled
With songs of Burns, so peerless telling
Of loyal hearts with anguish killed,
The cross of love at love's dispelling;
In varied moods, the lyrics run
From grave to gay with lightsome changing;
From sacred grief to ribald fun,
The gamut whole of life o'er-ranging.
Burns sieged the human heart and won it,
The pride of every Scottish bonnet!

My heart leaps up when on the breeze
There floats the sound of pipers chanting,
The droning hum of Scottish bees,
The skirl of war-cry fierce supplanting.
The scene is changed; I hear the lilt
Of crooning wails the gladness stilling;
I see the swinging tartan kilt
On every field where blood is spilling;
I hear the pipes swell fierce and loud,
The fearless ranks of Scotia leading;
Or drone laments above a shroud,
Orphean charms their notes exceeding;
When pibrochs call the Highland bonnet,
Would I were young enough to don it!

A. STODART-WALKER.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE LOG-SCHOOL.

By MABEL DURHAM.

I.

IT was two miles from the log-house to the log-school. The road ran along the side of a mountain, part of a massive range of the Rockies which formed one wall of the valley. Down below, the great river crossed and recrossed the wide flats, and lost itself again and again in a maze of channels and lake-like sloughs, which were threaded with islands and narrow necks of land in a bewildering and fantastic network. Some of these were of recent formation, so low that they were half under water, indicated only by the young bushes that had found a foothold on them, and liable to be carried entirely away with the next high water; while others were more stable, rearing above their matted undergrowth tall alders and cotton-woods.

The other side of the valley was enclosed by a range more broken, and rising in a series of sharp peaks, which formed a jagged skyline many miles in length. Between them were deep couloirs or cañons, and down through the darkness of each a stream of water foamed and flashed, taking its way in a succession of white leaps from the snowfields above to the river below.

Over this road, which wound in and out along the mountain-side, and revealed at each turn new and more enchanting vistas of silver sheets of water and green islands, dusky gorges and tumbling waterfalls, forested slopes and snow-crested summits, all melting away into the mystic shadows of distant ranges, I walked twice a day between the two log-buildings.

In the summer the valley, which opened and widened as it swept grandly away toward the south, glowed and vibrated with waves of shifting colour. Not the lightsome pastel tints which play over hillsides in zones where there is little moisture, but the deep, rich, gorgeous tones of a clime in which nature has withheld nothing.

The tender hues of the young growth at the edge of the channels and the sloughs melted into the deeper hues of the trees on the higher parts of the tangled chains of land which defined them. These in their turn were blended with the still darker greens of the fir-forests clothing the foothills and stretching up the steep slopes of the mountain-sides. There they met the yellows and reds and browns of the bare rock-walls and sheer precipices upholding the vast snowfields over which waves of opal and rose and amethyst drifted. All these, with the silver and sapphire of the myriad channels, and the turquoise and emerald of the lakelets and lagoons, changed and interchanged, and took on fresh nuances as the sun moved across the deep-blue vault above, and with every cloud that floated over it.

Sometimes the clouds in great white billows rolled down the mountain-sides and lay along the red-veined walls of rock between the forest and the snow. And, again, they stretched across from range to range, shutting out the blue and gold, covering the valley with soft mist or gentle rain, and turning everything in it to silver and gray and purple and black. In the winter it was all white and sombre green, which the sun gilded for a few hours every day.

I lived for a year there. Room was made for me in the log-house, because it was the best one in the little settlement, which had petitioned the Government for a school, and a place had to be provided for the teacher to live. So they took me in, and did everything they could for my comfort, although it was at some sacrifice of their own.

The house was at the edge of the settlement, so that on the one side there was no other for many miles. In the long, glowing Saturdays and Sundays of the late summer I used to go up beyond the clearing, and scramble over the sunny foothills and through the dark ravines to gather the saskatoons, the blue berries, and the salmon berries which grew there, or down to the flats, where, with the help of a canoe, I could reach the high bush cranberries which hung thick and red over the water of the sloughs. And I always brought back not only berries, but wild-flowers, which bloomed everywhere in brilliant masses.

The canoe and the exploration of the maze of channels and cross-channels afforded a pleasure to which new zest was always given, for there were ever fresh discoveries to be made until, with the coming of cool weather, the water went down. There was good fishing, too, on the river and its many channels and backwaters; and in the autumn the ducks were so numerous there that

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shooting them could hardly be called sport. In the foothills partridge and grouse were as plentiful; and higher up, among the crags and couloirs near the timber-line, lived mountain-goat. One could often see them, small white spots moving across a dark rock-face. They are keenly alert and swift, and can climb where no other living thing can follow. It is only a skilful sportsman who can bring them down. Occasionally one of the men of the household spent a Sunday up there, and, if he had good luck, brought a goat back with him; and then, if it was a young one, we had goat-cutlets for dinner. I learned to eat bear-steaks, too, that autumn.

II.

In the two miles to the school I passed but one house, from which three of my pupils came. Although the settlement was so small, the road which ran through it was two hundred miles long. A stage made a weekly journey throughout its length, from the railway at the upper end of the valley to another line which crossed it at its lower extremity. The passing of this heavy, swaying wagon, with its four horses, its bells, its mail-sacks, and its four or five passengers, was an outstanding event of the week.

There was always some traffic between the lumber-mills along the railway to the north and the logging-camps beyond us to the south, although most of the supplies for the camps were taken in by a steamboat which plied up and down the river during the summer months. There were some mines in the valley which were being operated, and a great many mineral-claims which were not, but upon which their locaters built high hopes; and there were always rumours of new and wonderful discoveries. Surveyors and prospectors passed along on horseback, with trains of pack-horses following, and an occasional lumber-jack went by on foot with his roll of blankets on his back. The settlers made fortnightly or monthly trips to the little town on the railway to the north, which was their market and supply centre.

Still, it was a rare thing to meet any one on my walks. Sometimes, at a turn, I would come upon a porcupine crossing the road. It would stop in its slow progress, stare at me with its little round eyes, its quills rising defensively, then roll clumsily on across the track to the shelter of the dense growth beside it. This curious creature, which, in spite of its forbidding appearance, is harmless, is protected by the Government of the country. There is a law against killing it, a provision made for the trapper, the explorer, or the timber-cruiser in the mountains who may get lost, lose his supplies, or by any mischance find himself in trackless forest or mountain solitude without food or gun. For him the porcupine is the only resource—it is the only edible animal he can kill without a gun. Its flesh is considered good food, and many a solitary *voyageur* whose canoe has capsized in a rapid, or prospector whose pack-horse has come to grief, has owed his life to it.

When the porcupine rolls himself up in a ball, with quills upright, he is practically proof against the attacks of any other animal. Wise old dogs are chary of him. Young ones have to acquire this wisdom through painful experience. But even a knowing one will sometimes, in a moment of excitement, forget the ways of this strange-looking, slow-moving denizen of the wilderness, and more than once I saw the dogs of the household in which I stayed come home grotesquely bewhiskered with the barbs, which was all they had brought off from an encounter in which 'Porcy' had had the best of it.

At one point along the way a spring gushed out from the bank and flashed across the road. Beside it was a birch-tree, on the smooth, white bark of which, at regular intervals along the trunk, were the deep marks of a bear's claws. The summer before, some one rounding the sharp bend in the road near it, with noiseless moccasined feet, had come upon a bear drinking at the spring, and the animal, in panic, had taken to the tree. Always, as I approached the spot, I half hoped, half feared that I might meet another. But if ever there was a bear there—which is likely enough—the sound of my footsteps reached its quick ears while I was still far off, and sent it to cover.

I never met, or even saw, a bear. But once in the late autumn one raided the farm pig-pen, and made a good supper off a fat pig that was about ready for the butcher. The settler guessed, and rightly, that the marauder would return the next night to make another meal off his kill, and was there to meet him when he came. He was a huge fellow, and his coat, which was in prime condition, compensated the farmer for the loss of his pig. It is only the common brown bear that comes down to the haunts of human beings, and it is comparatively harmless to meet, except when wounded, or a mother with cubs. The fierce grizzly keeps to the wilds, where only the sportsman, the trapper, or the prospector comes upon him.

III.

Toward the end of September, when the luxuriant vegetation of the flats and the hillsides was in its full opulence, and the thin, clear air was alive and vibrating with its fragrance, and when the colour which glorified everything was at its zenith, the days began to shorten. They were still full of golden sunshine and warmth, but the nights were colder. When, after rain then, the clouds lifted and the mountain-tops were again visible, one saw that the snow was a little lower on them. And gradually it slipped

down and down, covering up all the orange and terra-cotta of the cliffs and the ledges, until it met the trees. After that it was not long until it reached the road over which I walked to and from the school.

From the time the first fall turned the stumps into mammoth mushrooms and the boulders into miniature temples, and enwreathed with white garlands all the branches of the firs and the cedars, making each tree, while the sun was on it, look like a giant spangled Christmas-tree, I used snow-shoes, which made my walks a rare and exhilarating delight, instead of the hardship which they would otherwise have been at that season.

In many parts of Canada the snow-shoe has been adopted, like the toboggan and the ski, for what it contributes to winter sports. But in the mountains and in the north it is an article of utility, one of much importance to trappers and those whose work takes them away from beaten tracks. On snow-shoes one falls, of necessity, into a long, rhythmic stride, which carries one a long way without fatigue. Rough trails and untrodden places which were difficult to traverse at other seasons were made smooth when two or three feet of snow lay on them. Small stones and underbrush disappeared entirely, and stumps, logs, and even large boulders became merely softly rounded mounds. Fissures and gullies, almost impassable at other times, were but gentle hollows, and what in summer were sheer breaks or drops were turned into easy slopes.

Over all the soft white undulations I could tramp, up and down, mile after mile, without any sense of weariness. By avoiding the trees and keeping to the open stretches which had been swept bare by the avalanches of other years, I could go up over the foothills, high up on a shoulder of the mountain, and look down on an enchanted world. And, after I had learned how, I could sit down on the snow-shoes and descend to the valley in one long, dizzy, and joyous glissade. There was no wind in that valley, and the white fleece which covered it lay just as it fell. There was no smoke or dust to mar it, and each fresh layer made the landscape whiter only because it buried everything a little more deeply, and left less of the rocks and the trees exposed to view. It gave a curious sense, almost as of flying, to move freely and easily over the surface of a fresh fall. The snow-shoe is akin to the canoe, which was given us by the same race. It is to the snow what the light craft is to the water, and to encounter a snag or a submerged branch is almost as much to be dreaded with the one as with the other. To fall with snow-shoes on into fresh, light snow, is to find one's self in an almost helpless position.

Tramping over the silent foothills when they were overlaid with their thick winter covering, you came on many curious trails, which ran in all directions and crossed and recrossed in strange, unaccountable ways. These were the tracks of the wild things, big and little, from the coyote to the tiny snow-bird, which had been made, no doubt, in the search for food. One wondered where they all lived, and how they subsisted, when the ground lay so far below and the nights were so cold.

Once when, on the way home from the school, I was taking a short cut across one of the frozen sloughs, on which the snow lay deep but firm, a big coyote came out from the bushes at one side, and crossed the open space just in front of me. He trotted leisurely, and regarded me with contempt, noting, with the sagacity of his kind, that I had no gun. These prairie wolves are of savage aspect, but, like others of their race, derive courage only from numbers. This one had a fine, thick, yellowish-gray coat. I wish I had it now to help to keep out the dampness of this London atmosphere, which is so much 'colder' than anything I ever experienced during that clear, sparkling winter in those mountains.

Sometimes, on a winter night, a band of these wolves, which are the greatest foes of pioneer settlers because of their depredations on young stock, would come down to the edge of the clearing, which was close to one side of the house, and rend the white stillness with a weird and appalling chorus of cries that echoed far up and down the valley, and back and forth from range to range—the most unearthly and most disturbing sound to which I have ever listened. The first time my senses were assailed by those demoniac wails and lamentations I believed there must have been at least a hundred in the pack, but five or six can wake the shuddering echoes of a whole mountain-side, and turn a calm and peaceful valley into an inferno of discord.

The coyote has a cunning which is uncanny and diabolical, as every man who has tried to hunt it knows, and as many a good dog has learned to his cost. Two or three of them will suffer themselves to be chased by a dog, beguiling him across a lonely prairie or along a wild valley until he is far from his home and friends, when they will suddenly turn on him. It is a common thing to see a dog that set out bravely as the pursuer come back ignominiously as the pursued, crawling up to the camp or the cabin, always exhausted, and sometimes severely wounded; and many a trapper or prospector has waited in vain for the return from such a chase of his camp-fire comrade. The big yellow coyote that crossed my path on the slough was the only one that afforded me a close view of his species, but I saw many of them that winter prowling in and out of the brush on the flats. The cold weather made them bold.

IV.

The twelve children whom I taught came from four households. Three of the families

were Swedes. Until I came to open the little school they had not known a word of English, and I could not have believed that in the whole world there were children so eager to learn as they were. The other was a family of four, a boy of fourteen and three girls of twelve, ten, and eight, who had been born at a trading-post far from civilisation. Up till that time, what little instruction they had received had been given them at home, and to have a school and a teacher was the most wonderful and beautiful thing that had ever happened to them.

They were always there ahead of time in the morning, and would come flocking down the road to meet me, and to tell me about the flying squirrel they had seen when going home the night before, or the cougar's tracks they had come across that morning. They knew the habits and haunts of everything in feathers and fur which lived in the valley and the mountains which enclosed it, and I think they must often have been puzzled at my lack of understanding of these matters, careful as I was to conceal it. For when I first came to them they had greeted me as a superwoman; and even to the last day I was with them, although I know I must many times have betrayed my ignorance of the natural history of the region, they regarded me as one who understood all mysteries and had all knowledge.

They could show me the nearest eagle's nest, and tell me how many young eaglets were in it. One of them had a pet mink that she had found orphaned and half-dead in its babyhood, and had resuscitated and reared. The ways of teal and mallard were simple to them, and they knew at just what time in the spring one could cut a hole in the ice on the river and snare trout. One Saturday afternoon, when I was climbing over the foothills, I met the boy and the eldest girl coming down, carrying on their shoulders on a pole between them a mountain-goat which they had shot up near the timber-line. They put their burden down and rested while they told me of their expedition, speaking of their trophy, of which any sportsman would have been proud, as casually as if it had been a rabbit or a musk-rat they had bagged.

On the chance of winging a grouse or a partridge on the way, they carried their rifles to and from the school, and stacked them in one corner of the room—a practice to which I found it rather hard to adapt myself. During the noon recess they sat on the logs and stumps in the little open space about the building, and coaxed the marmots and the gophers and other little wild things of the wood to come out and take bits of food from their hands, or cajoled the gorgeous blue jays and the brilliant whisky-jacks to perch on their heads. Their offerings to me were not the fruit and flowers which children in ordinary Canadian schools are wont to heap upon the desks of their teachers. They brought me a grizzly bear's claw, a hawk's egg, the feathers from an eagle's wing, a stone hatchet they had found on what was believed to be the site of an ancient Indian camping-ground, a bit of ore from an outcrop they had discovered somewhere on the face of the mountain, and curious formations from fossil-beds in a cañon some miles down the valley.

V.

It was only twelve years ago that I taught those children in that pioneer school, but a railway runs through that valley now. I travelled over it last summer. Down on the flats there was the same maze of gleaming silver and vivid green, woven and interwoven. The snow-crowned summits shone like spires and domes of gold, and the cataracts boiled and plunged down the twilight depths of the gorges. The forests on the lower slopes were as mighty, the walls above them as stupendous, and over the whole was the same glory of colour, shifting and changing every moment.

But the log-cabins of the four homesteads I had known had disappeared, and in their places were bungalows with vine-hung verandas, and flower-bordered walks leading down to the gates; while all along the route were new cabins, some obviously built that season, and others standing in clearings whose extent indicated a homestead of earlier date. I watched eagerly for the little log-school which had stood in the shadow of the tall fir-trees. It was gone, and I could scarcely recognise the place where it had been. On its site was a larger and more modern building. It was painted white, and had grounds which were enclosed by a board fence. It was during the noon-hour that my train passed, and from it I could see children moving about the yard. But I knew that they were just like the children of any other school in western Canada, and that they were not inviting the marmots or the blue jays. They probably had a garden, and lessons in 'nature-study'; and there were no guns stacked in a corner of the schoolroom.

The forest had been pushed back to the foothills, and in some places even the 'benches' (terraces) above them were under cultivation. There was a station not far away, and a post-office. I saw motor-cars speeding up and down the road on which formerly there had been only pack-trains, the wagons of the settlers, and the stage, whose weekly passage had been of so much importance. It had gone with the coming of the railway. So had the steamboat which had plied up and down the river. The logs still floated down on the swift current of the main channel on their way to the mills, but the train on which I travelled was carrying supplies to the logging-camps and the mines. That valley is no longer remote from civilisation, and the schools in it are much like those in any other part of the country, except that all have not unrolled before their doors a panorama of such splendour.

But there are still such schools as the one I had the high privilege of knowing. There are many silent valleys beyond the Rockies into which the pioneer is finding his way, and where the logs are being hewn for the humble walls within which a little group of children will gather to look up at a teacher with worshipful eyes. There one who loves the camp-fire and the canoe, who quickens to the cadence of the waterfall or the thunder of the avalanche, whose spirit vibrates to the elemental forces of the deep solitudes, can know, what can never be put into words, the spell of the Last Great West.

THE MYSTERY OF THE *WELL MET.*

CHAPTER III.—AN ERROR IN NAVIGATION.

THE meal which a moment or two later Mr Drew carried into the forecastle consisted of that sailor's treat, tinned salmon, with a plentiful supply of very hot, strong tea, and Hervey did it more than ample justice, at the same time thinking to himself that, while these people were undoubtedly a singularly unprepossessing set, they were treating him with kindness and liberality.

As he ate he asked a few questions, but without receiving in reply much further information; and, on his side, he gave a slightly fuller account of his own adventures. The golden-hearted Jacques and his admiring comrade, Sylvestre, had gone on deck for their watch; but Wilson and Drew remained with him, and, grateful as he was and well aware that he owed them his life, yet somehow he could not quite overcome the shuddering dislike which both—Wilson in especial—inspired in him.

Another thing he noticed as a little curious was that both Wilson and Drew seemed to speak French with great fluency and apparently as naturally as English, as though they had been long accustomed to employ it in place of their native tongue. Naturally there are many English and Americans who speak French fluently and readily, but it struck Hervey as a curious coincidence that, of the four men on board the schooner, two were French, and two spoke the language as easily as if it were their mother-tongue.

Though he listened intently, Hervey did not hear again that voice he had taken to be a woman's, nor did he detect any other sign of her existence; so presently he came to suppose that he must have been mistaken, and that perhaps he had really been a little light-headed.

After he had finished his meal and had been provided with a cigar, which he appreciated almost as much as he had done the food and drink they had given him, he asked a few questions about the working of the ship and how they had been managing, and Wilson went away, and brought him the chart on which their course was marked. Hervey also asked for the log, and was shocked to the depths of his sailor-soul on finding that none was being kept.

'But there must be one; the captain must have kept it before he died,' Hervey almost wailed, for to him a ship without a log was like a house without a roof.

Both Wilson and Drew protested entire ignorance. The late captain might have kept one—they knew nothing about it. After his death a good many of his personal belongings had been thrown overboard for fear of infection, and possibly the log had gone with them. If not, it might be in his cabin. But everything aft had been locked up, and none of them cared to go there for fear of catching the disease that had carried off so many of their shipmates. Wilson was very emphatic in declaring that he would neither go aft himself nor allow any one else to do so. 'Had enough cholera,' he said. 'Don't want the whole business to start again.'

Hervey thought his fears exaggerated, but all the same shared them to some degree, and made no attempt to insist on penetrating aft. There might still be danger of infection for all he knew, and there was no sense in running useless risks. But he would not rest satisfied till he had secured an old exercise-book, wherein he at once started a new log, putting at the beginning a brief statement of recent events as described by Wilson. This he insisted on having signed by Wilson himself, Drew, and the Frenchmen.

'Must have things ship-shape,' he said, 'and a ship without proper papers is like a married woman without her wedding-lines.'

'I'm sure it's a great comfort for us to have some one who knows what ought to be done,' remarked Wilson smoothly. 'Can you show us now our exact position, and if I've got it correctly marked on the chart?'

'You must wait till noon to-morrow,' answered Hervey; 'I can work it out then. I hope you didn't chuck the sextant and the chronometer overboard as well as the log?'

However, Wilson was able to produce these at once, together with a copy of the *Nautical Almanac;* but as the night, though only a light breeze blew, was too cloudy for observation, there was no possibility of discovering their position before noon next day. Hervey went on deck for a short time to look round, but he was still weak, and began to feel very exhausted. He did not stay long, going back to his bunk in the forecastle after a look at the glass had assured

him that the present favourable weather was likely to continue.

It appeared that all four men used the forecastle now, apparently fearing that in the cabins aft infection might still linger. Hervey thought this natural enough, and, indeed, fully shared their feelings on the point, for he would a good deal rather have gone through a hurricane or two at sea than expose himself unnecessarily to infection, especially when the infection to be feared was that of the dread cholera. He made up his mind to avoid the cabins aft as carefully as did the rest of them, though it struck him as he lay down in his bunk that the fears of these men had not availed to stop them from looting their late captain's sea-chest.

'For if these fellows, the whole lot of them,' he said to himself, 'aren't wearing his shore-going togs, I miss my guess. Of course, one can understand two rascally deck-hands like the two Frenchies doing a bit of looting, though they ought to be kicked for it; but I should have thought a passenger like Wilson or a chap like Drew, with an interest in the cargo, ought to be above that sort of thing. And it's a wonder they have the cheek to wear them before me. They must know I'm sure to suspect something.'

Indeed, the fact that Wilson should either have allowed the two men to appropriate their late captain's clothes or have joined in the theft himself seemed very strange; but, then, the whole of this affair seemed in many ways so strange and unusual that Hervey really did not know in the least what to think of it.

'Anyhow, I've nothing to complain of so far,' he thought, as he tried to compose himself for sleep; and when he fell into a troubled doze, it was to dream of the golden-hearted Jacques, who, he thought, came into the forecastle carrying a huge urn of coffee, which he stabbed with his knife in many places, so that the coffee spurted out and made puddles on the floor, which Hervey toiled in vain to mop up.

He woke suddenly and with a start, to find Jacques himself bending over him and staring at him very fixedly, in a manner that seemed neither pleasant nor friendly.

'Sleep you always with your throat so bare and open?' Jacques asked in a mumbling tone.

'What's that got to do with you? Take your ugly face out of here,' exclaimed Hervey angrily; and Jacques slunk away, muttering something to himself.

Afterwards Hervey slept better, and he woke in the morning much refreshed and feeling a great deal stronger. He was given an excellent breakfast, with more tinned salmon and very strong black tea, and he enjoyed it thoroughly.

When he had finished he went on deck, and found the schooner running very nicely beneath a fair spread of canvas. But the decks were untidy, rope-ends were flapping, tackle was not stowed properly away, and indeed the whole aspect of the little ship was one well calculated to grieve his sailor-heart. When he tried to put things right he made at once two discoveries: first, that his crew of four, one and all, displayed an inconceivable clumsiness, as though utterly unused to sea ways; and, secondly, that they were by no means disposed to obey his orders. The good Jacques, indeed, scowled and fingered his knife in a very threatening manner, and his companion, Sylvestre, discovered a talent for the employment of such foul and offensive language that only his swift retreat into the forecastle saved him from being kicked into it by the indignant Hervey. And Mr Drew took their part so vehemently that Wilson, who had gone below for a moment, reappeared in a great hurry.

'Shut up, you fool!' he shouted to Drew with an angry oath. 'Mr Drake, what's the matter? What's been happening?'

'Why, I told those two rapscallions to help me stow those ropes away properly,' answered Hervey, 'and one of them got his knife out, and the other started to use language I'll take from no man.'

'Oh, I'll soon put that right,' answered Wilson, and saying something to Jacques in French, disappeared with him into the forecastle. In a minute or two he came on deck again. 'I've given them a bit of a talking to, Mr Drake,' he said, 'and they've promised to obey orders for the future; but you must remember we have no claim on them. They regard themselves as quite independent. You see, I'm only a passenger, Mr Drew has only to do with the cargo, and you are a castaway we have picked up. We can only get on by agreement. They have the whip-hand of us, and they know it, and there can be no question of ordinary discipline. We must simply rub along as best we can. I'm sure you will understand that, Mr Drake.'

'Oh, all right,' growled Hervey. 'When I want to shorten sail, for instance, I suppose I'm to call a meeting of all hands, and if they agree, then a committee will be appointed to do it—by which time the sticks may be blown out of her.'

'I hope it won't be so bad as that,' answered Wilson, with his singular and somewhat terrifying smile. 'I hope we shall get on all right. Only, we must remember we have no right to give orders in the ordinary way. You know we can't afford to quarrel with these two men. We are short-handed enough as it is.'

That was true enough, and Hervey made no reply. A little later Jacques and Sylvestre came on deck, and though it almost made him choke with indignation to see them lounging about so lazily while there was so much that wanted doing, he made no further attempt to set them to work.

It was nearly noon now, and Hervey began his preparations for ascertaining the ship's position. The others looked on very anxiously and with some excitement. The result he

secured was so surprising that he checked it before saying anything.

'Well,' he told them at last, 'you are hopelessly out of your course.' He laid a finger on the chart. 'This is where you are,' he said, 'not there at all. You are not making for Manilla; you 're heading straight for Australia.'

To his surprise, this announcement of his did not seem to cause much astonishment. They looked at each other gloomily, but no one said anything. It was almost as if they had anticipated something of the sort; and Hervey noticed too that, though Wilson had declared himself responsible for the course laid, no one seemed inclined to blame him.

'What puzzles me'—— began Hervey, and paused, not quite knowing what to say.

As a matter of fact, the whole affair puzzled him enormously. He could understand an error in navigation; he could understand total ignorance of it; but he could not understand how it was the schooner's course had been marked out so confidently, and yet so utterly wrongly. It was almost as though Wilson had been taking them astray on purpose; and yet for that he did not seem to have enough knowledge, nor did the others appear to suspect him of it. Nor, for that matter, could Hervey imagine any motive for his doing such a thing.

'This is our exact position, then,' Wilson asked; 'and we must lay our course here?'

Hervey would have much liked to pack Jacques and Sylvestre off about their business before answering these questions, for by the immemorial tradition of the sea the ship's position is solely the concern of the ship's officers, and is a point on which the crew is never given any information. But he had provoked one storm already, and knew another had better be avoided, and so, as briefly as he could, he explained their position, and how their course must be altered to take them to Manilla.

'Though how you came to lay such a straight, workman-like course, and yet be so hopelessly wrong, I can't imagine,' he said to Wilson.

'I suppose I worked chiefly by faith,' answered Wilson, with that sinister and evil smile of his. 'I shall trust faith no longer. Indeed, I shall make a point of settling accounts with faith later on.'

To this remark Hervey could not attach much meaning; but it seemed to amuse the others vastly in a dark, saturnine way, and Jacques began again his abominable trick of fingering his knife, as though he only waited the chance to stab faith in the back.

CHAPTER IV.—A WOMAN'S HANDKERCHIEF.

THE course was duly changed, and as, fortunately, the weather remained calm and fine, the working of the schooner presented few difficulties.

Hervey's new shipmates appeared to be at considerable pains to make themselves as agreeable as possible to him, and to give him no cause for complaint against them; but he, on his side, found it quite impossible to overcome his dislike and distrust of them. Towards Wilson in especial he still experienced the instinctive shuddering abhorrence he had felt for him from the first. Jacques and Sylvestre appeared comparatively ordinary ruffians—Jacques the more brutal and violent, and Sylvestre the more dangerous. Drew struck Hervey as being, on the whole, the least repulsive of the four; but he was very sure that he would not care to trust Drew very far or confide either purse or life to his keeping.

Still, the personal character of his shipmates was no concern of his; and, after all, they had saved his life, treated him well enough, and were now helping him to reach a port whence he could secure a passage home. And he was thankful that his services in navigating the schooner seemed to be valuable enough to set off against his rescue, so that he need not feel under too great an obligation to them. He was also thankful that he had nothing of value in his possession, nothing indeed but the clothes he stood up in, since he was very strongly of opinion that these shipmates of his were little likely to resist any temptation that came their way.

One thing he had insisted on was that regular watches should be kept; and though Jacques and Sylvestre objected strongly, since anything regular they both disliked exceedingly, he was supported by Wilson and carried his point, the two Frenchmen and Wilson and Drew forming the two watches. Hervey himself, who by a sort of common understanding was now acting as captain—though a captain never sure that his orders would be obeyed—did not keep a regular watch, but was continually on the look-out, seeing that the right course was kept by the man at the wheel, and ready for any change in the weather. As a rule he got most of his sleep during the day, and he noticed that whenever he retired to the forecastle for needed rest, either Jacques or Sylvestre invariably came and hung about near by.

What the motive was for this he could not imagine, but it seemed as if they wished to make sure that he did not come on deck unexpectedly. He noticed also that when he did wake and show signs of stirring, whoever was on watch almost always slipped away to give warning. It was almost as though they feared being taken by surprise by him, and he wondered if they suspected him of entertaining any idea of attacking them and seizing the ship.

'But, then, there are four of them, and why should they be afraid of one man?' he asked himself. 'It 's a queer business altogether, and I shall be jolly glad when we reach Manilla.'

That day had been one of light and shifting winds, so that they made little progress. In the afternoon the wind failed altogether, and Hervey went below to take his rest earlier than usual, telling the others to call him if there was any sign of a change in the weather. He was tired, for he had been up most of the night, and that morning had carried out some necessary changes in the rigging single-handed, so he fell asleep almost at once, only to be wakened an hour later by Drew, who was shaking him violently.

'You had better come on deck,' Drew said. 'Wilson thinks it's going to blow. You sleep soundly,' he added with a laugh. 'I thought you would never wake.'

'I want it; I got no sleep last night,' answered Hervey, and went on deck.

Heavy clouds were gathering in the north, but the glass was still steady, and he did not think that any precaution was necessary, or that the bank of clouds meant much. He told Wilson, who was at the wheel, that there was nothing to be alarmed at, and was turning away to go below again, when he noticed something lying near his foot. He stooped and picked it up, and, to his amazement, saw that it was a lady's handkerchief, a small square of cambric bordered with lace, and quite fresh and clean, as though it had only recently been dropped.

'Good Lord!' he said; 'where on earth does this come from?'

'What?' asked Wilson; and when he saw the handkerchief Hervey was holding, his look grew so dark and menacing that instinctively Hervey stepped back, ready for attack.

'Whom does this belong to?' the mate asked sharply. 'Who dropped this?'

'It's mine. I must have dropped it,' answered Wilson, appearing to recover himself, and exchanging his scowl for his more ominous and dreadful smile. 'A little souvenir, that is all. I do not know how I came to drop it, but I'm much obliged to you for picking it up. I have carried it in my pocket for years. I should have been sorry to lose it.'

'It doesn't look as though it had been in any one's pocket for years,' remarked Hervey doubtfully.

'Ah, you are observant; it is because you are a sailor,' answered Wilson smilingly. 'It is a great gift to be observant, and may take a man far. I have carried it always in my pocket-book.'

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Hervey gave the handkerchief to him, though with some reluctance, for there came into his mind a memory of how once he had thought he heard on board this ship a woman's voice.

Yet it seemed impossible, inconceivable, that there could be a woman on board. How could her presence be concealed, and why should it be? He saw that Wilson was still looking at him with his menacing and evil smile.

'You are thinking?' Wilson hinted gently.

'Why not?' Hervey retorted. 'A man's thoughts are his own.'

'But he confides them to his friends,' suggested Wilson.

'So he does,' agreed Hervey. 'For example, what are you thinking about?'

'I was thinking,' answered Wilson with a great appearance of candour, 'that perhaps you could tell us now when we might hope to reach Manilla.'

'Depends on the wind,' answered Hervey; and he noticed that the handkerchief which Wilson professed to have treasured for years with such care he was now thrusting indifferently into his trousers-pocket. 'A good breeze might get us there in forty-eight hours.'

'That is good hearing,' said Wilson. 'I know where there is a case of good brandy. We must open it and drink each other's health when we sight land.'

'Not till we are in port,' retorted Hervey. 'Many a ship's been lost in sight of land.'

'No doubt you are wise to take every precaution,' remarked Wilson.

He said no more, and Hervey went down to resume his interrupted slumbers. Finding Sylvestre in the forecastle, he grumbled to him very angrily at the needless way in which he had been disturbed.

'I'm near dead for a sleep,' he complained. 'I hope to goodness they'll let me alone this time unless it's something really serious. I feel as if I could sleep till to-morrow, and if you or any one else turns me out without good reason I'll break your head. I must get a sleep sometimes or I shall go dotty.'

Still grumbling, he lay down in his bunk, and to all appearance fell asleep instantly. But in reality, though his eyes were closed, he was wide awake, listening for the slightest sound, every nerve and sense intent. For this incident of the handkerchief he had found on deck had disturbed him greatly, and he believed no word of what Wilson had said in explanation.

In vain he tried to persuade himself that it was impossible a woman could be on board without his knowing it; that the handkerchief could be accounted for in a dozen different ways; that when he had thought he heard a woman's voice he had been half out of his mind with exhaustion and fatigue. In spite of all, Hervey found himself convinced that there was about this ship a deeper and a grimmer mystery than he had before suspected.

For two hours he lay thus motionless, and for two hours Sylvestre lounged and smoked by the forecastle door. Presently the Frenchman began to yawn, as if growing sleepy himself; then he came inside and looked at Hervey, who never stirred, and continued to breathe deeply and regularly.

Sylvestre yawned again, as though he would like to sleep himself, and then went back and settled himself in a half-sitting, half-reclining position at the forecastle entrance. Hervey ventured a peep at him. His eyes were closing, and he nodded. His head slipped, and he woke with a start and a curse, looked at Hervey, and seemed to be reassured when he saw that he did not stir. Sylvestre lay down then at full length across the threshold of the forecastle and closed his eyes. For a time Hervey waited, and then he sat up. Sylvestre never stirred as Hervey stood upright, and on bare feet stepped cautiously up to him, and across his recumbent body out of the forecastle.

With equal caution Hervey crept on up the hatchway and glanced along the deck. Wilson was still at the wheel. Drew was sitting smoking near by—and that was all.

Oddly disappointed, though what he had expected to see he did not quite know, Hervey went quietly back to his bunk, stepping again across the still soundly sleeping Sylvestre.

'Yet it seems as if there must be something they want to keep from me,' he said to himself, 'or why is Sylvestre put to watch like this? Or is that merely a matter of general precaution, because they are such blackguards themselves they can't trust any one else?'

He began to think this last must be the real explanation, and when he lay down again he fell asleep almost at once. But his slumber was not very deep, and only a short time later he was awakened by hearing Sylvestre's voice saying sullenly, 'He sleeps like the dead. He has never moved, not once. I have watched him all the time, and if my eyes were closed now, that was only on account of my fatigue, not that I slept. Regard him for yourself, how he slumbers there.'

Fortunately Hervey had made no sign when he wakened. He heard some one—he could not be sure who it was—cross the forecastle to look at him, and then apparently retire satisfied. A little longer Hervey lay quiet, and when at last he ventured a peep he saw that Sylvestre had once more composed himself to slumber. Yet another space Hervey waited, and when he was sure that Sylvestre's slumbers were profound, he rose from his bunk and on his bare feet went silently down the forecastle, again stepped across the sleeper on the threshold, and went on up the hatchway.

It was late now, and when Hervey raised his head above the hatchway the sun was near to setting. Its slanting rays fell right across the schooner, and bathed in their crimson light the tall, slim, upright figure of a girl, who stood near the wheel, her face beautiful and rigid and as pale as death.

(*Continued on page 310.*)

SHOE-LEATHER FROM THE SEA.

LEATHER is still remarkably scarce and—like food-stuffs and most other commodities—remarkably dear!

The war simply staggered the leather trade with the prodigious demands which it made upon its resources. Nothing, indeed, in the way of army supplies was more extraordinary (with the exception of the output of munitions) than the enormous quantities of boots which were made in this country for the troops of the Allied forces.

Output records of a truly amazing nature were established in order to cope with the never-ceasing call for boots, millions of boots, and still more millions, for our fighting-men. Never before in the history of the world was the boot-and-shoe trade taxed to such an almost incredible extent to keep pace with the countless contracts for the footgear not only of Tommy and Jack, but for the Belgian, Serbian, French, Russian, and Italian forces; besides boots for the Italian Red Cross, bluchers for Gurkhas, sandals for Indians, airmen's boots, gunpowder-boots, and every variety of boots and shoes needed in warfare one can possibly imagine. Only those privileged to get a peep behind the scenes had the slightest conception of the stupendous nature of the task with which the horny-handed sons of St Crispin were confronted.

But 'the trade' rose to the occasion as one man—even although it did mean that British factories for months were running 'all out.'

Picture what the foregoing meant in the way of using up leather! And that wasn't all. In addition to the tens of millions of soldiers and sailors that had to be shod, thousands of airmen's suits had to be made, almost entirely composed of leather; millions of leather belts, pouches, rifle-slings, and scabbards; leather saddles and sets of harness by the hundred thousand.

Leather, it will thus be seen, played a big part in the successful carrying on and winning of the war.

This unprecedented demand on the world's leather-supplies could only, of course, result in one thing—a world-wide scarcity of raw material. Curiously enough, prescient men in the trade tell us that a big leather shortage was inevitable in any case—war or no war; that a world cataclysm like the Great War merely precipitated the crisis. It did with a vengeance!

In any case, the existing leather scarcity is going to be a tremendous handicap to the boot-

and-shoe business everywhere, and to the community, who will eventually have to 'pay the piper'—unless new sources of leather-supply can be tapped immediately.

The most important available sources at present are the ox and the sheep; but the hide or the skin of practically any creature can be made into leather. Hides are skins of oxen, horses, and all the larger animals; skins are derived from sheep, goats, and the smaller quadrupeds. The skins of sharks and cobras, or the hides of the dainty deer and the ponderous elephant, may be converted into footgear and leather for other purposes.

Thus the hide-store of a large tannery is frequently a zoological museum of skins—skins and hides from all sorts and sizes of creatures in the animal world—illustrating in tangible and picturesque fashion the truth of the old saying that 'there 's nothing like leather.'

It is not surprising that experiments on a big scale have recently been made to tap fresh sources of leather-supplies for the use of the shoemaker, the saddler, and the fancy leather goods manufacturer.

The shark and certain big sea mammals, apparently, are going to stock the shoemaker's shop soon—that, in a sentence, is the net outcome of the numerous experiments that have been made. Shoes from the shark have, in fact, gone beyond the experimental stage; they are into the range of 'practical politics.'

It is now two or three years since the matter was first taken up by the United States Government, following on the experiments and research-work of Mr Alfred Ehrenreich, who, after graduating in medicine, turned to banking, and for the last ten years or so has devoted all his leisure time to studying at close quarters the habits of sharks, porpoises, and other large inhabitants of the sea. Mr Ehrenreich became an authority on the subject, and was probably better qualified than any other living man to lead the way in utilising the skins of these deep-sea dwellers, not as a substitute for leather, but as an addition to the world's existing supplies.

How Mr Ehrenreich, with the assistance of a clever Danish chemist, succeeded in doing this is one of the most remarkable romances of research and enterprise ever chronicled.

Orthodox tanning methods were a failure—completely; but the science of the chemist solved the problem, and marine leather can now be tanned as successfully as ordinary leather. Not only so, but it is claimed to be every bit as good as the commodity with which we are all familiar. It is soft and pliable and durable, and considering that nature fitted the shark to live in the sea, his skin should be water-tight. And skilfully dressed, in addition to boots and shoes, this new fish-leather works beautifully into belts, hand-bags, card-cases, furniture-coverings, and even gloves. It takes a nice finish, being finely marked with a rather peculiar grain.

The hide of one shark produces from twelve to forty square feet of leather, according to the size of the animal; the skin of a devil-fish will often cover an area of fifty to a hundred square feet. And the supply of this new sea-leather is practically an unlimited one. From Alaska alone, in the early days of the enterprise, eleven thousand pounds of sharks' skins were exported in one month.

To-day a 'bag' of ten thousand fish daily is a not uncommon occurrence, which will give one an idea of the immense nature of this unique industry which is converting the skins of sea-animals into leather for all sorts of useful purposes. Sharks, porpoises, devil-fish, black-fish, beluga, sword-fish, and even dog-fish can all be utilised to add materially to the world's supply of leather. And there will be no need to institute a 'close season' for these animals, for the waters of the Mexican Gulf and the Gulf Stream, the Pacific Ocean, and the seas washing the Australian continent simply swarm with them.

Enterprise is written large over the whole concern, which, by the way, trades under the appropriate designation of the Ocean Leather Company. About two years ago a tannery and four fishing-stations, with all the necessary equipment for catching and landing the fish, were established—two stations each off the coast of Florida and North Carolina respectively. The tremendous possibilities of the business, and the unbounded confidence of the promoters, may be understood from the significant fact that orders have been placed for plant and equipment to enable forty stations to be brought into operation along the far-flung American seaboard.

And the story is only partly told. In itself the production of a good, serviceable quality of leather from the skins of the shark and other sea-denizens is a really great achievement—a big scientific and commercial triumph; but when a whole host of valuable by-products are added, it becomes even more wonderful and extraordinary.

Practically nothing is lost in this newly tapped industry—the blood, the oil, the stomach, the membranes, the teeth, and the fins all being utilised for some commercial purpose or other, and at considerable financial gain to the pioneers of what may eventually prove an ocean Klondike. The fins of the shark are eagerly bought up by Chinese restaurant-keepers at ten shillings each, shark-fin soup being a special delicacy with gourmets of the Celestial race; the rapacious-looking teeth are turned into necklaces; the blood into one of the finest of waterproof glues; the membranes and the intestines are made into gloves, glue, and gut; the oil makes a valued article of commerce; while the flesh is turned into an admirable chicken-food and fertiliser. A peculiarly rich quality of oil from the jaw of the

porpoise brings no less than ten pounds per gallon; as a lubricant for watches and mechanical work of a delicate nature it is said to be unrivalled.

Altogether a wide range of serviceable articles, you will agree, garnered from a source that has hitherto been untouched for the purposes specified.

Indeed, when the wonderful story of this remarkable enterprise is told in its entirety, it will, we are certain, be acknowledged to be one of the most amazing and extraordinary in the whole realm of industrial exploitation, opening up new avenues of business and adventure more strange and startling than anything even in the romantic visions of fiction. The striking success already achieved—and only the fringe of the business has been touched—is a notable tribute to the inflexible determination, the characteristic commercial enterprise and acumen, and the painstaking, ingenious chemical research of our American cousins.

THE NEW BALTIC STATES.

II.—LATVIA.

By Robert Machray.

I.

PHILATELY is highly educative, and stamp-collectors were probably among the first people in the United Kingdom to know anything very definite about the new Baltic States, which had to have postage-stamps of their own as soon as possible, not so much as betokening their independence as from sheer necessity, for neither Russian nor German stamps could be used. If not one of the rarest, one of the most curious of these Baltic postage-stamps was a stamp issued about two years ago at Riga; it is no longer current, and good specimens will likely be worth a great deal of money some day. In shape a largish oblong, it was printed in greenish-blue and light brown. On its front was 'Latwija' and 'rub 1 rub' (one rouble), the latter being placed under a symbolical design of a mother and children. It was a pretty, if an unusual-looking, stamp. But it was the back of the stamp which attracted keen attention, for on a green ground there were lithographed words and figures that inevitably suggested German paper-money.

This stamp has a strange historic significance such as is possessed by no other in the world. It is safe to say that it is a unique stamp. Latwija, which is the local form of Latvia, is the name of the Baltic republic which has been established by the Letts, and which was at first generally called Lettland. The Germans held part of Latvia until well into November 1919, and towards the end of the occupation they printed and emitted a sort of bank-note (*kassenschein*) for ten marks, which was forced on the people within their power. The back of this note was plain. The Letts, in the end victorious over the Germans, captured large quantities of these notes, and, themselves being short of suitable paper, hit on the idea of utilising the backs of the notes, did what printing was necessary, cut the material to the requisite size, and turned them into postage-stamps. Of course, the paper-money was of no value once the Germans had left the country, and this story is eloquent of the clever way the Letts overcame the great difficulties which confronted them when fighting for their freedom.

As a geographical term Latvia is new to most of us. It is one, however, that apparently has come to stay, though the term Lettland is still much used, and everybody would have known what that word meant—the land of the Letts. The Letts themselves call their country Latvia, and this is definitive. Latvia is bounded on the north by Esthonia, on the east by Russia, on the south by Lithuania, and on the west by the Baltic. In the article on Esthonia* reference was made to the assignment to that state of the northern part of the old Baltic province of Livonia by the Russian Provisional Government of Prince Lvoff in the early days of the Revolution of 1917. The frontier between Latvia and Esthonia is that which was drawn at that time. There was a dispute whether the town of Valk or Walk, which is on the border and has a mixed population, belonged to Esthonia or to Latvia; but in 1920 a Commission, over which a British officer presided, gave it to Esthonia, as the majority of its inhabitants are Esthonians. The northern frontier of Latvia lies above four of the districts of old Livonia, and this area is usually designated Southern Livonia. In addition to this territory, which is very important because it contains the great port of Riga, Latvia consists of the whole of Courland and of an eastern region known as Latgale or Latgallia, comprising three districts formerly included in the Russian province or 'government' of Vitebsk.

II.

All this stretch of country, which has an area of about 25,000 square miles, is peopled predominantly by the Letts, who are of Aryan origin, having come from Asia and settled on the

* See *Chambers's Journal* for March 1921.

shores of the Baltic some four thousand years ago. They are different in race from their neighbours the Esthonians, but are of close kin to the Lithuanians, with whom they may some day form a political alliance. Professor Ian Ozolin, a distinguished Lettish writer, asserts that the Letts constitute the 'oldest European nation,' and declares that their language, mythology, and folklore still adumbrate the speech, religion, customs, and practices of the remote ancestors of Europe. This is supported by Professor Meillet, of the Collège de France, who says: 'If you wish to hear from human lips some echo of what the language originally common to Indo-Europeans may have been, go and listen to Lithuanian peasants talking'—which is equally true of the Letts. The differences that now exist in the language and the customs of the Letts and the Lithuanians arose out of the diverse political history of the two peoples. Lettish resembles Lithuanian very much as Portuguese resembles Spanish. The Lettish-Lithuanian tongues are older than any other in Europe—older than Latin or ancient Greek, and exhibit a greater affinity to the ancient Sanskrit of India than to the languages of the peoples in the immediate vicinity of Latvia and Lithuania.

As with Esthonia, the early history of Latvia is obscure; much of its later history is bound up with that of its northern neighbour. Up till seven hundred years ago the Letts were a free people, ruled over by their chiefs in tribal communities. Early in the thirteenth century their territory was invaded by the Germanic Order of the Sword, which was afterwards merged with the Teutonic Knights, who, not without a long and bitter struggle, conquered the Baltic lands, and formed a state out of Courland, Latgale, Livonia, and Esthonia, which lasted till 1560. During this period the Letts, like the Livs of Livonia and the Esthonians, were deprived of their lands and civil rights by the Germans, who divided up the country into estates, some of which were extensive. The Letts became German serfs, but never were really Germanised, and always hoped to recover their freedom. The 'Baltic Barons' and Junkers of Southern Livonia and Courland are the descendants of these German invaders, and, as will be seen, a great part of Latvia's fight for independence was concerned with these gentry. Far more even than Esthonia, Latvia had to contend with her German oppressors; nor was the contest closed till near the end of 1919, and only after the most arduous efforts.

With the overthrow of the Order of the Teutonic Knights, Livonia and Latgale passed under the rule of Lithuania, which was then united with Poland; while Courland, which retained its German nobility and a degree of independence, became a vassal duchy of Lithuania-Poland. But the country suffered because of the numerous wars of the seventeenth century, and in 1621 Livonia was annexed to Sweden. Some ninety years later Livonia was conquered by Russia. After the first division of Poland, Latgale passed to Russia, and in 1795 Courland joined Russia. From that date up to 1918 all Latvia was a part of Russia. During the Swedish period the Letts of Livonia enjoyed a certain amount of freedom from the oppression of their German masters, but under Russian rule they and their brethren in Courland and Latgale were once more no better than German serfs—the peasants were under the complete domination of the barons.

III.

From the middle of last century, however, Lettish nationality began to assert itself, and this led Russia, who was upheld in this by the Baltic Barons, to attempt the Russification of the country. When the Letts demanded Lettish secondary schools and universities, the Russians replied by Russianising the Lettish elementary schools. When the Letts asked for judges with a knowledge of the Lettish tongue, the Russians replied by making it illegal for any judge in Latvia to use Lettish. And so on. But the Letts declined to be Russianised, just as they had refused to be Germanised. Discontent often led to revolts, the most notable being that which took place during the Russian Revolution of 1905, and these were most cruelly suppressed by the Russians in co-operation with the Baltic Barons. If anything, the Letts hated the Germans more than they hated the Russians, and in the Great War upwards of 180,000 Letts fought in the Russian Army. When the war broke out they asked for the formation of a Lettish force, under Lettish officers, for the defence of their country, but it was not till 1915 that their request was granted. It was the Letts, and the Letts alone, who held up the German Army at Riga until September 1917—a feat which has never been given adequate acknowledgment. Shortly after the loss of Riga to the Germans, the Letts held a conference at Valk, and demanded the formation of a united and autonomous Latvia in a federated Russia. That was the definite beginning of the National movement. A *bloc* later was made out of all the Lettish political groups, except Lettish Bolshevists, of whom there were a few, and the Baltic Barons, the aim of which was the independence of the country, as against its Germanisation or its union again with Russia.

At that time all Courland and part of Southern Livonia were occupied by the German Army, and the *bloc* mentioned above had to work secretly in that portion of Latvia; yet it was able to give support to the creation and organisation of a Lettish National Council in those sections of Southern Livonia and Latgale that were still unoccupied by the Germans, and this

Council met for the first time on 17th November 1917. But in the beginning of 1918 German troops were in possession of all Latvia, and the German Government tried in the most unscrupulous manner to obtain from its people and from the Baltic peoples generally a declaration in favour of their being incorporated in the German Empire. At Riga and at Mitau, the chief town of Courland, *Landesrats* or Councils were established. Formed mainly of the Baltic Barons and their friends, these *Landesrats* voted for annexation to Germany. To give the business a better colour, several Lettish peasants were compelled by the German authorities to attend those Councils, but it was only under *force majeure* that these poor people were present. Not one Lettish politician took part in the farce. It was the Baltic Barons, with their sympathisers, who preached 'The German future of the Baltic,' and offered the ducal crown of Courland to William II. The defeat of Germany by the Allies put an end to all plans of the kind, but not at once.

After the armistice was granted to Germany in November 1918, the Letts established a State Council of Latvia, which was composed of members of the National Council and of the *bloc*, both of these bodies never having ceased their work for independence, and the Republic of Latvia—*Republika Latwija*—was proclaimed on the 18th of the same month. A Lettish Government, which was recognised as a *de facto* Government by the Allies, was set up, with Mr K. Ulmanis as Prime Minister, but it was encompassed with serious difficulties. To start with, there were nearly 100,000 German troops in the country, and of these 45,000 were in Riga alone. Not one of these Germans was friendly to the Letts, Lettish independence, or the Lettish Government in the slightest degree. According to the armistice, the German forces in Latvia were permitted to remain for a time as a protection against the Bolsheviks; but they proved to be nothing of the sort. Hardly had the Ulmanis Government come into existence when Latvia was heavily invaded by the Bolsheviks, who took Riga in January 1919, and quickly overran the greater part of the land. In these operations the Bolsheviks were assisted, openly or secretly, by the Germans, whether German soldiers or Baltic Barons, exactly as was the case in Esthonia.

IV.

In 1914 the population of Latvia was above two and a half millions, and the composition of the State Council showed the relative numbers of the people with regard to their national origin. The Council consisted of one hundred members, and of these seventy-eight were Letts, eight were Germans who were natives of the country, seven were Jews, five were Russians, one was a Lithuanian, and one was a Pole. The comparative smallness of the German element is most noticeable, yet that element made a great and determined effort to maintain its old control of the country. A 'Baltic Committee of Safety,' made up almost entirely of the Baltic Barons and Junkers, organised the *Landeswehr*—the local Germanic militia—augmented by German ex-soldiers, into a competent fighting force, and in co-operation with General von der Goltz brought about the capture of Libau from the Letts in April 1919. This town had become the temporary capital of Latvia after the taking of Riga by the Bolsheviks. Von der Goltz had returned from Finland, where he had been in command of the German forces, and had become the head of the German Sixth Army Corps, also known as the 'Iron Division,' and as the Lettish Army was engaged in a desperate effort to throw back the Bolsheviks on the north, he had no difficulty in taking Libau, where he made prisoners of several members of the Lettish Government, though Ulmanis, its chief, contrived to escape. In the following month the Germans, under Baron von Manteuffel, a subordinate of Von der Goltz, turned the Bolsheviks out of Riga and occupied it.

Meanwhile the Letts, after bitter fighting, had succeeded in driving the Bolsheviks out of about two-thirds of Latvia, and in June, with the help of the Esthonians, they attacked the Germans in Riga. At the moment there was a British Mission, under Sir Hubert Gough, in Latvia, and it interposed. An armistice was arranged, under which the Germans evacuated Riga, where Ulmanis and his Government were again established. After leaving Riga the Germans, in spite of their having agreed to evacuate all Latvia, made their headquarters at Mitau, where their strength was increased by fresh troops from Germany. The Supreme Council of the Allies intervened, and ordered the Germans to withdraw; but Von der Goltz for some time paid no attention to its commands, though ultimately he retired. It was while he was at Mitau that the paper currency mentioned in the beginning of this article was issued. A singular episode in this struggle of the Letts for their independence was the Bermondt affair. Bermondt's father was a German, his mother a Circassian princess, and he had been a bandmaster in the Russian Army. He had some property in the Baltic provinces. At the head of a Russo-German force he marched on Riga and captured one of its suburbs, but finally was defeated by the Letts, and his attempt collapsed. Not till the end of November was Latvia entirely freed from its enemies, whether of German or Russo-German origin, but fighting continued with the Bolsheviks up to mid-February 1920. Peace was made with Germany on 15th July, and with Soviet Russia on 11th August, of that year.

v.

Latvia is one of the countries which was devastated during the Great War, and the German occupation, coupled with the subsequent aggression of Von der Goltz and Bermondt, all but completed its ruin. A census taken on 15th June 1920 showed that its population had gone down to one and a half million; there were 100,000 horses, 300,000 cattle, 250,000 sheep, and 150,000 pigs fewer than before the war; most of the farm-houses had been destroyed, and the fields lay waste and desolate. What all this means will be understood when it is recalled that Latvia is predominantly an agricultural country, its physical characteristics and climate being similar to those of Esthonia. Before the war it had enjoyed an enormous transit trade with the interior of Russia. In 1913 the export and import trade of Riga, Windau, and Libau, the chief ports, reached a grand total of nearly £75,000,000. During the war ships were sunk at the entrances to these harbours, and trade fell to nothing; but it is rapidly growing again. Riga, which had more than half a million inhabitants in 1914, and was well served by railways, lost about 300,000 of its population, and its factories were gutted, the machinery being taken into the interior of Russia. Its harbour, however, is the best on the Baltic, and the city, it may be predicted, will come into its own again, now that its shipping facilities are being restored and its railways rebuilt. In the past the Letts never had many vessels of their own, and such as they had were, of course, registered as Russian. Latvia is at present getting together a modest commercial fleet, which will fly the national flag of red, white, and red, in horizontal stripes.

There is an enormous amount of reconstruction to be accomplished before Latvia can enjoy any marked measure of prosperity. Its Government, backed by all the Letts of Latvia and many Letts in America, is strenuously engaged on this task. Railways and roads, which naturally got into a very bad condition during the long period of hostilities, are being repaired or reconstructed. The ports are being improved, and the factories reopened and set going again. Many farm-houses have been or are being rebuilt. Formerly highly cultivated, and yielding fair crops of barley, oats, flax, and potatoes, the soil is once more being well tilled by the peasants, who are to become its owners, instead of the Baltic Barons and Junkers, for whom compensation is to be provided by the State. All this vast work means prodigious and ceaseless effort on the part of the Letts, who have small means, and are anxious to obtain assistance from outside. It is to their credit that, while freeing their country from its invaders, they yet at the same time did what they could in the way of reconstruction. America came to their help with supplies of food. It is money of which they now stand most in need. In a statement presented to the International Financial Conference at Brussels, the Latvian delegation suggested a foreign loan of twenty millions sterling as 'the only possible speedy way out' of Latvia's difficulties.

It must not be thought that Latvia has no resources. In its forests, which consist mainly of conifers and birch, and cover about one-fourth of its area, it has much potential wealth. Rather more than a million acres of forests belong to the State, the balance being in private hands. Much good redwood timber will be available for export. Another potential source of wealth to Latvia is its fisheries, which employed upwards of 10,000 men before the war, and are capable of substantial development. But, after all, the best asset of the little country lies in the character, sturdiness, and high intelligence of its people. There are comparatively few illiterates among the Letts, one of whose first acts was the founding at Riga of a national university in September 1919; it began with 1400 matriculants. And there are many secondary schools. Though the majority of the Letts are peasants, their standard of education has always been far higher than that of their Russian neighbours. The first Lettish newspaper appeared in 1862—till then the German element had prevented the Letts from publishing a journal. In 1914 there were ten daily Lettish papers in Riga alone.

Recent political developments are interesting. In April 1920 a general election for a Constituent Assembly of one hundred and fifty members was held on the basis of universal suffrage of both sexes, the age-limit being twenty-one. The result showed that out of all those elected upwards of a hundred and thirty were pure Letts, the composition of the rest being six Germans, six Jews, four Russians, and one Pole. The Assembly met in May, and a Government was formed with the patriot Ulmanis as its head. A large part of the work of the Assembly has been concerned with schemes for the reconstruction of the whole life of the country—schemes that are being carried out as speedily and thoroughly as is possible in the circumstances. In fine, here is a nation, a small but courageous nation, much tried in the fiery furnace of war, which, having won its liberties at a heavy price, is steadfastly resolved to maintain them at all costs, while also making the utmost endeavour to improve its position in every way. It is to Great Britain, more than to any other land, that Latvia looks for sympathy and consideration, and it is enough for a man to be a Briton to be warmly welcomed in Latvia.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

III.

'FORTY miles away from Cobalt,' gasped the detective, Gatineau.

'I reckon that,' said the driver. 'I reckon it; but don't you ask me where we are. In the middle of the Sarah Desert of Africa, for all I know.'

'And we're right out of touch of anybody? Miles away from the nearest house?'

'Hundreds of miles,' said the driver fervently and with convincing inaccuracy. 'That full forty at least, as I tell you. I don't know of even a shack out this way.'

'I don't suppose there is one. Trust Neuburg and his gang for that,' said Clement bitterly, reviewing the situation and finding its meaning.

'There may be a telephone in that old mine,' suggested the detective, with no great conviction.

'Oh, there may be,' said the driver. 'There may be a "Packhard de luxe" only waiting to take us back. Anyhow, to look won't mean any harm. An' it'll be occupation. There's all the night yet.'

Clement and the detective went round by the trail to the abandoned mine. They felt their way carefully with their torches, and they carried their pistols ready. There was no need for the latter. The mine was stark and empty, its buildings degenerating into rot, its workings choked with weeds. There was not a telephone there.

They had left another torch with the driver, and he had spent his time carefully surveying the position of the car in the rather vague hope that she might be got out of the slime lake on her own power. As Clement and his companion returned, he called out to them, 'Nothin' doing with th' old girl. It'll take a team to pull her clear, and an overhaul in a garage when she is clear an' back at Cobalt. But she won't sink any more, so she's safe to sleep in.'

'We'll send back that team,' said Clement. He turned to the detective. 'Or, rather, I will. There's no need for you to walk in; I'll send back another car.'

'I'll come along,' said Gatineau.

'A hell of a walk on a dark night with a trail bad enough to be easily missed. You're risking a lot,' said the driver.

'We've got to,' answered Clement. 'You see, the reason we were lured out here, and marooned, is, as I look at it, that those people in the car want to get us out of the way, and keep us out of the way, away from Cobalt, for a long time.—Isn't that the way you see this, Mr Gatineau?'

'That's the only reason in it,' agreed the detective. 'I should say that we got to Cobalt before Neuburg and his lot were ready for us, before they had time to do whatever they wanted to do. On the spur of the moment they had to decide on this desperate trick to get us out into the wilds and strand us here. I take it that the man in the car signalled to Siwash directly he saw him.'

'I agree in the main,' said Clement, who had been thinking hard. 'But not that it was on the spur of the moment. This thing has been well planned. They knew of this derelict mine. They knew of this tricky bit of road that would land the unwary in the slime lake. They knew if they could get us out here we might be landed helpless. And to get us out here—well, Siwash must have been the bait. I don't see how they knew we knew of his presence on the train'——

'Perhaps his showing himself at North Bay was deliberate,' said the detective. 'Half-breed Indians with all the tricks of the woods don't give themselves away so easily. Although it's rather late in the day to remember that.'

'And the fact is neither here nor there, anyhow,' said Clement. 'Our chief concern is that we are out here, marooned; that we are ten or more hours' tramp away from Cobalt on this bad trail, and that during those ten hours Neuburg and his rogues will be able to do things—things connected'—he meant to mention Heloise Reys's name, but he boggled at that, saying instead, 'do things that our presence in Cobalt would have prevented. They have scored, and gained very valuable time.'

'But they, whoever you're talking about, *have* gained it,' pointed out the driver. 'You can't get away from that. That being so, where's the value of risking that tramp along a dangerous trail in a dark night? It's mortal easy to stray and get lost in these parts.'

'That's a risk I think we've got to take,' said Clement. 'They may be counting on the fact that we won't try to follow the trail during the night. I mean by that, they may need more time than those ten hours. Again, we may have luck, may hit upon a shack or a homestead where we could get a rig or some conveyance. And always, too, the closer we keep to their heels the more likely we are to keep touch with the scoundrels.'

'I don't know who they are, but these fellers seem a healthy lot of toughs from the indications thrown off,' said the driver. And as he voiced his ignorance Clement swung round on him with an inspiration.

'Do you know a man named Henry Gunning?' he demanded.

'Henry Gunning!' cried the driver. 'What! again? Do I know him? Why, the feller's an epidemic.'

Clement, startled by the tone of the man's voice, simply echoed the expression 'An epidemic?'

'He's certainly that. The whole world's asking after him.'

'What do you mean by the whole world?' demanded Clement in some excitement.

'In a manner o' speaking, I mean. I mean, he seemed an ordinary sort of feller up to a day or so ago. Then a big, fat man hits the burg, and he and a feller with him begins to agitate for this Henry Gunning'——

'That is Neuburg and Joe Wandersun. The big man is Neuburg,' said Clement.

'That's Neuburg,' said the driver. 'Well, I can understand your lack of heartiness about him—a shifty-looking mammoth he is. Well, then, they asked and asked fer Henry Gunning, regler raised the burg. And then, when they'd finished—when the subject might be considered dropped, so to speak—there came the ladies'——

'The two ladies,' said Clement quickly.

'Yep, the queen one, a real swell Jane, and the plain prune one. They made the burg to-day, and they asked. Henry Gunning is most sought after. The big shark had nothin' on them ladies in eagerness for Henry. An' now here's you.'

This seemed all very strange to Clement. If Neuburg had asked for Gunning, why should Heloise, in her turn, have had to ask so persistently? He said, 'I don't quite follow this. The big man asked for Gunning, you say, and then the lady asked. Does that mean that Neuburg did not find Gunning?'

'Oh, he found him. He found him fine. You bet *he* found him all right, all right.' From the amusement in the driver's tone it was evident that there was some ripe story connected with Neuburg's discovery of Gunning.

Clement ignored that. 'Well, then, why the lady? Why did she have to ask for Gunning?'

'Why?' said the driver. 'Why—don't you see?—because that Neuburg feller found him first, see.'

'I don't see at all.'

'Well, he found him first, didn't he? Took him away. Beat it with him'——

'What!' cried Clement; 'are you saying Gunning has left Cobalt with Neuburg?'

'First train out, sure,' said the man. 'This mornin', or, rather, yesterday mornin'.'

'And the lady'——

'But ain't I bin tellin' you all the time Henry was gone when she came in?'

Clement stared amazed at the faint blur of white that in the darkness represented the driver's face.

In the pause the detective, Gatineau, said, 'Then Miss Reys, this lady and her companion, are still in Cobalt?'

'They certainly are.'

Clement spoke. 'Until the first train out,' he said bitterly. 'That's why we're here. That is the meaning of this marooning. We were lured out here so that Miss Reys can be got away from Cobalt without our meeting or seeing her. They can't very well get her out of Cobalt until the morning; so they got me—us—out of Cobalt instead.'

Indeed, it was unmistakable. Gunning had been whisked out of Cobalt to some unconjecturable place, either because he was not in a fit state to see Heloise, or because, hearing of Clement's pursuit, Neuburg feared that his plan might be interrupted. Heloise, who would easily learn Gunning's destination, would follow him; but the coming of Clement to Cobalt, and his seeing Heloise and telling her of the plotting against her, meant the ruin of Neuburg's plans. Therefore Heloise and Clement must be kept apart until she could again start out on a journey to an unknown (so far as Clement was concerned) destination, and be swallowed by the vastness of Canada.

That was why Siwash, in his car, had lured Clement and his companions into the heart of this desolate place. Clement was to be marooned out of harm's way—and he was so marooned. The trick had been a complete success.

(*Continued on page 307.*)

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

UNDER a leafy canopy
We walk'd, at summer's height—
He was a five-years' child, and I
A gray, a world-worn wight.

With life's first wonder in his eyes,
First smiles upon his lips,
His warm, soft hand in trustful wise
Into my hand he slips.

And for a moment, if so long,
We dwelt in fond delight—
My heart grown weak, as his grew strong,
By love's all-mastering might.

But soon the homing schoolboys pass—
The little fingers wind
And twitch to be released, alas!
Lest he be left behind.

So struggling, in the gardener's net,
A captive bird is found;
A troutlet so will pant and fret,
Having o'erleapt his bound.

But I held fast, and faster still,
The time being all too short
Of wise discourse to take our fill,
Our fill of fair disport.

In vain! for from my grasp he breaks,
And to his kind is flown;
Nor recks he of the blank it makes
When his bright glance is gone!

Yet wherefore pause, my winsome one,
Upon your golden way?
Your gracious errand, duly done,
Demands no longer stay:

A fair dream on a wakeful night,
Or, on a toilsome road,
A draught of pure and cool delight,
Most bounteously bestow'd.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

By CHARLES G. HARPER.

PART I.

I.

MANY years ago Mrs Hemans wrote these lines:

> The stately homes of England,
> How beautiful they stand
> Amidst their tall ancestral trees
> O'er all the pleasant land.

They stand there yet, as stately as ever they were, but a good many have changed ownership since then, and the practice of selling properties is proceeding at an ever-increasing rate. The various Finance Acts passed through Parliament, beginning with Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties, are responsible in great part for the break-up of big estates and the selling of ancestral homes and collections of pictures; and apprehensions of greater burdens have also had their effect. But it is to be noticed that in a good many instances the peers and country gentlemen who are now throwing their properties so freely on the market are selling land rather than the ancestral roof-tree. Outlying acres are going at an extraordinary rate, and auctioneers and estate-agents have never had so prosperous a time as of late.

This wholesale selling of broad acres is not altogether so alarming as it may at first sight appear. Holders are selling at the top of a buoyant market, at prices far above any dreamed of twenty years ago, and with the proceeds they can pay off heavy and long-standing mortgages, or can invest in gilt-edged securities, which give them neither trouble nor anxiety. Moreover, at sales there must be buyers, and it is reassuring to those who desire stability to see both farmers and the new-rich purchasing and becoming landowners—the first in the way of business, and the second in an ambition to become a landed aristocracy. Both are prepared, and at a high price, to risk what fate has in store.

After all, land remains when all else decays. Rightly is it called 'real estate.' Every one feels the call of land, and desires to own some. As Pope put it years ago:

> Happy the man whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound,
> Content to breathe his native air
> In his own ground.

But not always is it the acres that come nowadays to market. Sometimes the ancient and stately homes also change hands. Sometimes, again, those mansions are so large and so stately that no one can be found willing to bear the burden of living in them. For, as a general rule, the more stately the home, the less of a home it is. 'Stateliness,' we may say, came into vogue in the time of Queen Anne, and spread alarmingly throughout the eighteenth century, when the classic tradition grew upon the decay in turn of the Tudor and the Renaissance styles of architecture. Then the nobility and gentry built for themselves those vast country-seats, with pillared elevations and enormous reception-rooms, which are the despair of their descendants. There were great houses before then, but never was there such an era for bigness as that. The Marquis of Rockingham, in 1750, built himself a mansion at Wentworth Woodhouse, near Rotherham, large enough for the Prince of Wales; Sir Rowland Winn built at Nostell Priory one fit for the Marquis of Rockingham; and Mr Wrightson of Cudworth built a house fit for Sir Rowland Winn. Each provided himself with a 'stately home' far beyond his own needs and status. That was in Yorkshire, but the same idea prevailed throughout England. Wentworth Woodhouse is the largest private mansion in this country. Its frontage extends to close upon six hundred feet, and all its appointments are on the scale of vastness. It used to be the scene of a noble and indiscriminate hospitality. A stranger had only to call there and ask, for him to be given a glass of ale and bread-and-cheese *ad lib.*; while the entertainments were on a regal scale. This gigantic mansion has long been the home of the Earls Fitzwilliam, the daughter and heiress of the third Marquis of Rockingham having married the third earl.

There is an exceptionally stately home which, although not supposed to be larger than Earl Fitzwilliam's in its cubic contents, has the largest frontage. This is Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, the old seat of the Temples, Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos. The length of its elevation is 916 feet.

There was once, indeed, a mansion larger

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than Wentworth Woodhouse. This was Campden House, at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, a truly 'stately home,' built in 1615 by Sir Baptist Hicks. It lasted only thirty-two years, for it was destroyed during the Civil War, when the Royalists burned it, lest it should serve as a harbourage for the rebels. Two pillars and a garden-house are the sole remains of this great mansion.

Campden House was probably comfortable as well as stately, for at that time architects had not lost sight of the fact, as their successors did for certainly two hundred years, that a house is intended for a home, as well as for entertaining on a spectacular scale. The most remarkable features of a typical eighteenth-century country-house of the stately order, beside its great size, are the care lavished upon the enormous banqueting-halls and drawing-rooms and the exceeding meanness of most of the bedrooms. Everything for display and nothing for comfort. Pope truly remarked upon this:

> 'Thanks, sir,' cried I, ''tis very fine,
> But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?'

Pope wrote thus of Blenheim Palace, after the following catalogue of grandeurs:

> See, sir, here's the grand approach;
> This way is for His Grace's coach;
> There lies the bridge, and here's the clock;
> Observe the lion and the cock,
> The spacious court, the colonnade,
> And mark how wide the hall is made;
> The chimneys are so well design'd
> They never smoke in any wind.
> This gallery's contrived for walking,
> The windows to retire and talk in;
> The council-chamber for debate,
> And all the rest are rooms of state.

Well might the poet conclude, after this recital:

> I find by all you have been telling,
> That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

Blenheim, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, stands in a park eleven miles round, and has a frontage three hundred and forty-eight feet long, in a style suggestive of a public institution rather than a residence. Built for the great John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, who was dead before it was completed, it has ever been a cause of disputes and scandals. The Blenheim treasures of art were famous, but most were dispersed by the seventh and eighth dukes —in the first instance because the ducal revenues were straitened by the upkeep of the vast pile, and in the second partly through personal extravagance. The famous 'Marlborough gems' were sold, and the pictures almost wholly went—four hundred and fifty of them. Among these were the 'Madonna Ansidei,' by Raphael, gift of the King of Prussia to the first duke, and Van Dyck's 'Charles the First.' These two were purchased by the trustees of the National Gallery for £70,000 and £50,000 respectively. With Vanderbilt money, brought in by the present duke's wife (the second of two successive American duchesses), many of the Blenheim objects of art have been restored; but it had often been stated by the late duke that he could not afford to live at Blenheim. He instanced, as a minor example of his expenses, that he spent £200 a year on putty for the windows!

Castle Howard, the stately and monumental seat of the Earl of Carlisle, is another of Vanbrugh's solid designs: those architectural heavyweights which led to the famous proposed epitaph upon that architect who was also noted as a dramatist, but whose comedies are, compared with the brilliant wit of Sheridan's immortal plays, as plum-pudding to puff-pastry:

> Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Castle Howard, in the distant view, affords a more pleasing spectacle than Blenheim. It is three hundred and twenty-three feet in length, only twenty-five feet less than the Duke of Marlborough's palace.

Chatsworth, the Italianate palatial residence of the Duke of Devonshire, was completed in 1707. It stands in a great park, ten miles in circumference—that is to say, rather larger than Richmond Park, which is nine miles round. Twenty years were occupied in building Chatsworth. The fourth Earl of Devonshire had been raised to the status of a duke, and he desired to be housed ducally. The sixth duke, in 1820, was seized with the brick-and-mortar (or in this case should we not say the marble-and-freestone?) mania, and undertook extensions occupying another twenty years. Like most other vast piles of the kind, it is a veritable treasure-house of art; and in common with its fellows, it has state-bedrooms and state-beds which hardly permit distinguished visitors to remain mere human beings between night and morning. One wonders what the great Duke of Wellington, visiting here, thought of them after his little, bare chamber and iron truckle-bed of a Spartan simplicity at Walmer Castle.

Welbeck Abbey, seat of the Duke of Portland, is a place famous far beyond its architectural merits, by reason of the eccentric building-operations of that mysterious recluse, the fifth duke, kinsman and predecessor of the present holder of the title. The 'Abbey,' which takes its name from a mediæval religious house formerly occupying this site, stands in that lovely Sherwood Forest district well known as 'the Dukeries.' It is not abbatial or Gothic in style, but rather of an uninspired and lumpish Palladian architecture, the exterior singularly resembling the usual type of a public institution for the unfortunate or the afflicted, rather than a ducal residence. Its long, rambling passages give so lengthy a route between kitchen and dining-rooms that a tramway has been laid down to ensure a quick delivery, and to make it possible for the duke, his family,

and his guests to obtain hot meals, instead of the half-cold ones with which his predecessors, uncomfortable in their widespread magnificence, had to be content. Visitors who know both the Zoological Gardens and Welbeck Abbey find a curious parallel between the Welbeck domestic tramway and those in the 'Zoo,' although it is not suggested that the lions have hot dinners.

The fifth duke's mole-like subterranean burrowings are not greatly used nowadays. The famous Welbeck tunnels, which he was still busily constructing at the time of his death in 1879, are said to have cost, together with his underground rooms, the great riding-school, and other works, some two millions sterling. The tunnels, which, regarded purely as engineering works, are not astonishing to any one used to our marvellous tube-railways, are just what engineers would term 'cut and cover' work—that is to say, shallow, and made by the simple process of cutting a sufficiently wide trench and then roofing it over. The only remarkable thing about them is that any one should have taken the fancy to construct these long underground approaches to, and exits from, the house, while nothing prevented the use of the ordinary drives. The longest of these tunnels is one-and-a-half miles, and emerges into daylight at the south lodge in the park. Like the others, it is lighted partly by glass 'bull's-eyes' in the roof, and in part by gas. The present duke prefers the sunshine and open air, and so some of the fifth duke's gloomy constructions have fallen derelict.

The equally famous so-called 'underground' ballroom and picture-gallery is no more wonderful in itself than the basement rooms of old-fashioned town houses.

One of the wonders of Welbeck—the great conservatory—was abolished in 1920. The cost of maintenance had become so great that the duke had it blown up with dynamite, as the labour of demolishing it by hand would have been too costly.

(*Continued on page 326.*)

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

IV.

THE three men walked back along the trail towards the mining-town of Cobalt. The driver, with the unconcern of the Canadian, decided to leave his car where it was bogged in the lake and come with them. When he had switched off the head and rear lights they set out. Indeed, it was all to the good that this very sterling fellow came, for, though they went carefully, using their torches whenever they were in difficulties, there were times when his lead saved them from going astray. There were times when other trails branched away in such a deceptive manner as to make them doubt which was the right track. At these points the driver bent earthward, examining the tracks with the torch. 'This is the way,' he would say. 'There's the heart-shaped tread from the new Oldfield tire I got on the back-wheel.'

Moreover, he talked of Gunning and Neuburg in a manner that not only helped to enliven and pass the time, but also put Clement in possession of very valuable information. 'This guy Gunning hit Cobalt—well, days ago,' he said. 'He was half-plastered then, sh'd say. He got a below-surface job at the Kipawa mine, and the next thing you noticed was that some one had filled a prescription.* He began to be considerable lit up, though not enough to make him go bad on his job. I noticed the feller first because he used to sit about in the billiard-parlour I appertain to, scornin' soft drinks out loud and talkin' consistent. He's sure some talker, that Gunning feller.'

'Did he talk about himself?' asked Clement.

'Like hell he did. He'd talk about everythin', that feller. He give us th' story of his sad past, an' th' story of his thirsty present, and the story of his bonanza future. Pertickerly that future. 'Pears that when he gets evens with that future of his, Rockefeller, an' Timmins of Timmins, an' little ole Carnegie will look dear at thirty cents. His is the biggest noise in futures. There's mines and Wall Street finance in it, an' fruit-farmin' in the Okanagan, an' pulp an' lumber in Vancouver Island, all manner o' things, though he don't appear settled which is to be the which yet. But he is certain sure about one thing—it's all comin' to him through a girl.'

'Did he—did he mention the name of the girl?'

'He did, sir; it's a swell looker of a girl name of Heloise Reys. This girl you tole me of, I take it.'

'The swine!' said Clement harshly, wishing he could get his hands to the fellow who was so lost to decency that he made a woman's name a byword in saloons. 'Go on.'

'Well, he is the mean white all right, as you indicate,' said the driver. 'But I guess you want me to put you all wise. This girl, ses he, has a whole raft of dollars. Regler rolls in 'em. An' she's sweet on him. He ain't at all clean about that girl, Steve. The way he talks about her you c'n see he thinks her a soft fool. I didn't like his talk nohow, nor did th' other

* The only legal way to get whisky in Ontario, which is 'Dry,' is through a doctor's prescription, exchangeable at a Drug Store.

fellers. One of the chaps offered to break him up. . . . Still, that ain't in the recital'——

'It's good to hear, anyhow,' said Clement with rage in his voice.

'Ay. Well, there it was; this girl had been sweet on him when she was only a kid, he tole us. She had kep' true to love's young dream. She couldn't live without him, an' so she was comin' out to marry him in spite of all the world. She was travelling right across the water after years and years of separation to marry him. One feller said, mad-like, that any girl who acted like that fer the sake of Henry must 'a bin born crazy; an' Henry answered with a cunning grin, "Sure thing; but that don't matter so long as she's got the dough." An' another chap said, "Well, she ain't seen you in years, hey? Well, she'll only have to drop one look at a roughneck like you to be put wise." But Henry, he merely sniggered superior, an' said that he knew all there was to know about handlin' women. He'd deliver the c'rrect dope when the time came all right, all right. . . . Well, then, he'd been talking like this fer some days when this big chap come along.'

'But before that,' asked Clement—'did he say why he was in Cobalt, what he was doing there, whether he meant to meet the girl there?'

'He was just having his final spree; that's what he said. He'd come along to hit it up fer the last and final time fer the present. He was going to have one whale of a time, and then he was going back to play the good young man—anyhow, until he had hooked the girl and her money sure and safe.'

'And the big man came along and stopped that?' put in Clement.

'Yep. It was worth watching, I c'n 'ssure you. He steps off the train, and even as he checked his baggage he was askin' the baggage-master if he knew this guy Henry Gunning. Then he came out and asked others in the station. He asked earnestly, describin' the feller so patly an' anxiously that it began to be talked about, and chaps like meself, who knew Gunning, but who weren't there when this big feller made the town, got to hear of it. We all flocked down to give him the necessary infermation, but he had Henry's number pretty sure, an' was already doing his round of the low joints and billiard-dives. I came up with him just as he was going into me own habitual billiard-parlour, where Henry was usually located. When I saw that great, big, silent guy—say, did you notice how quick he is on his feet in spite of the bulk of him?—goin' in after our semi-filleted Henry, why, I guessed it'd be somethin' worth attending to. So I follered that guy in. An' it was a one-reel Bad Man *v.* the Compelling Eye act from the very first, I can 'ssure you.'

'What happened exactly?'

'Nuthin'. An' it was real thrillin'. Gunning, more 'n half-canned, was sittin' an' braggin' as big as a mountain an' as loud as Niag'ra. He was tellin' the tale, proper an' big. An' that big guy of yourn just came in an' stood beside the door an' looked. An' in the middle of a fortissimo passage that look began to dawn upon Henry. Henry sort o' faltered in his stride; his eloquence lagged; he switched round; he saw the big guy; his jaw fell open, and ceased to shut. He sat the jelliest-lookin' thing you ever did see, staring at your Neuburg. An' your Neuburg looked back, not at him, you know, but acrost his shoulder—a queer trick that. Them little, cold eyes of hisn, looking silently acrost Henry's shoulder, made me feel shivvery.'

Clement nodded. He knew that curious look, and could appreciate the driver's feelings.

'Well, then, Henry went green and limp. An' he stared like a man scared out of his life, while all the time the big guy stood there lookin' acrost his shoulder without a word. An' in a minnit Henry began to shake, an' he said in a quaverin' sort of voice, "Hello, Adolf!" At that the big man jist smiled, an' it was the coldest, cruel smile I've ever see'd; an' yet he said not a word, but switched his eyes just fer a second into Henry's, an' then turned an' went out o' the parlour. An' Henry got up an' follered him. You could see he hated doin' it. You could see he was scared crazy. Why, he could scarcely stand, an' it wasn't the drink in him that had made his knees shaky. But though he had to do it staggerin', Henry follered the big guy, who'd never said a word. I guess Henry knew it was sudden death not to. That big Neuburg looked a hell of a feller to cross.'

'He is,' said Clement tersely. 'And what next?'

'Well, Henry staggered out after the guy. An' me being near the door, I strolled along too. The guy walked straight down town without lookin' round, an' Henry shambles after. They got to a hotel, an' the big guy met another feller there—a feller who had come with him on the train. They talked a bit, Henry standing by like a whipped schoolboy, not noticed by either. Then the new feller hands Neuburg a key, and Neuburg goes upstairs. He didn't look round, an' Henry, though he sort o' hesitated, never really faltered, but walked up after, like a big dog. I don't know what happened upstairs or after; but later in the day the big feller went down to the deepo with Henry, lookin' more sick nor any man had a right to be, cringing after him. They boarded a train, an' that was the end of them.'

'And the next thing, I suppose, was the arrival of the lady?'

'Yep, that was the next thing. She came along and went to the hotel and began to ask, just like the big guy. Only, before she had asked a lot, asked the fellers like me who really did know the whole story, she stopped askin'.'

'How do you know that?'

'Why, didn't I go to her meself? Well, I did that. When I heard she was askin' fer Gunning, an' being about the only feller who had seen the whole thing through, I went along to the hotel to lay infermation.'

'And you saw her, Miss Reys herself?'

'Not her, exactly; her companion,' said the driver—and Clement knew that again a barrier had been placed between Heloise and the truth; that this man, who might have told her something about Henry Gunning, had, in fact, been kept away from Heloise deliberately. 'I saw the companion. Niceish woman, but handy with the frozen mitt. She was very much obliged, an' all that; was most kind o' me to come along, an' all that; but Miss Reys had found out all she required. She was in full persession of all the facts relating to an' concerned of one Henry Gunning.'

'Did you believe her?'

'Well, I were a bit knocked, I must say. I didn't quite see how anybody could have got to Miss Reys with the full an' detailed facts. Howsomever, what could I do? She stood there handing out the begone-with-you stuff, and I had to beat it. Course I told her that if there was anythin' I could do I was absolutely at her service.'

'And to that she said?'

'Thanks, and it was mos' kind o' me, but there was nothing they required. They had done all they wanted in Cobalt, an' wouldn't be staying on.'

'She said that, did she? Did she drop a hint where they were going?'

'Not my place to ask, an' she was none of your givin'-away sort. I just pocketed the dollar bill she handed across, an' beat it. An' that 's that.'

It was 'that' indeed. There was nothing unexpected about the recital, and yet it confirmed Clement Seadon's worst surmises. Neuburg had found and taken Henry Gunning away because he was not in a fit condition to meet Heloise, and also because the approach of Clement himself endangered that meeting. Heloise, arriving later, had first begun to ask after Gunning, and then by some sort of message or telegram—perhaps the man Joe, pretending to be a Cobalt friend of Gunning, had seen her at once—she had learnt that Gunning had left the town. She had probably learnt, too, where Gunning had gone to, and, since she had no reason to suspect him of knowing either that she was in Canada searching for him or that he was a tool in a criminal conspiracy directed against her, she had determined to follow her old-time sweetheart.

The companion Méduse had acted as guard, and had successfully blocked the way to any information concerning the real character of Gunning reaching the girl. While Méduse Smythe isolated the girl in the hotel, Siwash and his companion, by luring the Englishman out into the wilds, had seen to it that Clement was kept out of the way until the girl left. The completeness of the planning was admirable, and Heloise would vanish once more into the vast spaces of the Dominion without a word of the terrible truth reaching her.

And that plan was even more complete than Clement guessed, as soon became evident.

The three men had now tramped steadily for two hours along the trail towards Cobalt, and the sky began to fill with that gray light which is the promise of the coming day. They could see the trail at their feet, obtain a hint as to the utter loneliness and desolation of the surrounding country. The humped plain had, for the moment, given way to a ragged stretch of rocks that gave it an air of bleakness and ugliness.

Yet it brought a touch of hope also. They had not seen a house, nor even a prospector's shack, but they were aware that the trails branching into and out of their own had increased in number, and that, though this gave trouble in deciding upon their own route, it also indicated that they were at least approaching a stretch of land where habitations might be met.

It was while they were bending over a junction of trails, searching for the heart-shaped tread of their tire, that the next development of Neuburg's zeal in criminal efficiency manifested itself.

As they bent a fluff of grit kicked up almost in their faces. And then another. And as the dust rose they heard the 'whit-whit' of bullets, and, on top of that, the snap of a pistol.

'Whit-whit' went another bullet, a yard only from Clement, and 'sn-nap' went the distant pistol. The driver sprang erect with an oath. Clement flung him to the ground. 'Down on your tummy,' he cried, and he was down himself. 'Down, and crawl to cover under those rocks. There 's a man on that rocky outcrop ahead of us, overhanging the trail. And he 's shooting to kill.'

(*Continued on page 329.*)

TREE-SUGAR.

A REMARKABLE botanical discovery has recently been made which may have the effect of augmenting considerably our sugar-supply. It has long been known that sugar could be obtained from the maple-tree, but it has now been found that practically all shrubs contain a percentage of sweet sap which can be concentrated. With comparatively few exceptions, it would not pay to work the process; the exceptions, however, seem so rich in sugar-

sap as to promise to rival the best West Indian cane.

It appears that certain kinds of fir-trees which grow in abundance in so many parts of the Empire contain a hitherto rare trisaccharide in greater quantities than do some of the low-grade canes. This trisaccharide was formerly obtained from Persia and Turkestan, and was for generations one of the sources from which Asiatic countries obtained sugar. The Douglas fir, which grows in such quantities in British Columbia, yields a sap which contains an appreciable percentage of trisaccharide, and as soon as this source is worked on a commercial scale some thousands of tons of pure sugar should be forthcoming. At a moderate estimate, over a hundred thousand tons of tree-sugar per annum should ultimately be obtainable in Canada alone.

In a sense the discovery is not new, as native tribes in all parts of the world have had some knowledge of tree-sugar.

In British Columbia the sap of the fir-tree has been collected and boiled down for generations by Indian tribes, who gained their knowledge by noting the avidity with which bears tore down and devoured the branches. In spite of this, the sugar-bearing properties of this particular tree were not generally known to white men until a few months ago, when they were discovered by Professor John Davidson, botanist in charge at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver.

A curious point in connection with this particular tree is that the richness of the sap is such that wherever it exudes, from any cause, it crystallises, and flakes of pure sugar, from a quarter of an inch to two inches in width, and weighing from a fraction of an ounce to a quarter of a pound or more, form amongst the needles. These flakes are white in colour, and are of such purity that they can be used for domestic purposes without further refining. The opinion of Professor Davidson is that this natural sugar is superior, as regards sweetness, to that which has passed through a refining process.

It has been found that practically all the trees in the dry belt are sugar-producers, the most prolific being those on the northern and eastern slopes, whilst a very scanty yield was obtainable from the trees in heavily forested areas. This has been explained by pointing out that in the favourable regions there was a better air-circulation, whilst the trees received more sunlight and the ground was warmer. Trees exposed to a good supply of sunlight gather in their leaves carbohydrates. Ordinarily these are taken into the plant at night to supply tissue and storage-cells. It is stated, however, that in the dry belt an abnormal amount of carbohydrates accumulated on the firs. At the same time the soil, warmed by the sun, increased the root-activity so much in this region, where the nights are hot, dry, and short, that the roots worked on into the night absorbing moisture. As a result of the increased root-activity the root-pressure was immensely increased. This and the cessation of transpiration caused the leaves to become gorged with water. This water presently was forced to exude out of the leaf-tips into the hot, dry night, and rapidly evaporated. The water was heavily charged with sugar from the leaf-cells, which remained clinging when the water evaporated.

It is apparent that, whilst at first the free sugar could be collected and marketed, no dependence could be placed on either the quality or the quantity of a crop depending upon such fortuitous circumstances for its formation. It has been pointed out that in the hot season the occurrence of a few dull days enables the trees to use much of the excess sugar, or store it as starch to serve as a food-reserve. The cooling of the air also affects the activity of the sugar-forming cells in the leaves, and the roots absorb less moisture as the ground cools. Thus the Indians accept the sugar-yield as something to be fully taken advantage of in the good years, but as something to which they cannot look forward with any degree of assurance, though they do get a good deal on the average.

For commercial working it would, of course, be necessary to tap the trees and deal with the sap, instead of depending upon natural exudation, and it will be interesting to learn the results of the experiments in this direction which will, no doubt, be made immediately.

THE MYSTERY OF THE *WELL MET.*

CHAPTER V.—SURPRISE.

UTTERLY amazed, Hervey remained motionless—so astonished, indeed, that he almost doubted the evidence of his own senses. But when he closed his eyes and opened them and looked again the girl was still there, and he began to understand that she was real, and that, in fact, there had been hidden on board this boat a woman whose existence had been carefully concealed from him.

He noticed another thing now—that Drew was holding her by the wrist in a manner strongly suggesting that she was under restraint.

She was a prisoner, then; and, if so, she must be confined aft in the part of the ship that he had been so cunningly prevented from approaching by the tale of infection lingering there. But if she really were confined there, and brought on deck at intervals for a little fresh air and

exercise, it followed that there was aft no such danger of infection as Wilson and his companions had pretended to fear, and it followed also that the whole of their story of cholera and the deaths caused by it was false.

If so; if the captain of the schooner and the rest of the crew, other than these four, had not died of sickness; and if the Kanakas, who had undoubtedly been on board at one time, had not fled for fear of the sickness, what could have become of them all?

What had happened, then, and where were they, and what had been their fate?

For a moment Hervey felt sick and dazed with horror unspeakable, as he dimly glimpsed a tragedy more awful than his worst imaginings could have conceived.

This captive girl, too, the rigid and death-like pallor of whose beauty seemed now to tell him plainly of dreadful things that she had known, was perhaps the sole survivor of them all. What a position was hers, alone with these four men whose dark and scowling villainy had so impressed him even beneath the mark of their assumed goodwill! So far it seemed that they had spared her; but their mercy would not last for long—of that Hervey was well assured. He had a mind to spring up and rush upon them then and there; but one against four is long odds, and he knew them all to be very desperate and well armed, whereas he had no weapon.

Had he had only himself to think of, he might have risked all on one wild rush, scorning compromise, and going down, if that so chanced, in one splendid struggle. But the first necessity laid upon him was clearly to assure the safety of this lovely, lonely girl standing there by herself, in the power of men whom she must know to be murderers and outlaws.

He was well hidden as he stood half up the hatchway with his face on a level with the deck, along which he peeped cautiously; but there was some risk of discovery, since Sylvestre might wake at any moment, or the good-hearted Jacques put in an appearance. And discovery would mean, Hervey well knew, that he would have to fight for his life instantly against the four of them.

One last look he took at the pale girl whose presence on board he had so strangely discovered, and he swore to himself that he would save her or die. Then he dropped silently to the foot of the hatchway and returned across the sleeping Sylvestre to his bunk, where he lay down and set himself to decide on his best plan of action.

Two things were very plain to him. First, that he had little time to spare, for Manilla was not far away, and once they reached port, there would be no further need for him—which would mean, he had a very strong belief, that he would be promptly and effectively disposed of. Second, it was plain that somehow or other he must get in touch with the girl and let her know that she had a friend on board. Revolving various schemes in his mind, he lay still for a long time, till at last he decided on what seemed to him the simplest and most direct plan. Then he sat up with a prodigious yawn and much stretching of his arms and legs, purposely making noise enough to waken Sylvestre.

'Isn't there any grub ready?' he asked Sylvestre grumblingly when that individual sat up and looked around.

'I 'll go and see,' Sylvestre answered, and went off, really, as Hervey guessed, to make sure that all was clear and the prisoner safely hidden below again.

A steady and favourable wind had sprung up while he was below, but Hervey made a show of considerable uneasiness, and remarked once or twice that he would have to keep a good look-out that night. About midnight he established himself at the wheel, and waited patiently for a couple of hours. The night was dark, the breeze very steady, so that the weather conditions were favourable as he hurriedly lashed the wheel, and next committed one of the greatest of all sea crimes—abandoning his post at the helm. Hurrying forward on light and cautious feet, he found Sylvestre curled up in a snug corner sound asleep, and a little way off Jacques, who was supposed to be the look-out man, snoring in the bows in such a position that one strong push must certainly have sent him overboard. Hervey was very strongly tempted to avail himself of the opportunity presented to him, but the thing seemed a little too much like murder, and so he left him there fast asleep, and hurried back to the aft hatch.

This was carefully battened down, as Wilson had taken opportunity to point out to him when speaking of the fear they all had of the infection supposed to be lurking in the cabins below. But Hervey was not surprised, when he came to look more closely, to find that the fastening was more secure in appearance than in reality, and that the hatch could easily be opened. In a moment he had it uncovered, and hurrying below, he found himself facing the door, slightly open, of the main cabin. He entered it, and looked quickly around by the light of a small lantern he had brought with him. It was just such a cabin as that of any other small trading-schooner, except for one or two small signs that suggested a woman's hand had once been busy there. On one side were the doors of three smaller cabins. He tried the first, and found it empty. When he tried the second, he found it locked, and a slight noise from within told him it was occupied.

He stooped and put his lips to the keyhole.

'Hist!' he whispered warningly. 'Hist! Who is there?'

'Who is it? What do you want? What do

you want?' a quick, high voice called, its tones vibrant with intense fear.

'Hist!' he called again. 'Don't be afraid; don't make a noise. I'm a friend.'

'That's a lie,' the voice answered. 'I have no friends here. You are all murderers—all. Go away, or I will scream till the others know what you are doing.'

'I'm not one of them. For God's sake, listen to me,' he whispered again. 'Be careful—don't make a noise. Listen.'

'I will not,' she answered. 'I know you all—all of you. If you are still there when I've counted three, I shall begin to scream to let the others know. One—two'——

'Don't be a fool,' he broke in roughly; 'you'll destroy us both. Are you so safe and happy you can afford to throw away a chance of help?'

'Help from you—from any of you?' she answered bitterly. 'I will never trust you.'

'Then I'm done, and so are you,' he answered. 'My name is Hervey Drake, and I've been wrecked, and picked up by these men when I was nearly dead from hunger. I did not know you were on board. They told me the captain and part of the crew had died from cholera, and that all this part of the ship was locked up for fear of infection. But I got sight of you this afternoon on deck, and I'm risking my life to get a word with you. For Heaven's sake, trust me and open the door.'

'But I can't,' she answered. 'I fasten it myself, but it's locked on the outside as well.'

'Do you know where the key is?'

'Sometimes it's on the shelf near the stove,' she answered.

He looked, and by good fortune found it there. Taking it, he unlocked her door, and then, though she still hesitated a moment, the door opened and she came out. She was fully dressed, for she had lain down in her clothes, and she looked at him with great eyes of utter fear, one hand pressed against her beating heart, and one lifted to her throat, where he could see the muscles moving convulsively. But she faced him with a proud bearing for all her obvious fear.

'Who are you?' she said. 'Have you come to kill me? You are not one of them?'

'No, no,' he answered. 'I have come to save you, God helping me.'

She did not answer, but looked at him very earnestly by the dim light of the lantern he carried, and with an anxiety that was a veritable anguish.

'Won't you trust me?' he said gently.

'At least you are none of them,' she said with a little gasp.

'I am not,' he exclaimed; and with a kind of restrained passion he went on: 'You must trust me; it's the only chance for us both. Tell me what has happened.'

'The schooner belongs to my father,' she answered. 'He is Captain Endicott. I am Lucy Endicott. I have been with him his last two voyages. We were bound for Sydney, when we sighted an open boat with four men in her. We took them on board. They said they were shipwrecked sailors. They were nearly naked and starving. Father gave them food and clothes. The next night they took us by surprise, and killed every one except father and me. They kept father alive to navigate the ship, and me, because father would have done nothing for them if they had hurt me. He only consented to help them so as to save me. They told him to take them to Manilla, but he laid their course for Australia. He hoped to get help there. But they found out somehow, and threatened us both most awfully; and now they come to him only to check the position they work out for themselves.'

'No; I've been doing that for them,' answered Hervey grimly. 'I didn't know. Where is your father?'

'In there,' she answered, pointing to one of the doors. 'He was wounded in the fight, and he is very weak and ill. They let me nurse him in the day, but at night they lock us up separately. He is so weak, I am afraid he will die of exhaustion—unless they murder us both first.'

'They sha'n't murder either you or him,' declared Hervey cheerfully; 'I'll attend to them for you. There was one of them I nearly threw overboard a few minutes ago—and I wish I had, too. Keep your courage up, and tell your father it's all right now. One honest man ought to be a match for four rogues.'

He nodded to her reassuringly, for indeed he felt quite confident of success. Numbers were against him, but he had on his side the enormous advantage of knowledge and surprise. Sylvestre and Jacques could easily be mastered as they slept, and choked into silence and insensibility before they could either resist or raise an alarm. As for Wilson and Drew sleeping in the forecastle, two swift blows with a marlinespike or a belaying-pin should account for them. His confidence was so obvious that for the first time a little hope showed in Lucy Endicott's tortured eyes, and when he nodded at her boyishly and smiled, she smiled back, so that he thought her more lovely than he had ever dreamed loveliness itself could be.

'We're all right now, you'll see,' he said, and ran up on deck.

But surprise, that puissant ally, had turned traitor, for, as Hervey Drake set foot above, a tall form rose in the darkness and struck him down with one tremendous blow that alighted crashing on his head.

'Good thing, Sylvestre,' said Wilson, stooping over the prostrate man with his cruel and evil smile—'good thing you heard them talking and warned us in time.'

(*Continued on page 333.*)

A DELTA VILLAGE.

I.

THE delta of the Irrawaddy is one of the three or four deltas in the world which have a perfect deltaic formation, and which, by reason of that formation, have become the wealthiest and most fertile parts of the countries in which they lie. Over hundreds of miles the Irrawaddy—or the Great River— flows along from the far-distant Himalayas in the north through the gorges of Upper and the plains of Lower Burma until, south of Prome, an ancient capital, it suddenly spreads out and forms innumerable creeks and waterways throughout the region between that town and the coast. For thousands of years it has been depositing silt, brought down its course, and has gradually built up a group of huge islands, most of which are highly cultivated and produce a constant supply of that rice which is an essential article of diet for one-third of the human race, the millions in the East. This land is still very low, and at times of high tide practically the whole of these thousands of square miles which form the delta of the Irrawaddy are under water. All communications throughout this region are by water, and as one moves along in an Irrawaddy flotilla launch, or in a Government steamer, one passes boats of all sizes—from *sampans* (high-prowed boats driven by the oarsman standing in the stern) and dug-outs (long canoe-shaped boats, made by hollowing a log with fire and chisel) to the elaborately carved paddy-boats and huge barges. Near a village one may witness little children paddling diminutive dug-outs, racing in great glee against the launches that pass along. The water is almost as much their home as the village street, which during the rains is the only dry land they know.

In a fertile country such as this, a large number of villages have established themselves. Most of them in the early days of British occupancy were merely scattered groups of huts, erected on the only piece of high land in the neighbourhood of the fields, which were either being brought under cultivation or were actually under cultivation. Gradually, as cultivation spread, these groups closed together, and in many parts of the delta what were villages twenty years ago have expanded into towns managed by municipal committees, who provide roads and street lighting, and secure reasonably decent sanitary arrangements for those residing within the area. Others have not yet reached that stage of advancement at which they are entitled to regard themselves as of sufficient importance to be designated towns, but many of them are built on excellent sanitary lines, and possess good roads, open spaces, bazaars, court-houses, and even in some cases electric-light or petrol-gas.

One of these villages is not unworthy of description. It lies not far from the Gulf of Martaban, on one of the numerous creeks through which the waters of the Irrawaddy discharge themselves into the sea. These creeks are frequently in places a mile in breadth; others of them are hardly broad enough to allow two steam-launches to pass each other. At one place where the main stream has made a clear break through, the breach is picturesquely styled 'The Hole in the Wall.' The land around the village is very low land, and if a visit is paid to it during the rains, the reason why most of the houses are built on posts will be discovered. If they were not, the lower storeys would be submerged. The water may be only a few inches deep, but still it is there—that overflow of the mighty torrent on which the whole country depends for its agricultural prosperity.

Although one might imagine that such conditions would be insanitary, the people seem healthy and happy. As one arrives at nightfall and ties up at the little wooden jetty provided for the purpose, innumerable lights are seen flickering along the front, little tin lamps that light up the stalls of the bazaar sellers. The hum of many voices strikes upon the ear. You wander ashore, going down the main street. On one side of you are the dark waters of the river as they pursue their unceasing way to the ocean; on the other are the houses of the principal inhabitants of the place. Many of them are quite substantial structures. Some are of brick, but the great majority are of wood. The fronts of these houses are thrown open, windows and doors alike, and in many of them one sees happy groups of people, gossiping after the day's work is done. They lie back in long arm-chairs or sit on the floor. Here a schoolboy is busily preparing his next day's lesson at a table; there the evening meal is in progress, and you see the large dish of rice from which each helps himself with his fingers, making the rice into a ball with a tasty morsel of curry-stuff, prawn, or salt or dried fish from one of the other bowls.

Everywhere is an air of contentment. The bazaar sellers outside are selling the small black Burma cheroots or the large 'whacking big' variety immortalised by Kipling, or packets of 'Polo' cigarettes, or a meal of rice fastened up in a piece of plantain-leaf, or the popcorn made from rice which children love, and to which even their parents are not averse. In another corner is an old Burmese woman turning over with deft skill a huge mass of batter, which she is making into a sort of pancake. Farther along one comes across the dynamo which produces the electric-light that is used throughout the town. The thud, thud of its engines had

become apparent as the village was approached, and the whole night long the noise persists. The dynamo appears to be an old one, but it serves its purpose. It lights the village streets, which hold about a thousand houses with five or six thousand inhabitants. It distributes light to private householders who are prepared to pay about five shillings a month for each lamp provided, and its operations are supervised by a committee, of which the local Government official is the chief member. The cost for providing this form of lighting, which is regarded—even in many of the larger towns of Europe—as still something of a luxury, is defrayed from local funds.

As we proceed along the main street—unnoticed—the strains of a musical instrument are heard, and, to our surprise, we see in the corner of a house a Burmese boy, about sixteen or seventeen, playing, not jazz or foxtrot airs, but high-class music on a piano, an instrument unknown outside the larger towns, and even there practically confined to European houses. Still going on, for most of these towns and villages in the delta stretch for long distances along the banks of the river (behind the village the land frequently dips away so that inward extensions of house-building operations are impossible, and few places with sufficient high ground are to be discovered from which earth can be taken for reclamation purposes), the next house one comes to is that of the *chetty*—a Madrassi money-lender—who, in spite of the vituperation that has been heaped upon his head, has done much to finance agricultural activities throughout the greater part of Lower Burma. It is not difficult to detect his house. The front is protected by great barred doors and windows, generally painted blue. Behind these one notices, clad in scanty garments—naked to the waist—the figure of the *chetty* making up his books after his day's transactions. He is seated by the box in which he keeps his funds and those books of accounts which are at once the despair of the income-tax collector and the marvel of the judge who has to try a suit in which the *chetty* is seeking to recover a loan from a defaulting borrower. The interest they charge may seem enormous in the eyes of the Western accustomed to the low rates prevalent in his own country. Twenty to thirty and even fifty per cent. is not uncommonly charged on well-secured loans; but in defence of the *chetty*, it may be observed that the Burman does not hesitate to take advantage of him if he can, and that the security which the *chetty* takes frequently does not serve to repay the loan which he has granted.

From the *chetty's* one passes on to a place near the bazaar where brilliant lights attract the attention of the passer-by, and a loud-voiced youth, to the accompaniment of the beating of a brass gong, invites those standing around to 'come along and take a *doh-anna* ticket' for a *Zat-pwè*—a Burmese dramatic entertainment. He is speaking in Burmese, but mixes up Hindustani (*doh-anna*—two annas or four pence) and English (ticket, which is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable) in order to cause laughter amongst the good-humoured crowd that surrounds the entrance-door. For the two annas a whole night's enjoyment may be indulged in by a people not yet sated with the more concentrated, but no less transitory, pleasures or entertainments of the larger towns. There old and young, even mothers with babies at their breasts, will sit the whole night long watching the graceful, if languid, movements of the principal *danseuse*, and listening to the time-worn jests and doubtful puns of a favourite clown. The attractions are not sufficient to overcome the repugnance which is aroused by the heat and the thickness of the fetid atmosphere, and so, after passing the local liquor-shop, at which a fermented juice of the palm-tree, or beer made from glutinous rice, is sold, and outside which a noisy crowd of Ooriya or Tamil (both Indian races) coolies are gathered, the launch, or house-boat, or dak-bungalow, or rest-house at which the night is to be spent is reached.

Before nine o'clock most of the houses have shut their doors, and all, except those at the *pwè*, have retired to rest. Any one found wandering about after that hour renders himself liable to be suspected of nefarious purposes. Owing to the large number of criminals in certain parts of Burma, the villagers have sometimes to form themselves into patrols and parade through the principal thoroughfares of the town or village in order to prevent thieves and burglars from practising their trade too easily.

II.

In the morning one is awakened by the noise made by the steam-whistle of one of the Irrawaddy flotilla launches. Looking out of the windows, one sees that it is called the *Haldo* of Glasgow—the headquarters of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. Throughout the day these launches come in and go out, discharging and carrying away hundreds of passengers as they pass from village to village. In most places they halt in the streams, sending off in a *sampan* those who wish to go ashore, and bringing back those who have been waiting for its arrival. The Burman is a great traveller. He likes nothing better than moving about from place to place, visiting his relations in some far-distant part of the country, and returning home at his own time.

Early in the morning the bazaar opens, a big, shed-like structure, in which there may be anything from fifty to two hundred or three hundred stalls. The various classes of goods sold are grouped together. There is the hardware section, where one can purchase all sorts of articles, from

lamps, pots, lanterns (made out of tin cut from kerosene-oil tins), to the agricultural *dah*—half-sword, half-chopper—from which the Burman is never separated when he makes a jungle trip or when he is clearing vegetation. It is his pocket-knife, his meat-chopper, his tree-cutting axe, his firewood-collector, and too frequently the weapon with which he makes a savage assault upon some other Burman with whom he has quarrelled. There is what is known as a *Toly-Moly* (miscellaneous) section, where all sorts of articles, from studs and buttons to pin-boxes, mirrors, belts, shirts, and sock-suspenders, can be purchased. A vegetable section, a meat section, a fish section, a dry-goods section, and a silk and cotton section fill up the main portion of the bazaar enclosure. It is here that most of the purchases of the day are made. The profits of the stall-holders are not great, but most of them, by careful economy and clever bargaining—which are outstanding characteristics of the Burmese woman—manage to earn sufficient for a livelihood.

From outside one looks towards the Government offices, in which may be found the chief local executive official, called the Township Officer—almost invariably a Burman. He is responsible for the peace and tranquillity of his township, a portion of a district, sometimes exceeding a thousand square miles. He is expected to be acquainted with all that is going on within that area; he is responsible for the collection of the land-revenue tax, the capitation-tax, and the income-tax. He is generally a magistrate, and if he has first-class powers can sentence a criminal to two years' imprisonment on one charge alone. He keeps in close touch with the activities of the police, and is frequently responsible for the work of the Treasury Department—a department through which Government pays out sums due by, and receives sums due to, it. He is also possibly in charge of the Registration Office, at which all documents of sale or mortgage of immovable property over one hundred rupees in value must be registered. He is assisted in his work by an additional magistrate and by a judge. On him depends the efficient administration of the area under his charge. He is one of the most important links in the governmental chain. He requires tact, experience, and strength of purpose to perform his duties successfully. He must also be well educated, for his opinion on many difficult administrative problems is frequently called for by Government. He holds village inquiries when a new headman of a village is to be elected; he is responsible for the expenditure of a portion of the District Cess Fund—a fund which is made up of contributions from cultivators, and which is utilised for improvements within the district; he inspects fishermen's nets, checks the number of people in a village to see that all have paid capitation-tax; he inspects what are known as 'kwins,' the survey unit for purposes of the assessment of land revenue, and sees to it that the maps maintained by the Land Records Department are correct, and that assessments have been properly made. He decides, in consultation with villagers, whether a liquor-shop is necessary or not in any locality.

The magistrate's day is a full one, and as one halts outside his court one sees a throng of petitioners waiting below to present petitions on all manner of subjects, from an application for a grant of land to a complaint of insult. In a corner of the Government building is a cage in which are kept prisoners who are under trial, with a mounted guard standing over them; and in another corner are the witnesses summoned to appear to give evidence against these offenders.

As you pass through the streets you can see in the *chetty's* shop a cultivator signing a promissory note; you watch the throng passing down to the great barge with its corrugated iron covering to await the arrival of the next Irrawaddy flotilla launch; one or two Chinamen and Indians making their way to the local opium-shop for their day's supply of that drug; a few coolies having their morning dram at the local toddy-shop; one or two sweepers making futile efforts to clean drains or cut down the thick vegetation which seems to have grown up in the night; and a yellow-robed Phongyi passing along with downcast eyes, holding in front his begging-bowl, in which he receives the pious offerings made to him.

As the launch slowly makes headway against the current and the village is left behind, attempts to generalise from the impressions left upon the mind leave one in a state of wonder at the curious fusion that has taken place of Eastern customs and Western appliances; and the question irresistibly presents itself whether the Indian and the Burman will as representative institutions gradually establish themselves, manage to retain some of that pride and that reserve which give to many of their actions a supreme dignity, but on which modern democratic tendencies do not appear to set great value. And to Britishers, too, no less insistent is the problem whether their race will maintain those high traditions of rule which have enabled them to create an Empire bound by those 'ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron.' Will they be successful in the great political experiment that has just been initiated? Will they, by wise counsel and purposeful policy, and by the exercise of that magnanimity which is 'not seldom the truest wisdom,' be able to infuse into India and Burma that new spirit of humanity which everywhere is seeking expression, but so far seems to have signally failed to achieve even the most practical of its aims?

THE BEST POLICY.

By MARY F. RAPHAEL, Author of *Phœbe Maroon, As Chance Would Have It,* &c.

I.

THERE were four of them: Gaston Sucque, Miraso, Mimie la Mutine, and Rose de la Vallée; and all eyes were upon them as they strolled across the grass-plots, threading their way amid the throng of people.

Such a motley throng! There were enthusiastic American tourists and English visitors, languid from the heat in Paris, who had seized the excuse for spending a long day in the fresh air. There were small groups of indigenous *bourgeois*, bringing baskets laden with *déjeuners* to be enjoyed under the leafy trees. There were parties of students, artists, *midinettes*, as well as some of the fine folk who had run down in their 'autos' from Paris. There was even a sprinkling of famous meteors from the operatic and theatrical world.

Yes, all eyes were upon the four. And small wonder, too. For Gaston Sucque, better known as 'Glou-glou,' was the world-famed, inimitable, and side-splitting clown drawing nightly streams of people to the Hippodrome, in spite of the heat. And Miraso was the great Italian tenor just then enchanting the French musical world. As for Mimie and Rose, they were radiant stars, scintillating brightness at the Folies Bergères.

They had all lunched—not wisely perhaps, but extremely well—at the Trianon Palace Hotel. It had, in fact, been a superb meal, tempting them to disregard, with careless rapture, the wisdom of moderation.

After *cafés noirs*, cigarettes, cigars, and priceless liqueurs, they had sauntered through the park to see the fun, the fountains, and the crowd.

Wherever they went, people nudged one another and whispered, '*Tiens*—it is Glou-glou and Mimie la Mutine!' or, 'But look, then, quick—Miraso and Rose de la Vallée!'

Mimie and Rose, very *chic* and charmingly garbed, enjoyed the impression their party made. Glou-glou, when he caught the glance of a knot of people, 'played up' for their benefit. He winked, smiled, pursed mysterious lips, and nodded furtively as he walked along.

'Glou-glou—*farceur!*' the people murmured as he passed. They adored him. Never, *parbleu!* had there been so *épatant* a clown.

The four of them strolled across the grass, chaffing, joking, and enjoying the sparkle of the 'Grandes Eaux'—and of one another.

But then, all at once—a bolt from the blue—had come a sudden disturbance.

Glou-glou's hand went into his breast-pocket, and he stopped as if he had been shot. He emitted a prolonged whistle.

'What is it?' they asked him.

'Oh, nothing,' he answered. 'Nothing to give yourselves a *migraine* over.'

Perhaps the joyous effect of Clicquot, Beaune, and green Chartreuse still pervaded his heart—or another organ—with a rosy glow, and gave him courage to dissemble. Who shall say? Anyhow, he was determined not to upset his friends, and he played the game nobly.

For he had missed his pocket-book. And it contained French bank-notes to the amount of four thousand francs. Too much for prudent people to motor down to Versailles with on the day of the Grandes Eaux! But when is a clown prudent?

Later, of course, the truth came out.

'My pocket-book—I have lost it—*on me l'a chipé.* Some *filou*—some rascal of a pickpocket, no doubt. . . . Well, well, so much the worse for me—and so much the better for him! I sha'n't make myself bad blood because of that.'

'But how much was there?' asked Mimie. Let a French woman alone for seeing the practical side of things!

'Eh—*ma foi*—what do I know, me? I had notes for four thousand francs, and a couple of hundred besides. But, then, I paid for our lunch.'

'*Cielo!*' said Miraso. 'Four thousand francs! But, Glou-glou, art thou then mad? Come to the police-station at once.'

'The police? To drag you all to a police-station by this heat—away from the fountains and the open air? *Ah, ça—pour rien au monde,* for nothing in the world! I'll telephone, and offer a reward. And if then I find not the thing—*je m'en fiche*—I don't care.'

He left them, hailed a trap, and drove to the nearest telephone-office.

'*Ah, ce Glou-glou!* A good chap—but he has *la tête félée!* What can one do for a crack-brain like that?' they asked each other.

He rejoined them in a few minutes. Apparently the pocket-book was forgotten. At any rate, its loss was not allowed to dim the afternoon's pleasure.

II.

The following day Versailles wore an ill-kempt look, after the fête of yesterday.

Old Bougros, the park-sweeper, was indefatigable that morning. He darted hither and thither over the grass-plots, along the pebbled paths, in and out between the gay flower-beds, like an eager bird. Not a snip of paper escaped those vigilant little eyes of his. Agility moved his stumpy figure and his bowed, crooked legs in their blue-linen trousers.

He wielded his long, thin broom, and carried his pronged fork with the ease of Neptune himself.

As he worked, he reflected that perhaps it was as well all the Versailles fountains played only four times yearly.

'*Sapristi*, but what disorder! It was to break the heart! And to-day, *parbleu!*' he added, as he spiked a piece of paper and gathered up a length of yellow wool, 'there is a bit of everything.'

It was true. Fragments of toys, of silver paper, banana-skins, shreds from exploded bladders of tinted air-balloons—the short-lived joy of the children—jet-beads, pearl-beads, coloured-glass beads, ends of cigarettes, and innumerable empty match-boxes were littered everywhere. The green iron chairs were misplaced and overturned.

The fountains had resumed their life of inaction. Against the stone copings of the now stagnant water the summer breeze had driven a similar flotsam and jetsam. Like the human crowd that had thronged the gardens yesterday, it was a motley mass.

Old Bougros stood at the margin of the Neptune fountain and took disapproving stock of the drifting mess. Across his neat and frugal mind flickered the doubt of whether the game was really worth the candle. All that waste for so short a time of pleasure? His sense of orderly economy was baffled. But suddenly a mental picture banished his qualms. His *vieille* and his *petite*—his wife and young daughter. *Certes*, there was no better wife in France than his old woman. And Babette was a love of a girl—*une fillette à croquer!* They were at home, hard at work. . . . The thought finally routed his misgivings.

Eh, name of a dog, one must live! And if things remained always in apple-pie order, no park-sweeper would be needed. Père Bougros's occupation would be gone! What misfortune, *mon Dieu!* And as to the old park, who would recognise it, without its litter—and without him, Bougros, to remove it?

Dame, oui! Had he not served the town for twenty-nine years? Babette was bent on being apprenticed to the enchanting trade of dress-making. When would Père Bougros have put by enough francs to pay the fee for that? But, *bigre*—yes—she must have her chance some day.

It was very hot. He sat down on one of the stone seats under a horse-chestnut tree. The shade was grateful. He unknotted the red-and-white handkerchief into which his *vieille* had tied his meagre lunch—a hunk of bread spread with lard, and a pear. The repast ended, he lit a long, thin 'cigar'—one of those ungodly-looking black weeds wherein the French workingman apparently finds delight. But at last it, too, came to an end, as do all things—good and bad—in this life.

Père Bougros rose to his feet, and started again to gather up the remnants left by yesterday's merry-makers.

But how the grass had suffered, *mon Dieu!* Dusty and trampled, as if a herd of cattle had been let loose over it. It was incredible! . . . His foot stumbled upon a small object, dropped, no doubt, by one of yesterday's visitors.

He stooped and picked it up. *Tiens!* a pocket-book! A good one, too. Some unlucky *gars* must be cursing his bad fortune. *Saperlipopette*—but what elegance! *Certes*, this smart brown leather and these gold letters had not belonged to a poor devil of a pauper.

He opened it. Three or four letters addressed to Monsieur Gaston Sucque, at the Hippodrome, Paris—and—*mille tonnerres!*—notes—four notes—*Dieu des dieux!*—of a thousand francs each! And more—smaller notes—besides.

His trembling hands closed the pocket-book. He was quite pale, and his heart beat violently.

It was an immense fortune. He had never handled one-tenth such a sum. How to restore it to the owner—and quickly, quickly, before it burned a hole in his conscience?

The police? *Que diable!* For nothing in the world would he entrust the police with so much wealth! Not even the police of Versailles, whom he, Bougros, had known since the year one. It would be wrong—it would put irresistible temptation in their way.

This was his affair, *sacré mille cochons!*

Besides, there might be some little *bénéfice* for him to be gained from it—a *pourboire*, for example, as recompense for returning the great 'find' to its owner.

Stop; let him think. *Nom d'un nom!* he must think.

He took out the red-and-white handkerchief, now empty of his lunch, and, with a hundred precautions, wrapped up his treasure-trove. He placed it carefully next his thumping heart, within the shelter of his blouse. Then he trotted to a seat near, and sat down.

He felt quite overcome. He took off his hat. With the back of his hand—handkerchief being unavailable—he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

How to return the thing? Well—he would have to go this evening after supper by the seven o'clock tram. But first he must tell his *vieille*. . . . *Ah, dame, oui!* . . . The women—they were sometimes difficult. Yet, no doubt, he would find the means to sweeten her.

III.

When he reached home, however, his *vieille* upbraided him for being late. The supper had been waiting. The tripe was burned. She was so agitated that the moment for his great revelation seemed inauspicious. It would only upset her still more. Better to wait till

to-morrow to tell her of his find and return it to its owner.

In his strip of garden, after supper, he smoked another black cigar. Now and again his hand crept into his blouse and patted the pocket-book. And mentally before his eyes fluttered those four bank-notes.

Madame Bougros went early to market the next morning, so he postponed his disclosure till the evening.

All day, while sweeping, his mind hovered round the pocket-book and its contents. If it had been his—*Dieu des dieux!*—what could he not have purchased with it? A muff for the cold weather for his *vieille*, the apprentice-fee for Babette—what comforts it would have secured!

Towards evening he had a bad head from so much thinking. His women-folk persuaded him to go early to bed. So again he deferred restoring the treasure till the morrow.

And in the night, when his *vieille* was asleep, he slipped out of bed and took the book from the inner pocket of his blouse, and passed his fingers over the crisp paper of the notes. After all, he need not be in such a devil of a hurry to return it. If he could have done so that first evening—well and good; but now—anyhow—it did not press so much as all that.

But the next evening his *vieille* came home with some exciting gossip. Marthe Coussins, the policeman's wife, had told her a pocket-book had been lost in the park the day of the Playing of the Fountains. It contained a fabulous sum. The police had been instructed to offer a reward. Now, if *père* had only had the luck to find it in his sweepings—but there—*père* never found a windfall like that!

'Oh, *mère*, *père* found a thimble last summer,' interposed Babette.

'*Ah, ça.* . . . You speak of a thimble, when I tell you of a fortune!'

'Don't tease *père*, little *mère*. See then how tired he looks. He is not well to-day.'

Meanwhile Bougros's conscience had begun to smoulder. For day by day the pocket-book was scorching a wider hole in it. His wife's words fanned the flame. And he felt that Babette's loving and observant young eyes had detected the glow.

The windfall, at first a legitimate source of secret joy, had gradually become a thorn in his side, pricking him damnably. But each day it seemed more difficult to get rid of the cursed thing. And each day he dreaded questions from those *canaille*, the police. He felt they would be sure to come to him—to him, the park-sweeper of such long standing.

Daily he grew paler and more shaky. His women were sorely troubled, and wondered what was wrong.

And at last, on the fifth day, he could bear the horror of his guilty burden no longer. His poor crooked legs trembled and hardly carried him. His meals came amiss. His black cigars seemed his only solace.

Then, suddenly, there flashed upon him a way to dispose of his incubus!

Later that morning, when at work near a shrubbery, he stood up and rested on his broom. He glanced round to make certain that no one observed him. Then, taking from his blouse the hateful cause of his heart-pangs, he threw it on the ground, under the shrubs, and began sweeping again. In a minute or two, however, his broom dragged the hidden object forward to the grass.

'*Tiens!* a pocket-book!' he said aloud; 'and an elegant one. What smart brown leather—what grand gold letters!'

He bent and picked it up. He acted his part gravely, as if every tree and bush near at hand—a great audience—listened intently. He examined the contents.

'Aha, this, then, is the famous pocket-book! Here is the fabulous sum lost on the day of the Grandes Eaux! And it is I—I—Bougros—who have found it. What will the *vieille* say to that? But this is my concern—*nom d'un chien!* No police shall have a hand in this. I, Bougros, have found it. I, Bougros, will restore it, *parbleu!*'

Having played out his quaint little comedy to satisfy himself, and having accomplished his work, he went home earlier than usual that evening.

'*Comment*—thou? So soon returned? Art thou, then, ill?' his wife inquired.

'Ill? *Ma foi!* no.' His gloom, indeed, had dropped from him. He felt quite buoyant again. 'But, see then, *mère*, I have had a find;' and he told his tale.

Madame Bougros was for placing the whole weighty matter in the hands of the police. Had not Marthe Coussins said there would be a reward? And was not that enough for him?

'*Juste ciel*, Bougros!' she entreated, 'do not mix thyself with the affair. . . . The man must be stitched with money, to be able to lose as much as that! It is neither healthy nor safe. Let the police handle it, if they dare! Believe me, it is some trap the Devil has laid for thee. May the saints defend thee from falling into it!'

'But no, *mère*,' he answered her; 'it has been dropped by pure mischance. The meat of one is the poison of another, *vois-tu*. As to the police—it would not be just to saddle them with this responsibility. I, Bougros, will charge myself with it, at once, after supper.'

And just then Babette came in, so they put the thing to her. Her verdict clinched it.

'*Père* has reason. *Voyons donc*, let us be practical, *petite mère*. He has had the luck. Why, then, should he not restore the *porte-feuille* and receive his recompense himself?

He can have a cosy waistcoat for the winter, and you, *petite mère*, will get the new hassock you desire, and a muff to keep your hands warm.'

Madame Bougros shook her head dubiously. Even the visionary muff did not win her approval of Bougros's project. 'It is the Devil's own trick,' she repeated.

Babette walked to the tram with her father.

'And you, my *fillette*,' he asked her, 'if I gain my recompense, well understood, what are you to have?'

'Ah, as for me, I will have a good big kiss—like this.' She took his face between her sun palms and kissed his brown, wrinkled cheeks. 'There is nothing I desire but the money for my apprentice-fee. And that does not get itself in the twinkle of an eye, *ma foi!*'

IV.

The clustered lights were blazing in the Place de la Concorde when Bougros arrived. Their glare made him blink.

Each time he had come from Versailles to Paris the vastness of the city had seemed to overpower him. Yet now he was less impressed by it. He could think of nothing but the disturbing load he carried, and longed to be rid of.

The arched line of the Rue de Rivoli, vanishing into the gloom, appeared to him interminable. On his right, the bulked mass of the Louvre Museum, showing dusky-purple against the evening sky, cheered him. It reminded him of Versailles.

He consulted a *sergent-de-ville*, and was told the number of the omnibus that would land him at the Hippodrome. He took his ticket, and, in due course, was set down at his goal.

A queue of people were filing slowly into the huge building. Outside, bills bore the name 'Glou-glou' in enormous letters. Gigantic posters showed the huge face of a clown with one eye closed and pursed-up lips.

Bougros fought bewilderment. He had taken the precaution to get one of the envelopes out of the pocket-book. He went up to a smart *ouvreuse* with a packet of programmes under her arm, and showing her the address, asked if he could see that gentleman.

She looked him up and down.

'*Sais pas. . . .* At this moment, you understand—*difficile*.'

'It is very urgent,' pleaded Bougros.

'Ah—that may well be. But at this hour he sees no one. In any case, you must inform yourself at the stage-door—third on the left.' Seeing his crestfallen face, she called over her shoulder to some one invisible within, 'Glou-glou—has he arrived?'

'Twenty minutes ago.'

Bougros hesitated.

'But, *pardon*, madame, you deceive yourself. It is Monsieur Gaston Sucque that I seek.'

'*Certes, oui.* He has arrived. Third door on the left.'

She turned away. The old chap was boresome in the end. She had other fish to fry.

Bougros, confused, found the stage-door, and stated his case to a young man seated behind a plank table. Shrugging square shoulders, the youth replied, 'Don't think he will see you—but—*montez toujours*—go up. You will then know.'

Bougros, by now very nervous, started on his journey. The steep staircase soared higher and higher. His heart fluttered as his bowed legs climbed each step.

Above he saw two men standing by a half-opened door. One was stout, dark, close shaved—Miraso, in fact. Bougros advanced to him.

'M-Monsieur Gaston Sucque?' he ventured with trepidation.

Miraso stared at him. '*Che cosa?* But no, monsieur. Monsieur Sucque—*tiens, le voici*—here he is.'

The door opened wider, and in its embrasure, to Bougros's amazement, stood revealed the face and figure of the clown on the posters outside.

'What is it? In the name of a thousand devils, then, tell me! Some one asks for me? They should not have permitted him to ascend—*allons.*'

'*Pardon, monsieur; mille pardons,*' stammered Bougros. He was almost as pale as the man before him, if from another cause.

'What do you want?' Glou-glou demanded.

'Monsieur—if you are Monsieur Gaston Sucque'——

'But certainly that I am Gaston Sucque! *Eh bien?* Say quickly.'

'Then it is your pocket-book that I bring back to you.'

'My pocket-book!'

Courage returned to Bougros. '*Dame, oui.* I am park-sweeper at Versailles. I found it this morning. Under the bushes of the shrubbery to the north of the Neptune fountain. But I dared not entrust a fortune so immense to any one. As to the police'—he repeated his formula—'I am sure monsieur must agree it would not have been just to have placed so great a responsibility on them. I preferred to deliver it to monsieur myself. *Bien sûr*—I did not know monsieur was—was—thus occupied.'

Glou-glou's face crinkled into a thousand white ridges. A huge laugh burst from his crimson lips.

'My pocket-book! That is a good joke, indeed. You are an honest fellow. *Bigre*, yes—*tiens*—permit that I embrace you.'

Before Bougros could say '*Zut!*' two black satin-clad arms squeezed him, the starched white ruff scraped his neck, a dozen fervent kisses were pressed upon his cheeks. Then, as suddenly, he was released.

'*Tapez-là*—your hand. You are a *brave*.'

Glou-glou opened the pocket-book, fingered

the notes. All were there. At that moment the call-boy appeared, crying, 'Monsieur Sucque!'

'I come—I come. *Tiens, mon ami,* I promised a recompense. I must at least give you your share.' Taking out one of the notes, he offered it to Bougros.

Bewildered, our friend fell back and stared at him.

'But, monsieur!'

'Not enough?' asked Glou-glou. '*Voyons*—a thousand francs!'

'But, monsieur, it is a fortune! Monsieur cannot have reflected'——

'Come, do not hesitate. *Certes,* it is less than a fourth of the contents, but we've made it up in embraces, *parbleu! Vîlà*—I must go.'

He kissed his finger-tips to his dazed beneficiary and fled.

Bougros turned to Miraso.

'Monsieur—such a sum!' he remonstrated. 'Never in life had I dreamed of it. Does monsieur really think it is just that I accept?'

'*Macchè*—Monsieur Sucque has grand ways. But he means what he says. My advice is that you take the gift in the same spirit. I go to see him play. *Bonsoir, monsieur,*' and Miraso and his friend departed.

v.

In a beatific dream Père Bougros somehow got himself to Versailles.

En route he attracted—had he noticed it—much amused attention. But he noticed nothing. For his soul floated in prophetic and pleasing contemplation round visionary muffs and hassocks and the equipment needful to a dressmaker's apprentice.

At the cottage door his *vieille* exclaimed aghast at the sight of him, '*Mon vieux,* what then hast thou? But it is the measles—for sure it must be the measles! *Hélas!* I knew some harm would follow!'

'It is precisely there, my cabbage, that thou art wrong. For thy muff will follow—and thy hassock—and Babette's fees—but no harm. They are a bagatelle now, after what has happened!'

'Babette, come quickly! Thy father is ill. . . . Art thou then mad, my poor man?'

'But not at all. Guess the recompense. . . . It is a thousand francs!' He flourished the note in her face.

'A thousand francs! . . . *Ciel!* . . . But thy face, Bougros! Thou hast a big fever.'

'Fever? Nonsense!'

'See then.'

She thrust a hand-glass in front of his astonished eyes.

'Fever? Bah!' He laughed. He laughed till the tears came. 'Fever? That is quite simply the print of Monsieur Glou-glou's kisses!'

SONG OF THE 'VOORSLAG.'*

I SPRANG from the hide of the wildebeest,
Dried soft by a hardy hand;
I shrilled through the air by the Lion's Hill,
And I whistled on Blaauwberg strand.
The eland with his sad-eyed mate
Sped on with trembling hoof,
As I drove them forth to the rolling veld,
And up through the Tulbagh Kloof.

My Lords I led through the wild Karoo,
In the burning of the day,
To the salt-bound verge of the bitter pool
I pointed out the way.
I saw the mounds of the dead arise,
And low through the evening's calm
I heard the wail of the stricken wife,
And the roll of the holy psalm.

I led them on to the mystic North,
Full charged with a nation's yeast;
I flung them forth to the river's brim,
And I scattered them West and East.
I screamed midst the thrusting assegais,
I sighed for the father slain;
I heard the cry of the veld-born child,
And the moan of the mother's pain.

Through the plains of torment, the hills of tears,
Through famine and through feast;
Where the children cried with shrinking fear
At the roaring of the beast;
Where rivers dry as dead men's bones
Scored deep the sandy sea;
I urged them on with a shriller note
To fulfil their destiny.

And ever as they onward pressed,
Through paths beset with foes,
By kloof and vlei and barren mount
The white-walled houses rose.
I saw the bloom of the budding grape,
And the building of the dam;
And faintly through the sunset heard
The bleating of the lamb.

I saw the breasts of the heroines where
The stream by Vechtkop runs,
The priceless love of the noble wives
Who charged and primed the guns;
I waved o'er gallant Potgieter,
I saw the gory flood,
And Weenen's tears. Oh! sweet revenge
That stained the Stream of Blood.

My task is o'er. For me no more
Are the cries of pioneers;
The land lies smiling far and near—
I have done with blood and tears;
But ever through the darkness come
The cries of fathers slain,
The fretful wail of the veld-born child,
And the moan of the mother's pain.

E. A. THOMAS.

* *Voorslag* = whiplash. The word is here meant to refer to the thin thong of antelope-hide at the end of the long whip used in South Africa by transport-wagon drivers. The wagons are very large, and are drawn by spans of from ten to sixteen oxen. Similar vehicles were used by the old Dutch *voortrekkers* or pioneers.

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SEVENTH SERIES

PRAIRIE END.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

THE midday train clanked and panted its way into the little prairie depot of Totem Gee. The midday heat glanced and shimmered and radiated from the row of white railings, from the long white road stretching, straight as an arrow, from the depot to the settlement beyond, from the solitary figure of the cowboy lolling, with his hands tucked under his *chaparejos*, against the solitary tethering-post. So intense was the light that the face of the cowboy, within the shadow of his huge sun-hat, looked like the face of an Indian as he watched, dull-eyed, the arrival of the train.

It was a strangely dull affair, and the cowboy watched it dully. From the sole surviving Pullman-car an old gentleman lowered himself with laborious caution, and with obvious distrust for prairie platforms. He alighted with an air of triumph, smiled genially on the simmering eternity around, took his bulging Gladstone from the nigger porter, then, as though to reassure himself, again read the huge black-and-white notice announcing that this was the stepping-off place for a dozen seemingly important cities, whose names, alas! were known only to those who ride the prairie solitudes.

The cowboy took in the solitary traveller with obvious interest—as well he might, for the old gentleman wore a light fawn overcoat, a soft felt hat to match, and a startlingly festive button-hole. Having again read the notice and smiled his approval, the passenger lifted his Gladstone and drifted towards the solitary tethering-post. He remarked that it was very warm, and the cowboy raised no dispute on that point. In fact, he seemed to clinch the matter by expectorating with astounding velocity, then wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. The old man's face brightened a little as he met the puncher's keen, steady gaze. There was something reassuring in those gray eyes peering from under the shadowy sombrero. He came to the point with a sudden run of enthusiasm. 'Do you happen to know Mr Jack Hanwell?' he inquired. 'And can you tell me how to reach his—er—ranch?'

The cowboy's stare seemed to intensify. Also, he shifted uneasily from one leg to the other. 'I should jus' say I do know Jack Hanwell,' he drawled. 'I guess I've known him quite a while back.'

The old gentleman fairly beamed. He seemed disposed to shake hands, but the cowboy gave him no encouragement. 'Well, I 'm his father!' the new-comer exploded. 'Come all the way from England to see him.'

The cowboy's lips moved. His bronzed face remained expressionless. His eyes shifted and took in the long, gleaming line of railway metals stretching into invisibility. 'What! Jack Hanwell's father?' he echoed. 'You come to see Jack Hanwell?'

The old man nodded assuringly. 'All the way from England,' he repeated with a jaunty air. 'Come to see Jack!'

Again the other turned his head, and sought the vanishing-point of the skyline. He was doing some quick thinking. 'I reckon you 're early, ain't you?' he speculated. Then he added peremptorily, 'Jack ain't expecting you!'

'Well! well!' muttered the old man, putting down his bag and raising it again. 'And I wrote him a full week before I sailed. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Surprises are all the more merry. So'—and he looked the romantic copper-coloured young Hercules up and down—'and you know Jack, do you? But I suppose you all know each other in these wild parts.'

The shadow of a smile curved the puncher's thin lips. 'I guess I know Jack O.K.,' he said slowly. 'You see, we been partners quite a while. My name 's Cross Berry.'

The old man's bottom jaw dropped. 'Well, I never, and upon my soul!' he exclaimed, making no mistake about shaking hands this time. 'Jack's old friend, Mr Berry, about whom he was always writing! Pleased to meet you—pleased indeed!'

The cowboy grinned bashfully, and if it was possible for his face to carry any more crimson pigment, he probably coloured up. 'Now, as regards this yer proposition of yours,' he went on hastily—too hastily—'it 's a bit unfortunate. You see, when I left Jack he was going up-country—I mean, he was sick of a kind of prairie fever'—— Berry drew a long breath.

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He was too big to lie properly. He looked inquiringly at Mr Hanwell with a look that would have given the whole show away to a more sophisticated soul. He was trying to circumvent the fact that the aforesaid Jack, at the zenith of *delirium tremens*, had forced him to seek cover in the face of an extraordinarily accurate ·450, shooting ·455, and making the chips fly. He was trying to circumvent several other facts which will become evident as the story proceeds, but most of all he was trying to circumvent the fact that he himself was lying, which was a pastime new to him, and entirely foreign to his nature. 'At least, we kind of reckon it is prairie fever,' he went on. 'Anyway, it's a kind of fever more or less peculiar to the prairie-edges. It ain't serious,' he quickly pursued, seeing the sudden anxiety in the old man's eyes. 'Oh no, Jack ain't seriously ill, but it's a kind of a custom to isolate such cases. That's why I left Jack, and why I'm idling here. And I was thinking, maybe, you'll be at a loose end till Jack's better.'

'Dear, dear!' said the old man, taking out a gold watch at the end of a gold chain and looking at it without seeing the time. 'How far is Jack's—I mean, your—ranch from here?'

'Oh, let me see now,' drawled the six-foot-five of sinuous manhood, again seeking inspiration from the distance. 'I can do it easy in two days' riding alone. With a buggy, sticking to the trails more or less, same as you'd have to travel, it would take five days clear.'

'Dear, dear!' reiterated Jack's father, his faded eyes seeking shelter in the direction of the platform. 'I always understood from Jack that he was almost within hailing distance of the settlement. But, of course,' he added, 'distance has no meaning to you men of the prairies.'

Berry might have replied that at that moment it had a very considerable meaning to him. He might, indeed, have wished the whole world between Jack and his father. 'See here, Mr Hanwell,' he took up the treads suddenly; 'you want to get out of the sun while I hike along and see what's doing in the way of a shake-down for you to-night. I'll come back with a buggy to take you and your baggage. You hang on here while I have time to look around.'

The old man thanked him profusely; and looking round as he mounted his *cayuse*, Cross Berry saw Jack's father still waving to him in a manner which, according to the customs of Berry's own land, was about as absurd as anything one could think of.

II.

Two or three minutes later Cross Berry burst into the saloon of the Smithson House Hotel. A weird assortment of humanity filled the spacious room beyond—humanity bristling and *chaparejoed*, or *chaparejoed* and pomaded. One or two of the inmates looked as though they had permanently taken root there—or, rather, as though they had sprung up there, adapting themselves to the contour of the counter as a Virginia-creeper adapts itself to the more or less vertical surface to which it clings.

'Look here, boys,' Cross blurted out. 'Some one's got to look around and hustle! I reckon it's going to blow every which way of a Sunday before we're through with this show. Young Jack Hanwell's dad's just arrived at the de-po! I tell you he's there now, waiting for me to go back for him with a buggy. Come all the way from England to see Jack, and Jack laying on his back at Prairie End firing through the roof with a ·450! Wait till you see the old man, then you'll realise what we're up against.'

Some one laughed, some one whistled, and several people said, 'Hell!' Again it was suggested that if the old man was anything of Jack's breed—that was, if Jack was a chip of the old block—'Bring the old feller along, and we'll have the biggest, gosh-blanked son of a gun of a beano that ever was on land or sea!'

'He ain't,' Cross Berry asserted with sudden seriousness. 'I tell you, it ain't no laughing matter. The old man's a kind of a cross between a Quaker and an old English solicitor. He ain't all black, nor he ain't all white, nor is he mud-coloured. He's kind of what your dad and mine might have been if he hadn't been what he was. And mark my word—he thinks a whole heap of that boy.' He took a long breath. 'I had to leave Jack with the half-breed to look after him,' he added. 'And this is his third attack since winter!'

There was an awkward silence, culminating in a clinking of glasses. It was broken by one of the figures adapted to the contour of the counter—a short, muscular man, distinguished by the possession of a scar across his face, which cut brow, nose, cheek, and one eye clean in two. Also, the other eye was still black, owing to a slight difference of opinion with that bright youth, Jack Hanwell, just before the said Jack again took to his bunk to sleep it off. This man was Torbit Wells, who was reputed to have murdered a judge. 'Wall,' drawled Torbit, 'I reckon it's up to you, Cross, to break the news to the old feller. It ain't our show, anyway.'

'Not on your life!' cried Cross Berry. 'I've already told lies enough to make you green with envy! I've told him the cabin is five days out, so as to give us time to look around. Half you boys are at a loose end, and can afford to lend a hand. I'll have to drive the old fellow round for five days, while you get Jack sobered up and everything ship-shape. And, look here—Jack's suffering from a kind of prairie fever, which was why I had to come away. Not a word about my beating it because I'd have got a hole blown in me the size of a walnut if I hadn't!'

Now here was the making of a 'show,' and

nothing on earth appeals to the men of the prairies like a gigantic bluff, especially when the merriment of the proceedings is backed by a sentiment which appeals to their sense of individual virtue. The only trouble is that their sense of humour and thoroughness is apt to overstep their sound judgment; they are apt to overdo it on such occasions. The company declared themselves all in with Cross Berry's scheme—every one but Torbit Wells, who reckoned the whole business a piece of sentimental folly. 'Why not tell the old man, and have done with it?' he demanded. But no one took the least notice of him; he was spoiling sport. Feeling general sympathy against him, Torbit ordered another drink, and drank it in sulky silence.

'I 'll have to leave you boys to see the show through,' Cross wound up finally. 'He ain't to know no different but what Jack 's got prairie fever. Now I 'll go along and fetch him, and mind you plum him up stiff.'

The 'plumming up stiff' process was a matter after their own hearts, and they discussed it with spirit, till Torbit Wells cut up rough, swore that he 'd tell the old fellow the simple truth, and condemned them as a lot of fool-hearted children. In the interim Cross, strolling round the back, found a buggy with *cayuse* harnessed, and helped himself to it. Unfortunately it was Torbit's buggy; unfortunately, also, the seat-box was packed with returned empties, which let forth a frivolous rattle as Cross drove off. Torbit issued from the doors of the Smithson House just in time to see the equipage shuffling off towards the depot—to see Cross hurling the empty bottles overboard, as one heaves ballast, till a train of empty bottles littered the way to the station. Torbit yelled, 'Hi!' Then a very human twinkle came into his deep-set brown eyes; and when, ten minutes later, Cross returned with Mr Hanwell, Torbit was one of the first to extend a cordial welcome. 'We 're all real glad to meet Jack's father,' said Torbit, 'and I guess Jack will be in good shape again by the time you get to him.' That was just the way with Torbit Wells—you never knew where you had him.

Jack's father was a simple-minded English gentleman, of the distinctly rural and slightly Puritan type. Though simple-minded, there was something about him that commanded respect—probably his genuinely sympathetic disposition, backed by the fact that his watch-chain and watch were obviously the best procurable. He shook hands with them all, one by one, looking each man straight in the eyes, while each endeavoured to explain in mere human words how *dear* Jack was to them all, and how they regretted his indisposition at such a time.

III.

After a little while Cross Berry excused himself from the festive gathering on the ground that he had to make preparations for the long return trip; and a minute or so later a single horseman was to be seen progressing at full gallop into the foothills, towards the cloud-like barrier of buttes. Cross reached the cabin where he and Jack Hanwell had lived together for so long in well under the hour. The cabin and outhouses nestled under the buttressed slopes of Prairie End Mountain, sheltered from the gales by almost perpendicular uplands, where, boulder upon boulder, the heights swept up into the clouds. It was a wonderful little corner of God's earth, but this evening a sense of tragedy seemed to hang over the whole pine-crested, boulder-strewn slopes.

Cross Berry found the half-breed whom he had left in charge seated brooding on the veranda-step, sick of the sorry task fate had allotted him. Perhaps he had loved the fair-haired boy within, now a hopeless derelict, for whom there was clearly no place in all the human order of things. The awful pathos of the thing struck Cross Berry for the first time as he entered the cabin. All his contempt and chagrin were gone. He had known Jack Hanwell only as a drifting son of the prairies, a delightful boy when sober, a fighting maniac when drunk—a boy whom no one accepted with any degree of seriousness. He had never pictured Jack as a boy with a father. Now that he saw him lying there in his bunk, his white face horribly conspicuous among the shadows; saw the betraying disorder all around, even to the trailing blanket, under a corner of which the deadly black revolver lay on the floor, a lump rose in his throat for the partner he had loved. He stole up silently, took up the revolver, emptied it with nimble fingers, then heaved it through the open door.

Next he went over to Jack's untouched bundle of mail, selected a letter from the rest, opened it, and glanced quickly through its contents. Yes, it was from the old man—an enthusiastic, happy letter, saying that the long-projected visit was at length to take place.

Cross Berry strode over to the bunk, and clutched Jack's wrist. In his hand he still held the letter, full of the joyous anticipations of a proud father. 'Jack,' said Berry quietly. 'I say, Jack, wake up a minute and listen what I 've got to tell you.'

Jack Hanwell looked round with alert, hardly human eyes. It was not a pleasant look, for there are times when a man's best friend appears to his distorted mind as his worst enemy. 'What d'you want with me?' muttered Jack Hanwell. 'Leave me alone! No one asked you to touch me! Leave me'——

'You got to pull yourself together and listen, Jack,' said Berry, almost savagely. 'I got something to tell you that you want to hear—something all-fired important. Your ol' dad 's here—come all the way from England to see you! He 's here now, at Totem Gee, waiting to come along!

Your ol' dad—d' you hear me? Waiting to see you, and we ain't going to let him know you been drunk! Here 's his letter.'

Jack's long fingers closed upon it, but his hand fell back to the blanket, the letter unread.

'Me drunk!' he muttered thickly. 'You make me out drunk! I'll get plain with you for your skunk tricks'——

'That 's jus' it, Jack. You ain't been drunk at all. You 've had prairie fever—that I 'm dead sure of, whatever the rest think. That 's what I told your old man—that 's what *you* got to tell him. Plain prairie fever! Do you get me, Jack? He 's waiting at Totem Gee to see you—just dying to see you; and he believes you 're straight and decent. You got to sober up, and the boys are coming along to lend you a hand, and I 'm going to entertain the ol' gentleman till you 're O.K. again.'

Jack Hanwell sat up suddenly, a new light in his eyes. He was staring fixedly into the gloom of the cabin. 'Yes—yes, I get you!' he cried. 'My old dad 's coming to see me—coming—— Look—there he is—his face shining—walking through the pine-trees—my old dad—coming to see me—look—*look!*'

He covered his eyes and sank back sobbing; while Cross turned away, a sacred name on his lips. It was neither a blasphemy nor a prayer, but it bore something of the unspeakable pity of it all. 'They 'll have to keep on telling him every day—every hour, till he gets it,' Cross said aloud; then he left the cabin, and rode back towards Totem Gee. And as he rode it occurred to him that his partner was going out—going out towards the unsurveyed.

IV.

Berry arrived at the Smithson House soon after sundown, to find that a banquet in the old man's honour was taking place—quite the dryest banquet Totem Gee had known. Berry appeared radiant. He burst in upon them with the news that he 'd 'jus' met an Injun pulling in from Prairie End way, and he told me Jack 's no end better, and will be more or less O.K. by the time we get there.' Cheers followed, and the evening wound up with speeches, including quite a religious effort from Torbit Wells; nor was it till Mr Hanwell was about to get into bed that he discovered that his watch and chain were missing.

Mr Hanwell did not think it seemly to mention this incident just for the present, and bright and early next morning Berry was ready with the buggy. He had planned out quite a nice little scenic tour for the next five days. They were to head out for the Fox Range, stay overnight with Joe Loam, proceed *viâ* Big Horn Pass and see the Salt Lick, cross the divide into Fox Range again and camp one night within a mile of the Salt Lick, only the other side of it; circle south, stay with Bill Elwood, go by the old tote-road just out of sight of the Totem Gee grain-elevators, and so northward again to Prairie End.

From the outset Berry's passenger was carried away by the magnificent vastness of the scenery, but nevertheless Berry soon found his lying abilities taxed to the utmost. The erratic movements of the sun he dismissed as being partly due to 'hoptical allusion,' peculiar to a 'mountainous climate,' combined with the fact that 'you have to circle round every hill in this yar country, 'cause you can't drive over the top of it.' He would probably have broken down but that the moral (or immoral) support of Joe Loam was so soon forthcoming, for Joe recognised himself a star actor in the 'show,' and withal was notorious as the biggest liar south of Mackenzie River—'which is going some!' Joe greeted them with two kinds of venison, caribou-tongue, and beaver-meat, all of which was, by the law of the land, much out of season, and when he set off on the second day Berry found himself physically unable to speak the truth. By the end of the third day he felt himself to be an incurable liar for life; and when he found that Bill Elwood had gone up-country, that Bill Elwood's brother was at Bill's cabin to meet them, his brain positively refused to accept the established fact that Bill Elwood, to the best of Bill's and every one else's knowledge, never had a brother, and that this fat impostor who called himself Harry Elwood was no other than Percy Smith, the cook from the Smithson House.

At Prairie End things were progressing favourably under the magic guidance of Torbit Wells. Why Torbit had revised his views no one knew, except that during the banquet every one had noticed that Torbit took a distinct fancy to the old man. That Torbit was genuine there was no doubt, and every one bowed to his superior judgment. All picture post-cards were removed from the walls, and their places filled with religious texts and calendars, till the whole place fairly reeked self-righteous nonconformity. By dint of pick, shovel, and a tip-cart the huge dump of empty bottles by the door was conveyed to the creek, and there left to soak in a stream of sobriety. Several black-and-white hens appeared mysteriously about the threshold, and it mattered not that their début at Prairie End coincided with the sudden departure of the minister's black-and-white hens at Totem Gee. As Torbit pointed out, 'There's nothing like a few chuck-ens for making a place look homely.'

Jack was a more difficult proposition. His progress was slow, and on the fourth day Torbit shook his head. He called the others outside, and in the great gray loneliness they held their last committee meeting. They knew that for once Torbit was deadly serious and in deadly earnest.

'Boys,' he said, 'I reckon I know what I 'm looking at when I see what 's before me, and I reckon I know when a man 's going home at the end of the day. Ain't I seen other men go

'ome, same as I seen Judge Blarney when I blowed a hole in him the size of a cocoa-nut? It makes me kind of sick to think of that old gentleman, getting here in time for the funeral, and us doin' nothin' but keeping up the hoax, same as what we 've been doing all along. We 'll have to keep it up, that's a cinch—'cause'—his eyes sought the ground; he kicked up a baby cactus by its roots—'cause there ain't no other way.' Again he paused, and dashed his hand across his mouth; or was it across his eyes? His gaze sought the far-off distance, 'It ain't as though he 's a young man,' he went on, with a strange catch in his voice, 'and I reckon I know human nature best of any of you. He 's come out here looking for something—for everything he 's got to look for! He 's expecting to find a goldfield, and he 's goin' to find a wash-out! He 's an old man, I say, and there 's one thing we can't do for him—we can't save his boy!'

V.

Next day the buggy, with a much-bewildered *cayuse* between the shafts, hove in view, and the old man in the passenger's seat gazed with wonder at the log-cabin nestling beneath the eternal uplands of Prairie End. It looked like the nest of a bird—a Bird of Paradise, perhaps—sheltered from the gales, caressed by the sunlight, endlessly peaceful and lovely against the background of nature's buttresses. The pine-trees shone like fairy castles; the creek was a pathway of purest silver; the emerald slopes bore the soft radiance of velvet of the finest texture. Black-and-white hens strayed in the sunshine; a silvery bucket, set out to sweeten, shone at the threshold—for, as Torbit said, there's nothing like a bucket for making a place look homely. And there at the threshold, his sleeves rolled back from liberally whiskered biceps, stood Torbit himself, a smile as radiant as the day on his scarred and twisted countenance.

'Got here before you,' he cried triumphantly. 'Rode hard by the straight-trail, and got here a whole day before you.'

The old man said nothing, but he seemed to have become very doddery as he descended from the buggy. His old gray head was bared to the skies as he ascended the stony footpath to the door, stooping a little, and the two strong men looked on with smiles that were frozen to their lips.

When he was gone Torbit touched Berry's hand. 'The boy 's dying,' he said quietly.

Berry made no immediate answer, but the elder man read the unspoken inquiry in his eyes—'What then?'

'Then,' Torbit pursued—'then I calculate the old man won't be long. I know human nature, don't I, Cross?'

'You sure do, Torbit,' was all Berry said.

Mr Hanwell stood at the doorway of the cabin, looking at his son. The faint light of the mountain-side lit up the neat, simply furnished room with a strange, soft radiance, and the face of Jack Hanwell was wonderfully peaceful. It was the face of a British schoolboy, for in the soft glimmer the tell-tale finger-prints that the world had left were softened out of existence.

The old man closed the door behind him, and Jack looked up. Then two white hands groped from under the blanket, shaking a little as they were raised to greet the bent figure at the door. 'Dad! My old dad! Oh, but I'm glad to see you!'

The old man was at his side, and for a long time nothing further passed between them.

'You 've been very bad, Jack, boy. I had no idea'——

'Yes, dad. No great guns, but I 'll be O.K. now soon. You 've been a long while coming, dad.'

'Five days on the trail, Jack! Five days of the most wonderful scenery I ever imagined!'

'Five days? Oh yes, of course. It 's a wonderful trip.'

'This little homestead of yours is most wonderful of all,' said the old man.

Jack laughed. 'We built it all ourselves—Cross and I. It 's been our home all along.'

The old man's eyes were shining again. The fear and dread had left them. 'A wonderful life,' he was saying. 'A man's life in a country for men. I have often thought I would just like to end my days in a place like this.'

'Sure, dad, and that 's what you 're going to do. We won't part again now. Wait till I can show you the range—the endless miles of prairie, pink in the sunlight—the dawn coming across the cool water—running water—the pine-trees—the scent of balsam—the dawn, dad, creeping up, up, and the new day coming on. I guess you don't know, dad'—— For Jack himself was drawing very near the dawn.

VI.

Three days later a group of men stood round a hole in the ground at Prairie End, waiting for some one to speak—some one who knew something about the burial service. But no one knew anything about it, so they stood in silence.

They were young men mostly—save for the one at the foot of the grave, who was dressed in city clothing. The hole was filled with flowers—white flowers, red flowers, which sent forth their perfume on the prairie air, seeming to suggest life—new life—life that was dawning in all its virgin purity, endlessly sweet and tender. They stood in silence, I say, and the breeze toyed with their rugged clothing, fluttered through their gay *bandannas*, ruffled the long hair about their bronzed foreheads.

At length he who had been Jack's partner spoke. His voice was husky. 'Boys,' he said, 'when a man comes to the end of the trail, and is kind of sick o' travelling, what does he look

for? Why, a comfortable place to rest! And so our Jack has come to the end of the trail, and we've laid him here to rest—here where the wind passes every morning and evening—here by the home he and I built together. He was my partner—eight years—my partner—but now he's gone—I ain't going to—kick at my breeching—'cause'—— Cross Berry stopped short, vigorously thrusting the end of his necker into his mouth.

'Because'—the old man in city clothing took up the thread—'because he lived straight and clean. Yes, boys'—he looked round at them, smiling—'straight and clean!' he said. 'A man's life in a country for men. He was your friend—he was my son—but, like his partner, I ain't going to—kick at my breeches—'cause God doesn't take a man till he's ready to go. And now, boys, I thank you for your kindness to him and to me, and for these beautiful flowers—and—I think, Cross—we'd better be going—if you'll be so good—as to harness—the buggy.'

And the little procession trailed away, and there was but one of them who held his handkerchief to his eyes—a large, blue handkerchief. But perhaps the eyes of the others were a little misty, for later dispute arose as to whether it was Torbit's handkerchief or his nose, which was just as blue as his handkerchief. Anyway, it was Torbit who supplied the flowers — purchased at the price of a gold watch and chain.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

PART II.

THE passion for stateliness in residences not infrequently overreaches itself. One of the classical instances of this is the case of Eastbury, the gigantic mansion in the neighbourhood of Blandford, Dorsetshire, built by George Dodington, celebrated in the eighteenth century as a place-hunting politician, and notorious as a Lord of the Admiralty who achieved riches out of the public purse. It was actually begun by his uncle, but completed by himself. Like many another extremely wealthy personage of that time, he posed as a patron of literature and the arts, and maintained at Eastbury tame poets, just as Lady Hertford did at the same period in the great country mansion at Marlborough, which afterwards became the 'Castle' inn, the most magnificent hostelry in England, now forming the older part of Marlborough College.

Dodington became Lord Melcombe, and posed as a Mæcenas until his death in 1762. His great mansion then went to Earl Temple, who, unable to afford the expense of residing in it, offered—and offered in vain—an income of £200 a year and occupation rent-free to any one who would reside at Eastbury and keep it in repair. As this bait failed, the great house was dismantled and demolished piecemeal in 1795. To-day only one wing remains to vouch for its former grandeur.

The great and beautiful residence of Audley End, near Saffron Walden, is distinctly a 'stately home.' Now a seat of Lord Braybrooke, but in recent years leased to Lord Howard de Walden, it was built in a vastly spacious and costly style by that Lord Thomas Howard who so signally helped to destroy the Spanish Armada, and was made Lord High Treasurer and created successively Baron Howard de Walden and Earl of Suffolk. Large though it is now, Audley End to-day is only a portion of the original house. In 1721, and again in 1749, great ranges of it were taken down by the then owners, who were unable to bear the enormous expense of maintaining so huge a place. The building and the furnishing were said to have cost the Lord Treasurer not less than £200,000. He began the works in 1603, and not until thirteen years later were they completed. Well might James the First, visiting that rising palace, declare, with acid meaning, that 'it was too much for a king, though it might do very well for a Lord Treasurer.' It was a belief not ill-founded that the treasury-chests of the nation had been laid under contribution for the benefit of my lord's building extravagances. His wife, too, was credited, in public opinion, with receiving bribes from the Constable of Castile, and the saying thus arose that Audley End was 'built with Spanish gold.' Pepys, who in 1669 visited the house, describes it, and how 'the housekeeper took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the king. Here I played on my flageolette, there being an excellent echo.'

Not even one wing, nor indeed one stone, is left to tell us what the celebrated mansion of Canons was like. Only old prints, and not very satisfactory ones, tell us of the magnificence of the 'princely Chandos' who built it from the wealth he had secured in his shameless and wholesale peculations as Paymaster of the Forces. In that position he confused, as recipient of those payments, the forces and himself, to the extent of several millions sterling. He was merely 'Mr Brydges' at the time. Even in the age of Queen Anne, when such things were commonplaces, the disappearance of thirty-five millions startled official circles, and a committee of inquiry held an inquest in the matter. 'Mr Brydges,' says a historian of that age, 'accounted for all the money that had passed through his hands, excepting three millions.'

This notable exception accounts for the building of Canons, near Edgware, which was begun shortly after his succeeding to the title of Baron Chandos, on the death of his father in 1714. He was then successively created Viscount Wilton and Earl of Carnarvon, and in 1719 was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Chandos. The magnificent audacity of his idea is worth recalling. He was, he thought, founding a family, and he intended that family to be properly housed. The walls of Canons were twelve feet thick. The finest craftsmen decorated the interior; the locks and hinges to the doors of the state-apartments were of silver; the ceilings were painted by the foremost artists of the day. His palace cost half-a-million sterling; and his ideas did not end there, for he thought to build a town-house in London with a ten-mile drive between it and Canons. The town-house never came into being, but the two extremely fine mansions on the north side of Cavendish Square are supposed to have been intended as porter's lodges to it.

The duke combined the utmost magnificence with the most exacting parsimony. He never gave more than sixpence; more usually twopence, and not often that. Upon Pope, writing his *Moral Essays*, descended the spirit of prophecy in the lines on 'Timon's Villa,' generally understood to be intended for Canons:

> Another age shall see the golden ear
> Embrown the slope and nod on the parterre,
> Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
> And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

No prophecy ever was more swiftly or more completely fulfilled. Canons, begun in 1715, was demolished in 1747, and what had cost half-a-million to build was sold in materials for but £11,000. The 'princely duke' had died in 1744, most of his ill-gotten wealth dissipated in the burst bubble of the South Sea speculation. His line came to an end with the third duke. In the Chandos chapel of Whitchurch church is his monument, intended to be splendid, but really achieving a splendid absurdity. There he stands, in white marble, life-size or larger, in wig and that apology for a costume, the dress of a Roman general, looking arrogant; while two of his three wives kneel humbly to him, obviously their lord and master.

Canons thus lasted thirty years. Little more than twice that length of time saw the building of Trentham, in 1850, and its demolition in 1912. That 'lordly pleasure-house,' created by the architect Sir Charles Barry for the Duke of Sutherland, was a vast enlargement in the Italian Renaissance style of an old house of the Leveson-Gowers in Staffordshire, beside the banks of the river Trent, in the Potteries district. The Potteries have grown steadily more prosperous and more dirty, and Stoke-on-Trent has spread out and absorbed the five towns. A ribald rhyme describes those five towns, now amalgamated in one:

> Up in the wilds of Stafford spreads a horrid cloud of smoke,
> Its fearful name is Fenton — Longton — Hanley—Burslem—Stoke.

The river became polluted, the air grimy. The Duke of Sutherland offered the place he could no longer live in to the public authorities, but they could not see their way to accept; and nothing remained, therefore, but to sell Trentham for demolition. In September 1912, accordingly, the fittings and the materials were disposed of, at auction, in a three-days' sale. Everything went at extremely low prices, and the central tower, which cost £1000, brought only one bid of £50, at which it was withdrawn. The grand staircase, of Hopton Wood stone and Derbyshire marble, commanded so little as £10. Thus disappeared the mid-Victorian Staffordshire stately seat of Trentham.

Eaton Hall, the gorgeous seat of the Duke of Westminster, outside Chester, may likewise be described, in the words of Pope, as 'a house, and not a dwelling.' The present duke cannot manage to live in that palatial pile built by his grandfather, but divides his residence, when in the country, between a modest house in Eaton Park and one at Saighton. Eaton Hall, designed by the late Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and built between the years 1867–81, on the site of a mansion in itself very large, but not grand enough for the Marquis of Westminster after he had been created a duke on the recommendation of Mr Gladstone, is said to have cost, from first to last, over £3,000,000. It is the fourth building on this site. Although designed by Waterhouse, it bears a very strong resemblance to Sir Gilbert Scott's practice, and greatly reminds one of his buildings for St Pancras railway-station, including a very similar clock-tower. The traditional 'Hugh Lupus,' from whom the Grosvenors are said to be descended, is a myth; but a heroic equestrian statue of that figment of the imagination, by G. F. Watts, R.A., stands in the courtyard. In the library all the books are sumptuously bound in white. Hall, park, and stables are all show-places, and are to be seen by purchasing tickets. The proceeds are devoted to charities.

The cold, vast magnificence of Sion House, the Duke of Northumberland's suburban seat at Brentford, is another apt specimen of what is possible in the way of unhomely houses. It can scarce be styled a 'residence'; and indeed the late duke preferred to live at his modest house in Albury Park, in Surrey, rather than at either Sion or his mediæval fortress, Alnwick Castle, which, although so stern and grim without, is in the likeness of an Italian palace within, having been thus remodelled by two dukes. The first was that Sir Hugh Smithson who married in 1740 the Percy heiress and assumed the Percy

name, and was created Duke of Northumberland by George III. He was an apothecary. Having become a duke, he desired also to be a Knight of the Garter—that order so admired by Lord Melbourne in Queen Victoria's time, because (as he put it) 'there's no d—d nonsense of merit about it.' To be a K.G. is a ducal privilege not often withheld; and the newly created duke naturally desired this 'most noble order' of chivalry. He accordingly asked the king for it, saying he was the first Percy who had not been created a knight of this premier order. 'You are,' returned the king, 'the first Smithson to ask.'

The second remodelling of Alnwick was the work of Algernon, fourth duke, in 1855.

The Smithson duke was a magnificent person. He it was who in 1762 began the rebuilding of Sion, employing Robert Adam, one of the famous Adam brothers who invented that modification of the classic styles well known by their name. The suburbs long since began creeping out towards this country pleasance, and quite a number of years ago a more than usually outspoken Duchess of Northumberland described Sion as 'an hobbledehoy,' meaning that, just as a youth who is neither a boy nor a man is so called, so is Sion neither town nor country. Incidentally, Sion, which takes its name from an old religious house for nuns, the Daughters of Sion, of the Order of St Bridget, has never proved disastrous to its secular owner, as old Sir Henry Spelman who wrote a *History of Sacrilege* would have us believe to be the penalty of owning sometime Church property. The dispossessed Sion nuns finally, after many years, wandered to Lisbon, by way of Flanders. An Abbey of Sion still existed there a few years ago, and the sisters were solely Englishwomen. It has been recorded that they cherished the idea of their house being some day restored here, by the banks of Thames, and that they still retained the old keys of the lost abbey. Ninety years or more since, the then Duke of Northumberland, travelling in Portugal, called at the abbey, and was told of this fond belief. The nuns even showed him the keys. But he was equal to the occasion, and cynically remarked that the locks had been altered since those days.

Claremont, near the Surrey village of Esher, owes its name to an Earl of Clare who in the eighteenth century greatly extended a small country-house built by Vanbrugh for himself. The earl added largely to the grounds by the simple process of filching from the commoners of Esher a great portion of the common lands. Enclosing them, he created what is now the park, and built a belvedere on a pleasant knoll, which he called 'Clare Mount.' He was succeeded by Clive, the 'heaven-born general,' victor of Plassey, who shortly after 1768 began building the present exceedingly handsome 'Claremont.' Macaulay, writing of it, describes how 'the peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily.' A good deal of the characteristic Macaulay emphasis and instinct for drama in that; but it is certain that Clive's political enemies painted him in very black colours, and when that great man killed himself in a fit of depression at his house in Berkeley Square, they seemed to some to be justified. The arms of Clive still decorate the pediment of the noble front of Claremont, although it soon passed out of the family. It is a mansion of sad memories. There died the Princess Charlotte, only child of George IV., in 1816. Had she lived she, and not the Princess Victoria, would have been Queen of England. Claremont is now Crown property. Queen Victoria lent it in 1848 to Louis Philippe, king of the French, who, under the *alias* of 'Mr Smith,' fled in terror from his loving subjects, and came to Claremont in extreme haste by post-chaise. The great clumsy boots worn by the post-boy on that historic occasion are yet to be seen in the hall of that old inn, the 'Bear,' at Esher, preserved in a glass case. The fugitive king died here in 1850. Claremont became the residence of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, on his marriage. He died in 1884. The Duchess of Albany is life-tenant.

The late King Edward VII. was, we need hardly press the point, a man of an exceptionally right understanding. In nothing did he display this more than in his building of Sandringham when Prince of Wales. If any one might be said to require a 'stately home' for the due maintenance of a dignified position, it was he. Upon his marriage and coming of age it was felt that the Prince of Wales should possess a suitable country residence. Many existing seats were suggested and offered, among them that enormous place, Houghton Hall, Norfolk, the old seat of the Walpoles, earls of Orford, which was built, 1722–35, by the great Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. In the customary family-mausoleum style of the time, Houghton was described very aptly as a 'triste, melancholy fine place.' The park was a kind of almost treeless wilderness, in which, it was stated, there were only two forest trees, for whose possession rival colonies of rooks were fighting.

A story very like this was told of the even more sandy, treeless, and barren 'park' of Holkham, not far distant, the seat of the famous Coke of Holkham, Earl of Leicester. There, it was wittily said, was one blade of grass for which two rabbits contended.

Houghton Hall is some four hundred and fifty feet in length. In Sir Robert Walpole's

time it was the scene of great entertainments; but that state of affairs did not last long; and for very many years no one has been able to afford to live in this great house. Houghton was offered to the Duke of Wellington when the nation proposed to buy an estate for him; but, perhaps with the example of Blenheim in mind, he refused it, and acquired instead the much more modest Strathfieldsaye.

The Prince of Wales declined Houghton, and selected the neighbouring Sandringham estate, which was purchased from the Hon. Spencer Cowper's trustees for £220,000, in 1861. The area is seven thousand acres. Here he built for himself a residence which is not 'stately,' but exceedingly pleasant, in red brick and in the domestic Elizabethan style, promising comfort and a home. And there it stands looking typically English; a natural growth, as it were, and owing nothing to alien influence. Is not this entirely typical of that great sovereign?

THE END.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

V.

AS the three of them huddled to the earth under cover, there came a sparkle of light from the mound of rock ahead, and a bullet droned above them. At the flash in the gray morning air, the driver darted his hand upwards and fired every chamber of the five-shot revolver he carried. At once above his head the protecting rock splintered, and on a rock behind a bullet starred.

'Better not do that again,' said Clement, hugging cover, as he had learnt to do in France and on the hunting-trail.

'Shootin' *me* up!' breathed the driver as he reloaded. 'I'll teach him.'

'You won't that way,' said Clement. 'Not without damage to yourself. That must be the half-breed Siwash planted there to hold us away from Cobalt as long as possible. He's probably up to all the tricks. We sha'n't be able to rush him; we 've got to get him by guile.'

'I don't care about guile so long as I can shoot him up.'

Clement, who, in the broadening pallor of light, had been studying the ground, both about them and about the rock on which their assailant was entrenched, said crisply, 'You shall. Stick your revolver round the farther end of your rock—no more than your pistol, if you value your arm—and when you've fired, whip it in sharp. No, don't trouble to aim at anything. Ready? Now fire.'

The driver's revolver spoke. Almost at once there was an answering sparkle from the rock-cliff, and the rock against which the revolver rested chipped into flecks of flying particles.

'Close up,' said the driver. 'He 's getting his range pretty.'

'He is,' said Clement, who had asked the driver to fire so that he might study their opponent's position. 'Lucky for us his first shots were mere sighters, with the distance wrongly gauged. But now he 's got a marked range, and he 'll get anything of us that shows. Also, he moves after every shot. We sha'n't get him by pot-shooting. We 've got to tackle this fellow with some of his own cunning. And we 've got to do it quickly, before the light gets too good.'

Again he gave the ground about them a sharp survey, his mind, accustomed in the old days to trench-warfare, sizing up the situation quickly and accurately.

'Will you two crawl over to the left there? And don't forget cover is life. I want you to get behind those rocks over there—you behind the big one, driver; you behind the smaller, Gatineau. When I give you the word, I want one of you to blaze at him and draw his fire. When he fires back, I want you both to loose off. —Can you fire with the left hand, Gatineau? Well, do, alternating your shots. I want that lad to be convinced that he has three men pinned here.'

'And you 're going to flank him?' said Gatineau.

'I 'm going to try to do that.'

'Not a very safe job with a slim feller like that,' said the driver.

'I had some practice at it in France. Great training-ground, France. Also, I've done quite a lot of stalking. Anyhow, it 's our only chance if we 're not to remain here all day.'

The two men crawled across to their stations without drawing fire, both the light and their own carefulness favouring them. Then Gatineau fired at the rock. The shot was immediately answered, and as immediately a very hearty fusillade burst from the two behind their rocks. Clement chuckled at the ardour Gatineau and his companion put into the business. It was a real early morning 'hate' of the Front. Not three men but a file seemed to be in action, to judge from the rattling discharges of the twain.

But though Clement Seadon was grinning, he was also fulfilling his own part of the plan. Directly the firing began and the attention of the man on the rock was occupied with it, he slipped from the rock under which he lay, and began to worm his way in a wide circle to the

right. He had good cover, and he made excellent progress. He was also helped by the clever co operation of his companions. They went one better than instructions. Instead of remaining in one place and firing from that, they worked steadily along the arc to the left, and Siwash—Clement was certain it was Siwash—in swivelling round to follow them, naturally turned his back more and more on Clement.

And the two men did not overdo their part. To have gone too much to the left would have threatened Siwash with encirclement, and thus would have forced him to retreat from the rock-cliff to another vantage-point, to which Clement would have had to follow him. Instead of this, they made their progress slow and limited. But they drew fire with all manner of tricks. Gatineau bobbed up his hat on the end of his electric torch, getting a bullet through the crown of it, but at the same time convincing Siwash that the party was there. The driver did much the same at the outside edge of a rock, to convince the rogue that the party was working deliberately to the left. When Siwash fired, the two men remained for many minutes in that position, and advertised the fact in the usual way, as though they had become stuck in that place.

Meantime Clement made definite progress round the right flank. The ground was good and rocky, and made for stalking. In about half-an-hour he reached a position from which he could survey the rocky place where the highwayman was, could even see the fellow as he moved stealthily from point to point. It was, as he had thought, Siwash.

Actually, at one time, he had Siwash's legs and thighs at the mercy of his pistol, but though the chances were nine to one on his hitting, he decided not to risk it. If he wounded the fellow he might not put him out, while it would betray the double game they were playing, and so make the enemy more cautious and dangerous. When he fired, he must do so with absolute certainty of putting an end to this pistol-play.

All the same, he had to fire before he was ready. He had worked round to a fairly good position, when he saw no more than the hands of Siwash (the rest was covered) doing a peculiar thing. The hands seemed to be rolling a cigarette. The hands finished rolling the cigarette, and, with the utmost cunning, it was lighted. A broad puff of smoke rose up, and another, immediately drawing a spattering of shots from the men below. Siwash, hidden, puffed for a minute on the cigarette; then the hands appeared again, and Clement watched them cleverly fixing the wet butt of the 'smoke' to the face of a rock. Siwash had calculated the draught well, for the lighted end gave off a thin thread of smoke, which occasionally became a puff, in the now advanced light of the growing day. Directly he had fixed up the cigarette Siwash began to slink away between the rocks. Then Clement fired.

He had to fire. He recognised Siwash's game at once. Siwash meant to hypnotise the men under cover below with that cigarette-smoke. They would keep their eyes fixed on that, and would not notice that the fellow was worming round them. The first intimation of his tactics they would get would be a shot from their exposed flank, and that shot would be aimed to kill. Clement recognised this in a flash, and fired.

He saw Siwash jerk and dive forward out of sight. He thought he had hit, but did not waste time speculating on the matter. He nipped forward very rapidly, keeping well in cover, for, even if you think you have killed a man, it is mere wisdom not to take it for granted until you are certain. He had covered half the distance when he heard a shout, and peeping out from cover, he saw the detective, Gatineau, on the ground where Siwash had fallen and disappeared. Gatineau stood upright, but drew no shot. Clement discarded cover and ran, scrambling over the rocks to join him.

He reached the spot, found Gatineau, but no Siwash. There was blood on the ground, and the trail of it led away from a point on the edge of the rocky outcrop where Siwash must have been hit. Clement was about to ask questions, when, with a loud 'Got it, Steve,' the driver scrambled into sight. The driver had a large automatic in his hand as well as his own revolver.

'Say, you got him pretty,' shouted the driver. 'But where is that bad-man?'

'We saw him go down "smash!" when you fired,' explained the detective. 'He shot right into sight before dropping out of it. As he went down his gun dropped out of his hand, hit that rock there, and went bouncing down to the foot of the outcrop. I guess you hit him powerful. We surmised his teeth were drawn, so I came up here quick to get him if he wasn't done, while the driver went for the gun.'

'An' I got the gun, but you didn't get that bad-man.'

'He must be a pretty sick man, anyhow,' said Gatineau, pointing to the blood. 'He can't be far off.'

They followed the trail. It wormed in and out of the rocks, and against some of them was a smear of blood. Then suddenly, across an open space ringed with rocks, they lost it. Siwash had evidently stanched the flow before he crossed this place. They stared at the rocks, the hard surface of which showed no foot-prints. They could see no sign of movement.

'He might be at any point of the compass there,' said Clement. 'We might hunt all day for him, and not find him. And we don't particularly want to find him.'

'No; the sooner we get to Cobalt the better,' agreed Gatineau. 'And his teeth are drawn, anyhow. We can lodge information at the town, and the police there can deal with him—if he remains hereabouts to be dealt with. We'd better get along.'

They found the trail again, and resumed their tramp; and though they were not interfered with any more, they speculated why it was that Siwash had been dropped from the car, stranded, as they had been, in the wilderness, just to hold them up for an hour or so.

'It's not as if he could have kept us here indefinite,' said the driver.

'Apart from the fact that he might have had the great good luck of killing me,' said Clement, 'an advantage which is the fondest dream of the rogues, for with me out of the way interference with them would slacken off, if it did not come to an end altogether—apart from that satisfying ideal, they want to keep us away from Cobalt as long as they can, to give Miss Reys as long a start as possible.'

'She'll get that anyhow if she leaves by the first train out,' said the driver. 'We wouldn't have got in anyhow until hours after she has left. You couldn't hope to catch her in a run either east or west, unless she stops off somewhere.'

'We could have caught her by wire or telephone at North Bay or Sudbury, either of those junctions,' said Clement. 'We know she must go as far as that, because there is no other line for her to travel on'——

'Unless she goes north,' said Gatineau.

'Unless she goes north to Cochrane,' agreed Clement. 'But even then it is a straight line, and she could not escape us until she got to the junction. When she gets to any of these junctions we lose her, especially those to the south, for she can be swallowed up in two or three cross-sections going south or east or west, and we'll find it difficult to follow her. She'll simply go off into the blue. But if we can get her by wire or telephone before she reaches one of the junctions, asking her to await our arrival, then we can beat Neuburg and his scoundrels.'

'Say, is this Miss Heloise running away from you?' demanded the mystified driver. 'Say, are you'——

'She's not doing it intentionally,' said Clement. 'It's a long story, but the main facts are that we want to prevent her doing something, and Neuburg and his lot are working their hardest to stop us doing it—as you have seen for yourself. So far as Miss Reys is concerned, she doesn't even know we are following her. Neuburg, with the aid of the companion you interviewed, Méduse Smythe, is taking care of that. If we could get in touch with her before they covered up her trail at North Bay or Sudbury'——

'I'm afraid we sha'n't do it,' said Gatineau; and the driver said more finally, 'You *won't* do it.'

They tramped on steadily for two hours before they sighted the first house. This was a mere shack, without telephone, without any of the luxuries at all. An old man was in it, and being Canadian, he made them free of the place. Though he could not provide any sort of conveyance to carry them into Cobalt, he told them that about an hour on they would find a group of homesteads back from the trail, and would be able to get a rig there. He gave them what they were sadly in need of—that is, food and hot coffee—and told them, as they ate and drank, something of the hardships and the pleasures of homesteading in the wilds. He had heard both cars go by in the night, and had heard one return, going as though hell itself was trailing after it.

With the morning well advanced they reached the homesteads, and all of them piled on to a couple of rigs, uncomfortable and jolty vehicles for men tired out by lack of sleep and by the excitements of the night, for there was no means of lying down in them.

Yet they were all that could be obtained, and they served their purpose, and the party reached Cobalt in them ultimately, if wearily. Here they paid off the driver, telling him to send in his bill to Clement Seadon at the Canadian Pacific Offices at Montreal for the haulage and repairs of his bogged car; and this done, they made inquiries at the hotel where Heloise had stayed, and at the railway-depot.

The hotel people could say nothing save that Miss Reys and her companion had left by the first train south, but for what destination they could not say. The people at the depot could say very little more.

Yes, they remembered the two ladies who left by the first train out. They remembered them by the youth and beauty of one—some queen Jane, in their opinion—and the novelty of two highly nurtured females leaving at that hour. And, oh yep! they could tell at once where they had gone. They had gone exactly as far as—North Bay.

North Bay, and no farther. The other woman, not the good-looker, had taken tickets for there.

North Bay! Clement Seadon knew what North Bay signified. North Bay was the place where the trail would be skilfully covered up. From North Bay Heloise would vanish into the vastness of Canada once more. North Bay was the place where Neuburg hoped to throw the pursuit off the scent.

(*Continued on page 341.*)

JAN MAYEN REVISITED.

IN August 1919 the Danish inspecting-vessel *Iceland Falcon*, under the command of Captain Bojeson, made an expedition to the rarely visited island of Jan Mayen, in the Northern Arctic, in order to take over a number of buildings which had been presented to the Danish State by an Austrian naturalist, Count Wilchek; and at the same time a series of interesting surveys and meteorological observations were carried out in the vicinity.

The island of Jan Mayen, which has an area of about 150 square miles, lies some 350 miles to the north-east of Iceland. Its formation is purely volcanic, and the north-eastern portion consists of the great volcano Beerenberg (7000 feet), which is completely covered with ice, and from which glaciers descend on every side to the sea. The last eruption took place in 1818; another had occurred in 1732. The smaller or south-western part of the island is connected with the other portion by a low, narrow tongue formed of masses of basaltic lava, in which there are numerous craters and ash-cones. Also, on Egg Island, near by, there are many traces of volcanic activity. A more inhospitable spot than Jan Mayen it would be difficult to imagine; yet the British Government was notified last May that it had been occupied by a Norwegian subject. Besides great numbers of seafowl there are many Arctic foxes, and Polar bears are sometimes found.

Jan Mayen has been investigated several times, although somewhat superficially; and it is visited now and again by Norwegian hunting and whaling vessels, some of which have even wintered there. Surveys have been made on and round the island by various expeditions, but the charting of the waters in the vicinity had been very imperfectly done. In 1882–83 a whole series of international meteorological observations was undertaken in the Arctic regions. The different European states fitted out expeditions for the purpose. Amongst these Denmark sent one to Godthaab, in Greenland, under the command of Captain Ryder, now director of the Meteorological Institute in Copenhagen; and Austro-Hungary despatched an expedition to Jan Mayen under the leadership of an Austrian marine officer, Von Wohlgemuth. It was fitted out by the Count Wilchek referred to above, and at his cost a considerable number of buildings for purposes of observation, dwellings, and storehouses were erected on Jan Mayen. On the departure of the Austrian expedition these were all locked up, and provisions for four men for a year were left behind. These, with the count's permission, were afterwards used by hunting expeditions which wintered on the island. In 1917, however, Count Wilchek offered the whole of the buildings to the Danish State as a gift, in grateful acknowledgment of the assistance which had been given to his expedition by the Danes, and because the neighbouring lands, Iceland and parts of Greenland, were appanages of the Danish Crown. The Danish Government accepted the gift, and after the necessary formalities had been gone through, it was decided to despatch a vessel in the summer of 1919 on a voyage of inspection to Jan Mayen. Accordingly on 2nd August the *Iceland Falcon*, having taken on board a supply of the scientific instruments required, sailed from Seydisfjord, in Iceland, and two days later she reached her objective. The expedition was very successful, owing in great measure to the weather, which was very fine—always excepting the fog, which may be described as a permanent institution round Jan Mayen. Indeed, the Norwegian whalers say that it is as hard to find Jan Mayen as it is to find a needle in a haystack. Sometimes, however, the huge glacier-clad volcano of Beerenberg may be seen at a great distance through the fog. The waters hereabouts are very stormy, and there being practically no safe anchorages, a vessel must always be ready to proceed to sea at any hour of the day or the night. In view of such a possibility, therefore, the men who were landed from the Danish ship as soon as she reached the coast took with them supplies sufficient for five days. While Count Wilchek's buildings were being examined and overhauled, the crew of the ship got shore leave in parties, and when all had had an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity, the *Iceland Falcon* proceeded to sea, and began surveying—a work which was continued without intermission for four days and nights. The temperature of the water was also taken at various depths, plankton investigations were conducted, and, with the object of ascertaining the trend of the currents, a number of well-stoppered bottles were committed to the waves.

The supply of coal did not admit of a longer stay than until the 9th of August, and on that day the vessel left for Iceland, deep-sea soundings being carried out on the voyage.

The Norwegian Sea has a depth which almost rivals that of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; in the whole of the central portion it exceeds 1000 fathoms, while to the south-east of Jan Mayen 2000, and off Spitsbergen 2500, fathoms have been found.

Owing presumably to the low temperature of the water, no fish were found; but shoals of herring are said to have been observed in the neighbourhood of the island by previous expeditions.

In March and April large numbers of seals are captured along the edge of the ice to the north and the east of Jan Mayen—as many as 300,000 have been killed there in a season. At that time

many Polar bears are found in the neighbourhood of the rookeries, and are shot at a great distance from land. Later on there is a 'right whale' fishery to the north and the west of Jan Mayen. On the basis of the many important and interesting observations made by the *Iceland Falcon*, an accurate chart can now be drawn of the waters round this remote island.

THE MYSTERY OF THE *WELL MET*.

CHAPTER VI.—A PRISONER.

WHEN, slowly and painfully, his senses returned to him, Hervey saw that it was morning, and that he was lying on deck so wrapped round and about with tightly knotted cords that he resembled more a mummy than a living human being. An additional cord tied round his feet secured him to a ringbolt, and the anguish of pain he endured from the tightness of his bonds and from the thirst that parched his dry lips was so great, he could not hold back a groan.

He heard a step behind, and Wilson came up and stood looking down at him. 'How are you this morning, Mr Drake?' he asked, with that curiously loathsome smile of his. 'Pretty comfortable, I hope?'

Hervey did not answer, but looked at him steadily; whereupon Wilson gave him a careless kick in the ribs and strolled away. A moment or two later Jacques came up with his knife in his hand, and put the edge of it to Hervey's throat as he lay helpless.

'How like you that?' he asked. 'Eh? How like you that?'

Hervey yawned. 'You've no imagination, Jacques,' he said. 'Even when you come at last to the gallows and stand with the rope about your neck, you'll still be nothing but a dull fool.'

Jacques scowled at him, but sheathed his knife and went off, having enjoyed less sport than he had hoped for, since there is little use in trying to frighten a man who can yawn with a knife at his throat. But Hervey guessed that he would have been dead long ago had they not thought that they still needed his services, and it seemed to him that even now he was not altogether helpless.

'Wilson!' he called. 'Wilson, here! I want you.'

Wilson answered the call, though with an air of some surprise, for this peremptory summons from a man so utterly in his power astonished him not a little.

'You called me?' he said. 'Are you tired of life, I wonder?'

'Not at all,' answered Hervey, 'but we may as well understand each other. It may save some inconvenience to us both. I want to tell you my terms.'

'Your—terms?' repeated Wilson, staring at him. 'Do you think you're in a position to make any?'

'I do,' answered Hervey quietly; 'and I fancy you think so, too, or why did you not cut my throat last night? Why, you fool, you know as well as I do that you can no more handle this schooner than a three-year-old child can run a steam-engine. You can't reach Manilla without me. If I get you there, you can't without my help berth her without making such an exhibition that the port authorities would send off a boat to find out what was wrong. And, remember, Manilla isn't Spanish now; it's American. That means you can neither bluff, fool, nor bribe the port authorities. My good fellow, you can save yourself and your precious friends in just one way, and one way only—by making it worth my while to help you. If you want my help, you had better ask my price. If not—well, take your own course, and don't be surprised if it lands you in jail in quick sticks.'

'There's something in what you say,' admitted Wilson. 'We do need your help. But for that you would have died some hours ago. Your help is necessary to us, you say? Agreed. But we may secure it by means other, and possibly less agreeable, than those you call accepting your terms. A little gentle pressure. For example'——

'Try,' said Hervey briefly.

'For example, if we hung you up in the rigging by your thumbs?'

'Try,' said Hervey, as briefly as before.

Wilson stooped down to look at him, and Hervey gazed steadily back into the depths of the dark, evil eyes that searched so closely his own, where there burned the fires of a great resolve.

'There are more ways than one of bringing an obstinate man to his senses,' said Wilson at last, and again that dreadful smile flickered for a moment at the corners of his thin and cruel mouth.

He walked away, leaving Hervey desperate, for it seemed a dark threat lay behind his words. In a very short time he was back, and with him were Lucy Endicott—very lovely, her face pale like that of one newly dead, her small head proud and upright—and Jacques and Sylvestre, one at each side of the girl.

'As you have truly, though perhaps a little boastfully, informed me,' Wilson said slowly, 'we need your assistance, Mr Drake. You say you will give it to us only on your own terms. It is a resolve I am persuaded I could

induce you to reconsider, and the task would afford me much pleasure; but we are pressed for time, and I confess I think that by the time I had brought you to a more reasonable frame of mind you might be so much the worse for wear that your assistance would be of little value. It would save trouble, I dare say, on all sides, if you agree to do what we ask of you. All we require is that you should navigate this ship to Manilla and help us to berth her. Once we are safely in port, you and Miss Endicott and Captain Endicott will promise to remain quietly on board for six hours before attempting to give any alarm, so that we may have sufficient time to seek shelter.'

Hervey hesitated, knowing well that this offer was as false as the man who made it, and that once the schooner was safely moored in Manilla harbour, the last thing these men would do would be to leave him and the Endicotts safe and unharmed to tell their story to the authorities and set all Manilla on the search for them. Yet he did not know but that a refusal might entail worse consequences; and, after all, any delay was so much gain.

'I tell you what I will do,' he said. 'I will do all you say if, when we are outside the harbour, you lower a boat and let Miss Endicott and her father go ashore in it. You would have plenty of time to make your escape before they could give any alarm.'

'I'm afraid that would never do,' Wilson answered. 'You are obstinate, then? Well, we must try another way.—Jacques, hang Miss Endicott up by her thumbs opposite her friend here, and let us see'——

'No, no,' Hervey interrupted hoarsely, knowing he had lost the game. 'I'll do whatever you want me to.'

'Mr Drake,' Lucy said, 'I'm not afraid. Let them do what they like. I can bear it.' And she held out her hands to Jacques.

'No,' muttered Hervey in the same harsh and strained voice that was barely recognisable as his own—'no; we're beat. God help us, for no other can.—I will do what you want,' he added to Wilson, and the perspiration stood on his forehead in little drops and rolled slowly down his cheeks like tears.

'I thought my arguments would soon prove convincing,' remarked Wilson, and again his smile touched his lips and the corners of his mouth, making his evil face more evil still. 'Sylvestre, take Miss Endicott back to her cabin.—Mr Drake, I suppose you had better have something to eat, and I dare say, if we released you, you would be more useful than you are at present. But I fear we cannot afford to give you your full liberty.—Jacques, bring me the handcuffs and that chain and padlock I showed you.'

They released him from the ropes with which he was bound, and gave him food and drink, for clearly it was not their purpose to let him die—just yet; but they secured his wrists with a pair of handcuffs they had found on board, and they also padlocked his ankle to a short length of cable, so that all his movements were hampered and difficult. When they had finished doing this Wilson laughed, and threw the keys of the handcuffs and the padlock overboard.

'Now I think we have you safe, my little man,' he said. 'It might have been better to take this way from the first, but we wanted to be good and kind to you. However, do your best for us now, and you 'll be all right still.'

Hervey did not answer. He knew he was helpless, and must obey whatever commands they gave him. In his fettered condition he could no longer help with the actual work of the ship, but the weather remained favourable, so that there was very little that needed to be done. He was quite able, however, to take charge of the wheel, and they kept him there, except for what intervals were necessary for rest, till noon the next day, when they came in sight of land.

Bitter indeed were Hervey's thoughts as he stood, a helpless captive, at the ship's wheel and did his masters' bidding. Death would have been welcome, but he dared not die and leave Lucy Endicott and her father to the mercy of these human tigers. Yet alive he was little help to them, and hope died in his breast. Still there remained in him a faint and flickering and doubtful faith that alone stood between him and madness. For, when he lifted his eyes to the stainless blue of the perfect sky above, it did not seem to him that He whose work that was would allow such wickedness to be done, or desert in their need those who trusted in Him.

Lucy had not been allowed on deck again, but he believed that so far she and her father were safe, as he had seen both Sylvestre and Drew take food below, and bring back empty dishes.

They were quite close to land now; and about three o'clock in the afternoon a small American gunboat passed them about a mile away, looking very smart and trim, and evidently bound for Manilla.

With what longing eyes did Hervey watch her! How bitter it was to him to see her pass on, power and law and justice incarnate, and know how swiftly and certainly she would have come to their rescue if only he had been able to let her know their dreadful need! She passed on; there were tears in his eyes—tears not for himself, but for Lucy Endicott and her helpless father—as he watched her draw ahead and vanish out of sight.

A few moments later Wilson came up with a chart in his hand, and began to ask questions about their exact position and about the lie of the land. Hervey showed him where they were, and told him they were about ten miles from Manilla, and Wilson nodded thoughtfully.

'That will be enough,' he said. 'We 'll anchor here, and wait till night.'

'What for?' Hervey asked.

'That 's our affair,' answered Wilson. 'You 've only to do what we tell you, unless you are looking for more trouble.'

He went away then, and he and his companions became very busy. They reefed the schooner's sails and brought her to, lowering her anchor. They fetched on deck a large number of packages they seemed to have all ready, and began to prepare the larger of the two boats the schooner carried. Hervey guessed then that they had determined not to risk entering the harbour and facing the questions they might be asked, and that they had determined to abandon the ship and row ashore, taking with them such valuables from cabins and cargo as they conveniently could. The last thing they did when they had finished all their preparations was to come to him and firmly secure to the deck the loose end of the length of cable they had padlocked to his foot, so that he was unable to move more than a few feet in any direction.

'What 's that for?' he asked. 'What are you going to do?'

'That 's asking questions,' Wilson retorted, examining the chain and making sure that it was firm; 'but I don't mind telling you, as you ask. We are going to leave the ship and row ashore, taking a few little souvenirs with us. As an American myself, I know what an inquisitive race we are, and if we entered the harbour there 's no telling what silly questions we might not be asked. So we shall leave the schooner in the sole charge of Captain Endicott and yourself, and I do hope you will take good care of it. Miss Endicott, of course, goes with us.'

'What do you mean?' Hervey asked, fresh horror dawning in his soul, for Wilson's face was like a fiend's as he spoke.

'Well, we couldn't leave the lady, could we?' he asked. 'It would be too dangerous. Suppose, for example, the schooner happened to take fire after we left her. Oh, we must not expose the lady to such risks, and on shore I have Chinese friends who will be glad to give us—and her—shelter in places even my inquisitive and restless countrymen have never heard of.'

'You villain!' Hervey muttered, and made a quick movement towards him, forgetting his fettered condition, and conscious only that if he could but lay hands upon this sneering fiend he would kill him where he stood.

But the fetters on his wrists and on his leg restrained him, and Wilson laughed and walked away.

This, then, was their intention. Lucy they meant to take ashore, where she would be entirely in their power, and where they would be able to keep her concealed as long as they wished, or as was necessary, in such haunts as always exist in towns like Manilla, in spite of all the efforts of the authorities to stamp them out. For himself, helpless and fettered, and for the equally helpless man below, the plan evidently was to fire the schooner and leave them to their fate, in the certainty that the fetters of the one and the injuries of the other would make escape impossible.

Like a man dazed and numbed Hervey sat very still, overwhelmed by the horror of the thing. The night drew near. Wilson and his companions ate and drank and were very gay, evidently quite confident of success. After their meal they all lay down for a rest before they started, leaving only Drew on guard, who, however, soon closed his eyes and slept as soundly as the rest.

What was there to fear, indeed, from a girl and a wounded man and a man securely fettered? No wonder Drew slept soundly, while, in utter misery and despair, Hervey crouched in his chains on the deck and waited the awful end.

(*Continued on page 345.*)

FOES OF THE COCO-NUT PLANTER.

FEW trees are more useful than the coco-nut palm, on which so many millions of the coast and island populations of the tropics depend for most of the things they require, and millions in Europe also for food and other stuffs. Every year the wastage in the coco-nut crop is enormous; for not only do tornadoes work havoc among the groves and the plantations, but planters and natives have to fight many foes that feed on the coco-palm.

Monkeys and wild elephants do great harm. With almost human intelligence the monkeys place sentinels to give the alarm of danger, and form long queues to hand along the fruit or nuts, which are very soon got away; and the elephants are so fond of the young, tender leaves that often it is necessary to guard the palms by lighting fires and firing guns during the night. It is then, in the darkness, that in India the natives watch for the wild hogs and the porcupines seeking to eat the succulent roots of the invaluable palms. These do great injury to the trees—like the coco-bear or Malay bear, which is ravenous of the tender leaves. This interesting little animal seldom attacks the natives of the Malay Peninsula. Indeed, they aver that the coco-bear, instead of attacking strayed travellers in the jungle, may find them food without doing them the slightest harm.

One queer enemy of this most useful tree is the so-called marten of the palm-trees — a strange animal that climbs the coco, and drinks the liquid in the nuts. The marten is about nineteen inches long, and is as thick in the body as the average cat. In Java and in southern Asia it is very numerous, and it is one of the most fearless and ferocious fighters. Its head and its teeth are like a wild cat's; on the upper lip and under the eyes are long moustaches. At first sight it seems black, but on close examination is found to be yellow, the fur consisting of woolly and silken hairs. It is dappled with black spots on each side of its spine; these spots merge into black bands round the lower part of its lithe body. The first half of the long bushy tail is the same colour as the body, and the second half a jet-black. The black ears are tipped at the outside edge with a white border.

Every season this very odd-looking animal spoils countless coco-nuts. In Java the natives declare it does this out of sheer hatred to human beings, whom the marten of the palm-tree will turn upon with even less hesitation than does the most savage weasel.

Frequently the palm-squirrel is to be seen frisking on the trees on the East Indian shores. When it can, this squirrel makes use of the holes gnawed in the green nuts by the marten, to drink what is left of the water. Yet it also can tap the nuts, and sip its fill of their delicious fluid.

Rats are great coco-nut eaters, and do immense havoc, especially in Mauritius, Reunion, Keeling Islands, Diego Garcia, the Caicos Group, and in Fiji and other Pacific islands. They eat holes near the stalk, always choosing where the hole will not let out the water, then get inside and drink the water; the coco-almond they eat at their leisure. Green and ripe nuts come all the same to them.

Many are the enemies of the coco-palm and its nut; and among the worst are birds. Beautiful and interesting it is to see the parrots climbing and chattering, all gorgeous in their plumage, and sucking the pollen of the splendid golden flowers that rise above the green leaves of the coco-palms; yet they and the macaws destroy the fertility of many coco-nut trees, though they are not so destructive as a kind of sea-swallow — the black noddy. It builds its nest among the stalks of the leaves, and when stormy weather prevents it from flying out to sea, it passes its time pecking the flowers of the palm. In this way it causes at times a very poor yield of nuts on certain of the Indian islands.

Insects, also, prey on the coco-palm. The termites, or white ants, build their nests on the tops of the trees, and kill them from their crowns; the species that find a home at their base poison the roots. Among many others, the rhinoceros beetle, which is very like a miniature model of the unicorn rhinoceros, cuts his way into the leaves, and eats the topmost sprout; while his wife bores holes in the trunk, to lay her eggs in them, and kill the tree.

The queerest and most interesting of all the coco's foes is the climbing or sepoy crab; and round it there are many stories told, especially in Mauritius. Half lobster and half crab, it is of a formidable size for a crustacean, generally measuring twenty inches or so from the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen. Occasionally the sepoy reaches more than three feet in length, and the natives speak with awe of such monsters—one of which is said to have stolen a child!

It lives in a water-logged hole among the roots of trees, is particularly addicted to making the coco-palm both its home and its hunting-ground, and will travel some distance to steal the fruit of it. When the sepoy has climbed the trunk of the palm, it detaches the nut by tearing the fibres of the stalk till the nut falls. Then it comes down, finds the fruit, and drags it off to its hole. Here, patiently and laboriously, the crab strips the fibre, bit by bit, until the almond is completely bared. It is too provident a creature to wait until one nut is done before it gets another. Like the squirrel, the sepoy keeps a larder; and annually its species is accountable for an enormous waste of good food-stuff.

However, this remarkable thief of coco-nuts —which in itself is a pretty sight, with its colour of sky-blue shading into white, with white patches speckling the blue of the carapace and of the plates of the abdomen, the blue sometimes passing into red, and the white into yellow—is remarkably good eating too. So it pays the penalty. The natives put their arms into the sepoys' holes, and, seizing their claws in a bunch, whip them out suddenly and skilfully. One pinch of the powerful great left claw can do much injury. When cooked like a lobster, the sepoy is something worth eating. The coco-nut grower then does get a little of his own back!

ROSES AND DREAMS.

O TIME of roses and of dreams,
So fleeting and so fair,
Elusive as a mirage hung
Upon the ambient air!

The wonder in a maiden's eyes,
The bloom of lips unkissed,
The first note of a bird at dawn
Are winsome things, I wist.

The spirit of all loveliness
Are thine in very truth;
O time of roses and of dreams,
Thy other name is—'Youth'!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE

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By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THE pleasures of shopping are now enhanced; they could never have been so exhilarating as in London, capital of all shopping, during the new spring season. To make the saunter of an hour along a part of Piccadilly, up the length of Bond Street, then through a piece of Oxford Street and down by the bend of Regent Street to the place where such walk began is to be given the opportunity of some education in production and in progress, and the stuff for many deep speculations, starting upon a theme of nature and ending with economics. A man (or, better far, a woman) with a few pounds in a purse and an open mind upon all matters of purchases—the crushing period of unsatisfiable needs, we may suppose, is past—should not emerge from such an experience without some personal gain. In recent years the normal adventure of shopping was vulgarly increased through the twin difficulties of shortage and profiteering, so that the husbandman, and also the husbandwoman, fared forth to the shops in the way of savages entering the forests in search of that which they needed for their sustenance. They encountered there such enemies as they thought early Britons might have met in times when our islands were somewhat raw. Salesmen showed independence, nearly a hostility; they defended their possessions against these household raiders. They seemed unwilling to part with them—or affected such a disposition; they spoke of scarcities, of sacrifices made; often they came near to incivility, and, according to the custom of the period, they lied outrageously, in particular upon the quality of their goods. Shoppers at such times, the primitive instincts forcing them, hardened their hearts, casting aside such gentleness of manner and conduct as had been trained and encouraged from their youth. From such an adventure a gentleman, a professional man, one of good family and not without a balance at a bank, might emerge triumphant with a chicken and a bag of real potatoes, carrying them home himself with the pride of the successful hunter and a gourmet's anticipation. Yet such adventures did not cultivate the best of the shopping instincts in us, the finer art of considered and perfect purchase. Were we not coarsened by them? Was some faith not lost? There were moments when one might even have suspected the conduct and the statements of some of the great, the venerable, shopkeepers of London, such was the strain, the struggle for existence. It is sometimes unfairly and inaccurately said that even the normal charges of these super-shopkeepers, holders of businesses that have come down through generations, are so excessive that only stupids of Mayfair could ever deal with them. That is nonsense. These aristocrats among purveyors have a sense for themselves that some others may not understand. Quality and taste are certain; there are guarantees and conveniences, a lofty mutual confidence between patron and tradesman, and a sense of the dignity of procedure. A peculiar satisfaction is given to shopping in these rare conditions; we may depend upon our man. His taste is nice, his resource extensive, and we take his word like that of an archbishop. He is a part of the system of our existence, as perhaps his grandfather was part of our family affair of two generations gone. Nowhere as in London are there such aristocrats of the counter. It is the manner and the mellowness, the age and the richness, of London that have brought forth such gentle, careful providers of our needs. One thinks of a bookshop in Piccadilly, of a tobacconist more in the east, of shoemakers and some dealers in pretty things. When I ask my bookseller for a copy, difficult for some reason to obtain, he needs not my instruction to ransack everywhere in search of it, and it matters nothing, in his thoroughness and enthusiasm, whether it is an affair of sixpence or six guineas. I like doing my little business with such people; it seems worth an extra point in my expenditure. It is a satisfaction to be gathered completely in London as not elsewhere, and not by all in London.

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But yet the happiness of shopping is not limited in admission to such rare marts—lions and unicorns above their doors and windows—where one may brush against a foreign king and queen inspecting at a counter. Wide changes have swept over London shopping since old Victorian days when stores, started by some naval and military persons who were busy out in

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India, formed a kind of feature of the London system. The vogue of stores has much advanced since then. One day long back I was in Chicago, where, as none would be surprised to know, they have the finest example of stores on earth. It is, indeed, such an excellent store, such a great achievement—one says it in sincerity—such a profitable and successful adventure, that a daughter of the founder is now the wife of a peer of this our realm, and no peer of simple heredity, but one strong man who, as much as any, held our island safe in time of war. In these polished and handsome, most elegant stores in Chicago I realised that America had made another discovery, and that we should need to follow quickly such example of convenience and efficiency. London has done so, and is without match in our country. The freedom, the civility and the thoroughness, the business efficiency and the fairness, the convenience and the selection of such stores are appealing features. One hears that the profits of such a house, just one of them in London, last year were three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds—more than a third of a million pounds in profits, one shop in London in one year. It is an instruction through pleasure to walk in contemplation through some of the larger and finer stores. One gathers a sense of the world and of work, to be acquired neither from books nor many travels. Here is the merchandise of the world, the pathetic effort of all humankind in artful and clever labour. Here one appreciates a fight between the nations, a greater and a finer fight than such as are fought with guns. There are pointers for many philosophies. We perceive economics in being, ambition in action (making a note of a demonstration by Japan), and acquire a special impression of an empire. Here are the work of the world and the fruits thereof in infinite variety; to meander through it, and think a stage or two beyond the present offering and the price, is newly to apprehend some aspects of the strange romance of human force and efforts.

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There are two chief shopping streets in the world, where a purchaser of taste experiences a sense of exhilaration and inspiration. They are the Bond Street of London and the Rue de la Paix of Paris. One is not satisfied that we do not continually include the Rue de la Paix in this joint supremacy as a matter of custom and a compliment more than otherwise, for by nature and gallantry one takes occasion to extend praises to lovely Paris. The womenkind, for their own special purposes, not being those of simple shopping, have much business in this part, vastly expensive too, and this serves for the assistance of the reputation. A common bilingual pun is that here you pay first and rue afterwards. Upon other counts I do not think the Rue de la Paix would come near to the top of the class, for immediately in attendance upon our Bond Street, as the next best and most attractive of the world's shopping streets, are surely her three neighbourly relations, Piccadilly, Regent Street, and Oxford Street. The Rue de la Paix has not the extent, or the variety, or the mellowness of a first-class shopping-place like Bond Street. It is good indeed; it is so elegant, so neat and nice, the shop windows all framed up close and flatly, and tastefully too, in black and gilt and marble. The Rue de la Paix is like a *grande dame* of shopping streets, but sometimes it is suspected of pretentiousness. It has not the stately strength of Bond Street, which, begun at the end of Stuart days, has pursued an even evolution. It is a little curious that the history of the two, following different courses, opened within a couple of years of each other—ours in 1686, the French two seasons later. But there was not then in name any Rue de la Paix, or for long afterwards; there was no such peace as the French desired to celebrate by names of streets. The beginning of this part in Paris was not with a street at all, but with a Capuchin monastery that Louis Quatorze constructed, with most extensive dependencies, the circumstance being commemorated, as we know, by the Boulevard des Capucines, running by one end of the present street. Such as strain for comparisons and coincidences—which, of course, are to be found in nearly every fact, if sought—may be entertained by the circumstance that Sir Thomas Bond, who gave the start and the name to Bond Street, was by religion a Roman Catholic, and Comptroller of the Household to the Queen-Mother, Henrietta Maria. He was no splendid person, but was rich, and that was much; and it was much to Charles the Second, to whom in exile was advanced some money by Sir Thomas, who had aforetime received his baronetcy from that monarch. In those days Bond was called the first of the company promoters. He lived at Peckham, where he enjoyed a celebrated house and garden. However, Thomas Bond had faint colour in character and personality, and seeing the brilliance, the cleverness, and the beauty that have walked and talked down Bond Street these last two hundred years, one begrudges him the fame that with his bourgeois spirit and his money-bags his name, but his name alone, so securely earned. While Bond Street progressed and developed, the monastery in Paris came to an end a hundred years or so after the time of its foundation. It was suppressed; the place was nationalised; paper-money began to be made in some of the buildings there—an omen, maybe, for the Rue de la Paix; and there were also gardens for the people. Then came Napoleon, and it was he who conceived this street, still bearing something of the Napoleonic mark in its appearance. He ordered that a good, straight street should here be made, and

he encouraged it towards a certain perfection in thoroughfares. It was a pet of his in streets, partly, perhaps, because when the workmen excavated they found many relics of Julius Cæsar, Trajan, and other great and noble Romans, in whose footsteps as a conqueror the Corsican had trodden. Napoleon, to stimulate the choicest building in this his street—name of the Rue Napoléon it had—determined that all new constructions there should be free from taxes for fifteen years, and he gave advantages in payment for the land. So the street progressed; but long afterwards Parisians came to regard it with something of disdain, and never more than when it became a quarter which the richer English inhabited upon their visits, the hotels endeavouring specially to please these foreign folk with money. In 1875 the name of Napoleon vanished, and it became the Rue de la Paix, elegant always, perfect in taste, truly a pleasant street to pace along, but still for shopping nothing to our pride of London.

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Fashionable now, Bond Street began by being so. It is a rare example of a street or a place consistent through its time of changing views and conflicting prejudice. Hardly a part of London but is a ghost of a former glory. But to the fashionableness of this splendid street, mellow and rich, an unbroken line of aristocratic sentiment and appearance belongs. The 'nobility and gentry' immediately favoured it for living in; it was scarce thirty years of age before Bond Street lounging had become a social system, which has hardly ever ceased since then, being to-day an established popular pastime for people of taste and culture—let us say that—for no man or woman of dull mind would care much to walk down Bond Street twice or thrice. It is a place for an alertness, for discernment, for appreciation at every step and turn of the beauties of production, and how they may be acquired by labour with much good fortune and fine influences favouring. In a stroll down Bond Street a young person might sometime think at pauses of the Empire and of silver spoons, two things surely most indicated to philosophers in these parts. Nobility and gentry truly, and in numbers, and famous parties have there been by night in Bond Street in times gone by. The elder Pitt lived here; so did the first Duke of St Albans, reminding us of King Charles the Second and 'poor Nellie.' In a London without grand opera, that old-time work *The Beggar's Opera* has lately achieved a remarkable success, and nice people from the middle and all parts of London have stolen away to Hammersmith by 'Tube' to listen to that tunefulness, and a song among many that told of one who felt 'how happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.' Now this brings us in special remembrance to Bond Street again, for here lived Lavinia Fenton, she who was the Polly Peachum upon the first production of *The Beggar's Opera* in Lincoln's Inn Fields. And that was within seven years of two hundred years ago! Nothing else but Shakespeare—and little enough of that—which is two hundred years old or more has succeeded so well in London in these times. Lavinia at the beginning of this period was twenty; her salary was fifteen shillings the week. It was *The Beggar's Opera* that enabled her to come to live in Bond Street—which was not done for fifteen shillings a week. She became the town's talk; while John Gay and Rich, the producer—these names come in rather curiously—made enormous sums of money from the show. And it led at last to Lavinia being Duchess of Bolton, if you please. A pleasant woman it is said she was, keen in conversation too, but not a beauty.

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In the old days the street of shops and strollers, used more for residence then than now, had inevitably associations with great people of the art and literary world, straggling as they do to all populated places, distilling trifling essences of their fame in many chambers and thoroughfares. Edward Gibbon abode here a while, and read his books in solitariness, as he has said, while he heard the coaches rattling in the streets outside. This is to be explained. Many people hear of Gibbon with something of self-reproach, for than his *Decline and Fall* there are few works more worthily praised and famous that are at the same time less read by such as would profit well by their many pages. The hypocritical may protest, but this is true. How many who stroll down Bond Street, purring in contented philosophy on empires and their satisfaction, have read the story, with its impressive morals, that Edward Gibbon wrote of Rome? He had not written it when he rented rooms in Bond Street; the matter upon which he meditated at that time would be more agreeable than Rome for a talk to people who walk down Bond Street now. Edward Gibbon was at that time young; he was young, and he was much in love. He had just returned from Switzerland, where he had fallen slave to the charms of Suzanne Curchod, a Protestant pastor's daughter, had told her of his love, had offered to marry her, and was accepted. But, returning to England, he found his father would have nought to do with such a business, and sighing, as he tells us, the future author obeyed. A year later he began his first book, but more than ten years passed ere he wrote that impressive story of the Roman Empire. In the meantime Suzanne, jilted, accomplished a fair consolation. She married a celebrated Swiss banker, Necker, who became Minister to Louis Seize and was the financier of France during a period of severe strain and difficulty. She became the mother of Madame de Staël; so literature was here again.

Thus we understand why Edward Gibbon at twenty-three passed nights solemnly among his books in his Bond Street lodgings while the coaches clattered by. James Thomson, 'poet of the Seasons,' lived in Bond Street once, and Laurence Sterne died in it. Sir Thomas Lawrence was another who dwelt herein. It becomes a little more difficult to visualise the great Nelson living in this street, and often when I see mezzotints after Romney of Lady Hamilton as Diana or some one else in the windows of the art-dealers here, a common occurrence—really I hardly seem to remember Bond Street without such a picture shown—I wonder if all know of this conjunction of persons, place, and circumstance. Nelson came to live here for a time to get mended and recuperate in 1797, just after he had lost his right arm, but Lady Nelson, at his own special request, was attending him and dressing the arm for him. Being in constant pain, he was given a little laudanum one night to help him on to sleep, and that very night the news of Duncan's victory off Camperdown reached London, and the town was lighted up. The admiral was but a lodger in the house, and the occupying family made no display outside it. Observing this, the mob, much punctilious, as is the way with mobs, came with a rattling and a banging at the door to know the reason why. There was no other than simple inadvertence, but the demonstrators were informed that Nelson was lying ill upstairs, whereupon they quite graciously consented that, lights or not, the place should not be disturbed again that night. So Bond Street was left fit for heroes.

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Bond Street is not gay at night in these times. Like the city, it does its business in the day; at night it passes early to tranquillity. But once it had joyous evenings; there was one which is famous among the nights of old London. Boswell had a lodging there, and rising to a great ambition, had a feast prepared one night for his distinguished friends. There came to it Johnson, of course, and David Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some minor lights. Boswell, we may be sure, did not fail to tell us all about it. There was Garrick playing round Johnson with a fine vivacity. 'Taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and looking up in his face with a lively archness,' the actor 'complimented him on the good health which he then seemed to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency.' One of the party was late, and Boswell was for beginning the feast without him, asking, 'Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?' Inevitably Johnson could add something subtler to such common wisdom, observing, 'Why, yes, if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting.' Goldsmith was wearing some new clothes, and, being inordinately vain of his attire, was strutting about and chattering of the plum-coloured breeches and the rest of it that he had just acquired. The suit—to call it a suit—complete cost him a total of sixteen pounds and one shilling, which, much as it seemed then, was less than he would have to pay in this neighbourhood to-day. Garrick set out to make a little fun of him, so Goldsmith turned round tartly to say, 'Well, let me tell you, when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane."' Johnson, the spoil-pride always, came in again then with, 'Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour.' That night there was rare conversation; Boswell has left a record of some parts of it. Always rather proud of his dinners, he never had better company or an easier flow of wit than this. Of the last two thousand nights in London we might pick a hundred—yea, two hundred—that we would have yielded up to blankness to have lived that one with Boswell and his sparkling company.

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Yet naturally there is not a thought upon these matters when people saunter down Bond Street now. Not a thoroughfare in London is less blessed or troubled by its ghosts. There are places in the town where, though you catch not the meanings, history seems to be murmuring from every stone, but Bond Street now is the street of moderns and all the glory of their own. Here you may see much of the finer world at times, and nearly everything in the way of appropriate display that it is good to see. Upon a fair morning you may witness women dressed for their walks in town as handsomely as anywhere in the world. One does not recall, in a thousand strolls from end to end, ever having seen a really shabbily attired person, while not holding that a few such may not have escaped the glance. But the shabby have no business here; peeping in from Piccadilly, or glancing down from Oxford Street, they realise that this is no Paradise for them. Once only have I seen a beggar in this street. It was not long ago. A man with masked face was operating a barrel-organ bearing an inscription that he, as an officer, was wounded in the war, and had to resort to such a humiliating means of earning his living now. (But it has been proved that cases such as this were frauds.) Bond Street is an exquisite harmony in its shops. It begins colourfully with some utility in provisions, in tobacco, and silks and things. Once or twice in the full stretch of the street the provisions intrude again, like the rattling of a drum making sweeter still the soft enchantments when their succession comes. As we ascend to the

crest of the part of the street called 'Old' and enter upon the bend, falling and then rising again—a charm of our London streets, much different from the ruled straightness of the great streets of other lands—the finer notes and phrases are struck. There is, as we may say, the Jewel *motif*, deliciously brilliant and sparkling, and there is the Art *motif*, each repeated many times in windows farther on. The themes of gowns and luxury are predominant; in the middle of the piece music, as apart, is heard. The finale seems to me a little cynical; does it not mock at our worldliness, however well adorned? For, as again we ascend a gentle slope towards Oxford Street, the somewhat less delicate influence of that great and thronged thoroughfare, so prosperous, seems to pour in upon us. We end with dog-shops and sewing-machines—good and commendable things they are, but not of Bond Street, truly.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

VI.

WHEN they had found out all that was possible concerning the movements of Heloise Reys and her companion, the detective, Xavier Gatineau, performed those mystical and satisfactory wonders that only railwaymen know how to perform.

First he had a protracted conversation with North Bay over the long-distance telephone. He disappeared into the traffic superintendent's office. Then he came out and advised another meal, and a good one, and also the gathering of bags. In an hour's time they were down at the depot again, and were on the light, skeleton motor-trolley railwaymen use to get from place to place. It was a hard, jolting, none too comfortable thing, but it had pace, and it was, as Gatineau said, their only means of reaching North Bay 'in hours.' For trains were rare on this line.

As they rocked and swung at a good pace through the strange, primitive country, where the harsh, grim rock thrust its way out of the thin soil, and among the trees until they looked like a thin upstanding of hair on a bald head; as they passed the stark and blanched ruins of burnt forests looking as though they were woods smitten by the shell-fire of the war-zone, and saw occasionally the expanding lakes amid the barbaric surroundings, Clement and the little detective alternately talked and dozed.

They needed sleep after their wearing night, but on this jerking car it was not easy, and though they clung to the low centre iron hand-rail, which was the only support, it was often only a touch from the alert motor-man which saved them from nodding themselves off into the ballast beside the railway line.

Talking was not easy either, because the rattle and jolt of the little frame-car and the noise of the motor made conversation pitched below a shout inaudible. But they talked enough to form conclusions as to what was taking place in the plot against Heloise Reys and her million of money, and what steps they must take to counteract this as far as lay in their power.

Concerning the girl, they were both satisfied that, as a stranger in a land where the companion Méduse Smythe was at home, Heloise had left the whole business of travelling and of routes in that designing woman's hands. When they found at Cobalt that Henry Gunning had left, Méduse Smythe would probably see to all the arrangements for following him. She could take the girl after him along any route—they, of course, felt certain that both knew the place for which Gunning, under the wing of Neuburg, was bound—Neuburg would see to that. Well, knowing that place, Méduse could manage that they went to it by devious ways, and with frequent changes. The women were travelling light, with no conspicuous baggage to attract attention and leave clues behind.

'She can even,' said Clement, referring to Méduse, 'carry off Miss Reys to some outlandish place on the pretext that Gunning has gone there, to find, when they arrive, that Gunning has once more left, and they must follow him somewhere else. All the circumstances are in their favour. Wandering about like that is the sort of thing Gunning might do, has a perfect right to do, since he is not supposed to be expecting Miss Reys. Wandering about is the best possible way of side-tracking us, and covering up their own movements.'

'Yes, it 'll be very easy to lose them, but not so easy as they think. I 've already set things rolling. Our man at North Bay is making inquiries. He is also getting through to The Chief at Montreal; there 'll be a general warning sent out all along our lines. If there is any clue to be had in that way, we ought to get it. But it is rather like trying to work a way through a maze—there are a thousand ways for us to go astray, for them to give us the slip.'

When they arrived at North Bay station, they clambered stiffly from the motor-trolley, satisfied the motor-man's natural desires, and walked along to the railway offices, slowly getting action into their cramped limbs. Clement, who had suddenly become curiously quiet, checked outside the station-master's door. 'You have all the descriptions, and you 'll ask all the questions, I know,' he said quietly.

Xavier Gatineau was far too well trained to show surprise, yet he undoubtedly felt it. 'You 're not coming in, then? Don't you think'——

'No. There is something I want to do. I 'll take these suit-cases along to the baggage-room, and ask some questions there.'

'There?' began the detective, as if to emphasise the absurdness of going to the baggage-room. And then something in Clement's manner forced him to shut up. He merely said, 'Very well, I 'll meet you here in half-an-hour, say,' and turned in at the door.

In half-an-hour he met Clement on the platform. Clement's eyes said 'Well?' though his lips said nothing. The detective answered that look. 'The ladies stopped off here, and changed. They have gone south. They reserved a section as far as Orilla.'

Although he had a right to be startled, for Orilla was a small junction-town in a direction leading right away from the west, where Gunning might be going on his way back to Sicamous, or from the east, if a return was being made to Montreal; although the information was surprising enough, Clement said 'Orilla?' in a voice so loud that the detective was himself taken aback by it. Before he could say anything more, Clement, still talking loudly and excitedly, went on: 'Orilla—Orilla, of all places. But it fits in, doesn't it, with what I have told you about the cunning of these rogues? They 've got Gunning to that out-of-the-way place to throw us completely off the track. That 's their strategy through and through. They have counted on our rushing off straight to Sicamous. Sicamous is the likely spot. And while we are chasing away there after nothing, they 'll bring off the meeting between Heloise Reys and Gunning in Orilla. It 's like them. It 's on a par with the rest of their devilish ingenuity. But they counted without our cunning. They counted without your company's organisation. They 've forgotten that. And that 's where we score.'

'I found out'—— began Gatineau, quite mystified by Clement's tone and manner; but Clement cut him short.

'You found out when the next train goes to Orilla. When 's that?'

Certain that there was something behind it all, Gatineau began to play up. He named the time of the train.

Clement swore heartily. 'Hours to wait. But, my dear man, there must be a quicker way.'

'I 've been trying to find one,' said Gatineau, now convinced of the part he had to play. 'There is no quicker way.'

'What about one of those little motor things we came in from Cobalt on?'

Gatineau answered the gleam in Clement's eye rather than the spoken question. 'I asked for one. It can't be done. I even insisted. It 's not their fault; they simply have nothing for us. It 's that train or nothing.'

'Hours to wait,' cried Clement again. 'I say, this sort of thing is simply unbearable, isn't it? Hours—and in those hours who knows what might not happen?' Under the stress of his impatience he caught the detective's arm and swung him along the platform. They tramped to the far end, Clement still protesting vehemently, and then, astonishingly, as they swung on their tracks, and in the same kind of voice, he said, 'You can talk and behave rationally, though I can't. Tell me anything else you 've found out—quick.'

'I 've found out that men answering to the description of Neuburg and Gunning pulled out of here for the west. They reserved for Winnipeg.'

'And I,' said Clement, still simulating excitement—'and I have found out that we, or rather I, am being shadowed. That large man there standing by the telegraph-office is the fellow. I noticed his studious inattention the moment we got off that motor-trolley, and he has been studiously inattentive ever since—and always near my elbow. We 'll play innocently for his benefit.' He went on at once in his accent of protest as they neared the man: 'So there 's nothing for it, then. Hours to wait. Well, I 'm going to fill the time with a bath and with a sleep. Shall we get reservations on that train now, or later?'

'Now,' said the detective. 'That 'll save a scurry at the last minute.'

Together, still talking about Orilla and Heloise and the gang, they went to the booking-hall, and Clement reserved a section for Orilla. He asked one or two questions about the journey: whether people ever stopped off at towns on the way there, and whether there was any time for people to make inquiries at such towns; in fact, he advertised his immense concern with regard to Orilla to anybody willing to listen. And the large man, still studiously inattentive, listened.

The reservations made, Clement and the detective walked out of the station towards the near-by hotel. Passing a plate-glass window, Clement said, 'He is following us, our inattentive friend. He 'll shadow us as far as the hotel, see that we are safely in our rooms, and then he 'll run off to send some sort of message to brother Neuburg at Winnipeg or somewhere west.' His tone had a hint of question in it.

Gatineau smiled. 'Yes, I fell to it that that was your plan, Mr Seadon. Leave that to me. I 'll fix it. I know this hotel, and this town. We 'll reserve rooms; but let me go along to mine first. See here; we 'll both start out together after getting our keys, an' you 'll be attracted by the news-stand or the magazine-counter. You 'll break away from me to it, callin', say, "I 'll see you in this lobby, then, in a couple of hours' time." Spend as long as you like at the magazine-counter—make it five minutes at least. Then go to your room.

I guess you're the man he means to keep his eyes on, an' as soon as he sees you behind your door he'll feel he's safe. He'll leave the hotel—an' I'll be waiting for him. Shadowing is a game I can give him points at, anyhow.'

Gatineau was good at his work. A short time after he had parted from the Englishman, he was back and tapping at Clement's door. Clement, shrouded in bath-towels—for there is no object in having a bath handy if you can't employ it—let him in. Gatineau, all smiles, sat down, fanning his bald young head with his felt hat.

'It was like falling off a wall,' he grinned. 'He came straight out of the hotel, and went direct to the rail-depot we've just left. He didn't even look round once. An' he went as straight into the telegraph-office. He filled a blank and handed it in. I had already dodged round into the office entrance, and when he had left the place I slid up to the operator and told him to hold the wire. I went out again, and trailed my man until I saw him take up a tactical position in command of this hotel doorway. Then I went back to the telegraph-office.'

'And you saw the wire? Good man!'

'Here's the wire.' Gatineau handed across a filled-in form. He saw Clement's surprise. 'Being on the police side, I have a pull,' he explained.

Clement nodded, and read the wire. The slip contained the following words:

Arthur Newman, Banff Springs Hotel.—Our party reached North Bay from Cobalt heard of Orilla go there evening train me too. Nimmo Bates.

'Nimmo Bates!' said Clement. 'I made certain it was Joe Wandersun. I've never met this Joe—unless I did in the dark at Quebec—but I felt it must be he, and not a new man.'

'It probably is Joe,' said Gatineau. 'He'd likely use this instead of his own name, as that is known. Especially as Arthur Newman is a new name for Adolf Neuburg.'

'That's quite likely. But he's sent the wire over your line. That's rather a bad slip.'

'He can't help himself; the C.P.R. line is the only way of getting a wire to the Banff Springs Hotel. He, no doubt, felt safe enough now that we had asked all our questions, and had decided to go to Orilla; and he had changed names on the telegram.'

'That is sound,' admitted Clement. 'And it bears out our information relating to the movements of Neuburg, who is going west. Banff is a good base for Sicamous, too—an excellent and easy point for Méduse to make for when she has baffled us enough. She and Heloise Reys could naturally stay in Banff until Gunning was ready for them and the whole matter safely arranged. Yes, Banff seems to me to fit in with the facts. It must be Banff, and we're justified in going there. And, hang it all! it's the very place for a love-affair. The mountains, the quiet, the beauty. Oh, a most fitting place.' He thought steadily for a minute or two. 'Yes, we go to Banff. Meanwhile there is this fellow Nimmo—or Joe'——

'I'll deal with Nimmo or Joe,' said Gatineau grimly.

'There's this telegram. Adolf or Arthur, having heard from Nimmo or Joe, will expect reports from him concerning our doings at Orilla or thereabouts.'

'Oh, that isn't the telegram that was sent.'

'Eh?' gasped Clement.

'I sent this one,' smiled Gatineau, holding out the carbon copy of a telegram. Clement took it and read:

Arthur Newman, Banff Springs Hotel.—Our party reached North Bay from Cobalt lost trail return evening train Montreal me too. Nimmo Bates.

In answer to the look of perplexity on Clement's face the little detective explained: 'I know there is a risk, but I felt I had to take it. You see, there may not be any more of the gang in Montreal. Well, Neuburg certainly expected some sort of report, and I had to send one. The original one would keep him on the alert; my substitute will lull him. I think it will strike him as natural that, having lost the trail, we should go back to Montreal and our police headquarters there—for he sure knows that we of the C.P.R. are in this business. Well, figuring that he will accept Nimmo or Joe's going to Montreal, and will feel safer about it, I wired that. I am also sending a train-letter to The Chief, reporting up to date, explaining the steps I have taken here, and enclosing the copy of both these wires. The Chief will know how to send to Arthur Newman in Banff from Nimmo Bates in Montreal reports that will further lull Arthur. Meanwhile we go straight to Banff.'

Clement laughed uproariously.

'Well, of all the calm, far-seeing, and clever little devils I have ever met, I think you take the prize. It is a complete and dazzling scheme. It is a perfect scheme—that is, with Nimmo or Joe out of the way.'

'Nimmo or Joe will be out of the way,' grinned Gatineau.

'And how?'

'When you've had your sleep I'll show you how. And now—I'm going to have mine.'

'All right; I'll wait patiently, for I'm certain it will be worth it.'

And it was.

Roused by the little detective, Clement walked with him to the railway-depot. Advised by the little detective, he walked on to the platform, turned into the booking-hall, and then, after a moment's hesitation, walked through it as though making for the street entrance.

As he did this Gatineau left his side and went to look at a time-table. Nimmo or Joe, who had shadowed both from the hotel, did not hesitate as Clement had done. Clement had his

chief attention; he followed Clement without a falter.

That is, he did until, feeling a hand on his shoulder, he swung round, to see the muzzle of an automatic pistol pointed at his nose. He also heard the voice of Gatineau say, 'Nimmo Bates, I want you for the jewel robbery on the *Empress of Prague*. I advise you to cut out the rough-house stuff and take it quietly.'

For a moment Nimmo Bates, or Joe Wandersun, as later it proved to be, hung hesitant, mesmerised by that muzzle near his nose, and as he hesitated three large railway-policemen holding pistols slipped out of the booking-office. He glanced once at them—and then put up his hands.

'Take him along, boys,' said Gatineau. 'The Chief will see you have your instructions at Montreal.'

As the railway-police hustled the half-dazed rogue out of the place Gatineau went to the booking-window and said, 'Say, Jim, got that reservation for a drawing-room on the next west-bound—the one to Banff I spoke you of this afternoon? Good! Is she on time?'

(*Continued on page 360.*)

HINTS ON DRY-FLY FISHING.

By G. L. Ashley Dodd.

THERE are many excellent books on the whole of this art, and it is not the intention of the writer of this article to touch on the points treated of therein; his purpose is merely to offer a few hints and tips to the beginner which he would otherwise have to find out for himself.

I will first deal with the actual casting. Most beginners at dry-fly fishing have already had a certain amount of experience in wet-fly fishing on lochs or mountain streams, and are apt to think that, because they can cast a straight and accurate line, they have little more to learn. This is not the case. Accuracy is certainly imperative, but a straight line from rod-point to fly, however well placed, will often put down a rising trout in the clear chalk-streams wherein they have received a thorough education. Moreover, there is usually less necessity for the fly to drop lightly on the water in wet-fly fishing than in dry-fly fishing, where lightness is the essence of a correct delivery of the fly.

In casting over a rising trout, the first thing to consider is the position of the sun with regard to the trout, because the flash or the shadow of the gut passing over him is quite enough, as a start, to give him warning that all is not well. (I am now taking it for granted that the angler is in the usual position of being more or less behind the trout. When he is fishing a broad river, such as certain stretches of the Itchen or the Test, he is often able to stand directly—or practically—opposite the trout; in such cases these remarks will hardly apply.) Therefore, if the sun is shining on the left of the trout, your cast should be directed to his right, and *vice versâ*.

The correct method to put the fly over him is to cast in such a way that the line and a part of the gut are quite straight, but that the end of the cast terminating in the fly should curl slightly, so that no gut passes over the fish while the fly will do so. This can be managed quite easily by always making a point of never casting the whole length of line from the rod-point, but by keeping a certain amount in hand, and shooting it through the rings at the time the rod is in the forward position after casting. A little practice will soon make any patient person an adept at this.

The curl given to the end of the cast is made by checking the line slightly, just before it reaches the water, by turning the wrist upwards and to the side desired. The check after shooting the line causes the fly to drop lightly, instead of hitting the water, and if (as it should be) it is just in front of the trout's nose, this gives the fly a most life-like effect as it lands.

In rough or 'curly' water, the closer you can drop the fly in front of the trout's nose the better, as the slightest drag is enough to put him down; but in a smooth, even stream I greatly prefer to drop the fly about six inches in front of him. Trout in rough water are usually quicker in their movements and more on the alert than those in calm water; the latter usually take a deliberate look at the fly before rising, and if it drops too near them will frequently not bother to turn *after* the fly, though they will often move *forward* slightly to take it.

It usually pays to cast a fairly long line when one is dry-fly fishing, because, in the first place, there is less danger of the trout catching the flash of the rod out of the tail of his eye; and, in the second place, with the ordinary heavy taper-line used, greater precision can be obtained with the greater weight, especially if there is any wind. Further, a long line will usually obviate any necessity for the angler to take up a cramped or a kneeling position, though many fishermen of the older school appear to think that one of the necessities of this type of fishing is invariably to crawl about.

Never wade if you can possibly help it; it disturbs the water as nothing else does, gives a free education to the trout for another day, and is most unfair to any other angler who may

shortly be following you. It may be necessary to wade to cross the river to get the fly out of a bush, or to put the fly to any particularly tempting trout; if so, do it, but get out of the water again as soon as possible. The height of selfishness is to get into a somewhat muddy chalk-stream and fish wading up it. Besides, this is a very short-sighted policy if the water is your own; if it is not, and you have been given a day on some one else's water, it is a crime against your host.

Your rod should be stiff, and in length anything from eight to ten feet, according to the water you usually fish and your own fancy, and the finest undrawn gut is to be recommended.

In striking, a turn of the wrist is sufficient to drive the tiny barb home; a strike from the rod, with fine gut and a big trout, will very easily result in a lost fly and a lost temper.

Don't get flurried or despairing if a trout weeds you in a place where you can't get at him; keep a firm hold on him, turning your rod down-stream, and he will nearly always kick himself clear.

If you see a trout cruising in dead water, such as a mill-hole when the water is shut off, watch him for a few minutes before you cast. You will then notice that he has a regular beat, returning at intervals to the same place. Note the interval, and the way he cruises, and then, just before the time is due for him to make his turn to that place, put the fly there, and let him come to meet it. Many a monster has fallen victim to that trick, when a cast over him would have put him down. Of course, if you can rest your line on a bit of floating weed or stick, so much the better.

Always treat the last three or four yards of your winch-line with deer or mutton fat, rubbed sparingly on to a bit of 'shammy-leather' and thence to the line; this will keep the line floating indefinitely, and prevent unnecessary drag on the fly. Do this at least several times a day. Some people do it after catching each trout.

Always make a point of studying the various flies on the water. Don't take it for granted that because you've noticed a good hatch of (say) pale olive duns the trout are necessarily rising to them. They may really be ignoring the olives and only taking (say) a watery dun; by the time you have at last arrived at that fact, the rise may be over and your basket empty. Another day it may be the olives' turn, the watery duns being ignored. I should advise you never to hurry to select your fly until you have actually watched a trout on the rise and found out what he is taking.

Don't use a lot of floating mixture on your flies. It is better to use none if you can make them float without this help; if you cannot, dry them well after applying the paraffin (or whatever your favourite brand is), or, better still, apply it overnight to a selection of the flies which will probably be wanted, and leave them to dry on blotting-paper. A fly treated in this latter way is almost unsinkable, and will not exude a scummy circle on the water like a freshly treated one.

A last word—moorhens are simply wicked on trout-spawn and trout-fry. Furthermore, I believe it to be now an established fact that they eat ducks' eggs as well as the eggs of any other birds which they come across. Moorhens' eggs need not be wasted, as they are most excellent to eat.

THE MYSTERY OF THE *WELL MET*.

CHAPTER VII.—A MIDNIGHT SWIM.

THE brief twilight passed, the night fell, and overhead the stars shone out, one by one. There was no moon, and only the faint, uncertain light the stars gave mitigated the close and brooding darkness of the heavy night. An hour passed, and another, each one an eternity of torment to Hervey, lying helpless in his bonds. His wrists were bruised and bleeding with the efforts he had made to wrench them free from the encircling steel that held them. Like one possessed he had torn at the cable-length fastening his foot to the deck, but the attempt was so evidently futile that when his captors saw what he was doing they merely laughed, and allowed him to continue. Now, such useless struggles long abandoned, he crouched upon the deck and revolved a hundred wild schemes in his mind.

'No good,' he said to himself at last, very bitterly—'no good trying any more,' when there came to his ear a sound so low and faint he was not even sure that he had heard it.

Yet he listened, and it was repeated, and at the head of the after-hatchway appeared in the darkness a dark shadow, moving cautiously, gliding silently, till it came so near to him he was able to see that it was Lucy, wearing a long cloak that covered her from head to foot.

'Hist!' she whispered, as once before he had whispered to her through her cabin door, and he realised that, intently as he had been watching her, he had not moved, and that she did not know if he was asleep or awake and aware of her approach.

He lifted his hand, and she saw it gleam faintly through the dark, and crept a little nearer still.

'Are they asleep?' she murmured.

'Yes,' he answered, and still he had no hope, for he knew she could not possibly release

him without wakening their enemies. 'Yes. I meant to save you, and I have done nothing—less than nothing—and now there is no hope any more. Forgive me for thus failing to help you.'

'You did everything,' she answered gently, 'when you let me out of the cabin, for I got the key and hid it while they were attacking you. That is how I got free to-night.'

'What will you do?' he asked. 'They have fastened me up like a rat in a trap—look. What will you do?'

He shuddered as he spoke. He saw but one dread course for her to follow if she was to escape worse than death. Yet at that he dared not even hint. Perhaps he had spoken a little too loud, or else her movements, cautious as they had been, had disturbed the sleepers, for on a sudden Drew jumped to his feet.

'Who's that? Who's there?' he shouted.

She did not answer, but sprang up, and with one swift and light bound reached the side of the ship.

For one instant she stood there, supporting herself with one hand upon the shrouds, her form outlined against the dark background of the night. Then, with a quick movement, she flung aside the long cloak she had worn, and sprang into the sea.

Clear in the quiet night sounded the splash of the parting waters as her body cleft them asunder. From the ship they could see her plainly for a moment or two as she rose again to the surface and struck out vigorously. Then the darkness covered her and the night took her to itself. On the ship her four enemies looked oddly at each other, while Hervey hid his face in his hands and prayed silently.

'What shall we do?' Drew said at last. 'Shall we lower the boat and go after her?'

'No,' answered Wilson with a curse. 'What would be the good? We should never find her in this darkness—and, besides, most likely she's drowned and dead by now. If not, a shark will have her before long. We are well rid of her, I dare say; but I wonder how she got loose.'

They talked for a little, and then lay down again, paying no attention to Hervey, and confident that the death Lucy Endicott had evidently sought she must have soon found. Nor to the helpless Captain Endicott lying in his bunk below did they give so much as a thought.

But both Hervey on deck and Captain Endicott below heard come to them from out of the heart of the darkness a very faint and distant murmur, scarce audible—the whisper of the waves as Lucy swam straight ahead, parting them before her.

All around her the enormous night brooded on the surface of the waters. The loneliest of all created things in the midst of that vast trinity of sea and sky and night; helpless, indeed, before their immensity, but all her soul aflame with a great resolve that made her greater even than the great three surrounding her, she neither faltered nor fainted, but still swam on. Dark and solitary might be the night, vast the trackless spaces of sea and sky wherein she struggled alone, but a purpose burned clear in her mind, sustained her loneliness, made her weakness strong, and turned her terrors into steadfast courage.

The water was warm; the soft breath of the night scarce troubled the calm surface of the sea. Above shone the bright, imperturbable stars that she, a sailor's daughter, had known from childhood, the stars to which she trusted for guidance on her desperate and doubtful way.

She swam on with a steady, regular stroke, unfaltering, unafraid. Once a plank floated by, and she clung to it for a few moments to get a little rest. Once she felt some seaweed brush her side. Once she imagined that she heard the flapping of the wings of a bird overhead. But for the most part she swam on through the heart of that tremendous and awful solitude of night and silence, and was aware only of the soft lapping of the little waves about her and the shining of the stars so far above.

There were sharks in those waters, she knew well, fellow-swimmers with her in the night, but of them she tried not to think. It might well be that none would cross her path, or, if one did, the great brute might be made distrustful by so strange an encounter, and not dare to attack her.

On and on she swam with her steady, unchanging stroke, till at last it came to seem to her that never had she done anything else, and that all existence was nothing but progress like this through an impenetrable darkness over waters waiting to engulf her, waiting the inevitable moment when she would have no more strength and must yield to their persistence.

When she had gone perhaps two or three miles, she raised herself a little in the water and looked back. The schooner had been for long invisible, and the majestic solitude of the sea and of the night enveloped her on every side as a mother encompasses the babe at her breast.

Before, behind, on every side the darkness lay, and from very far above the stars shone unperturbed.

She still swam with the same regular and steady stroke, guiding herself by the star she had fixed on before she started—the star which, she knew, shone right above the entrance to the harbour of Manilla. But still it only gave her her direction, nothing more, and she knew well that in that darkness she might easily swerve a little too much to one side or another, and swim on and on till her strength was exhausted or a current seized her and bore her away, or till at last some prowling shark discovered its helpless prey.

She had gone a long way now, and fatigue began to press her down and down with a heavy, invisible, irresistible hand, and yet she knew

she could have completed scarce half the distance she had to cover.

As she swam she heard a faint splashing sound in the water only a yard or two away. She could see nothing, she heard it not again, and yet she was certain something swam there, something chill terror told her was a shark at last.

She supposed that was the end. She waited the great fish's rush, but none came; only a splash and movement in the water was repeated at a slightly greater distance.

After that she heard no more. Steadily she swam on, her gaze fixed upon the star she had chosen as her guide, so that she might see it last of all if, presently, her fate came upon her out of the darkness, out of the night and the ocean.

She had covered, perhaps, another mile, and had come very near to the point of utter exhaustion. Her limbs were like lead in the water; now and again her mouth and nostrils sank below the surface, and she knew well that the time must soon come when she would not be able to lift them above it again. Warm as was the night, a deadly chill began to creep all through her body, and as she swam she babbled sometimes to herself of far-off days, and she knew no longer what she was doing or why she swam like this, far out at sea, at midnight beneath the starry skies.

Yet still she remembered the one star she had taken as her guide; still her limbs moved mechanically; still the water parted before her to give her way; and still the depths of the ocean took her not yet to themselves, since her time was not come.

More slowly, and more slowly yet, she swam on—and on the deck of a small American gunboat lying off the coast said one sailor of the watch to another, 'Do you hear anything?'

'Must be a fish,' the other answered.

The first man did not reply. They listened idly, leaning on the rails, and puzzled by the faint sounds they thought they heard, till on a sudden from out of the darkness a voice, very weak and low, called, 'Ship, ship ahoy!'

For, even as she came to the last of her strength, Lucy had seen loom up before her like a white wall rising from the sea the side of the gunboat, and with almost her last breath she called again, 'Ship, ship ahoy!'

'Who's hailing us?' called the voice of an officer from behind.

'I—I don't know, sir. It's something in the sea,' stammered one of the men.

'What do you mean?' growled the officer angrily, and taking up a lamp, he threw its white beam across the sea whence the voice had come. By its ray they all distinctly saw Lucy as, exhausted at last, she sank slowly beneath the surface.

But they had seen her, and that was enough, and two of them were overboard on the instant, swimming to her aid. On deck sharp orders rang out, and the two swimmers had scarcely made a dozen strokes before a well-manned boat had touched the surface of the water, swung out from the gunboat's side. Lucy, unconscious now, rose again to the surface and floated face upwards. The two swimmers reached her almost together. In another moment they were all hauled on board the boat, and Lucy was quickly wrapped in warm, dry coats. Swiftly her wondering rescuers transferred her to their ship and put her under their doctor's care.

By good fortune she had swallowed comparatively little sea-water, and her breathing never ceased. Very soon, under the doctor's skilled ministrations, consciousness returned, and the first thing she did was to point to an oilskin packet secured round her neck. They understood she meant them to open it, and when they did so they found within a brief account written by Captain Endicott of what had happened and an appeal for help, together with a statement, as accurate as he could make it, of the schooner's exact position.

Things move quickly on board a man-of-war, and in a very few minutes the gunboat's motor-launch was speeding away on her errand of rescue. Nor was it long before Wilson and his companions heard the sound of her engines as she came rushing towards them.

'Some one seems in a hurry over there,' remarked Wilson idly. 'Guess we're about ready, aren't we?' he added.

'About,' answered Drew, neither of them dreaming of the avenger bearing down upon them. 'We can clear as soon as you like. Don't know as we want to get ashore such an awful lot before dawn.'

'So we sha'n't, if we start now,' Wilson said. 'It's a fair piece to row. That infernal noisy thing over there is coming right down on us,' he added, with a faint touch of uneasiness in his voice.

'Our lights are burning,' said Drew. 'She can see us, I suppose.'

She could indeed, and with the dexterity of skilful sailors the crew of the launch brought their little craft alongside and swarmed on deck before Wilson and his companions well knew what was happening. Taken by surprise as they were, they tried to offer some resistance. Wilson drew a pistol, but it was knocked out of his hand. Jacques flashed out his knife, and was himself knocked down with a blow that left him helpless and half-stunned. The other two were seized where they stood, and their two victims, Hervey on deck and Captain Endicott below, were quickly released and attended to.

'You would have had a mighty slim chance,' remarked the officer in charge of the rescuing-party as he surveyed the very thorough preparations that had been made for firing the ship. 'If once a match had been put to this, she would have been ablaze from end to end in

quick time. Lucky for you that girl made good. And, gosh! it was some swim, too.'

. . . . . .

At the trial of Wilson and his companions for murder and piracy on the high seas it was shown that they were escaped convicts from the French penal settlement on the island of New Caledonia. They had managed to get hold of a boat and escape to sea, and had been nearly at the end of their resources when the schooner *Well Met* sighted them and unfortunately rescued them, whose only thought was to plunder and murder their rescuers. Wilson's life was already twice forfeit. The crime of which he had been found guilty, and for which he had been transported to New Caledonia, was the murder in Paris of his wife and another woman. The records of the other three were nearly as bad, and all four of them paid the last penalty for the atrocious crimes they had committed.

Captain Endicott never went to sea again. He offered the command of his little schooner to Hervey, who accepted it the more gladly that thus he made sure of seeing Lucy again, and of opportunities to urge his suit, since it had come to seem to him that unless he could win her hand and heart, the life that she had saved would be worth very little to him. But she, when he urged this, retorted that in reality it was he who had saved them. How they decided the point does not seem very clear; but, anyhow, they came to a satisfactory conclusion, which they ratified on the day when they joined their lives before the altar of God, and, on leaving the church, passed out through a guard of honour supplied, by special permission, by the sailors of an American gunboat that had come into port only the day before.

THE END.

'RESPICE FINEM.'

By BERNARD W. HENDERSON, D.Litt.

I.

THE Eight came swinging down-stream. Above the lasher the voice of the cox rang out clearly. 'Easy all!' he cried; and then, in a few seconds, came his orders in quick succession: 'Hold her gently, all! Easy holding! Back her down, five and seven! Paddle on gently, two and four!'

As the boat turned, the boy at stroke glanced along his oar as it lay idle on the surface of the water. The blade was moving round now scarcely a yard from the bank, where the summer sunshine was glinting through the willow-branches, lighting up little cavities where the willow-roots reached the water, dancing on twigs, and small stumps, and stones. On a sudden the boy saw a sharp black eye peering at him out of a sunlit hole; then the brown nose; then, in a vast hurry, a furry water-rat leapt from the willow-trunk into the stream, and the little, scared beastie went swimming away down-stream for dear life.

'See him, seven?' he asked over his shoulder. But at that moment the coach rode up along the towpath, and the serious business of the afternoon began again.

'Much better with the beginning, stroke!' shouted the coach; 'but you *must* be careful to finish it out long and hard, and give the men behind you a chance. Specially when you get a bit done. Do think of that finish. All right, cox.'

'Come forward!' cried the cox. 'Are you ready? Paddle!'

The Eight went gaily up-stream again, and disappeared round a bend of the river.

II.

It was a few years later, and the master sat in his study, as the afternoon sun came streaming through the window. In his hand was a letter. He turned over the thin sheets of foreign letter-paper, and continued reading:

'So I was sent on in a hurry with a small lot to see what was up. It was a beastly country, great, bare, rolling, dusty hills, and fiendishly dry and hot. That evening we camped just this side of the top of a ridge. My scouts came in and reported that the tribes were gathering on the hills all round in front, and were as restless as you please. Just over the ridge the hillside sloped down to a dry river-bed, and along its bottom ran an old ruined stone wall, which would give some cover. There were big boulders, too, dotted about the downward slope. From the valley the hillside went up beyond as bare as your hand, they said; no morsel of cover; and there at top was the mud-fort, just chock-full of lively natives with rifles galore and whole stacks of cartridges. No machine-guns, though—thank the Lord for that. Their friends on the hills round were just about ready to come in and lend a hand to 'em.

'Well—of course, I could have waited for the guns, and then have blown that blessed mud-fort sky-high in a few minutes without even looking over the top of my ridge. But the guns were a couple of days at least behind, and meantime——

'Anyway, I thought, as we had made a start, we had better go through with it. So early next morning we all went over the ridge, top-speed, you warrant, and down to the wall. They

opened on us at once, but we didn't leave many behind on the slope. At the wall I halted the men to get their wind again. And just then things looked a bit blue. The bullets were coming down the slope opposite from the old fort like billy-oh, and rattling on the wall like hailstones on an umbrella. The whole crowd of 'em in the front were howling and yelling like dancing Dervishes, and not an inch of cover beyond that jolly old wall. The men were getting a bit jumpy and rattled, I fancy, and I lay there myself, I don't mind saying, sweating and hesitating like a stuck pig.

'Just then I saw a brown nose and a black bead of an eye looking out of a hole in the wall, and, plump! out shot a brown rat, and went off top-speed down the wall. Something of a pace he showed, did that beast. And all on a sudden, somehow, I thought of the river and the boat, and a jolly old vole I saw there once by the lasher. And I heard you cursing me for my rotten finish. And I just yelled to the men, "Come on, finish it out hard!" So over the wall we went, and up the hill, and into the fort. It didn't take long to settle the job. And the tribes round came in that evening. Weren't the gunners sick when they turned up too late for the fun!

'How is the boat doing . . .?'

A knock at the door interrupted the reader, and in came a friend.

'Come out for a round, Boyce,' said the newcomer. 'It's a first-class day.'

'Sorry,' said the master. 'I should have liked it. But I promised to take the boat this afternoon.'

'Oh, that boat!' cried his colleague discontentedly. 'You just live for it, I believe. Your game is going to pieces. And what earthly good does it do the boys when they leave school, anyway?'

'Clearly, none at all,' laughed the other. 'By the way, here is a letter from Colin Hadland from the North-West Frontier you may like to see.'

'Hadland?' said his friend. 'Oh yes; stroke of your blessed boat some years back, wasn't he? But just look at the sun, man. Won't you come?'

'A promise is a promise,' said the master.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW METHOD OF SEWAGE DISPOSAL.

ALMOST every town of any considerable size is saddled with a heavy annual outlay for the disposal of its sewage. For obvious reasons, the town sewers cannot be allowed to discharge their contents into the nearest stream or river; while even on the seacoast shell-fish are destroyed or contaminated by the discharge of untreated sewage. The aim of all methods of treatment is to remove the solid matter and purify the liquid, or effluent, as it is called, so that no damage or unpleasant results follow its discharge into streams. The essential portion of existing sewage-works consists of a number of enormous filters, over which the effluent is sprinkled by means of perforated revolving pipes. These filters are composed of clinker, slag, or coke, to the thickness of five or six feet, and arrangements are made at the bottom so that air can circulate freely through them. The actual purification process is performed by bacteria which grow, in the form of a gelatinous mud, on the material of which the filter is formed; but a plentiful supply of air is needed to enable them to carry on their function. This process takes up a large amount of land, involves a big outlay for machinery, and entails heavy charges for labour. Consequently efforts have been made in recent years to cheapen and simplify the process. These efforts have resulted in an improved method which has been greatly developed by Mr John Haworth, F.I.C., F.C.S., the manager and chemist of the Sewage Disposal Department at Sheffield. The method consists in causing the sewage to flow through a channel with an effective length of nearly three-quarters of a mile. During its passage through this channel the liquid is agitated by means of paddles in such a way as to prevent the settlement of the solid matter, and to bring the fluid content in contact with the air at the surface to a sufficient extent to ensure its absorption of the necessary amount of oxygen from the atmosphere. It is also brought into intimate contact with highly oxidised mud containing the purifying organisms, and is thus effectively purified. At the end of the course the purified liquid is run off continuously. Mr Haworth compares the action to that of a river containing a very large number of oxidising organisms capable of purifying putrescible matter. Some of the advantages of the process, compared with existing methods, are: (1) the capital cost is reduced to one-quarter or even one-sixth; (2) the area of land required is reduced to one-third; (3) the degree of purification is greater than that demanded by river authorities; (4) there is no nuisance from smell or flies.

THE STILL ENGINE.

In every gas-engine, petrol-motor, or other type of internal-combustion engine, somewhere in the neighbourhood of 40 per cent. of the heat is lost in the exhaust gases, and 28 per cent. in the water used to cool the cylinders. The Still

engine, which has been developed by Mr W. J. Still, in collaboration with Captain Frank E. D. Acland, M.Inst.C.E., has been devised to minimise these losses. It has long been known that the exhaust gases could be utilised in a steam boiler, and some of the heat recovered in the form of steam, which could be used for heating or power purposes. Another important fact which must be noted is that when steam is generated in a boiler under pressure, the temperature rises with the pressure. In the Still engine, the cylinder-jacket forms an extension of a steam boiler: the steam being, for example, at 120 lb. to the square inch, the temperature both of the steam and of the water in the jacket will correspond to that pressure. The heat from the exhaust gases is also utilised to generate steam. This steam is delivered to the under side of the piston, the cylinder, unlike that of the ordinary gas or oil engine, being closed in at the bottom. The piston is, therefore, driven upwards by steam pressure, which adds to the power of the engine. If the engine is of the two-stroke type—that is, each down-stroke is a working stroke—it is double-acting, the exploded air and oil vapour driving the piston downwards, while the steam drives it upwards. For starting, steam pressure is raised by a burner under the steam boiler. Consequently the engine starts up like a steam-engine through the turning on of a valve, and therefore for marine or traction purposes can start, reverse, or manœuvre as desired. Still engines of 100 and 300 horse-power have been already built, and others of larger size are being constructed. It is claimed for the Still engine that it saves 20 per cent. of the fuel necessary for any other type.

GAS AND OIL TURBINES.

Almost every one must have heard by this time of the steam-turbine, large numbers of these prime movers being employed for the propulsion of ships and for the production of electricity in big generating stations. Roughly speaking, a steam-turbine consists of a disc having a large number of small radial blades round its periphery. These blades are straight radially, but in the direction parallel with the turbine-spindle they have a special hollow curve on their working faces. Steam at a high pressure is blown through a number of jets, set at intervals round one side of the ring of blades, each jet pointing in the general direction of rotation, but at an angle thereto. The result is that the steam impinges on the blades and causes the turbine to rotate at a high speed. The steam-turbine having proved so successful, it was only natural that efforts should be made to substitute turbines for gas and oil engines, and this has now been successfully accomplished. The conditions under which a gas or an oil turbine works are exceedingly difficult, owing to the great heat generated by the explosion of gas and air, or oil-vapour and air. In a petrol-motor, for instance, the heat of the gases in the cylinder when the explosion occurs reaches about 3000° F., or the melting-point of iron. The only reason that no damage accrues to the cylinder and the piston is that they are surrounded by a water-jacket, which keeps them cool. Again, before a charge of gas or oil-vapour and air is exploded, it must be compressed. In the ordinary gas or oil engine this is done by the up-stroke of the piston. In the oil-turbine we are describing, the oil-vapour and air are compressed by a separate compressor, which forces them into the combustion-chamber, where they are exploded by an electric spark. From the combustion-chamber the gas at high pressure is led to the jet and impinges upon the turbine-blades, causing the disc to revolve at a high speed. Exact details of the construction are not available, but water-jacketing is resorted to to cool the gas to a certain extent before it reaches the blades. These are made of special electric-heat-treated steel, and it is claimed that they successfully withstand the high temperature involved. The exhaust gases from oil and gas engines are discharged at a high temperature, and those from the turbine form no exception to this rule. The heat in the exhaust gases is often used to generate steam. In this case the steam is utilised to drive the air-compressor already mentioned, so that the turbine is entirely self-contained. The oil-turbine in question has been built by Messrs Thyssen & Co., of Mulheim, Germany, for the Prussian State railways. A gas-turbine of 1000 horse-power was completed before the war, and is now in operation. At present the efficiency is not so great as that of the best gas and oil engines; but this was also the case with the early steam-turbines. Should these turbines prove successful, they will revolutionise the use of gas and oil for power purposes.

A NEW HAND-WASHER FOR CLOTHES.

Since the washing of clothes by rubbing them with the hands in hot water and soap first came into vogue, many appliances, starting with the well-known dolly, have been invented for lightening this irksome task. Among the most recent is a device which works on the suction principle. It consists of a hollow copper cone, nine inches in diameter at the base or mouth, with a socket at the apex for the insertion of a short wooden handle. Inside this cone is a bell-shaped portion, made of sheet-copper, the mouth of which is about five inches across, and is situated one-and-a-half inches above the mouth of the cone. About half-way up the cone is a diaphragm to which the 'bell' is attached, while an opening at the top of the 'bell' is ordinarily kept closed by an air-valve in the form of a marble. As the appliance is thrust downwards into the tub the air imprisoned in the part of the cone below the

diaphragm escapes into the 'bell' through a ring of holes near the top of the latter. Becoming compressed, it forces up the marble covering the opening at the top of the bell, and finds its way into the upper part of the cone, to escape finally through holes provided for this purpose in the circumference of the cone. These holes are protected by hoods to prevent the air from blowing the water out of the tub. The appliance is worked up and down in the clothes being washed. On the down-stroke, the water is forced upward through the clothes, as it attempts to fill the vacuum left in the bell and in the lower part of the cone. When the appliance is lifted, the marble falls over the hole again, thus preventing the ingress of air at the top, and causing the clothes to cling to the under side of the cone until the appliance is lifted clear of the water, which should be done at every stroke. The forcing of the hot soapy water through the clothes has a strongly cleansing effect. It is advisable to work the apparatus up and down with a steady continuous movement without pressing it quite to the bottom. If the operator does this at the side of the vessel, and gives a slight twist to the handle from the wrist, the clothes will gradually revolve round the tub, and all portions of them will in turn come within the sphere of influence of the worker. The appliance is made in two sizes. It is claimed that the larger size will wash a tubful of clothes in four minutes, and that it will *not* injure the most delicate fabrics. It is also unusually effective in rinsing the clothes, completely freeing them from soap in a very short time. It is, therefore, especially serviceable for woollen goods, keeping them soft and fleecy, and preserving them from shrinking; for soap left in fabrics of this nature causes the fibres to contract, thus leading to shrinkage of the material.

A SILENT FLUSHING CISTERN.

An objectionable feature of the ordinary flushing cisterns to be found in lavatories is the loud gurgling noise which occurs just before the flow ceases. This drawback has now been eliminated in an improved cistern which has recently been placed on the market. The flush is, as usual, worked on the siphon principle, the downward leg of the siphon consisting of an upright pipe, with an open mouth at the top and a water-seal at the bottom, fixed in the middle of the cistern. Fitting over this pipe is an inverted cone-shaped vessel (having a closed top, but open at the bottom), depending from the end of a lever with a fulcrum near the middle, and with the usual chain and handle at the opposite end. The space between the vessel and the upright pipe forms the upward leg of the siphon. The customary ball-cock maintains the water-level just up to the mouth of the pipe. When the handle is pulled down, the cone-shaped vessel is lifted, and the pressure of the air on the fluid in the cistern causes the water inside the cone to rise with it, thus bringing its surface above the level of the mouth of the pipe. The water accordingly begins to flow down the pipe, starting a siphonic action which continues smoothly until the cistern is nearly empty. At this stage, if nothing were done to prevent it, air would rush in under the cone-shaped vessel and destroy the vacuum, with the result that the water in the cone would fall back, and the loud gurgling sound already referred to would be produced by the air bubbling through it. In the new silent cistern air is admitted at a different point just before it would naturally enter at the bottom of the cone. The pipe for the admission of air leads from the cistern at a level which is some distance below the surface of the water when the cistern is full. So long as the cistern remains full, the outer end of the pipe is sealed by a wooden plug, which is forced up against a rubber ring on the end of the pipe by a float acted upon by the upward pressure of the water. When the cistern is nearly empty, the float, no longer supported by this pressure, falls, and allows air to enter the pipe and destroy the vacuum, causing siphonic action to cease silently. The air-admission device, which is the essential part of the apparatus, can be fitted to any existing cistern by an ordinary plumber.

THE INFLUENZA SCOURGE.

A report recently issued by the Ministry of Health on the influenza epidemic which swept across Asia and Europe in 1918–19 contains the startling statement that the disease claimed a larger number of victims than fell during the whole of the Great War. In England and Wales alone the death-roll reached the alarming total of 151,466. Many of its victims were young men, and the subsequent loss to the productive power of the community constitutes a grave social problem. But, apart altogether from the actual deaths, the visitation left in its wake a long trail of sickness. There are numberless men and women whose constitutions have been undermined and whose vitality has been sapped by the after-effects of this dreaded plague. The loss thus entailed to the health of the nation is one not to be computed in terms of recorded statistics. Much good may be accomplished, say the eminent medical men responsible for this report, by public instruction in the practice of preventive methods. The infection of influenza and its allies appears to be conveyed by the secretions of the respiratory surfaces. In coughing, sneezing, and even in loud talking, these are transmitted through the air for considerable distances in the form of fine spray. The channels of reception are also normally the respiratory surfaces of mouth, nose, and throat, though dust, unclean hands, and infected materials may be the means of conveying infection. It is mani-

fest, therefore, that the closer the bodily contact, the more readily will transmissions occur; hence the paramount importance of reducing the opportunities of infection by avoiding overcrowding and thronging of every sort, whether in places of public resort, public conveyances, or factories. Well-ventilated rooms, nourishing food, and an open-air life afford some defence, and in times of prevalence of respiratory catarrh or sore throat the frequent use of an appropriate gargle and nasal wash (for example, twenty drops of liquor sodæ chlorinatæ in a tumbler of warm water) may be recommended. At the first feeling of illness or rise of temperature the patient should go to bed at once, remain at rest and in warmth, and place himself under medical supervision, for it cannot be too clearly understood that it is the complications of influenza which disable or destroy life.

AN UNSUSPECTED DANGER.

Danger lurks in many unsuspected quarters, but few would dream of the blacksmith's smithy or the tinsmith's or plumber's workshop being a source of danger to the health of the community. Yet the researches of Dr James Gairdner, Medical Officer of Health for Crieff, begun more than a quarter of a century ago, and recorded in a recent number of the *Lancet*, clearly indicate that they must be so regarded. He has found that the hot, almost invisible, wide-spreading fumes emitted from the chimneys of such workshops are charged with a certain percentage of benzine and naphthalene and of certain metallic poisons, especially manganese compounds; and that these, through being inhaled, are apt to produce in course of time profound disturbances of the integumentary, respiratory, and nervous systems, leading ultimately in certain cases to various forms of skin disease, rheumatism, pneumonia, and even cancer. As a preventive measure, Dr Gairdner suggests that every such chimney should be provided with a cap or hood, on which the poisonous compounds would be deposited.

'WEALTH AND WORK.'

Probably few things would tend more to further the nation's welfare than a sound knowledge of economics on the part of all classes of the community. We extend a special welcome, therefore, to a little volume in Philips' New Era Library, entitled *Wealth and Work—An Introduction to Economics*, which comes from the pen of Mr George W. Gough, M.A. Written in a pleasant and attractive manner, it sets forth with simplicity and lucidity the laws which govern the production, distribution, and exchange of commodities. It does not, of course, pretend to cover the whole field in detail, but merely gives in broad outline, with many telling and felicitous illustrations, the main principles of economic science. So far as it goes, however, it is admirable, and fortunately it inculcates nothing which has to be corrected or unlearned at a later stage. Useful companion volumes in the same series are *The Gateways of Commerce*, by J. Fairgrieve, M.A., and E. Young, B.Sc., and *England in Her Days of Peace*, by Eleanor Dooley, M.A. The former is an excellent introduction to the study of industrial and commercial geography, not the least of its merits being the unconventional lines on which it is planned, and the help which it affords the thoughtful citizen to view aright the geographical considerations governing many of the economic problems of the present day. *England in Her Days of Peace* is an equally valuable introduction to industrial history. It is a record, not of the striking deeds of kings and nobles, but of the ordinary work-a-day life of the people at large, and, in Milton's well-known phrase, shows conclusively that 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.'

'NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.'

The householder whose abode is lighted by electricity must often feel annoyed at having to throw away as utterly useless lamps in which the filament has broken or has been burnt out, though the rest of the lamp is still in perfect condition. Such annoyance may now become a thing of the past, as a process has recently been brought out by means of which these hitherto useless lamps may be made equal to new. A circular cut is made round the glass bulb near the brass cap, and the portion of the bulb thus cut off is carefully removed and laid on one side. The filament is then renewed, and the cut-off portion of the bulb is welded on to the lamp once more, the necessary vacuum within the lamp being created at the same time. This process effects a considerable saving, as the cost of renovation is much less than the purchase price of a new lamp.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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SEVENTH SERIES

WHO KILLED GRABASKY?

AN ADVENTURE OF THE 'INTELLECTUAL' DETECTIVES.

By R. S. WARREN BELL, Author of *The Blairs Rope.*

PART I.

I.

IT was the duty of the 'Intellectual' branch of the C.I.D. to THINK rather than to act; but should the necessity to act arise, doors opened to it and closed after it in a marvellous way. One great step forward was taken in the employment of the I's—as Scotland Yard knew them; they were not called in after the Yard had been baffled, but, as a rule, before the regular detectives commenced operations, since their office was to set the Yard on the right track from the start. They were found most useful, owing to their use of deduction and logic, in supplying MOTIVE, which often provides a puzzle for the most astute detective.

In the following study of their methods, the central figure of the case under investigation being a scholar, two other scholars were enlisted to unravel the mystery.

Churton Gilbert, philosopher, wit, poet, novelist, and playwright, was sitting at work on his shady lawn at Heatherfield one fine morning in September, when he espied a familiar figure advancing towards him. It was that ecclesiastic who, in spite of his unceasing jeremiads, his incurable propensity for looking on the worst side of everything, his crystallised belief that England was not merely going but had gone to the dogs, was yet one of the most popular men in the country, Canon George Smith—known to the irreverent as 'Misery Smith.'

Though there was a difference of some fifteen years in their ages, he and Gilbert were great friends.

Having anchored his huge bulk to a chair, Churton Gilbert was never in a hurry to slip his cable. Without rising, he held out his hand. 'Good-morning!'

A girl, so slim that in her white frock she looked a mere spill beside her leviathan employer, was sitting before a tiny typewriter at a tiny table.

Gilbert glanced at her. 'Take your baby indoors, Stella,' he said, 'and type those passages I have given you. They must be posted before lunch. And don't forget, my child, what I have told you about "i—e." The rule is——'

'"I" before "e" except after "c,"' replied the girl, with a smile and a blush—for the canon was viewing her with restrained approval.

'Good!' Gilbert waved a fat hand. 'I train my secretaries to perfection, my dear Smith, and then they leave me to——'

'Train another?'

'No; to be married.' From Gilbert's throat came a clucking like to that of a hen. In an ordinary man it would have been a deep-chested laugh. But it was his most boisterous cachinnation. 'Some writer-fellow marries them for their brains.'

Miss Stella picked up her baby typewriter and flitted in.

'Well?' Gilbert's manner changed. 'This is a very horrid start Grabasky has given us—to be murdered in weather like this!'

The canon sank into a chair. 'I was more grieved than I can tell you,' he said. 'What is the world coming to? Of all the harmless innocents—to lose that fine scholar and gentleman at the hand of a vulgar assassin!'

'Or polite one,' put in Gilbert quietly.

The canon looked hard at him. 'You imagine, then, it is not a case of a mere footpad after his currency-notes? It looks like that.'

'If it was currency-notes the footpad was after, he got few. I have seldom known a man go about so unprovided with ready cash as our late friend did. When he was in London—at King's College—he used to go out to lunch every day to the same restaurant, eat and drink what was put before him, and wander out again without thought of payment. At the end of the month they would present him with an account, which he paid with a cheque, invariably omitting, as Royalty does, the shillings and pence. No doubt, however, they carried forward the difference, and it was paid in the long-run.'

Again sounded the cluck.

'You know, Gilbert,' said the canon, crossing his knees, clasping his hands, and assuming a

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serious expression, 'you strike me as being a little callous. Yonder—under thirty miles away—an old comrade of ours lies stiff and stark with a bullet-wound through the heart—snatched away in his prime. And yet you can joke!'

'I grieve as much as you do, friend, but I show it in a different way,' said Gilbert, as a page-boy issued from the house bearing a tray containing a veritable mound of beef-sandwiches and a quart bottle of stout. 'Ah, here is my "snack." Will you join me?'

'Thank you,' said the canon severely, 'but I have already breakfasted, and in about an hour and a half's time I hope to lunch.'

'So do I,' said Gilbert, uncorking the stout and attacking the sandwiches, 'but a little "stay" in the meanwhile does no harm. While I clear up this trifle you might read me what your paper says about poor Grabasky. It may have something that mine missed.'

The canon drew a newspaper from his coat-pocket. He read:

'"OXFORD PROFESSOR FOUND SHOT—FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED.

'"As we go to press we learn that about a quarter past ten last night the village of Nettleby, situated six miles from Oxford, was startled and shocked by the discovery, by a local constable, of the body of Professor Edmund Ericson Grabasky, who held the Chair of Biblical Psychology at the University of Oxford. Only brief particulars are to hand, but it appears that the cause of death was a bullet-wound in the region of the heart, and the absence of any weapon points to foul play. So far robbery is suspected as the motive of this dastardly crime, as, although letters and papers establishing the victim's identity were found on the body, not a shilling of money was in his pockets. The body was found lying near to what is known locally as the Weir Gate, forming part of the boundary of the estate of the widowed Countess of Loamshire, the tragic death of whose husband in the hunting-field some few years ago will be recalled. The scene is in keeping with the deed, for the path leading to the gate is overshadowed and sunless.

'"Some years ago the unfortunate scholar took The Dene, an old house standing over a mile from the spot. It was not generally known that the professor had returned from his long-vacation trip to Switzerland, during which time The Dene had been left in charge only of an elderly married couple who acted as the deceased's domestics.

'"These are the bare particulars to hand. In conformance with the new policy now adopted, we understand that the aid of Scotland Yard was immediately enlisted."'

'And, incidentally, that of the "I's,"' observed Gilbert, munching stolidly.

'Yes, the chief sent to me by messenger at breakfast-time,' said the canon.

'Well, I have left four sandwiches for you,' said Gilbert, as he rose, 'and half the stout.'

'My dear fellow, I couldn't touch anything. This news about poor Grabasky——'

'Pooh! Starving yourself won't bring him back to life. Besides, you won't get any lunch, because I'm going to order my thing out, and we will hie straight to the scene of the tragedy, and pursue our investigations on the spot.'

'How will the police like that? We are supposed to make suggestions only.'

'What suggestions can we make on the strength of that bald and sketchy announcement?' demanded Gilbert, pointing to the newspaper. 'I prefer to work my investigations from my arm-chair, I admit, but this time it is different. You'd better have a snack.'

And he lumbered down the lawn to order his car, or 'thing,' as he quaintly termed it. And the canon, thinking better of it, finished the sandwiches and stout. Knowing his friend's methods, he invariably found that behind the clucking and the 'snacking' and the apparently callous jocosity, there was hidden a plan which, pythonwise, gradually uncoiled itself. The canon was a clever and learned man, but a babe indeed, as regards creative thinking, beside the mountain of flesh and mental gymnastics known as Churton Gilbert.

In five minutes the car was ready, and in six the two 'I's' were speeding through the cherry-orchards in the direction of Nettleby.

II.

The way to Nettleby from Heatherfield, once the cherry-orchards are left behind, is lonely and unpicturesque. There are few houses. It is a bit of country to hurry over, and hurry is possible, as it is an unlikely area for police-traps.

During a breakdown, while the chauffeur was executing the necessary repairs, the two Intellectuals had some conversation about the case which proved enlightening to the canon.

'Of course,' said Gilbert casually, 'the lady cannot have had anything to do with it, but it is curious the body was found by her Weir Gate. Grabasky was in love with her.'

'Grabasky—in love!'

'Yes. The tender passion is no respecter of persons, you know.'

'And—did she return it?'

'I believe he went to Switzerland to try to get her out of his head.'

'Indeed! She is attractive, no doubt? I have never met her.'

'Nor I. Yes, according to report, very attractive.'

'And wealthy?'

'Extremely.'

'Then a middle-aged Oxford don would hardly be much of a "catch"?'

Gilbert clucked. 'You are getting quite slangy, George. Comes of writing articles for popular papers—which means you have to read 'em. But what has my man found in the hedge?'

The chauffeur had gone to the roadside to find a piece of stick to probe with. Having got what he wanted, he had lingered to examine what appeared to be a specimen of headgear.

It was a cap, similar in shape to the bonnet worn by certain Scottish regiments, but of khaki, and innocent of the ribbons which flutter so takingly from the Celt's cranium.

'Looks like a convict's cap, sir,' the man said to Gilbert.

'It not only looks like it, but is one,' said the sage of Heatherfield. 'Put it on, George.'

The canon, smiling, took off his wideawake and donned the khaki cap.

'It suits your clean-shaven, ascetic face. With a khaki tunic, breeches, gray worsted stockings, and thick boots, canon, you would look rather like a solicitor doing "time" for annexing some maiden lady's money.'

The canon hastily threw the thing into the road.

'Pick it up!' cried Gilbert hastily. 'It may be useful.'

The chauffeur retrieved it and handed it to him. Gilbert shoved it into his coat-pocket. 'Where there is a convict's cap, my dear George,' he said, 'there should be, not a thousand miles away, a convict. I keep this.'

The repairs done, the car was set in motion again. Some little way farther on they met a policeman. Gilbert stopped the car.

'Constable, one moment. Have you by any chance been informed of the escape of a convict recently?'

'Yes, sir. A man escaped from Aylesbury jail last evening.'

'Then this must be his cap. My man found it by the roadside—in the hedge.'

Looking interested, the constable took the cap. 'Thank you, sir. Shows which way he came, anyhow. Could you tell me the place, sir?'

'There are no houses there. In fact, I can give you no landmarks, as it was a plain bit of road, without trees—about two miles back. As we stopped for repairs, there may be a small pool of oil there.'

'Thank you, sir. It will be a point to work from.'

The car drove on, and in another twenty minutes droned up the street of Nettleby village. This was an old-world place of the usual Oxfordshire pattern, low hedges, few trees, and a wide expanse of pasture-land. Right in the middle of the village stood a small, rather new-looking brick house labelled 'Police-Station,' the royal arms over the doorway lending a touch of splendour to the modest edifice.

'We must report here,' said Gilbert. 'Have you our "chit"?'

'Yes,' the canon answered. 'The chief sent it with his instructions.'

'Then perhaps you will announce our arrival.'

The canon drew from an inner pocket an official buff envelope, from which he took a form containing a few written words and a signature. Knocking at the door of the police-station, the canon handed this form to the constable who opened to him. The man surveyed it in a mystified sort of way, and said, 'I'll tell the superintendent, sir.'

The canon walked back to the car. A minute elapsed, and then from the doorway of the rural police-station issued the imposing figure of a superintendent of constabulary. A touch of disdain swept his sunburnt countenance as he approached the motorists.

'Good-morning, gentlemen! I was hardly expecting you so soon.'

'Good-morning, superintendent. I should tell you that we are not direct from the "Yard." We belong to a special department.'

'So,' said the man, his glance resting on Gilbert's abundant locks and the canon's clerical garb, 'I infer, sir.'

'But it *is* a special department,' said Gilbert, a trifle sharply. 'You will be good enough to remember that. We wish to view the body.'—The canon drew in his breath sharply.—'Where is it?'

People were mistaken who took Gilbert for an eternal clucker, for he could be stern enough when he chose. Indeed, just as he had the bulk of three men, he would seem to boast the mixed nature of half-a-dozen.

'The body, sir, was taken to the nearest public building—a public-house called the "Haven of Rest," not far from the scene of the crime. It is in an outhouse there, awaiting the inquest.'

'I see. Perhaps you will accompany us in the car?'

Gilbert and the canon had been occupying the back-seat of the roomy four-seater. The superintendent got up by the chauffeur, and they set off.

'Is this necessary?' whispered Smith to Gilbert. 'I would rather my last recollection of my friend were of him as he was in life. You understand?'

'You need not go in,' was the short answer.

The 'Haven of Rest'—and cause of much unrest to employers of carters, ploughmen, and others who found it over-restful—was a small, rather forlorn-looking public-house at the bottom of a long hill, a mile out of Nettleby, as you proceed towards Oxford. It was well situated, for cyclists and others approaching the climb would refresh themselves here against the ordeal. The canon stayed in the car, while Gilbert and the police official made their way to the barn.

In the dim light, amid tools, bins of potatoes, and agricultural implements—for the publican

was, in a small way, a farmer as well—lying on a heap of sacks, they found the prone figure of a strongly built man, clean-shaven, the grizzled hair short, the attire the loose, easy, yet well-cut tweeds of a country gentleman. The superintendent, in the brusque manner of a man hardened to ugly sights, had plucked off the sheet which covered it. The lips, slightly parted, showed a set of strong, white teeth. The man was apparently in the mid-forties.

Gilbert gazed long at the still face. Then he picked up one of the lifeless hands and surveyed it casually. 'Thank you. Now we will go to The Dene, I think.'

The sheet was replaced, the door shut and locked by the constable they had found standing guard over it, and, the superintendent returning to his place by the chauffeur and giving him directions as to his road, they set off again.

The Dene was reachable by a narrow, winding lane. It proved to be a farm-house of a sleepy, shambling type that had been transformed years since into a private residence. It stood quite by itself. All was very still here. The distant low of a cow, the tinkle of a sheep-bell, the buzz of a bee, the gay call of a bird enjoying the mellow autumnal sunshine—these were the only disturbances of this little backwater's quietude.

'An admirable retreat for a scholar,' murmured the canon.

'Too remote,' retorted Gilbert. 'I should get the dismals here in the winter, and take to drink.'

They walked up a short, ill-tended drive to the front-door, porched and embowered with late roses. The superintendent rang, and after a little delay the door was opened by an elderly man who looked like a retired Oxford scout—which was precisely what he was. A stout, homely woman stood fingering her white apron a little distance away. These were the caretakers, the late professor's sole attendants.

'We are inquiring into the lamentable death of Professor Grabasky,' said Gilbert, as the man showed them into the dining-room. 'We do not suppose that you can throw much light on it. I understand the professor was expected home. Did he actually arrive here yesterday?'

'Yes, sir,' said the man. 'He got here in the evening, I believe.'

'You believe? Weren't you both here?'

'No, sir; the wife and I were in Oxford, and, returning by the last train, were informed at Nettleby station of what had happened.'

'What time did the professor reach Nettleby station?'

'He wasn't there, sir. Must have come by car.'

'His own car?'

'No; he hasn't one. A friend's, I suppose.'

'When you got home, you found he had been in the house and gone out again? His luggage, of course, would be here.'

'No luggage, sir. But he has rooms in an Oxford college, and may have left it there.'

'By what other signs did you presume he had been here?'

'Well, sir, he had a whisky-and-soda, and a snap of something to eat—some milk-pudding and some fruit; and he had a wash and brush-up, and wrote a letter.'

'Oh! How do you know he wrote a letter?'

'Knowing him to be coming home, I tidied up his study and put new blotting-paper in his pad. He is always particular about that—hates dirty blotting-paper. And on the new white blotting-paper you could see some writing had been blotted.'

'What did it say?'

'Say?' The old fellow looked puzzled.

'Yes. Come! You're an old scout, and up to most games. By holding up the blotter to a mirror you could read the writing clearly. It is a mean thing to do ordinarily—like reading other people's letters—but in this instance not only excusable, but advisable.'

'You mean, after hearing of my poor master's end? No, I didn't think of doing that, sir.'

'I'm rather glad you didn't. But I will do so now. Take me to the study, will you?'

The canon followed them, the superintendent taking advantage of their absence to have a few words with the wife. To tell the truth, the policeman proper was rather smiling up his sleeve over these amateur proceedings. Once get this stout gentleman and the thin clergyman out of the way, and he proposed to start in and find out things. But—as one plays a trout—he was giving them just as much line as they wanted.

The writing on the virgin surface of the blotting-paper proved to be hurried and sketchy. Owing to the ink-pot's having been newly filled, the pen—a broad one—had picked up too much ink with each dip, the result being that much of the hastily blotted writing was indecipherable. Moreover, the horizontal lines were crossed diagonally by others. But in the mirror could be read: '. . . Must meet you . . . insist . . . by Weir . . . or shall call . . . expect . . . now . . . to spare . . . longing. . . .'

All that could be read of the diagonal lines was: 'Priva . . . the Hall . . .'

Gilbert tore off the blotted scrawl. 'The next thing to discover,' he said, 'is the messenger who took this. But that will take time. And the boy or girl who took it would naturally see no connection between the note he bore and what has happened.'

The others following, he strolled back to the sitting-room. 'The professor, then, had some refreshment, washed and brushed himself, and wrote a note. Did he change his clothes?'

'He left none about, sir; so I presume he didn't.'

'Which is his room? I should like to look round it myself.'

'The large room in front—with two windows. Shall I take you up, sir?'

'No, I won't trouble you.' And with astonishing alertness the vast man disappeared up the old, shallow stairs.

He was absent only a few minutes. 'As you say,' he observed, blowing a little as he re-entered the room, 'he left no clothes about. Now, I think, my friend and I will visit the scene of the crime. Is it far?'

'It is but three hundred yards or so,' said the policeman, 'from the end of the lane we turned up to reach here. You cross a stile facing the lane, and follow a footpath to the weir.'

'Right! We will walk. You might at your leisure, superintendent, follow in my car, and await us at the end of the lane.'

'Very good, sir,' said the police official stiffly.

(*Continued on page 377.*)

A MAN'S WORK.

By Bart Kennedy.

I.

WORKING on those oyster-boats was a tough, hard business. It was far worse than any job I have ever tackled. Hod-carrying was a pretty hard job, but it wasn't as hard as oyster-dredging. And besides this, the conditions under which one worked were very bad indeed. We weren't short of food. I'll admit that. It was there—all you wanted, of a sort. But the way it was cooked, and the way it was given you, were calculated to take the appetite away.

Our pay was sixteen dollars a month and board. I hear that they are offering seventy dollars a month now and board, and that men can't be got. And I don't wonder at it.

The men were shipped straight from Baltimore in my time, and I suppose the same thing happens now. In my time the men who did the work were all Europeans. Rarely did an American take on the job. He knew too much. The dredgers hailed from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Germany and the countries of northern Europe. I don't remember ever seeing an Italian aboard an oyster-boat.

The captains of the boats were Americans, and so were their mates—foremost hands, as they were called. But it was rarely indeed that an American signed on as one of the crew.

The time I speak of was thirty-seven years ago. And rough business often went on aboard the boats. Captains were ready with their boots and their fists, and it was only a hard man who could keep his end up with them. The Germans—well, the Germans were the poorest-spirited of all the men who ever set foot aboard a dredge-boat. They were the most cowardly fellows I ever met. They could be booted and punched all over a boat, and they would never put up the least sign of a fight. How people like them ever got it into their heads that they could conquer the world beats me. As I say, they would stand anything.

Not so the English lads. They would fight if they were put upon. They were as game a lot as ever drew the breath of life. Fine lads.

But of all the men to get back at the captains and the mates, if they went on the bullying tack, the Irish were the most effective. I do not, for a moment, suggest that they were gamer than the English lads. That would be absolutely impossible. But they were more dangerous. For, where an English lad would take to his fists, an Irish lad would take to anything—a knife, or anything. I've been about some, and the hardest and best men to fight I've ever met were the Irish and the English—each to their own ways and methods.

Both are men.

The best part of the trip was going down the Chesapeake Bay to the dredging-ground. This took from two to three days. It all depended on the wind. We had nothing to do but to flap our fins to keep warm, for the dredging-season was in the winter-time.

The vessels were rigged with fore-and-aft sails, being sloops or schooners—usually schooners. The forecastle—or forepeak, as it was called—was a very small business. From six to eight men had to live in it. And only one man could dress himself at a time. The condition of the forepeak—well, I won't go into that. All I can hope is that the American Government has bestirred itself since the days of which I speak.

As I say, going down the Bay was the best part of the trip. The captain and the mate sailed the boat, and all that the crew had to do was to give an eye now and then to the sheets.

We used to spin yarns and sing songs. The captain and the mate did not try any bullying tactics. That was left till afterwards.

Yes, we had quite a time going down the Bay. There was always a bottle or so amongst us. We always had whisky—rough but invigorating whisky that occasionally led to argument of the direct primitive kind.

But these arguments did not occur too often

as we were going down the Bay. Yarning and singing—that was more our game. And such yarns, too! Salt water undoubtedly quickens the imagination. It produces weird pictures in the mind. It stimulates invention. The yarns I have heard on the salt water! When I think of them, I wonder at the power of invention that was displayed.

Now and then a real sailor—a deep-water sailor—would be amongst us. But he was always extremely sorry for himself in the end. The work was not what he bargained for. A sailor's work—whilst it is often most trying and most arduous—has variety in it. There are times when it is rather slack and easy. There is about it no steady, persistent grind.

Yes, we had a real sailor now and then, who tackled the job just out of curiosity. But one trip satisfied this curiosity. The shell-back saw the error of his ways. Never again! That was his guiding motto so far as dredging was concerned. . . .

Here at last was the dredging-ground. It was dotted all over with sloops and schooners, ranging in size from seven or eight tons to twenty-five or thirty. There they were, tacking and sailing over the oyster-beds. When you were away from it—not doing it—it was an artistic sight. There were the white-sailed vessels, sailing to and fro over the nice green water—the water upon which was shining the pale golden light of the winter sun. It looked very nice. Very nice indeed from a distance. An artist could have made a lovely picture of it. Beautiful little vessels moving upon beautiful green water. When first I saw the scene I was delighted. It wakened up the poetry that must have been fast asleep in my soul. Ah! that first sight of a fleet of small sailing-vessels dredging for oysters! I shall never forget it. And I shall never forget what it led up to!

II.

Dawn!

'On deck, thar! On deck, down thar!'

The raucous voice of the foremost hand was sounding out, shattering our dreams.

'On deck, thar! On deck!'

'Go to ——!' some one growled.

'On deck! On deck!'

The foremost hand was standing on deck above us, shouting down the forepeak hatchway. We had cast anchor near to the shore the night before.

'On deck! Come on, you ——.' The foremost hand was indulging in colourful threats, and at last one of us got up, struggled into his clothes, and climbed up on deck. The others had to wait till he had got out.

Cold! The wind cut like a jagged knife. It was awful.

'Come on! Come on! Stir yourselves, you ——.'

Another head would appear above the hatchway. And another. And another. And now the whole crew were on deck. Toilet? No, there was no such thing as making your toilet. The icy wind that dallied gently round you, and found its way through all the openings and rents and interstices of your garments, was all the toilet you got—and wanted! You needed no souse of cold water to waken you up. That wind was enough. The memory of its icy caress shivers me even now.

The anchor had to be broken out—the awful, beastly, cold anchor. That was the first job to be done. And it was a fearful business. When it was up out of the water, one of us had to go over the side and get a rope round the fluke of it so as to fish it up to the cathead. That, also, was a nice kind of a job for a breezy winter morning.

Our next task was to make sail. Not much of a job that. And then the foremost hand went to the wheel, and we were off to the dredging-ground.

By this time daylight was up to the full. The sun had appeared. But its light was strictly on pale-golden lines. It was an apologetic sun. It looked as if it felt that it had no right to be up at all.

We got breakfast—one man after another—whilst we were going to the dredging-ground. And the dredges were got into readiness.

The dredge was triangular in shape. It was formed out of four strong iron bars. At the broad end was a powerful steel tooth-bar. And also at the same broad end there hung a chain bag. The tooth-bar scraped the oysters into the chain bag as the dredge was dragged over the oyster-bed by the schooner.

There were two dredges. And they were placed amidships—one on the port and the other on the starboard side. Also there were two crab-winches, around the pulleys of which were the stout ropes that were fastened to each dredge.

III.

Here we were, up to the ground. And around us and out from us were other vessels like our own. There was a light breeze, just the breeze for dredging. If it were blowing heavily, the boats could not work.

The captain gave the word, and one of the dredges was heaved overboard. The heaving required a certain skill so as not to foul the rope with the dredge. The foremost hand attended to the heaving of the starboard dredge, whilst a man who had been at the game before looked after the port dredge—where I was working.

It was the port dredge that had been heaved over first, and at the word 'Wind!' from the captain, the four of us who were on that side suddenly began to wind on the handles of the

winch. That winding! it went on and on and on. And on and on and on. And then I felt that there was beginning to be something wrong with my back. And still the winding went on. And now I felt that my back must break. I could feel it breaking. And still the winding went on.

Time is merely a thing of relation. It is something that we have invented for ourselves out of whole cloth, so to speak. A lapse of time extending but a minute or two may seem as a year. And indeed it may have far more significance than a year.

I seemed to be winding on this infernal winch for weeks. But I was still keeping on. And at last I seemed to be used to having my back broken.

Wind! Wind!

Ah! Here at last was the neck of the dredge appearing over the roller that had been fixed flush with the deck of the schooner—and the man who had heaved the dredge overboard leaned forward and broke the dredge in on deck, as the lower end of it was coming over the roller. The winding was over! Actually over! I felt as if I had a grip upon things once more.

There was the dredge. And there was its chain bag, bulging with oysters mixed up with shells.

And now we were at it as hard as we could, picking out the oysters from amongst the shells, and throwing the said oysters between our legs back on to the deck behind us. It was a stooping job, and it wasn't easy; but, compared with the winding, it was easy. In its way it was a kind of a rest. After we had got all the oysters out of the heap, one of us shovelled the shells overboard.

Whilst we were doing this the captain had put the schooner about—given the order to heave the starboard dredge overboard—tacked again across the oyster-bed—and given the order to wind. The starboard dredge was just appearing over the gunwale as we were finishing the culling, as the picking of the oysters from out the heap of shells was called.

Again we were given the order to heave the dredge, and when the schooner had got across the bed the order was again given to us to wind. And again came the spell of back-breaking, and again came the culling.

The captain so timed it that the whole eight of us were, practically speaking, working as fast as we could through the whole of the time—either winding or culling. If we did get a bit of rest in between, it was only for a few seconds or so.

And this kept on right through the whole of the day. There was no stop or 'let-up.' It was winding and culling, winding and culling, winding and culling right up to the setting of the sun. The only time that we were allowed was the time it took us to bolt our food.

IV.

Whilst the boat was running back to harbour we were stowing the oysters below. These were left on the deck through the day, till they had grown into four great piles. By the time we had stowed them away we had got—or nearly got—to our place of anchorage. Arriving there, we let go the anchor, got in the sails, and washed down the deck.

The day was over.

After we had had something to eat, we went and lay in silence in the forepeak. We were too tired to talk. Usually the boat was anchored some distance off from the shore. The idea was to make it difficult for men to escape—to get away. If I could have managed it, I would have deserted after that first day. I should have been put into jail, if caught, for one had to sign on for a month. But that would not have weighed with me at all.

The next day was the same as the day before. In fact, all the working-days were the same—terrible, hard, back-breaking days. But—well, in time I got used to it, for I was a vigorous, powerful young fellow.

But there were some men who could not get used to it. It was dreadful work—the hardest and most severe that I have ever known.

There were days, however, when God was good to us. Days of storm when the boats could not put out to work—when they had to lie at anchor. These storm-days were for us days of luxurious ease. How we used to rejoice when the white-caps came upon the waves! For that meant that there was to be no dredging—it meant the coming of the thrice-welcome storm. The beautiful tempestuous days! How we longed for them.

And the days of severe cold! The days when the boats were ice-bound! These were also days of non-dredging. I think, of the two, that we preferred these days to the days of storm. A bit cold, of course. But that was nothing. The life made one tough and hard.

I was at the work for nearly the whole of two seasons—about ten months in all. I got used to it, and I did not seem to be able to get any other work.

Bullying? Yes, bullying went on. Men were ill-used. And now and then men were killed. Things got so bad that in the end a gunboat was sent down to the Chesapeake Bay.

No, I was never bullied. But, to tell the truth, I once was threatened. I was willing, however, to take a certain risk, and I was let alone. . . .

So they are offering seventy dollars a month for the job now, and there are no takers!

Well, well! Times change.

I had to do it for sixteen.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War, The North Afire, The Undying Story, Phillip in Particular, The War Cache, Green Ladies, Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

I.

IT was a long journey from North Bay to Winnipeg on the way to Banff, and not an exciting one.

The scenery alternated between the monotonous and the exquisite. Here it was made up of the hard, thrusting rock that seemed to defy the efforts of the tenacious spruce and grass to find a clinging place. Here it gave way to the forest beauties of Nipigon, where, from the gigantic sweep of Lake Superior, trout river and lake stretched back their sparkling floors through the thick, green silences of the woods. Then came the rolling vastness of the great grain-lands running from Superior to and beyond the far Athabasca—that huge empire of the baker's loaf. Not an exciting country to the vision of anybody not concerned in cornering grain, and to Clement Seadon and Xavier Gatineau an old story, anyhow. They were glad enough to reach Winnipeg.

They stopped off at Winnipeg for business connected with their chase. Gatineau anticipated reports and information from the head office at Montreal; and, indeed, both thought it prudent to stop and to plan before thrusting their heads into the complications which must come when they reached Banff and Mr Neuburg.

It was wise that they did this, because not only did they get some news, but, also, they saw the man with his arm in a sling—Siwash Mike.

The news came first; Gatineau collected that. Seadon, after indulging in one of the almost ritualistic hair-cuts of America in the barbers' temple of white and nickel beneath the Alexandra Hotel, was joined by Gatineau in the big dining-hall. Gatineau said at once, 'No news at all of Miss Reys and her companion. They dodged us somewhere in that railway tangle south of North Bay.'

'Is that bad news?' asked Clement.

'Well, no,' said the little detective. 'They're coming along here all right.'

'I like the positive sound of that,' smiled Clement. 'You *are* positive?'

'Sure. They'll follow this big rough-neck Neuburg, an' Gunning.'

'And Neuburg and Gunning?'

'Gone through to Banff.'

'Well, that's as we expected. The rendezvous of rogues, then, is definitely Banff. Miss Reys will join them there—or, rather, all of us. We'll be of the pleasant company too.'

'Sure,' said Gatineau reflectively.

'Well, then,' said Clement, 'all this being as we thought, would you mind telling me what the bad news is?'

'Hey?' cried the little detective, looking up from the soup that is called gumbo.

'You have the "how-can-I-break-it-gently" air. Out with it.'

'It's Neuburg,' said Gatineau quietly.

'Neuburg?'

'He *is* the murderer. He is Nachbar.'

'Well, we've always felt fairly certain of that,' said Clement, after the first thrill of horror that had run through him. 'You mean, the matter is now decided?'

'As certain as we can be from the facts on hand. I've just read a message from The Chief. He's sure. He's been looking at those old descriptions provided by the Oregon police. Adolf Neuburg is Albrecht Nachbar, wanted for murder by U.S.A.'

'Queer that he should be alliterative in *alias*,' said Clement. 'Arthur Newman. Why has he used those initials again, I wonder?'

'Criminals do strange things,' said the detective. 'It's a kink in him, I suppose. P'r'aps Neuburg has a fancy those initials bring luck—that's the sort of thing one finds in rogues. Or it may be an easy way to keep his gang together; his A and N may be so characteristic as to guard against forgery.'

'And it may, after all, be mere cleverness. Many people would not credit him with the daring of using names so similar, and would be put off the trail. But the fact is that Neuburg is Nachbar.'

'The Chief is sure; he sends along warning to be mighty spry in dealing with the feller. He's a tough nut, is Neuburg.'

'I've already learnt it,' said Clement dryly. 'Was the crime a very bad one?'

'Real bad. I kept my mouth shut about it until we could be sure; but it was real bad. The feller he killed was a rich dude in Oregon. There was some sort of crazy bucket-shop deal that this feller—his name was Roberts—was interested in.'

'Did Nachbar or Neuburg appear in the deal?'

'He did not. I see what you mean. His tactics appear to have been the same as now. He didn't show up in the open; he merely played the part of a disinterested adviser to this rich man's orphan, Roberts. Fact is, nobody noticed Neuburg, or Nachbar, as he was then, until Roberts had died.'

'And he died—how?'

Gatineau looked at him quickly. 'He went out on a shooting-trip——'

'Ah, into the wilds,' breathed Clement.

'Yep,' said Gatineau. 'That appears to be his method in these things. Gets people into the wilds. Well, Roberts goes shooting into the wilds—and there is a hell of an accident. His gun bursts, and he is killed outright.'

'And *was* it an accident?'

'At the inquest it was. That was the verdict. But when people began poking round into his financial affairs suspicion became aroused. I needn't go into it all, and, in fact, I have only the outline of the business, but the things that came out were these. First, a big, solid block of cash was missing. Second, Nachbar was linked up with that missing cash. Then people began to hunt for things.

'First, they got no change out of Nachbar. He produced letters and papers by the boxful to show that his dealings with Roberts were straight — forgeries, no doubt, but good ones, especially since the victim was a dead un—you can bettcher life Nachbar was sound on this. He 's the real brainy bad-man, all right, all right. Things were kind of tied up until a fellow from the American Department of Justice began to find the trail of the murder. He found out that Nachbar had been in the very district where Roberts was shooting, at the very time of the murder.'

Clement was rather startled. 'That sounds rather crude for a criminal of Neuburg's propensities,' he said.

'Oh, it wasn't crude. He travelled by a different railway system to a different valley. He didn't even go near Roberts's camp. But this detective, who was nosing round, found that he had stayed at a hotel in a neighbouring valley for a week-end shoot; that he had gone off, early in the morning of Saturday, the day of Roberts's death; that he went out shooting without a guide, and though nobody could tell the direction he went, he had time to go somewhere close to where Roberts's body was found.'

'There were other clues, of course?'

'They began to come down in a blizzard, once they started. Roberts's actions had been unusual on that day. First, he had made his plans to go out shooting to the west with a couple of guides. Then, early, he had got a special delivery letter. After reading that letter, he changed his plans, went out shooting alone, and went east—that is, towards the hotel where Nachbar was staying. His body was found about half-way between.'

'But didn't all this come out at the inquest?'

'The inquest was on a man accidentally killed. These points, such of them as did come out, were passed over as interesting, but not relevant.'

'But the letter—if it made an appointment——?'

'That letter was never found. It wasn't on Roberts when his body was brought in. Everything on him down to his bootlaces was impounded by the Court, but no special delivery letter was found. Some one had taken that letter from his body after his—apparently—lonely death.'

'It must have been signed for. Didn't the Post-Office know anything about it?'

'Nachbar wasn't the one to slip-up over a detail like that. It had been sent from Roberts's home district in a faked name—couldn't be connected with Nachbar or the hotel where he was staying for his shoot. Still, it was a link in the chain of suspicious circumstances surrounding the death. And on top of that it was found the gun that killed Roberts—*wasn't his.*'

'What?' cried Clement in a startled tone.

'No, it wasn't his. It looked like his. It was just the sort of Winchester magazine-rifle he used, but the dealer found the number, and proved it wasn't his. Some one must have swopped guns with him—while he was out, apparently, alone. And the gun he got in exchange for his own was a gun meant to burst and kill, an' *did* burst an' kill.'

'Devilish!' cried Clement. 'And his own gun—was that traced?'

'Did you think it would be? No, it wasn't. It was proved that Neuburg had also left his hotel carrying a Winchester magazine—easy to effect a change, you see; an' when he came back with the same sort of gun on his shoulder, nobody had reason to suspect it was Roberts's gun—then. Moreover, when Neuburg's rooms were searched, it was found that he had kindly left an identical Winchester rifle behind—an' it wasn't Roberts's.'

'An alibi. He could swear that this gun was the gun he used on that murderous week-end, and nobody could prove otherwise.—Has the burst gun been traced?'

'Yes an' no. The makers sold it to a store down in the cattle country, and it was probably bought and sold a score of times before it reached Neuburg. That is a dead end. But, of course, it is only a detail. It is obvious that Neuburg or Nachbar did that murder, though full facts have to be proved.'

For a moment they sat silent, and Clement, anyhow, was appreciating the full meaning of this revelation. Roberts's murder, Heloise Reys's case—how they ran parallel. Roberts was a victim because of his wealth—Heloise Reys was possessed of a million pounds. Nachbar kept in the background—so far as Roberts was concerned, he was an advising friend; Neuburg played the same rôle to Heloise Reys. Roberts had been lured into the wilds; Heloise Reys was, even now, being lured into the wilds. Roberts was killed by a secret, brilliant 'accident;' Heloise Reys—— Clement shivered. He stared at Gatineau.

'I told you,' said the little detective, 'because

I think it best for you to know exactly the ways and methods of this brute.'

'I understand,' said Clement. 'And then there is the brighter side, too. It is certain that Neuburg is Nachbar. He'll be arrested. When?'

'The Chief tells me he is getting a move on already,' said the little detective, and Clement caught a hint of hesitation.

'Does that mean that Nachbar won't be arrested at once?'

'Not at once.'

'But—but that's incredible. He's a murderer, and you can arrest murderers without warrant surely?'

'We can—if we're dead positive they're murderers.'

Clement gave vent to a gesture and an exclamation of despair.

'See here, Mr Seadon,' broke in Gatineau; 'don't you condemn the police in a hurry. Recollect that, keen as we may be, we can't go about arresting folk off-hand. We've got to be sure we ain't running innocent men into jail—an' disgrace. This is complicated. It's an old crime. We don't know whether the American police have dropped it, or caught their man, or have definite news that proves Neuburg isn't the feller we think he is. Until we can be sure we daren't move. We've got to get in touch with the U.S.A. before we can hold him.'

'That's logical, I suppose; but it is also rather terrible. And it will take—how long?'

'A few days at least.'

A few days! Clement stared at the little detective. What might not happen in two days? During part of that time Heloise might be entirely at the mercy of this monster who was capable of a brilliant, cold-blooded murder. She would be at his mercy entirely because of the very candour and trustfulness of her nature. And that being so, those few days meant——

'She's got us, anyhow,' said Gatineau, reading his thoughts.

'Yes, she's got us, and it lies with us to keep Neuburg or Nachbar as busy as any man can be kept busy in these next few days, so that he won't have time to do anything—critical. But I confess I'm rather fearful, Gatineau.'

And a little later in the day things appeared even more disturbing.

III.

Clement Seadon and the detective, Gatineau, had made their way through the underground passage that leads from the great hotel to the railway station. They were to catch the train west to Banff. They were just emerging into the booking-hall, when Gatineau caught hold of the Englishman's arm and checked him.

Instinctively Clement looked ahead.

Seen through the glass swing-doors of the passage, a young man passed towards the platforms, walking swiftly. He was a slim, lithe young man with a dark, aquiline face. And he had his right arm in a sling. There was no mistaking the curious lilting walk, as there was no mistaking the features of the man.

'Good God!' said Clement. 'Siwash Mike! Siwash here—why?'

'*Not* trailing us, anyhow, I guess,' said Gatineau.

'How can you say that?'

'He hasn't the air; an', then, he's got a grip in his hand. He is going to catch the west-bound to join brother Neuburg or Newman or Nachbar at Banff.'

'Perhaps,' said Clement, remembering how they had been tricked before. 'But why is he in Winnipeg?'

'That's easy,' said the detective. 'He probably got in here over the other railway from Cochrane, and has changed on to our line for Banff. But we'd better watch him.'

They followed the half-breed cautiously, and saw him follow the crowd up the steps of Platform 6. There was no doubt about it that he was catching the west-bound. Like a flash Gatineau did *not* go up the steps of Platform 6; he nipped up the steps of Platform 4. They arrived on the railway-level just in time to see Siwash gain the platform. They took cover, and across the station—where the platforms were only a few inches above the rails—watched him. They seemed astonishingly close, but it was obvious that he was not suspicious, and he did not throw a glance their way.

Almost at once Clement said, 'There is something more in this than merely catching the west bound, Gatineau. He's waiting near the exit—for some reason.'

'He's waiting for somebody, I guess,' said Gatineau. 'That's why he's standing there. Somebody who is stopping off the Montreal train.'

Clement's heart jumped. Somebody who was stopping off from the Transcontinental train—who could that somebody be? Heloise? Certainly his heart fluttered. Perhaps, after all, this was the end of the chase. It was quite likely that Siwash had received some message from Neuburg at Winnipeg—he'd know how and where to pick one up—and that message had warned him to meet this train and Méduse and Heloise, who came by it. He thought that quite likely; and then Gatineau said, 'But why that grip? If he's meetin' some one, why that suit-case, which indicates a journey?'

Yes, that was a puzzle. If he was meeting some one, why carry luggage for a journey?

With its loudly clanging bell the great train steamed slowly into the station. Both men watched the half-breed with the keenest attention. He stood there quite passively as the passengers thronged out of the cars. He watched them indolently as they passed him in

a stream. Then with an air of casualness he picked up his grip and strolled towards the train.

'Damn!' grunted Clement. 'Nothing after all. He's just going to board the train. Look here; we must look slippy, too, if we are to travel by her also.'

He picked up his own grip, and began to step out to cross the intervening rails and platforms to the train. Gatineau said suddenly, 'Hold on. Ain't that long scarecrow of a feller interested in our pal?'

Clement shot a look towards the train. He saw a tall man moving aimlessly after Siwash. He probably had no connection with Siwash, but all the same he was moving against the current of departing passengers. And then suddenly Clement, catching a flash of skinny leg and arm as the fellow dodged between the passengers, had an abrupt twinge of memory. Where the devil had he seen that fellow before?

Gatineau caught his arm and lugged him behind a stack of luggage.

Siwash had walked up to the car in which his seat was reserved. He handed his grip to the black porter, and then, after pretending to mount the car, had turned back as though to take one last look at Winnipeg. In that moment he swept the whole of the platform with a searching glance—fortunately he kept his eyes on his own platform. Satisfied that there were no watchers, he turned and stared straight at the skinny man. The skinny man was by his side in a moment.

There was a swift talk between the twain, the skinny one listening attentively, and nodding his head as if he understood. Then Siwash took a paper from his pocket, and the other stretched out his long and skinny arm. And at that gesture memory came to Clement. He remembered acutely such an arm stretching out from a small window, clutching at the pistol-hand of Siwash. 'Heavens!' he breathed. 'The fellow from the glue-factory—from the Sault Algonquin at Quebec! Another of the beasts on the spot!'

(*Continued on page 371.*)

TYPES OF HUMANITY.

II.—ATROPHIC PEOPLE.

By P. Roualeyn Gordon.

ATROPHIC people are the opposite of oxypheric people. An atrophic man is usually tall and slender, or short and slender, but always slender. He has long, narrow fingers, thin hands from palm to back of hand, a stooping, narrow chest, square shoulders, and a crane-like neck. The face is rectilinear, conic at the lower portion, the apex of the cone being at the chin. The face is sunken under the eyes, all the way down to the lower jaw. The forehead is often very large, but the backhead is only ordinary. The complexion is pale-gray, lime-gray, pale-dark, or pale-white. The skin is rough in some, and velvety, cold, and clammy in others. The chest is normally the weakest part in this constitution, although sometimes it is the stomach.

An atrophic man usually dislikes water and bathing, simply because water, cold air, cold moisture, even steam and vapours, have a bad effect on his system. He has a moist skin, and a perspiring scalp, more or less, from time to time, but especially when he is not well. His bones, flesh, and blood are not properly nourished. His bones are large, and require great quantities of phosphate of lime. Hence, although he is a calcium man, his system, nevertheless, runs short of this element; his bones, being hungry for calcium phosphates, are constantly impoverishing his blood and nutritive functions by absorbing the calcium phosphates in the blood; and in his brain he is using up phosphorus so rapidly, in thinking and studying, that it is not long before that organ becomes depleted of vitality. He cannot supply calcium phosphates and phosphorus fast enough. The heat in the atrophic man is constantly generated from the centre of the body to the surface, with the result that he feels cold, more or less, all the time.

A man of this constitution is, because of his constitution, predisposed to certain diseases that other constitutions are not subject to. An atrophic man is subject to tubercular processes; but it is also true that he can avoid them, and reach a ripe old age, even die from a disease to which he is not subject. Those four vital processes—oxidation, circulation, digestion, and nutrition—are sadly imperfect in all atrophic people. When these processes are not functioning properly, vitality is on the ebb, and disease results. Statistics compiled by large insurance companies show that tall, slender, fair-complexioned men who are under weight are more subject to tuberculosis than men of other types. Provided an atrophic man is in the right environment, knows his constitution, and takes care of his health, he will never suffer from consumption, whether he is subject to it or not. Consumption is not hereditary; no child is born with the disease, even when born of consumptive parents. The lungs of children of such parents are intact at birth. Consumption is caused by malnutrition, wrong dieting, insufficient development of the lungs, unhealthy work in insanitary surroundings. The atrophic man has a too small

respiratory area to his lungs, which means that he does not obtain sufficient oxygen for his needs. In watching the breathing movements of the lungs in atrophic people, it may be observed that they do not breathe with the whole chest. They breathe mostly with the central and lower portion of the chest, usually with the central section. Hence the entire lungs never come to their fullest expansion, and consequently part of their blood, if not most of it, is not thoroughly oxygenated. For this reason atrophic people ought to practise deep breathing at all times; otherwise their health will suffer.

An atrophic man is most sick in childhood, and after the age of thirty-five. The first part of his life and the last part are fraught with health disturbances. He is more healthy between maturity and the age of forty, but after forty he is never safe. Certain months of the year are trying months to atrophic people, unless they are in the right climate. Atmospheric changes affect them in a marked manner. A sudden change in temperature may result in sickness. They require warmth, dryness, fresh air in abundance, and plenty of calcium and organo-metallic salts in their diet.

People of this constitution are remarkably bright. They are invariably great students. Their brain runs to activity, but their body is more passive. Hence they are slow in bodily movements and in speech, but very vigorous in thinking and studies. Books, science, literary work, philosophy, mechanics appeal to atrophic people more than human beings, animals, plants, amusement, and recreation. Being of such a reserved nature, they feel out of place in social activities; they prefer solitude and studies.

Mental work agrees with an atrophic man, especially sedentary brain labour, which he can do sixteen hours per day, if necessary, without feeling fatigued. His mind runs to slow detail, scientific investigation, microscopic laboratory work of the most careful nature, philosophical studies, fine mechanical work. No man is more reliable, industrious, accurate, scientific, and practical, or more able, according to individual talent, education, training, &c., as compared with other constitutions, than an atrophic man. Of course, when vitality gives out and the brain refuses to perform its normal functions, when tubercular processes set in, the man is not himself, and can, therefore, not do his best. No man, however, works more faithfully, patiently, steadily than a man of this constitution when he is well. Some men want to sow to-day and reap to-morrow. The atrophic man can wait. He seems to have eternity itself in his very habits. He has fixed moods. Everything seems different to him than to other people. Most people pay no attention to time, but times and seasons are either too slow or too fast to the atrophic man. When he is interested in a certain study or work, he grows impatient when night comes. He would much prefer that the day could be as long as eternity, so that he could always continue with his cherished work or study.

Atrophic people are periodic in their habits. They go on with one thing at a time, for a long time, only to change to something else for a still longer time, when they come back to their former habits. They are increasing in their tastes, likes, dislikes, desires—never satisfied. Their diseases and symptoms are brothers born of the same parent tendencies. Sometimes they may suffer from headache, or stomach trouble, for five, ten, or fifteen years, in spite of doctors, medicines, and everything else; then all at once the trouble disappears for good, when some new pathological complication appears, only to go on unceasingly as their former complaint. Hence their diseases are chronic. An atrophic man is a cast-iron man in mind and thought, nature and disposition, but his weak link is his vitality.

People of this constitution are never understood; they appear different from what they are. Their reserved nature, intellectuality, bashfulness in society, seeming indifference to social frivolity, make them appear cold, formal, distant, and uninteresting; but they are not so. They are magnetic, and yet not magnetic. People do not take to them readily, but after they get to know them appreciate them thoroughly. Atrophic people are much misjudged. They are simply a higher type of people, and do not belong to the ordinary spheres of life. Place an atrophic man where he rightly belongs, according to his capabilities, health, training, education, &c., and he is not awkward, bashful, or timid. He is a giant intellectually, but unless in his proper sphere he does not do himself justice. Of course, there are many types of atrophic people, some being more able than others, some weaker than others, some taller than others, some darker, but, on the whole, having the same relative development of faculties, and the same combination in a temperamental sense. They are skilful, genius-like, resigned, sedentary, trustworthy, but never so successful in business or organising. They can superintend businesses for others better than they can build businesses for themselves. Their talent is far above the ordinary; in fact, some of them are the greatest men we have. They are artistic without being real artists, though some are artists in the highest interpretation of nature art, as well as of fine art. They are, however, constructionists of some kind, or somewhere, either in literature, science, philosophy, law, politics, or mechanics.

Atrophic people dislike to receive favours; they hate fuss, and become irritable when people are helping them. They are, however, strong in great struggle. They have a tendency to be cynical in regard to small things, but optimistic in regard to the future. An atrophic man expects future trouble, but does not believe that

it comes. He has many peculiar fears, inexplicable even to himself, yet he is a courageous man in times of misfortune.

When he suffers from chest trouble he is often cross and surly, yet always sure that he will improve in health. He smiles at the idea that he has lung trouble. He is trustful and hopeful regarding the future. So certain is this mental attitude that a man of this constitution suffering from consumption promises himself great things, expects to live a long time, to accomplish great deeds, even when he is near the grave. Great future optimism is characteristic of tubercular troubles.

AN INDIAN FRONTIER TRAGEDY.

By C. G. Nurse.

I.

A breath of wind, a border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright.

SUCH are the apparently trivial causes that affect the whole lives of those who serve on the outskirts of the Empire. Had Jemadar Ramchander Sing's last shot been a bull's-eye instead of an 'outer,' the tragedy which I am about to relate would probably never have happened. And if a lock had not gone wrong in the Government Treasury on that particular occasion, it is very unlikely that I should have been in a position to record the story. It is, however, futile to speculate on what might have been; I will, therefore, put down the actual facts.

Some years ago I was serving as second-in-command of a Native Infantry regiment in one of the out-stations of the Quetta district. Our quarters were in a large mud fort, set in the midst of desolation, with a range of barren, snow-capped hills in the background. We were always short-handed as regards officers, but this was perhaps a blessing in disguise, as, with the exception of duty and a little small-game shooting, there was nothing to fill our time. The winter had dragged slowly past, spring was in the air, and we were looking forward to spending the summer months at Quetta among more congenial surroundings. Meanwhile certain work, which had been delayed during the winter by the severe cold, had to be pushed forward, and I found myself under orders to supervise the musketry training of a large party of about one hundred and fifty 'casuals,' which is the term used in the army for men who have been unable to complete the course with their companies. My party consisted of both Hindus and Mahomedans, and I had the assistance of two or three native officers, the senior of whom was a subahdar named Farzand Ali Shah. Of fine physique and handsome presence, he was a man of some education and considerable force of character, and being, moreover, a Syed, or descendant of the Prophet's clan, he possessed great influence in the regiment. As he belonged to my own double-company, I had been in almost daily contact with him for some ten years, and had found him thoroughly trustworthy and dependable.

The supervision of musketry on the rifle-range is one of the most monotonous duties that fall to an officer when he has to deal with men not belonging to his own company. Four targets were in use simultaneously, and for hour after hour I listened to the register-keepers calling out, as each shot was signalled, 'Ram Sing—bull's-eye—*char pint* [four points];' 'Kazim Khan—outer, *do pint* [two points];' 'Hira Ram—*meess—kuch ne* [nothing].'

The first few days everything went without a hitch. Firing at the shorter ranges was completed, and we had reached the 800-yards range, which is the limit at which individual practice is carried out. It must be explained that men are classified as marksmen, first, second, and third class shots, according to the points they make on the range. No decent soldier likes to be a second or a third class shot, as it often involves extra drills and duties, besides a certain amount of ridicule from his more efficient comrades.

A jemadar named Ramchander Sing was shooting at No. 1 target. I knew him to be a poor shot, and, not wishing to make him nervous, I had carefully avoided watching him, and was standing on the other side of the range. Presently Subahdar Farzand Ali Shah, who had been standing near No. 1 firing-point, came over to me and reported as follows: '*Huzur*, I have placed Naik [Corporal] Debi Sing under arrest.'

'What has he done?' I inquired.

'He made a false entry in the target-practice register. I had already some suspicion, and was watching him carefully. Jemadar Ramchander Sing was firing, and his last shot was signalled an "outer," but Debi Sing entered it as a bull's-eye.'

Debi Sing was a young Hindu who had been for a couple of years one of the smartest of the drill-instructors. I knew him fairly well, as he had on one or two occasions brought out a party of men to beat for me when I was shooting in the vicinity of the fort. He was a fine-looking man, standing nearly six feet in height, and rather above the average in intelligence, though his face was marred by a somewhat sulky expression. I knew that he had ambition, as he had appeared before me in school

and promotion examinations. I neither liked nor disliked the man, but in any case I did not wish to see injustice done to him. So I investigated the matter carefully, trying to keep an open mind. After a good deal of cross-examination of witnesses, I came to the conclusion that the false entry had been made deliberately, more especially as the two extra points just saved the jemadar from the disgrace of being classified as a third-class shot, the jemadar being a fellow-casteman of Debi Sing.

When I returned to the fort I reported the matter to the colonel, with the result that, a couple of days later, Debi Sing was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be reduced to the ranks. The reduction was duly carried out, his N.C.O.'s stripes being, according to custom, cut off in front of the regiment, and Debi Sing returned to duty as a private, looking more sulky than ever.

After the parade the colonel said to me, 'There is no reason why Debi Sing should not complete his musketry course; you had better make arrangements for him to go on with it.'

I consequently gave the necessary orders for him to be included in the firing-party the following morning.

The same evening the colonel handed me an official envelope, saying, 'I have just received this from the Treasury. As you are field-officer of the week, you had better attend to the matter.'

The letter contained in the envelope ran as follows:

'SIR,—I beg to bring to the notice of your kind consideration that I cannot at all open a box in the Treasury, which contains silver coins and notes. Perchance some evil-doer may have attempted robbery of Government money, and I am very frightful that there may be deficiency. I therefore request your Honour to appoint some officer to break open the box, so that I may make verification of the cash.—Your obedient servant, RAM LAL, *Sub-treasurer*.'

'Very good, sir. I 'll see to it as soon as the Treasury opens to-morrow,' I said, and hastily scribbled a few lines to the sub-treasurer to the effect that I would be present at the Treasury about 10.15 next day, in order to see the box opened.

II.

The following morning I rode down to the rifle-range as usual about 7 A.M., examined the targets, and gave orders for the practice to begin. In order that men should not be kept waiting unduly long at the firing-point, I had arranged that they should attend in relays at intervals of about two hours. About 9 A.M. the first relief, consisting of some forty or fifty men, arrived, in the charge of a N.C.O.; among them I noticed Debi Sing, his face clouded with gloom. I felt rather sorry for the man, as he was undoubtedly a smart soldier, and it would take him perhaps a couple of years to regain the position he had lost. I was well aware that, from his own point of view, his only fault lay in his having been found out, as the majority of natives have no sense of honour as we understand it. But I did not anticipate any further trouble, and, in fact, hardly gave the matter a second thought, as my time was fully taken up with the work in hand.

About 10 A.M., after handing over charge to Subahdar Farzand Ali Shah, and arranging to relieve him some time after noon, I mounted my horse and rode towards the white-washed Government offices, in which the Treasury was situated. The native treasurer, a fat Hindu of the *babu* type, appeared to be in great distress. He addressed me in English, saying, 'Sir, I am glad you have come; now we can investigate circumstances of treasure-chest. I much fear that attempt has been made at robbery. I have been in Government service since twenty years, and no such thing happen before.'

'All right, Babuji,' I said; 'let 's get to work at once. Where is the key of the chest?'

'Sir,' he said, producing a bunch of keys, 'I always keep on my body. This key belong to big chest, which contains sixty thousand rupees.'

We entered the strong-room, the door of which showed no sign of having been tampered with. The iron bars of the two small windows were intact, and the window-sills were covered with the dust of many days, so that it was evident that no attempt could have been made to enter the room from that direction. 'Are you quite sure it is the right key?' I inquired, after vainly trying the key in the lock.

'Your Honour, I know the keys as the fingers of my hand,' he replied.

'Very well,' I said, 'we shall have to break open the lock. What tools have you?'

'Sir, I am not skilled in the use of tools,' said the treasurer, 'but I have the blacksmith in attendance.'

'All right; bring in the man the muscles of whose "brawny arms are strong as iron bands."'

'Your Honour means the smith. I am acquainted with the poem, which I learned in my school days.'

The treasurer went to the door of the strong-room and shouted, '*Ho, lohar-ji*' ('O blacksmith').

'*Hāzir*' ('Present'), replied a voice.

'*Andar ao*' ('Come inside').

A small but wiry-looking man entered, carrying a bag of tools. The treasurer requested him in Hindustani to break open the large chest, remarking that my presence would be sufficient guarantee that he was not taking part in any underhand work.

The blacksmith examined the lock, and said

in Hindustani, 'The box must have cost much money; it would be a pity to break it. Perhaps it might be opened. Let me see the key.'

The key was handed to him, and he tried it in the lock, but without effect. Then he produced from his bag a piece of stout wire, twisted it about in the keyhole, and again tried the key, when, to our surprise, the lock yielded, and the chest opened.

The treasurer, perspiring with excitement, took out of the chest a large despatch-box, opened it with one of the keys hanging on his chain, and counted out the notes with a rapidity only attained by long practice. He then proceeded to pour out the silver coins from the bags into his scales, making notes of the amounts, which he added up and compared with his books. When the whole of the rupees had been weighed, he gave a sigh of relief, and said, 'All correct, your Honour. I ask your pardon for the trouble.'

'All right, Babuji,' I said; 'you had better have the lock oiled. I will now go home to breakfast.'

III.

The gong of the quarter-guard was striking eleven as I entered the fort. I rode to my quarters, and handed over my horse to my sepoy orderly, telling him to take it to the stable, as my *syce* had not yet returned. A couple of minutes later, as I was starting to go over to the mess for breakfast, a young jemadar belonging to my double-company came running towards me, and said breathlessly, '*Sahib, Shahji mārāyāya*' ('Shahji has been killed').

'What do you mean?' I inquired, forgetting for the moment that 'Shahji' was the name by which Subahdar Farzand Ali Shah was known among the Mahomedans of the regiment.

'Farzand Ali—on the range,' he replied.

'I must go down there and see what has happened,' I said.

Natives of India, in moments of stress, are very much inclined to exaggerate, and the jemadar was evidently in a highly excited state. I hoped, therefore, that the matter was not so serious as he had represented; but in any case it was clear enough that something had occurred which demanded my presence. Fortunately the saddle had not been removed from my horse; so, tightening the girths, I mounted, and galloped through the fort gate towards the rifle-range. About half-way to the firing-point I saw a group of six or eight men advancing towards the fort. As I drew nearer I noticed that the man in the centre had his arms bound behind him, and I recognised him as Debi Sing. The N.C.O. of the escort halted as I approached, and I inquired of him what had happened. He replied, 'This *badmāsh* [evil-doer] has shot Subahdar Farzand Ali and another man. We are taking him to the quarter-guard.'

'Take care he does not escape,' I said. 'March on, and hand him over to the guard.'

A little farther on I met a party of men carrying a stretcher, on which was a figure covered with a blanket. The man, whose face was hidden by a fold of his pugree, was groaning as if in great pain, and one of the carrying-party said, in answer to my inquiry, 'It is the subahdar who has been shot.'

On hearing my voice the subahdar pushed aside the covering from his face, and said feebly, 'Debi Sing—shot me—in revenge.'

I gave orders to the bearers to lose no time in taking him to hospital, and proceeded to the firing-point. Here I found that the remaining men, some forty in number, had fallen in, and were standing at 'attention' under the other two native officers, the senior of whom asked whether musketry practice should be continued.

'No,' I replied. 'Bugler, sound the "Cease fire" and then the "Retire."'

On returning to the fort, I found that a brief outline of what had occurred had already reached the colonel, who was waiting for a report from the medical officer as regards the state of the subahdar. I told him as much as I had been able to learn of the affair. In a short time the doctor appeared, and informed us that the subahdar was suffering from two gunshot-wounds in the abdomen, and there was no hope of his recovery. A sepoy who had been standing near the subahdar had had his arm shattered by a bullet fired at close range, and the arm would have to be amputated.

I later on visited both the men in hospital. The subahdar was quite conscious, and knew that he could not recover. He bade me farewell, saying slowly and with difficulty, '*Huzur*, I have done my duty. See that Debi Sing does not escape; and look after the interests of my wife and son as regards pension.'

IV.

In the course of the afternoon I began, as president of a court of inquiry, to sift and record evidence of what had occurred after I left the range. Native evidence is always unsatisfactory, as, even when a man has nothing to conceal, he generally adds little touches to round off the story according to his own ideas, instead of sticking to facts. But by dint of examination and cross-examination of witnesses I was able to piece together a fairly consecutive story. It appeared that after I left the range Debi Sing went to the N.C.O. in charge of the ammunition, as it was his turn to fire next. He was given the usual ten rounds of ball-cartridge, when, instead of going to the firing-platform, he at once proceeded to charge his magazine. Then, raising his rifle, he discharged it in the direction of Subahdar Farzand Ali, who was standing on the platform watching the shooting. The first shot missed the subahdar,

but struck the man next him in the arm. The subahdar turned round and made a rush at Debi Sing, receiving the next two bullets in the abdomen. He managed, however, to reach his assailant, and seizing hold of his rifle, said very pluckily, 'I am killed, but you shall not escape.' Debi Sing made a struggle to free himself, but was overpowered by numbers, and sent in the charge of an escort to the fort. The N.C.O. of the escort reported that the prisoner had stated quite openly before he was handed over to the guard that he only regretted that he had not also killed the Sahib who had just left the range, but 'he had gone before I got my cartridges.'

I had no idea that Debi Sing had any grievance against me. I had certainly never done him any harm, and to the best of my recollection I had never even punished him. I therefore felt an overwhelming curiosity to know why he should wish to include me among his victims. As it happened, the native officer of the day was under some obligation to me, and he was, moreover, unlike the majority of natives of India, an absolutely truthful man. It would be his duty to visit the quarter-guard and see the prisoner; so I asked him to ascertain, if possible, why Debi Sing should have wished to kill me. He came to me in the evening, and said, '*Huzur*, I have found out from Debi Sing that his grievance against you was that, when he was brought up before the colonel, a word from you might have saved him from court-martial, and subsequent reduction to the ranks.'

'But the matter was not in my hands.'

'No, Sahib; but it is well known that you have the ear of the Colonel Sahib.' (The C.O. had recently been appointed to the regiment from another corps, and naturally looked to me for advice and assistance, as I had served a long time in the regiment.)

'That is a very insufficient reason for wishing to take my life,' I remarked.

'*Huzur*, the native does not think like a white man. You have had a very lucky escape, but it was not in your fate that you should die now.'

The wounded subahdar died in the course of the afternoon, and was buried the same night in the Mahomedan cemetery just outside the fort. I attended the funeral, and was not at all surprised to find that there was strong feeling among the Mahomedans owing to the murder of one of their leading representatives by a Hindu. From some remarks I overheard, I felt sure that there was likely to be trouble between the two races, and persuaded the colonel to give orders that musketry practice should be suspended, and the strictest supervision should be exercised over the ammunition, until matters quieted down a bit.

The next few weeks was a very anxious time for all the European officers, but by tact and careful handling we prevented the Mahomedans and the Hindus from flying at one another's throats. The widow of the deceased subahdar, and the injured sepoy, who, owing to the loss of his arm, was no longer fit for service, received pensions from Government. Debi Sing was in due course tried by general court-martial for murder, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. How he escaped paying the extreme penalty of the law I never ascertained; possibly the view prevailed among the members of the court that he acted on sudden impulse, without premeditation. He was transported to the Andaman Islands, where he is probably still serving his time.

Shortly after the court-martial I discovered what I believe to be the true solution of why the lock in the Treasury should suddenly have gone wrong without any apparent cause. I was sitting in a room with the window wide open, when I noticed an insect fly past me, carrying something in its mandibles. It settled on the keyhole of the door, and I was able to recognise it as one of the solitary bees, belonging to a genus which make their nests in the holes of trees and walls, lining them with circular cuttings of leaves. I did not interfere with her operations, and in a few days the keyhole was quite blocked up. I have little doubt that the obstruction in the lock of the treasure-chest was caused by a similar or an allied insect, and I probably owe my life to the fact that she happened to choose that particular keyhole as a suitable site for her nest.

A SONG OF JOY.

COME, all you little fairy folk,
All you who love to laugh and joke,
And join in merry play—
Up and away this shining morn,
Let's frolic in the golden corn.
Come quick—away—away!

The sun is laughing in the sky;
The white clouds laugh as they sail by;
And in the depth of blue
The birds fly high on eager wing;
And every tender living thing
With joy is laughing too.

Here is a day that's made for mirth,
Here is the mothering fair earth
Alive with hidden glee,
Setting her flowers out to show
A fairy how to 'heel and toe'
In rhythmic melody.

All dressed in colours, bright and gay,
Like painted butterflies at play,
And nodding in the breeze,
Comrades for fairies every one,
Who love to feel the blessed sun
Peep at them through the trees.

Away—away!—we must make haste,
For fairies have no time to waste,
In such a golden day.
Let's fill each moment up with joy;
Pleasure like ours can never cloy.
Away—away—away!

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

UNPUBLISHED PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST.

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

PART I.

DR QUAIN—JAMES PAYN—HATFIELD AND HAWARDEN—KATE TERRY.

MARCH 19, 1898.—The death of Dr Quain removes a familiar and popular figure from London Society. He was of the rare class of men who belong to both the Athenæum and the Garrick Club. At the head of his branch of the profession, wearing most of its honours, he had his Bohemian side, and liked to sit at the common supper-table at the Garrick listening to, and adding to, the stream of cheerful conversation. Up to last season he was a habitual diner-out, a constant attendant at evening-parties. For years he seemed to defy the advances of time. On his eightieth birthday he might have passed for a man of sixty. But he never recovered from the blow dealt by the death of his wife a few years ago. He was not seen in any of his usual haunts last year, and for some months before his death was confined to bed. He shared with Lord Morris the reputation of preserving the richest brogue heard in London drawing-rooms. It will be interesting to learn whether he has left behind him anything in the way of memoirs. For the last forty years he has known most people worth knowing. If he wrote as brilliantly as he talked, his memoirs would present a rare picture of life in modern London.

March 20.—Some of the old masters whose portraits of past Speakers adorn the walls of the dining-room at Speaker's House would turn in their graves if they heard that the latest addition to the collection has brought the artist a fee of eight hundred guineas. Eighty pounds was nearer the mark for similar work at the time most of the pictures were done. Opinion differs as to the success of Orchardson's treatment of Speaker Peel. The public will have an opportunity of judging at the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition. At present the picture is hanging in the place destined for its permanent occupation in the dining-room at Speaker's House. I venture to predict that it will come to be regarded as one of the artist's greatest works of portraiture.

March 21.—Just now the air is full of farewells to the living and mourning for the dead. A bedside—other than those of Gladstone and Lord Salisbury—the public solicitously watch is that of James Payn. The latest news gives no hope of recovery. Here, as in the case of Gladstone, the sorrow of friends is mitigated by the knowledge that death, when it comes, will lay a soothing hand on long-suffered pain. For some years the novelist has been a prisoner in his room, a martyr to rheumatism. It finally got such a grip of him that his world became limited to the walls of his bedroom and sitting-room, happily with a tree-shaded lawn before the window. I have a bundle of letters received from him since he, perforce, withdrew to the confinement of his two rooms. They, by outward and visible sign, tell the story of his trouble. The earlier ones are written in his plain, neat handwriting, with pen and ink. Gradually comes a time when he finds it easier to write with pencil. Still the same pretty, precise handwriting, marvellous in a man who has turned out so much copy. Of late his letters were dictated, only the signature being in his handwriting.

The final sacrifice seemed made when he had to abandon whist, since he could no longer hold the cards in his maimed hands. He was profoundly touched, when obliged to give up attendance at the Reform Club, by the proof of friendship forthcoming. Passionately fond of whist, it was Payn's daily habit to cross the road from Waterloo Place to his favourite club for luncheon, followed by a rubber. When Mahomet could no longer go to the mountain, as Payn put it, the mountain went to Mahomet. Nine of his old whist friends formed themselves into a little club, and taking turns about, three at a time, drove over to Warrington Crescent to play a rubber or two. Thus twice a week the stranded sick man had his game of whist. He spoke of this, with tears in his eyes, as a marvellous sacrifice of friendship. It was well repaid by the time spent in his company. He was even more charming as a talker than as a writer.

March 26.—It is pleasant to think that

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Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have never been personally separated by those outbursts of political acrimony not uncommon in the storm and stress of party government. Gladstone was always ready to pay a generous tribute to the intellectual gifts of his great adversary, but, of course, regarded him as politically a mistaken man. His honesty of purpose, his courage, and his scrupulous honour he was ever ready to acknowledge. At one time he was a frequent guest at Hatfield. In later life circumstances drew the two socially apart. But the feeling of mutual respect and friendship never chilled.

It has been a touching episode in the concurrent illness at Hatfield and Hawarden that kindliest messages are almost daily exchanged between the two households. Though the illness of Lord Salisbury naturally looms larger in the public eye, it is, of the twain, Lady Salisbury who is in peril. Her condition, hopeless, I am afraid, superadded to the weight of anxiety arising out of foreign affairs, has much to do with Lord Salisbury's breakdown. He is now out of danger, and reasonably hopes to come back from his pending flight to the South strong and well. With Lady Salisbury the case, unhappily, stands on a different footing.

The newspapers very properly circulate cheery reports of Gladstone's condition. I am sorry to say that, in the intimacy of the circle closely surrounding him, no hopes are entertained. There is whispered apprehension of a grave cause for the persistent pain in the face, originally attributed to neuralgia. However that be, it is only the final effort of a magnificent constitution that enables the veteran statesman still to resist the decay of extreme old age. No one has a clearer perception of the truth than has the patient himself. There is something pathetic in his remark the other day to his old secretary and faithful friend, Sir Algernon West. 'You must pray for me,' he whispered on parting. That seems about all that is left for his friends to do.

March 29.—Among the group of mourners gathered yesterday by the grave of James Payn there were at least two whose names are to-day familiar in English literature who owed their first step on the ladder of fame to his kindly offices. It was his quick eye and sure judgment that discovered the merits of Anstey Guthrie's *Vice Versâ* when the manuscript, worn with the weary round of other publishing offices, reached his hands at Messrs Smith Elder's. He also gave Conan Doyle a lift at a time when appreciation is most valuable to an author.

In some of the obituary notices mention is made of Payn's ineradicable fondness for London. It was, he used to say, good enough and big enough for him, and he didn't want to go anywhere else. Once, in a moment of always regretted rashness, he accepted an invitation from Inderwick to visit Rye, where the Q.C., who ought long ago to have been a judge, has a house. Payn inveigled his friend Robinson, manager of the *Daily News*, who shared his abhorrence of country trips, to accompany him on this expedition.

'Good-bye, Columbus,' were the parting words of the son of this second adventurer, who went down to the railway-station to see his father off.

Following Inderwick's instructions, the travellers got out at Winchelsea, desperately resolved to see that ancient town before going on to Rye. According to Payn's forlorn account, they, for nearly an hour, walked up and down the sleepy streets without meeting a single person. Going on to the ruined pier, they found the tide out, only a waste of mud in view.

'A dreadful place,' murmured Payn's companion in the day's misery. 'Even the sea has deserted it.'

Returning to the station, they wandered into the yard of an inn where a bus was standing. Peeping in at the window, they discovered a stableman asleep at his ease in the vehicle.

'Ah,' said Payn, 'here 's the population.'

They never got to Rye. Arriving at the station, they found a train ready to go back to London. Recognising in this the finger of Providence, they took their seats, and reached the Reform Club in time for dinner.

Payn used to repeat with great glee one of Burnand's flashes of wit. Among the fancy portraits published in *Punch* some years ago appeared one of the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*. Payn was represented as half-hidden in the trunk of a tree. Some one said he hardly recognised the likeness. 'Ah,' said Burnand, 'but you never saw James Payn up a tree!'

April 8.—The occasion for the return to the stage of the lady once known as Kate Terry adds pathos to the interest the event has excited in the dramatic world. Many years ago, at a time when, little more than a girl, she had established a brilliant reputation, she 'went and married a linen-draper,' to adapt a remark of Dick Swiveller's. From a worldly point of view the match was excellent, and Miss Terry did not hesitate to conform to the condition that she should quit the much-loved stage. For something like a quarter of a century she (now Mrs Lewis) has lived the centre of a happy and affluent home. Her husband's house has, during that period, been the hospitable rendezvous of some of the best-known men. At one time private theatricals were in great vogue, and Kate Terry was seen on the stage again charming a select circle of friends. By the outer world she was welcomed at the theatre, generally accompanied by her two pretty daughters. She has been a steady first-nighter, renewing her own triumphs in watching her sister Ellen on the Lyceum stage.

A couple of months ago the literary and dramatic world were astonished to hear that the collection of pictures and nicknacks familiar in the home of Kate Terry's husband was about to be sold. Then came sale of the furniture, the quitting of the old home, and the news that a long-established business, gradually fading, could be kept going only by the personal sacrifice of its principal partner. At this crisis Kate Terry's heart, untravelled, fondly turned to the stage. She resolved to go back and earn her own living again. She will make her *rentrée* in about a fortnight's time at the Globe Theatre, playing with her old friend John Hare in a new piece called *The Master*.

Early in the 'fifties' the Queen and the Prince Consort had a series of theatrical performances at Windsor Castle. The manager was Charles Kean. Playing in the title-rôle of King John, he engaged Kate Terry for the part of Arthur. Mrs Lewis tells me she has vivid recollection of that memorable appearance before royalty. It was not only the stage and the audience that terrified a child of seven years old: there was the agony of going through her part with an utter stranger. She was told she must expect Kean to play King John quite differently from any one she had been used to. She must be careful to take her cue from him and get along as well as she could. In this respect she found herself equal to the situation, and all went well on the stage. Her chief terror was the Queen, whom she was astonished to see sitting in a chair and not wearing a crown.

'I felt convinced,' Mrs Lewis says, 'that if I did anything wrong, forgot a word, or didn't promptly take a cue, the Queen would order me off for instant execution.'

How idle were her fears, how great her triumph, is testified from an unexpected quarter. Macaulay, not yet a peer, was among the guests commanded to the play. Writing about it afterwards, he said: 'The little girl who acted Arthur did wonders. It is almost worth while to be past middle life to see Miss Kate Terry play this.'

These are cheering words to sound in the ears of the plucky lady taking up again, after the lapse of many years, the thread of her girlhood's task.

(*Continued on page 389.*)

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VI.—*continued.*

IV.

THE guards were shouting, 'All aboard'; Siwash turned and sprang into his car; the skinny man began to stride towards the exit. Clement picked up his bag and went in the same direction. Gatineau cried softly, 'Say, we can't monkey about; we'll miss that train.'

'I'm going to,' said Clement grimly. 'I want to find out why that fellow is here.'

'But——'

'And I don't like his being here,' said Clement. 'I'm not going to leave anybody here to wait for Miss Reys unless I know the exact why and wherefore of his waiting.'

Gatineau was by his side now; he was smiling. 'Yep, I rather want to look at that paper myself. Say, if you catch hold of this grip I'll trail that lad. Best be me—he may have recollections of your outline.'

Fifty minutes later Gatineau rejoined Clement in the lounge of the hotel. 'That's the sort of job that makes a feller ashamed to draw his pay,' he grinned, as he sat down. 'Easy—made me cry, it was so easy.'

'You've got that paper?'

'No, sir; I'm not little Xavier Miracle-Worker yet. But I've got him located. He's in a rooming-house in the dark areas off Portage Avenue—room 163 is his number. And he hasn't the slightest fear that evil men like us are here, and interested in him. Walked all the way to his dive without so much as a look round.'

'That's good; that means that Siwash doesn't know we're here either. He's gone off to Banff and Neuburg without a suspicion. Well, what next?'

'We just go an' call on our lean friend—he calls himself Jean Renadier; he's a French-Canadian all right, though he says he comes from Montreal, not Quebec. I've got a man there spotting for me already, one of our local men, an' I've arranged with the police to pull him on the *Empress of Prague* robbery charge—in silence. Shall we go?'

They went. On the way Gatineau told his plan. 'I arranged that we tackle him first, so that he don't have any chance of destroying any paper on him. Then, when we've got him, we call in the police. We'll just walk up to his room, see. I'll go in, an' you stay outside, because the sight of you might make him do things to his papers. When I've got him, you can come in. Is that good?'

The spotter outside the rather dingy rooming-house told them that Renadier had not left the building. As they went into it, he drew in, ready to help effect the arrest. Walking in boldly, with a casual, 'Renadier—room 163, ain't he?' from Gatineau, they were able to mount to the man's room as though they were friends of his. It was high up in the building,

and at the dark end of a corridor. Gatineau softly tried the handle, found the door yielded, strode boldly in, shutting the door behind him —for the man must not catch a glimpse of Clement.

He went in, and there was silence.

Clement heard Gatineau say something, and then the silence came down. It was a curious silence, intense, deep—disturbing. It seemed to draw itself out. It became full of significance. Clement pressed close to the door, listened—nothing! What was happening? Why did not Gatineau give some signal? Why should there be this appalling silence in that room? It was uncanny; it was unreal—it was ugly.

He bent down in a sudden anxiety and put his ear to the keyhole. Nothing! There was no sound from the room. The room was apparently dead, vacant—a tomb.

He put his hand on the door-knob. As he did so two sounds came from the room—two soft sounds.

One was a soft knock; it might have been the heel of a boot kicking against the carpeted floor. The other was a slow, animal sound, low, guttural, choking.

With a spasm of fear Clement dashed open the door.

V.

An amazing sight met his eyes.

Gatineau was stretched full-length on his back. He was moving nervelessly, struggling feebly. Squatting over him was a tall, inexpressibly gaunt man. This fellow squatted on the detective's chest with an almost stolid calm. His long, lean arms were stretched downward. His thin, knotty hands were about Gatineau's neck. He was carefully and calmly throttling the life out of the little detective.

Clement caught one glimpse of the preoccupied face before it turned upon him. The face of this calmly murderous man was utterly transfigured with fear—fear that, somehow, did not interfere with the efficient labours of killing a man. Then the face turned to him as he charged forward. The fear in the fellow's face leaped to an absolute panic at the recognition of Clement—and yet the fellow acted with an astounding calm.

He simply fell flat. He made no attempt at active resistance; he simply fell flat upon Gatineau. Then, as Clement jumped forward, he rolled, quick as lightning, towards him. It was unexpected. Clement in his stride could not check. His foot caught the lank, rolling body, and he pitched forward. As he fell, the other leapt to his feet, and jumped to the door. Clement had shut the door, and the man caught at the handle. That gave Clement time to grab at him. As he fell Clement had twisted, as he had often done on the football-field. He did not try to recover; he let himself go, while endeavouring to fall as near the door as possible. He succeeded enough to enable him to get his hand to the tall man's ankle. He grabbed and held. He braced himself to resist.

The fellow was astonishing. He did not struggle. For a perceptible instant he stood there at the half-open door, staring down at the man who held his ankle. The look of devastating fear on his face was appalling. Clement had never seen any man so afraid. In that flash—it was no more than a single breath—he felt that the fellow was theirs—nerveless with fear. Then the lank man kicked him.

He kicked with his free foot coolly and deliberately—an astonishing kick when Clement recalled the sheer fright on the fellow's face. So unexpected was it that Clement had only time to half-check the drive of the heavy boot with a quick-flung hand—and then his head rang and he saw a million stars.

After that confusion. The lank man wrenched himself free, and was running. Clement, dazed, tried to get up to go after him. He was knocked sideways by some one rushing by. It was only when he managed to get into the dark passage—which somehow seemed to be misty (but that was the fellow's boot)—that he realised that the man who had bowled him over was Gatineau. He saw Gatineau running along the passage before him. Gatineau was groggy but determined. Rather groggy himself, he ran after Gatineau.

He had to trust to Gatineau. He couldn't see the lean man, but Gatineau seemed to know. Gatineau went upstairs instead of down. Gatineau rushed across a roof-landing instead of going through one of three doors, and flung himself headlong on to a fourth door. That burst wildly open under his charge, letting in a bewildering flash of daylight. They were on the roof. Then Gatineau was running across the leads, and Clement after him—and, yes, there was the lank man running ahead.

The lank man rushed to the edge of the roof, started back, looked round with his incredibly fearful look, then dodged at a right angle. Gatineau could not check in time to head him off. But Clement could. He cut across the fellow's path, and, like a fox, the fugitive tried to double again. He dodged round a stack, and found Gatineau ready for him, pivoted, and ran for the parapet. He scrambled on to the parapet, and stood swaying, staring about him for a loophole of escape. Between him and the next roof was a ten-foot alley, but the other roof was lower, and he seemed to think it was a chance. Clement did not; he yelled, 'Stop that, you fool. You 'll kill yourself.'

It was too late; the fellow had braced himself, had leapt. He went through the air in a way that showed he was no jumper. He seemed to hang in the air for an eternity. Then his feet came down on the parapet on the opposite side. For a breathless moment he hung there, clawing wildly, as though seeking to grasp support from the very air; then his balance went, he sagged

backwards, fell, went out of sight with an uncanny abruptness.

'My God!' cried Clement. 'My God!' He felt physically sick. Gatineau had no time for sentiment. He was already running downstairs. He wanted to get to the man before the crowd.

VI.

Clement Seadon and Xavier Gatineau left Winnipeg by the next west-bound. Gatineau's throat was a little sore, and Clement's soul was more than sick at the death of the man who had played a part in his captivity in the glue-maker's at Quebec; but apart from this they were little the worse for their experience—and little to the good either.

The lank man had fallen into a narrow yard between the houses, and his fall had not been noticed. Gatineau had got to him before anybody else. He had secured all the papers on the poor dead body, and had then seen to it not only that the police were informed, but that the matter was to be kept quiet for the present.

All they had found on the man was a number of letters making it plain that he was Louis Penible, a glue-manufacturer of the Sault Algonquin, Quebec. There was also a single telegram, signed A.N., bidding him travel at once to Winnipeg, where he would be met by 'some one.' This telegram had been sent off from North Bay. 'Before we caught Joe,' said Gatineau. 'It looks as though Neuburg was summoning all his forces to hand rather than anything else. It also means either that they had agreed on this rendezvous before Siwash and Neuburg parted company, or that Siwash has been in touch with Neuburg in some way.'

The only other piece of paper—the piece that had cost the wretched man his life, the piece Siwash had handed him at the station—was merely a plain sheet containing the address of the rooming-house where he had died, and an address, 'A.N., c/o Mrs Wandersun, Sicamous.'

'Beyond telling us that Neuburg has gone on to Sicamous—is not stopping on at Banff—it seems a small thing to have brought about a man's death,' said Clement.

'It might have been a big thing,' said Gatineau. 'It might prove to be a big thing now. Neuburg has one man less: that may be useful to us. It is useful, too, because, so far as we can see, we have the whole gang under our eyes now: two arrested—the steward and Joe—one dead, and the rest at Sicamous or travelling to it. We know where we are.'

But they did not know very much. They knew nothing about the whereabouts of Heloise Reys and her evil companion; they had no inkling concerning the plot Neuburg, the master-mind, had devised, save that it was concerned with a great deal of money, and with the luring of the victim into the wilds—just as it had been in Roberts's case.

They passed across the rolling monotony of the prairies thinking the matter out. They passed through Calgary, a vivid, gold-washed town amid foothills that seemed to cup the sunlight. They heard news of Neuburg and Gunning going on before them, but no other news. They felt they would hear nothing fresh until they arrived at Banff and found reports there from The Chief at Montreal, and perhaps from the agent at Sicamous.

From Calgary they climbed to the fairy ramparts of the Rocky Mountains, austere, snow-cowled, promising immensities and mysteries beyond. They mounted, step by step, the 'benches' of the foothills, beside the breathless azure of the shining Bow River. Then abruptly the gate of the mountains was above them, silent, stark, sheer, brooding, as their train roared through The Gap.

The enormous impassivity of the mountains was about them. The treeless slopes were ruthlessly clear in the crystalline air. They shone with the hard, level washes of gold and gray and purple. Strange, isolated pillars, the 'hoodoos' stood like vedettes on the heights, for ever watching the rising green valley stretching to the mountain gate. Enormous masses of mountains shouldered up, and Cascade Mountain loomed hugely as they edged in pigmy fashion along the gigantic slopes. Then, amid trees, under which the hairy bison cropped phlegmatically, and into a châlet-like station where Indian braves sat long-legged and wiry horses, and braves and squaws in tunics shining like armour in their brilliant close bead-work sold worked Indian leather, and turned scornful backs on kodaks, unless placated with a 'quarter'—they had arrived at Banff.

They went by car to the wonderful hotel perched like Aladdin's palace on a spur amid mighty spurs. It was a peerless place. For the staging of a love-scene one might have gone to the ends of the earth to find a better setting. The exquisite beauty of the surroundings called to the emotions—and yet Neuburg had gone on to Sicamous, had not allowed Gunning to stay. He had rejected this spot and had gone on to Sicamous after but the shortest stay. Why? Clement thought the answer to that unspoken question must be an ominous one.

The Chief had not been idle meanwhile. He had sent word along the line, and the C.P.R. people at the hotel were ready for Gatineau. They had a thick bundle of telegrams and reports ready for him—a bewildering bundle, for it included all Neuburg's wires to his underlings, Nimmo Bates (that is, Joe Wandersun) at the Place Viger Hotel, Montreal, where (thanks to the cunning of The Chief) he was supposed to be staying; Siwash Mike; and others. It contained the wires Neuburg had received, and it contained reports from The Chief himself, from the agent at Sicamous, and others. A truly awesome mass of paper.

'I think I'll let you disentangle the story out of that,' grinned Clement. 'The very bulk of it frightens me, and I guess you are more used to it than I am.'

'Sure,' smiled Gatineau. 'I'll go through this, and knock some sort of connected report out of it. You go an' try a dip in the swimming-pool, Mr Seadon, an' leave it to me.' He was running lightly through the duplicates of the telegrams. 'Hullo! One moment, Mr Seadon; here's one to Méduse Smythe at Winnipeg—that must be to await her coming.'

'What does it say?'

'It tells her to come on here and await orders; it is initialled A.N.'

'Here?' said Clement.

'Yes, sir,' said the hotel manager, who was with them. 'Miss Smythe and Miss Heloise Reys are coming to stay here. There is a suite booked for them.'

'And yet Neuburg and Gunning have gone on to Sicamous,' said Clement. 'What does that mean? What is behind that move?'

(*Continued on page 391.*)

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT OF INSECTS.

By C. A. Ealand, M.A., Author of *Insect Life*, &c.

I.

IT cannot be said that the maternal instinct is very highly developed amongst insects. For the most part, the female deposits her eggs in an apparently haphazard manner, and leaves the rest to fate. There are exceptions, as we shall show.

The ants, the so-called white ants (more correctly termed termites), some bees, and some wasps are social, or, in other words, they dwell in colonies, towards whose upkeep each member is assigned a definite duty. All other insects are solitary; even those with gregarious tendencies, such as certain cicadas and sawflies, live lives strictly comparable to the more obviously solitary species, and do not contribute anything to the advancement of their fellows. With the social insects we are not at present concerned; how the solitary species contrive to exist, and even to increase in numbers, is our immediate concern.

It is a well-known biological fact that the greater the risk of destruction during youth and after, the greater the number of young produced at a birth. Nowhere is this fact exemplified in more striking fashion than amongst insects. Fabre described the life-history of a blister-beetle, which is estimated to produce no fewer than two thousand eggs at a sitting. The reason for this remarkable fecundity is that the young beetles run great risks, for theirs is a peculiar history. Honey is their nutriment in infancy, and means must be found to convey them to the stores of their sweet provender.

The miracle is performed in the following manner. The mother-beetle deposits her burden of eggs near to the nest of the bee which is to act as unwilling foster-mother. In due time the young beetles appear, but they are still far removed from their food. Only one species of bee can help them—the species near whose underground nest the mother-beetle has placed her eggs. The young beetles become attached to the hairy body of the bee as she visits her nest. There are, however, other creatures with hairy bodies besides this, to the beetle, useful bee. Other bees, hirsute flies, and mice may visit the spot, and the young beetles, apparently lacking all powers of discrimination, become attached to their bodies, and are carried away to certain death. From this it is easy to see that only the fecundity of the blister-beetle saves its progeny from extinction.

Let us follow the fortunes of a young beetle which has become attached to the right species of bee. The youngster clings to its foster-mother as she passes below ground to her nest; however she may be employed, he never releases his grip till she proceeds to deposit an egg on the honey which she has stored in one of the cells of her nest. This is the signal for him to bestir himself. Releasing his hold, he slips upon the newly laid egg, which floats, boat-like, upon the semi-liquid honey. Later, the bee, oblivious of or not heeding the presence of the young beetle, seals up the cell, and he is left in possession of a goodly store of food, with the collection of which his own mother has had no part. Left to himself, the immature beetle devours the contents of his host's egg, and, in its shell, changes his form to one better fitted for life in honey. Having done so, he turns his attention thereto, and by the time it is completely devoured his development is complete. Eventually an adult blister-beetle emerges from the cell which the industrious bee had constructed and stored with food for her own progeny. The bee's maternal cares, however, ended when she sealed the mouth of her cell, after having deposited an egg therein, and she, at least, is ignorant of the tragedy that has occurred.

Our common British oil-beetle has a life-history strikingly similar to that of the insect so ably described by Fabre. The successful upbringing of its young is even more precarious than in the case of the blister-beetle. Therefore, following the inevitable rule, the female produces a greater number of eggs. Ten thousand is no uncommon number. The young oil-beetles live upon honey—honey collected by the species of bee we have just mentioned; moreover, they are

conveyed thereto on the hairs of the female bee. Why, then, when the ways of the two beetles seem so similar, should one species produce five times more eggs than the other? For the reason that the British oil-beetle has not learned the art of depositing her eggs near the nest of the one bee capable of helping her. She deposits her enormous burden anywhere, at haphazard, so that the chances of a bee—the right bee—coming along are somewhat remote. Nevertheless, a goodly number of the youngsters do manage to get conveyed to the honey, and to develop into adult oil-beetles.

One may argue that the blister-beetle displays some slight maternal instinct in placing her eggs where they will have a reasonable chance of developing into adults; the oil-beetle, on the other hand, takes no precautions whatever towards ensuring the continuance of her race.

II.

One need not be possessed of very great powers of observation to notice that insects whose young feed upon vegetation deposit their eggs upon or near their food-plants. The lackey moth, to take one example, encircles the apple-twig with its ring of eggs, that with the bursting of the leaf-buds its caterpillars may find their food at hand. How, precisely, insects which in the adult stage never partake of vegetable food are guided in their selection of suitable sites for the deposition of their eggs long remained a mystery. Much has been done towards an explanation of the phenomenon, but much remains to be learned. Many plants, we know, possess substances, usually oils, which impart to them distinctive odours. Mustard is an example which readily occurs to mind. If these substances be extracted from various plants and smeared upon fabric, it will be found that insects will deposit their eggs upon those pieces of fabric which are impregnated with the substance peculiar to the food-plant of their larvæ, though they avoid fabrics containing the oils of other plants. The sense of smell, therefore, probably plays an important part in guiding the mother-insect in her choice. The selection of a suitable site for the deposition of her eggs does not entail a great amount of parental responsibility on the part of the mother-insect.

The choice of a site likely to be congenial to their larvæ is not confined to those insects whose young feed upon vegetation. The female ant-lion always deposits her eggs upon sand, for in this substance alone can her curious larvæ construct the ingenious pits in which they capture their prey. The American Dobson, to quote another example, lays its eggs upon some structure overhanging water, so that when the larvæ hatch they may fall into the element in which they are destined to dwell. The closely related British alder-fly is not so solicitous of the welfare of its progeny, for its eggs may or may not be deposited near water, and in the latter event the larvæ must needs crawl thereto with all haste.

The few examples of solitary insects which are known to mother their young, after the manner of birds (the cuckoo always excepted), may almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The maternal instinct of insects reaches its highest pitch in an Australian sawfly. Like others of its kind, the female saws clefts in a leaf, and therein deposits her eggs. 'On this leaf the mother sits till the exclusion of the larvæ; and as soon as these are hatched the parent follows them, sitting with outstretched legs over her brood, protecting them from the attacks of parasites and other enemies with admirable perseverance.'

The common earwig moves her egg-batches hither and thither to whichever spot she deems most suitable for them. The cockroach, usually, but erroneously, called the black-beetle, for the reason, probably, that it is neither black nor a beetle, is very careful in the selection of a suitable site to place her egg-purse. The purse, by the way, is formed within the body of the mother-insect, and very closely resembles a miniature snap-purse, closed at the bottom and the sides, but open at the top, though held together by the tension of the sides. Each egg-purse contains sixteen eggs, arranged in two rows, with the ends from which the larvæ will emerge pointing towards the top. The female cockroach carries her burden from place to place, and only when she is satisfied that no danger will befall her eggs does she drop the purse.

Eggs are carried from place to place upon the backs of certain large South American water-bugs. For long it was thought, perhaps naturally, that the mother-insect took upon herself the duties of wardress. Further investigation, prompted by the fact that the insects bearing the eggs were frequently observed to make efforts to rid themselves of their burden, showed that the males carried about the eggs, which were deposited upon their backs by the females.

III.

If now we turn our attention to certain of the solitary wasps and bees, we can trace the gradual development of the maternal instinct, so far as these insects are concerned.

In the case of many of the so-called digger-wasps, the nest is built at the end of a short tunnel in the ground. In each cell the mother-wasp places a single insect, or a spider, which she has paralysed by a bite from her mandibles. On this living, though inert, food she lays a single egg, closes the mouth of the cell, and leaves the nest for ever. The young wasp finds his food at hand directly he comes into the world; moreover, being merely paralysed and not killed, it is just to his liking, for it is fresh meat.

Our largest native sand-wasp stores caterpillars for its larvæ. Two caterpillars in each cell, and a single egg upon one of them, appears to be the almost invariable rule. Another of our common sand-wasps exhibits maternal instinct of a more advanced character, approximating that of the birds. It, like its relative, feeds its larvæ upon caterpillars, but it scorns the lazy habit of rendering a few insects harmless, placing them in its nest, and taking no more thought for the welfare of its family. On the contrary, this species returns to its nest from time to time, bringing fresh caterpillar food for its growing family.

The solitary insects, at any rate, with very few exceptions, exhibit little more than the rudiments of maternal instinct. 'The wild bee that seals up its cell when it has laid an egg therein, and then leaves it for ever, has no conception of the form of its progeny; never in the history of the race has a larva seen a perfect insect and survived thereafter; never has a perfect insect seen a larva.' What is true of the wild bee is true also of other solitary insects.

IV.

Let us see if the case is any better amongst the social insects we mentioned earlier in this article. There we enumerated the few truly social insects; but there are some species on the border-line, uncertain, as it were, whether to adopt a social or a solitary mode of life. This state is beautifully exemplified in certain species of our smallest native bees. Several females nest in a common burrow; the entrance to the burrow is shared alike by all the inmates; the side-galleries in which the females construct their cells are each the property of a single individual. 'A sentinel is often stationed at the entrance, and there is, close behind the doorway, a small recess, into which the sentinel can step whenever she wishes to allow a member of the establishment to pass in or out.' This form of housekeeping is very different from that which prevails amongst social insects; the bees resemble dwellers in a block of flats, with their own private homes, but all sharing common stairs and front-door.

One might excusably surmise that the maternal instinct would reach a very high level amongst the social insects, where the young are never exposed or left to their own devices. We may well examine a few cases more closely to see whether the surmise be correct. We possess two common, subterranean-nesting bumble-bees in this country. The life-histories of the two species are so similar that a description of one applies equally to the other, except in minor details. In the spring a female, which has hibernated through the winter, seeks a deserted mouse-hole or some such spot in which to build her nest. Having collected a lining of moss, she constructs waxen cells, which she stores with honey-saturated pollen. More and more cells are built and stored with food, and in all of them eggs are laid. When the larvæ emerge from the eggs, the mother-bee, who is known as the 'queen,' opens each cell and feeds her progeny with food from her own mouth. In due course the larvæ develop into small females, known as 'workers,' whose duty it is to build more and more cells, store them with food, and feed the larvæ which continue to appear throughout the summer. The sole duty of the queen, when once she has seen her first brood safely into the world, is to lay eggs in the cells constructed by the workers; she lapses into little more than an egg-laying machine.

Very similar is the story of the common wasp. The female destined to become a queen constructs the first cells of the nest herself. These early-formed cells may always be known by the fact that they are of finer texture than the later cells constructed by the workers. Having deposited a single egg in each cell and tended the larvæ which arise, she, like the queen bumble-bee, performs no other duty than keeping the ever-growing number of cells stocked with eggs. The queen wasp feeds her young upon insect food, for no wasps store honey in their nests. To obtain this food she leaves the nest; but when the first dozen or so of her family are able to fend for themselves, she takes up her permanent abode within the nest, and never leaves.

V.

From the cases we have studied, it is clear that in the early days of the colony the mother-insect shows considerable solicitude for the welfare of her family, but that when once she has given the elder members a good start in life her maternal cares cease, except in so far as concerns the production of eggs.

The queen of a termite colony displays no motherly love. She goes to her new colony, after mating, with a number of workers from another colony. The workers build a royal cell as a dwelling-place for their queen — royal prison would be a more appropriate term, for she is usually so closely confined that she could not escape if she would. The workers build the nest, and look after the young so far as they require attention; but they are by no means helpless, and are early able to look after themselves. In some species the queen becomes so distended with eggs that she resembles a small potato, and her egg-laying capacity makes the efforts of our native oil-beetle appear amateurish. Some of these queen termites produce eggs at the rate of sixty a minute, or eighty thousand a day. No wonder that they are relieved of all other duties!

The last of our social insects, the ants, vary so tremendously in habits (no two species are precisely similar in this respect) that it is impossible to outline one life-history that will apply to all. Omitting details, we may say that the future queen, after mating, excavates a burrow by the aid

of her mandibles, and that she often suffers considerable mutilation in the effort. At the end of the burrow she constructs a chamber, in which she waits, it may be for months, the time when her eggs are ready to be laid. She tends the eggs herself, perforce, for she dwells alone; feeds the young from her own mouth; and during the whole period, which may extend over nearly a year, she takes no nourishment, her sole means of sustenance and that of her young being derived from the fat stored in her body. When the young workers are capable of carrying on the work of the growing colony, the queen limits 'herself to the laying of eggs and imbibing liquid food from the tongues of her attendants. . . . With this circumscribed activity she lives on, sometimes to an age of fifteen years, as a mere egg-laying machine.'

From our cursory review it is evident that the maternal instinct of insects is at a low ebb, and cannot well be compared to that of most of the higher animals. That the duration of life in adult insects is usually brief accounts for much, and other arrangements have been made for the continuation of the species. Many insects die at, or very shortly after, the time of egg-laying, and these could not, if they would, show any solicitude for the next generation of their kind. The popular idea that the social insects exhibit a higher degree of maternal instinct than those of a solitary nature does not bear investigation, for the sole object of the mother-insect is to found her colony as a going concern, and then leave its attendant troubles to her elder children.

There may be insects which would justify the term of model mothers, but so far, with the possible exception of the Australian sawfly mentioned above, they have not come to light.

WHO KILLED GRABASKY?

PART II.

III.

THE approach to the Weir Gate, as the newspaper report told, was as sombre a walk as could well be imagined. The waters of the river Nettle, stemmed here, in their descent to the pool below, by the weir, were dark and sluggish, and overhung by willows and bushes; while the grass on the banks grew rank. Little sunlight penetrated to the place; it was a damp pleasaunce of toads and creeping things, a fit theatre for tragedy.

So stiffly upright and motionless stood a figure in blue by the gate that at first the canon did not observe it. It was Gilbert's remark, 'This fellow can show us the spot,' which caused the clergyman, with a start, to become aware of the constable left on guard over the scene.

It was, of course, permissible to any member of the public to sate his curiosity in viewing the place, and the policeman had regarded the strangers in silence.

'Where was it found?' asked Gilbert.

'By that hawthorn yonder,' the man did not mind informing them, 'where the grass is pressed down.'

This would be some twenty yards from where the policeman was standing. The canon, glancing uncomfortably about, found the hawthorn only a few yards away. The long grass growing from the bank on the side of the path showed where a body had lain.

'Ah, I see—here,' murmured Gilbert.

He descended the bank, and stood looking at the spot and its environment. He then approached the bush and surveyed it closely, finally stooping and apparently plucking a twig from it. Next he gazed at the Weir Gate, as if measuring the distance.

He now walked up to the constable, the canon following. 'Were you the policeman who found the body?'

'I'm told not to tark about it,' was the surly answer in broad Oxfordshire.

'This will permit you,' said Gilbert, taking from his pocket the buff 'chit' which the superintendent had handed back to him after inspection.

'What be this?' asked the man.

'Well, it is signed by a name you ought to recognise, my good fellow,' was Gilbert's impatient reply. 'Were you or I guilty of this murder, and the day of doom had arrived, he is the one man in the kingdom who could save us.'

'He be that, eh?' The man's eyes had opened wide.

'The Home Secretary,' Gilbert said briefly. 'We are officials investigating this case, and this is our permit. Read it.'

The man read the scrawl. 'Aye, zur, I've got it.'

'Well, now, tell me—did you find the body?'

'No; it was my mate on night-duty. I had come off, but he fetched me. I helped take it away.'

'Did you notice whether the clothes were scorched in the neighbourhood of the wound?'

'We took note of that, mister,' the man answered. 'It was a little hole, and there was no scorching. You'll be axin' to find out whether the shot was fired close or from a distance?'

'That is what prompts my question. Thank you for the information; it will help us. Now we will pass through this gate into the walk beyond.'

The policeman regarded him doubtfully. 'Orders, sir, none is to pass through.'

'Open the gate!'

The man hesitated, then turned and pushed the gate open. 'I take it you have a right,' he said.

'Well, you have eyes to read,' grumbled Gilbert. 'Come on,' he threw over his shoulder at Smith.

They went through, to find themselves in continuing sombreness, in a walk that seemed as if it were seldom paced, for moss had crept over the path and weeds grew in abundance. The path pierced a thicket that surrendered in time to the pleasant openness of the park.

Now the canon breathed more freely. 'Are you going far, Gilbert?'

'I am going to the house.'

'With what object?'

The cluck sounded. 'Not to view its Reynolds, nor yet its Morlands, but to interview its mistress.'

'You don't really think—you don't imagine—surely, my good fellow——'

'I don't think she shot him, if that is what you mean,' replied the philosopher, 'because she was standing too close to him.'

'*She* was?'

The cluck again. 'She was mixed up in it, as you'll see. It was no common attack for money, dear friend. Deeper motives were involved, or call me a fool for ever.'

'I don't want to do that; but aren't you allowing your imagination a little too much rope?'

'We are engaged to employ our imagination. I have formulated a theory—but I must see her.'

'You don't tell me much,' the other said in something of a huff. 'Now, do you know what I think? To begin with, it is presumable that at this time of the year the countess will have been away—at her Loamshire seat, say.'

'Go on.'

'The place will have been left in the charge of servants. The situation is lonely, and I can imagine even domestic nerves suffering, especially with the papers so full of tales of violence. Grabasky sends his note, and proceeds to the rendezvous. She does not appear. He grows impatient, and enters this path. A man of the house, possibly a new servant who did not know him, strolling in the grounds, espies and challenges him. A rather taciturn fellow, Grabasky would return a sullen and unsatisfactory answer. The servant would regard him with suspicion, and, emboldened by the possession of a revolver which 'nerves' have caused him to carry, tells the intruder to put his hands up. Grabasky resents this; a struggle ensues; the revolver is brought into play. Frightened by the fatal result, the servant might have dragged Grabasky out of the grounds and flung him down at the place where the body was found.'

Gilbert clucked. 'A very fair attempt, George. But the countess got rid of all her indoor men during the war. I remember reading something in the paper about the "example" she had set.'

'She would have got them back by now.'

'Possibly. Though many people have grown content to carry on with females. They may be expensive, but they are cheaper than men. And in any case, if she were at her Loamshire seat, most of the servants would accompany her. I don't see your man-servant left alone and growing nerves.'

'Curious she let all the men go. It is a lonely place to be protected by women.'

'There would be oldish men on the outdoor staff left. And then—there was her secretary. He was there until she locked him up.'

'She had a male secretary?' asked the canon in some surprise. 'Living here?'

'Living here. She organised some sort of war fund, and a considerable amount of money would be in her charge. This secretary fellow robbed her, and she shut him up.'

'Indeed! Was he sent to prison for a long term?'

'A considerable term, I believe.'

'I wonder,' said Canon George Smith shyly, 'whether there was anything "between" them at any time.'

'Ah, I wonder!' said Gilbert. 'If there was, it was hardly gallant of him to rob her.'

'Perhaps he presumed on her—liking for him.'

'Men do. They think a woman will overlook anything. But just about then Grabasky came on the scene. Women are callous creatures when they drop the old love for the new.'

'Dear me!' breathed the canon. 'You infer that she—well, found it convenient to pack the secretary off to prison in order to give Grabasky a clear field? If that is so, she must be a somewhat—er—doubtful character.'

'The adventuress of the heart, my dear George, is to be found under every kind of roof. . . . I think we had better cut across here to the drive, and approach the house in the accepted manner.'

Surmounting an iron railing, they got into the drive, sombre with oaks and 'immemorial elms,' and in a few minutes stood at the front-door of the mansion. Gilbert gave the old-fashioned hanging bell-pull a sound tug. There being no immediate response, he again rang, and after another short wait the door was opened, though hardly in a welcoming manner, and a personable, well-built servant, in the black coat and gray trousers that a butler sports in the day-time, surveyed them (as it struck them) a little furtively.

Gilbert asked, 'Is her ladyship at home?'

'I will see, sir. Your names and business, please?'

'You need not "see." If her ladyship is at home, I must *request*'—Gilbert's tone was firm—'an immediate interview with her. . . . Mr Gilbert and Mr Smith, of Scotland Yard.' And urging the door wide, Gilbert followed his words in.

The man apparently concluded that he must accept their presence.

'I will ask you to wait here a moment, gentlemen.' (After all, they did not look like daylight raiders, and one of his colleagues was near at hand.) Closing the door, he left them in the hall and disappeared.

It was an old house, as the musicians' gallery above them proclaimed. During that lamentable conflict forced upon the nation by the wrong-headed statesman and bad general, Charles I., albeit he was a kingly man and died like one, this old house, like many in loyal Oxford county, was gallantly defended, but in the end sacked and burnt, to rise with new splendour from its ashes. Even at this moment such a poet as Churton Gilbert must have been thinking of its past.

'Treasures, Smith!' Gilbert seized his friend's arm. 'The pictures, man! Yonder is the Reynolds—over the fireplace. Notice the bland Reynolds expression. And that smaller one yonder is a Raeburn,' he told the canon. 'The late earl's father bought it in '88 for six hundred pounds, and to-day it would make fifteen thousand.'

'I wonder what poor Raeburn got for it,' murmured the gentle priest, as the butler reappeared.

He conducted them in his smooth and silent way to the library. Though their errand was what it was, the canon noticed his companion glance about him, as they entered the room, with green envy in his face. And indeed it was a room calculated to entrap the heart of a bibliophile.

'Her ladyship, gentlemen, will be with you in one moment,' said the servant, closing the door upon them.

'I wish,' cried Gilbert with enthusiasm, 'she could make her moment last a day! Look at this Shakespeare, Smith! It has but two brothers in the entire world.'

Works of art, however rare, had small appeal for the divine at any time. 'Why are you prattling about Shakespeare?' he asked irritably. Then, in a lower voice—for what look like books are sometimes doors, and a door slightly ajar has ears—'She has her men-servants back. What about my theory? Why not have all the men in and question them——?'

Then he turned and bowed, and Gilbert bowed, for the countess was awaiting their pleasure. She was, as Gilbert had said, beautiful. Her years would approximate to forty, but the freshness and purity of her complexion, the burnish of her rich chestnut hair, belied them. Her figure, too, was supple, yet it was of full and womanly mould. Her dress, though quiet, did not suggest widowhood. There was nothing of the sequestered mourner about her. The expression of her face was collected and slightly haughty, yet she had a mouth, surely, that was shaped for a lover's kisses.

The canon was a little overcome, for here stood nature's premier creation — a beautiful Englishwoman.

But Gilbert, thanks to much public speaking, was a very ready fellow.

'We owe your ladyship our apologies for this intrusion,' he said courteously, 'and will detain your ladyship no longer than is absolutely necessary.'

Beautiful under all circumstances, her face, nevertheless, was slightly drawn; there were shadows beneath the eyes suggesting a night of broken sleep or a shock.

She bowed, but did not ask them to be seated.

'You were acquainted, I believe, Lady Loamshire, with the late'— Gilbert paused the least over the adjective—'Professor Grabasky?'

'I was.'

'You *were?*' The canon could have sworn a very dim, ghostly 'cluck' sounded in his friend's capacious gullet. 'And were you expecting to see him last night?'

'I thought it possible. There was no appointment.'

'And—did you see him?'

'I did not.' The three words were cool and hard.

'You did not? And you are sure he did not call at the Hall? The servants would know, you will bear in mind.'

'I am quite sure.'

'You will pardon me, Lady Loamshire, but I am making an official inquiry. You are quite sure you did not see Professor Grabasky last night?'

'Have I not said, sir?' she answered sharply.

Gravely Gilbert responded. 'Certainly you have denied seeing him, but I must beg leave to doubt that statement. For you were standing close to him when he was shot.'

'What do you mean? *I!* Standing by him! This is an impertinence, sir! Let me repeat, I did not see my—my friend last night. I have not seen him for months.'

It seemed to the two inquirers that her voice faltered a little as she spoke these final words.

'You were wearing,' persisted Gilbert, 'a silk cloak with a fringe. Your cloak caught upon a hawthorn-bush, and a particle of the fringe was left behind.'

'You are mistaken, sir!' she declared haughtily. 'Couples'—her lip curled slightly—'use the path. It is quiet. I repeat, you are utterly mistaken as regards myself.'

'Yes, it is quiet, and couples doubtless use it. A couple was using it last night. Look—come to the window, will you?—tell me—is not this fragment from a light cloak that you wear on a warm evening?'

'I did not go out last night,' she said briefly.

'It seems I must accept your statement.' Gilbert retired from the window. 'A garment of yours may possibly have been borrowed by—let us say—a domestic.'

'Such a liberty is not unknown.'

'We will suppose that.' He tucked the little tuft of silk into his waistcoat-pocket. 'So let

that pass. Now, one further word. Will you, Lady Loamshire, be so good as to view the body of the professor, and permit us to add your identification thereof to ours and that of others who knew him?'

'I—would rather not.'

'Doubtless. But will you?' Gilbert spoke almost roughly—at any rate, with a certain challenge.

'Why should my identification of the—remains be necessary?' she asked with difficulty.

Again, and this time distinctly, came the cluck; it had a sinister sound.

'Because, Lady Loamshire, it is possible—just possible—that some very acute sleuth of a detective might, in spite of the fact that the body was clothed in Professor Grabasky's clothing, and that letters and papers belonging to the professor were found in the pockets of the coat—might, I say, raise the point: *Is* this, after all, the body of Professor Grabasky? And, if it is not, *where is the professor?*'

He looked full at her.

'Do you see?'

'I see. I suppose I must accede to your request.'

'I was sure you would—and you will come now—with us?'

'I will order my car, and come now.' Her hand moved to her heart. 'Where is—it?'

'In the outhouse of a place called the "Haven of Rest."'

'Oh, yes. That is near. If you will be good enough to wait a few moments—may I send you some refreshments?'

'You are very kind,' Gilbert said. 'I shall boast all my life that I have drunk a glass of wine in the Loamshire library.'

Her eyes were resting absently rather than curiously upon him. As for the canon, he might not have been present.

'Then you shall enjoy that privilege.' And she was gone.

Humming softly, Gilbert was beginning to browse round the treasures on the shelves, when the canon seized his arm. 'Gilbert—you can't. You mustn't drag the sweet creature to that hovel——'

'Wait,' said Gilbert. 'And remember, my dear George, that you are a married man with grown-up children.'

(*Continued on page 396.*)

WITCHCRAFT IN CHILE.

By Oswald H. Evans, F.G.S.

I.

THE mediæval type of witchcraft, with its machinery of malign old women, less well-defined wizards, broomsticks, black tom-cats, he-goats, 'Sabbaths,' and compacts signed in blood, belongs, in Great Britain at least, to the past. A few traces may linger; here and there in remote districts within 'the Celtic fringe' there may still be old women suspected of 'overlooking' cattle or of having recourse to means of working evil (or, it may be, good) that are dependent for their efficacy on the appeal they make to the imagination. Witchcraft has ceased to be a factor in the daily lives of the people.

In countries that lie off the main course of the world's activities, however, witchcraft still retains something of its former prestige. I do not refer to peoples of non-European blood among whom magic and religion are almost synonymous terms, but to the more isolated communities of European descent, and especially to those of South America. In spite of the great strides taken of late years in the development of the Southern Continent, it remains, as a whole, in a backward state as regards education and popular enlightenment. If, in the following handful of notes and stories, I draw my illustrations from Chilian sources, it is because of my familiarity with that South American Republic, and not because so energetic and progressive a state as modern Chile affords more examples of superstitious beliefs and practices than do its neighbours.

It is interesting to note that the witchcraft of the past, the witchcraft of Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*, as revealed by a considerable number of judicial and ecclesiastical investigations in past centuries, has recently been submitted to scientific scrutiny by a lady, Miss Murray, who has published the result in the form of a theory, and has succeeded in throwing light in some very dark corners of human perversity. According to this view, briefly stated, witchcraft and its allied practices represent the relics of a prehistoric cult that survived in mutilated form, maintaining a struggle for centuries against Christianity. Originally a form of animal worship, probably connected with totemism, it retained this central idea, which appears in the animal vehicles assumed at will by the witch and the wizard. In continual conflict with the Church and its ministers, it accepted the conventional Devil, absorbed and travestied its ceremonials, and even imitated its organisation. At no time, probably, were its votaries, most of them poor and ignorant, fully aware of this, and the cult degenerated ultimately into a farrago of meaningless and inane formulæ. Like other diseases of an epidemic character, witchcraft gradually lost its malignity as education, the fresh-air and daylight of the

mind, penetrated the dark recesses where it for so long maintained a parasitic existence.

Malignant and baleful it undoubtedly was, dangerous in its employment of agents, both physical and psychical, that lowered it to deeper levels than those of vulgar fraud. The 'Witch-finders,' from King James downwards, whose errors and cruel excesses resulted from genuine zeal, merit obloquy rather by reason of the means they made use of, fighting evil with evil, than for their intentions. They believed that they were combating a very horrible reality, doubly urged thereto by their obligations as magistrates and as Christians. With which expression of a personal opinion that many may regard as reactionary, I will pass on to the subject of witchcraft as it still lingers in the towns and the rural districts of Chile.

II.

Chile, in spite of its great length extended along the South Pacific seaboard, has to-day less than four million inhabitants; of these the greater proportion are of Spanish descent, though a mere glance into a crowd of the lower orders suffices to reveal evidences of a considerable admixture of the indigenous races. The population is concentrated in a few large towns and in industrial regions—for example, in the nitrate district of the north. It follows that the vast rural areas, cultivated valleys, and the central plain, flanked by wildernesses of mountain and forest, are very thinly peopled, and by reason of their isolation have remained unchanged in essentials for centuries.

Education, despite the good intentions of the Government, is not at a high level, the percentage of illiteracy being very high, especially among the women. In the south, the Araucanian Indians still predominate in certain districts, though hard put to it by the continual pressure of encroaching German settlers.

It is no exaggeration to say that the rural population of Chile is saturated with superstitions. At every turn these are encountered, operating as potent influences in the daily life of the people. Sometimes they are merely laughable, occasionally serious enough.

An instance of the first kind occurred no longer ago than yesterday, when the writer innocently broke a taboo. It seems that a woman must not gather figs. As a lazy gardener had neglected to collect the fruit which was wanted for the dinner-table, I sent a servant-girl up the ladder. There was at once a dismal outcry from the gardener and his wife. The tree is doomed; it will bear no more fruit; the figs of this season will wither on the branches.

A more malevolent manifestation of superstition was recorded in the newspaper a short time ago. Two women were found in possession of the head of a newly buried child, which they had disinterred from the public cemetery for use in a way of which they could give only a confused account. In some unexplained way the spoils of the burial-ground were supposed to confer good luck on the ghouls. The instance is by no means a solitary one.

The belief in buried treasure is very prevalent in Chile, not wholly without justification. The country has suffered so much from 'alarums and excursions'—whether from Indians during the Colonial period, from loyalists and patriots during the War of Independence, or from civil contentions that appear inseparable from the best-ordered of Latin-American states—that on many occasions families have buried their most valued possessions, and left the locality, sometimes, through accident of fate, never to return. Now, a treasure thus hidden may for one year be taken up by the fortunate finder without let or hindrance, but at the expiration of that time it passes into the custody of the witches, and it is no easy task to obtain possession of it. Even should the deposit be met with by accident, by a blow of the spade or removal of bricks in the course of pulling down a building, it is necessary that special precautions be taken. No word must be spoken; not even an exclamation of surprise and delight is permitted. If the silence is broken even by an ejaculation, the treasure vanishes, to be hidden elsewhere. Keep silence, turn your back towards it and grope for it blindfold, and it is just possible that you may succeed.

The deliberate search for buried treasure is beset with extraordinary difficulties. Times and seasons must be taken into consideration; silence, darkness, and solitude are essential. The searcher must steel his heart against unknown perils; he must be prepared to see and hear terrible things. The determined treasure-hunter, however, may avail himself of certain mechanical aids, if we may so call them. These are varied; but the following, I am informed, was tried, without success, in the locating of a treasure supposed to exist on a hillside within half-an-hour of Valparaiso. The witches who guard the gold can often be seen at night from the public roadway, in the form of flickering lights known as *candilillos*. The midnight hour approaching, the seeker prepares a hollow gourd. Inside this he fixes a candle and a reel of cotton, so arranged as to unroll easily. Arrived at the spot, with his spade and sack to dig up and carry off the gold, he awaits the propitious moment, repeating appropriate formulæ, and supporting as best he may the molestations of the guardians and their familiars. (It is a characteristic touch that in Valparaiso the witch often takes the shape of a mounted policeman, more often still that of a *perro bravo*—a savage watch-dog.) Sometimes he hears people coming. But this is all illusion. At midnight he lights the candle *in the gourd*, takes hold of the end of the string, and flings the gourd so that it rolls along the

ground, leaving him with a clue of thread with which to track it to its resting-place. At the spot where the gourd lies he must dig. The witches redouble their exertions; policemen and dogs converge upon him from all sides. When the treasure is revealed at last, a horrid shape is seated on it, the guardian-witch in person, who abuses him with more than the eloquence of a Chilian market-woman. It is not surprising that the witches generally manage to retain their hoards.

III.

It will be seen that the account given above falls into line with similar stories in many parts of the world. In certain respects, however, Chilian witches differ from those of Europe, thanks, possibly, to their having learned a thing or two from the Araucanian medicine-women. The *Chon-chon*, for instance, seems to be peculiar to the country.

In its least romantic form the Chon-chon is merely a night-bird with a harsh and bodeful cry, auguring evil. Some of the nocturnal birds of Chile have lamentable voices, and the popular beliefs concerning them are widely diffused. This bird, however, is no true bird, but the vehicle of a witch, and is nothing less than the head of the sorceress, using its ears as wings. At Chillan, not long ago, it is recorded, the people turned out nightly to listen to a Chon-chon that flew over the town in the darkness, uttering its doleful cry. The bird is easily brought to earth. A pair of scissors opened till they form an 'Iron Cross' will cause it to fall with a bump when it attempts to fly overhead. A better method still is to trace the figure of the 'seal of Solomon,' the interlaced triangles, in the dust.

In a very interesting Spanish work on the myths of the Chilian people, published in Santiago by Señor Cifuentes, an excellent story about the Chon-chon is to be found. The scene is laid in Limache, a small town situated about an hour's distance by rail from Valparaiso. The date of the happenings is not given, but a mile or two from the railway it might as well be yesterday as a hundred years ago.

One night some people were gathered together in the room of a farmhouse—one of the low-walled *adobe* buildings, roofed with large red tiles, that are still found in country places. The winter nights are long in central Chile, the lighting arrangements in farmhouses of the most primitive kind. The people sit, and often actually squat, Indian fashion, round a *brasero* of glowing charcoal, the noxious fumes of which afflict them with headaches, which they relieve by sticking postage-stamps or plaster on each temple. That, to me, 'discomfortable drink' *maté* circulates in a small gourd-shaped vessel, each person taking a pull at the *bombilla*, a kind of spoon-strainer perforated to let the liquid pass, and handing it to his neighbour. The conditions of semi-darkness and carbon-monoxide fumes would be propitious for the untoward happenings that are to be described. A Chon-chon passed overhead, giving its melancholy cry—*Tue-tue-tue*. They should have thrown burnt salt in the air and said, '*Go thy ways, Chon-chon, and I will go mine.*' One of the company, however, traced the symbol on the mud floor, and a heavy fall was heard on the tiled roof. All rushed out into the *patio*, and found a bird the size of a turkey struggling on the ground, from which it was unable to raise itself. They killed it, and cut off the head, which was red and naked, like that of the vulture. A dog ate the head, and the trunk was flung, in harmony with Chilian ideas of sanitation, on the roof. Shortly afterwards a great outcry of mournful sounds told the people that the mates of the dead witch had come for the body. At the same instant the dog that had eaten the head of the bird suddenly swelled up, and all could see that the appearances warranted the belief that the head had reverted to its human shape.

The following day the grave-digger of the place had a tale to tell. At earliest dawn a great company of unknown people, clothed in black, had buried a headless body in the graveyard.

IV.

A boy who lived not far from Santiago desired, like many another, to learn to fly. His aunt, fortunately, was a witch, so he pestered her with requests that she should teach him the art, till at last, in weariness, she consented. The preparations consisted in a veritable 'tarring and feathering,' for she anointed him with certain unguents and scattered feathers all over him. Then, leading him to the brow of a hill at nightfall, she told him to launch out, repeating the phrase, '*Sin Dios y sin Santa Maria*' ('Without God and Mary'). The boy, who began to wish that he had not come, leaped into space and flew for a moment, until, becoming confused with the novelty of his situation, he inverted the formula, saying, '*Con Dios y con Santa Maria*'—crashing heavily in consequence.

Another form taken by the witches is that of the *Calchona*. This is a mythical animal, described as a kind of blend between the dog and the goat. It has long silvery hair, and is generally inoffensive if left alone, pattering past the affrighted traveller intent upon its own affairs. The witch enters this form by the employment of certain ointments. In the current story, the husband awakes to see his wife rise from the bed, apply the unguents, and glide out in the night in the abhorred form of a Calchona. He takes the ointments and flings them into the *acequia*—the open drain that still traverses some country houses, where the water dissolves and washes away the contents of the pots. At dawn the witch returns, and finding her unguents gone, and being unable without their use to

return to her human form, dashes frantically about the house, till the growing light drives her forth into the wide world. At night the man hears the pattering footsteps circling the house, and the poor beast rears up against the window to catch a glimpse of the children from whom she is parted for ever.

This myth, in one form or other, is said to be current all over South America, and to exist also in Mexico. It is probably, therefore, a Spanish importation.

Witches tell the future by the aid of a shining stone in which they gaze. It is called the *Challanca*, and its use for the same purpose in ancient Peru shows that 'crystal-gazing' was not confined to the Old World. Not long since, a woman in one of the small towns in the south was punished for using such a stone for fraudulent purposes, and her apparatus confiscated; but it appears that she has been fortunate in obtaining another one, and is carrying on business as usual. 'Wise women' are resorted to for medical advice, and for darker purposes that call for police intervention. Of late the spread of education has led them to adopt the technique of the professional medium, and as such they gain credence among classes that have outgrown the native superstitions of the country.

One man I know consults a witch from time to time in reference to a lizard that has taken up its abode in his stomach. The authorities are in continual conflict with a class of unlicensed practitioners, commonly known as 'meicos' (*medicos*), who cure or kill by means of potent drugs of the country-side that might, if carefully studied, be found to possess properties of real value in medicine. Charms play no small part in the treatment, and if the account be true that appeared in the press lately, the remedial measures adopted are sometimes of the heroic order. In a house searched by the police, an unfortunate old man suffering from rheumatism was found suspended from the roof by his feet, his shoulders only resting on the bed.

In the authoritative work of Señor Cifuentes already referred to, we read of a complex organisation among Chilian witches that rivals that of Europe in the Middle Ages. There is a central authority, resident in Santiago, and there are three provinces, north, central, and south. Rivalry exists between the practitioners of the country and those of the town, but all receive their education in certain caves, known as *Salamancas*—truly a libel on that ancient university! Their meetings are presided over by 'Muckle-horned Clootie' in person, and a charming assemblage gathers of Calchonas, Chon-chons, and malformed dwarfs—which last are children stolen from their homes and maimed by the witches in such horrible fashion that they cannot leave the caves in which they are secluded and in which they serve as drudges. The traveller, 'overtaken' by night and strong waters, may awake to find himself a guest, and he should take heed of the gifts they give him.

In Chile, too, the golden age of witchcraft is over. Slowly but surely the light penetrates. The schoolmasters and mistresses—a class to whom the Republic owes much and pays very little—spend their lives in an uphill fight against ignorance and alcohol. Slowly the authorities are awakening to their great responsibilities towards their poorer fellow-citizens, and the day cannot be far distant when this small population, the many virtues of which render it worthy to be raised both socially and materially, will receive the blessed gift of compulsory education, and 'witches and other night fears,' robbed of the potent ointment of ignorance, will fly forth like the fabled Calchona.

NATURAL DYES.

By C. N. BARHAM.

THE shortage of synthetic dyes does not trouble the few weavers who remain in our villages, any more than it affects those who weave the gaily-coloured cloths or the carpets of Central Asia. Long before Perkin discovered the secret of aniline dyes and applied it in his little factory at Greenford Green, near Harrow—a factory which, by the way, is still standing—dyes were obtained from herbs and barks and the mud of village pools. The colours were good, and more permanent than many of their modern imitations, and it would seem that something might be done in the way of the commercial development of natural dyestuffs.

The principal basic colours employed in the industry are yellows, reds, and blues, other tints being usually obtained from admixtures of these. These basic colours are obtainable from vegetable sources, and, if less showy, are quite as durable as the aniline dyes.

Perhaps the most striking of the three is yellow; it readily blends with other colours, producing a variety of attractive tints. Excellent yellow dyes may be made from either weld, fustic, quercitron-bark, or anatta. Reds are obtainable from Brazil-wood, logwood, madder, and safflower; and blues from indigo, woad, orchil, and cudbear. Dyes made from any of these plants were once highly prized, and there seems no reason why their use should not revive.

Weld, from which an excellent yellow dye is obtainable, is a plant easily cultivated in any soil. A century ago it was preferred to all other substances for imparting a bright green lemon-

yellow, while it was generally esteemed by calico-printers. Fustic, or 'dyers' mulberry-tree,' was another material formerly much used. It is a product of the West Indies, and produces a permanent yellow dye; mixed with indigo it yields a valuable green dye. Quercitron-bark yields, weight for weight, eight times as much colouring matter as weld, and four times as much as fustic; whilst the colouring matter is easily extracted by hot water. Anatta is known, at least by name, to all as a colouring matter for butter and cheese. However, it was formerly employed for dyeing cloth. It is the product of a South American plant, and is of two kinds—cake and roll. The dye imparts a deep orange tint to cloth, silk, and cotton; the dyes, however, although rich and brilliant, are permanent only if mixed with some fixing material. Turmeric, an Indian production, yields a charming bright yellow, but is difficult to fix; it was chiefly used to intensify the yellows made with weld, and to impart an orange tint to scarlet. Other plants used as prime dyes, or to assist other ingredients in dyeing, were saw-wort, dyer's-broom, hickory-bark, leaves of sweet willow, birch leaves and twigs, and saffron. A Copenhagen chemist discovered in potato-tops a brilliant yellow matter for dyeing. These should be cut when the plant is in flower, bruised, and pressed to extract the juice. Linen and woollens steeped in this juice take a fine, solid, and permanent yellow colour, and, if afterwards plunged in a blue dye, a beautiful green.

For red dyes Brazil-wood is especially valuable, yielding red and orange when chemically treated. The wood may be simply boiled in water, but a deeper colour is extracted by the employment of alcohol or ammonia. In Brazil the tree was formerly a royal monopoly. It is largely used in the manufacture of red ink. Logwood is known to every one as being useful for giving a red tinge to materials, and also as a heightener of tints produced by other ingredients.

Of all vegetable substances used in the manufacture of red dyes, however, madder is the most valuable, and is especially suitable for cotton and linen. It is the root of the *Rubia tinctorum*, a plant which grows in the south of Europe, Asia Minor, and India, and was once largely cultivated in Holland, whence British supplies were chiefly obtained. The plant was also grown in France. Dutch madder was principally used by woollen-dyers, and French madder by cotton-dyers. Safflower, or bastard saffron, yields a red dye; it is, however, of little value, as when used by itself the colour will not bear the action of soap, or lengthy exposure to sun and air. Formerly safflower was a principal ingredient in rouge.

Blue is a colour very largely used, and of plants which yield blue shades indigo is too well known to require more than mention. But attention might profitably be directed to woad; it has been known in this country since before the Roman conquest, and is a pure British dye. The plant thrives in Lincolnshire, and supplies could be obtained in any quantities if a demand arose. In 1654 the Germans prohibited the use of indigo, which they called 'devil's dye,' because the trade in woad was lessened, dyed articles were impaired, and money was carried out of the country. Woad mixes well with indigo, as it does not of itself impart a deep blue, although the colour which it gives is noted for its durability.

Orchil is difficult to place, for it has been classed with both blues and reds, its tints combined with these colours giving rise to the violet and lilac tints. The plant is a lichen, and is obtained from the Cape Verde Islands, the Levant, and Barbary; it yields a fine red dye, so prized by the ancients as well as by our own ancestors that it sometimes sold for as much as a thousand pounds per ton. Pliny states that it was used for dyeing wool. The Florentines introduced it into Italy at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the pioneer laying the foundation of the noble family of the Rucellai. Cudbear, once famous in Scotland as a dyestuff, is a variety of the orchil. Manufacture of a dyestuff from cudbear was carried on at Leith in 1777, but later the factory was removed to Glasgow. The lichens from which it was prepared were found in profusion in the Highlands, where their collection became a profitable industry among the peasantry. This source of supply, however, became insufficient, and recourse was had to Norway and Sweden, and later to Sardinia, where the moss grows in great abundance.

ESTRANGED.

I WONDER if you ever will return
  To the old scenes your presence made so sweet?
'Mid summer's opulence my soul cries out
  For that which, lacking, leaves all incomplete.
In vain do am'rous roses twine in bow'rs
  Made dusk by leafy screens, where love might rest;
In vain the choir of joy-thrilled birds pour forth
  Their careless rapture—joy has left my breast?

The sheep-bells tinkle on the rolling downs;
  The clover's cloying sweetness scents the breeze;
The dark pines hold their grave soliloquies;
  In the dear past—how dear to us were these!
How can my heart rejoice when I must go
  In loneliness amid the olden ways
We took together—one in soul-commune—
  And God walked with us in those far-off days?

I wonder if you ever will return,
  Return with the lost summers in your eyes?
O well-belov'd, you 'd find me waiting here,
  Chasten'd and tender, made by sorrow—wise.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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SEVENTH SERIES

MORFEE'S GUARDI.

By MARIE CHER.

I.

'WAIT a moment till I strike a match. It was so light on the piazza, I forgot what it would be on these dark ladders. It 's awfully decent of you to climb all these stairs. You 'll probably curse me when you see my rag of canvas.'

'Oh, don't bother,' said a second voice. 'I once lived *au cinquième* myself, and have developed a certain set of muscles to meet just such emergencies. Don't think, my dear fellow, that I 'm puffing up simply to see your Guardi. A pal 's a pal, you know, and we can talk better here than in that row below. An Italian café 's an inferno when they let loose their perfectly rotten band. What fool said they were a musical nation?'

By this time the men had reached a grimy landing, and the elder of the two drew out a big key and led the way into a silent hole of an antechamber. He lit a candle, and ushered his friend into the lofty room that served him for studio. Presently a lighted lamp was doing its best to hunt the long, fluttering shadows into the distant corners, high up near the elaborate stucco cornice, now all broken and stained, its once gleaming gilding blackened and suffused. The exaggerated square of the window showed pale gray and lilac from the last gleams of sunset.

John Morfee, the host, pulled up for his guest a battered arm-chair still covered with flakes of the original brocade, but seated himself upon his untidy work-table, his long, thin legs swinging. He was nearer fifty than forty, with a high, bare forehead, deep-set eyes, and the thin, capable hands of a painter, stained with acids and perhaps not too scrupulously clean.

Barty Catherwood, languidly sunken in upon himself in his ancient chair, was a pronounced contrast to his companion. Carefully groomed, admirably attired, his sleek counterpart may be encountered daily in certain sections of a small well-bred world. So much for externals. Not common, however, you may be sure, is the kindly intelligence behind that drooping eye, the critic's shrewdness, the wholesome friendliness in the man's personality. Catherwood was by way of being an institution in Venice among the artist band. Advice, accompanied or unaccompanied by the fugitive loan masquerading under a hundred guises, was ever to be had of him. He was never chary of praise when you really had hit off something. In nine cases out of ten he would conjure a buyer for you out of the void, leading the devoted one to your place himself. He lived modestly, but well, and enjoyed the distinction of having saved a number of Etruscan pieces from the mockery of museum shelves. To find him really eloquent, you must get him upon the delicate little human figures those ancient potters had the secret of moulding into the suave curve of a handle or into the boss of a cover—those wrestlers interlaced, those tiny wreath-crowned acrobats bending their supple backs.

At the present moment he had no desire to talk himself. His keen scent for the unusual had led him to foster a chance acquaintance with John Morfee. Now that he was in the man's rooms, he wanted to draw him out. If he really had a Guardi, that would do as a spring-board. Get a man on his hobby, and in half-an-hour he will be sure to give away his intellectual economy. Then it rests with you to honour his budget or to declare him bankrupt. Catherwood had a pleasing certainty that he would find a vein of true metal here if he probed. Hence the climb up the dark stairs, the settling of his thin figure in the rattletrap chair, the eager interest behind the veiled glance.

'This is a rotten light to see anything in,' remarked Morfee, getting down from the table to begin rummaging behind a gaunt gray screen, 'but, if you care, you must come up again some morning.' With that he came into view again, carrying a wooden case in his arms. It was of well-rubbed walnut, inlaid with satinwood in a curious little meandering pattern.

Morfee set the case on end on the table, opened the cover like a door, twitched the lamp into position, and beckoned Barty to view his enshrined treasure. Let into the box against a dull red backing was a morsel of canvas, stained (perhaps) a trifle, cracked, but indubitably genuine. What was more, the little scene stood out, the product of one of Guardi's happiest moments. The subject was a well-worn one of his, the view through an archway on to a slippery piaz-

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zetta, but there was some especially felicitous arrangement of light and shadow, a warmer gleam to the vitreous water, an added magic to the architectural detail, a richer glow on cornice and gable, which gave to the composition that extra fillip that separates a little masterpiece from a pleasing study. Morfee's Guardi was a 'ripper,' and Catherwood told him so in no measured terms.

'The figures come out well, don't they?' said Morfee. 'The merest dab of light on a cravat or a shoe-buckle, and the trick 's done. Do you see that fellow there in the cocked hat and the black cloak? What do you suppose he 's waiting for?'

Catherwood shot a glance at his companion. Morfee's voice was a note higher than usual, and he was looking eagerly at the picture as he spoke.

'Do you know,' he went on, 'I often find myself completely hypnotised by this thing. I look at it for hours. That figure in the cloak with his back turned—he 's waiting for something or somebody, I could swear it, and it won't be for his own good when it comes. I often fancy I can catch the shadow of it there under the archway. Come nearer—will you?—and see what you make of it.'

Barty leaned forward with his arms on the table, and put his glass in his eye. The conversation was taking a curious turn. Was Morfee a wee bit cracked? Interesting fellow, if he didn't carry his mania too far.

As he continued to gaze into the deep golden heart of the charming scene, Catherwood told himself that he could understand a slightly morbid interest in these little figures, so grouped and disposed as to give an impression of breathing reality. The red heels of the man with his back turned glowed like tiny coals of fire. Barty's eye followed what might be supposed to be the figure's line of vision, leading straight into the shadowy archway. Was that a gray smudge, or was it——? He put up his hand to move the light.

Morfee leaned over like a shot and closed the lid of the box. The show was over.

II.

'I beg your pardon, Catherwood,' said Morfee abruptly, 'but one person who is mad about this thing is enough. I 've shown it to a dozen men in the last ten years, and you are only the second one who has been on the verge of seeing something in that archway—besides myself, of course.'

'What became of the other chap?' asked Barty rather weakly.

'Tried to steal it,' replied Morfee grimly, tapping the box with a long finger.

'I promise you I sha'n't do that, my dear fellow. But I confess I am intensely interested. The picture is a beauty; but why, in Heaven's name, do you keep it shut up? Hang it on your wall in the light and the air. You are morbid about it. Is there anything so extraordinary in fancying you can make out a face in a gray smudge that, with dirt and a crack or two, might absolutely be anything?'

Morfee came out from behind his screen, empty-handed once more. 'If I hung that up as you want me to, I 'd be raving in a week. I can't keep my eyes off it when it is out, so I had that box made. Talk about a chap needing will-power to stop his drink. I fight a thousand times harder to keep my hands off the cover of that box than any virtuous dipsomaniac that ever lived. I haven't touched it for a month; but when I met you this afternoon, and you talked the way you did about those Etruscan pots of yours, I knew you 'd understand. Sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't be happier and easier in my mind if I sold the thing. Then I remember what a doctor told me once of a morphine drunkard who smashed his needle and couldn't get another. No, thank you—not for me. I 'll have to run the risk of keeping it.'

'Oh, look here, Morfee,' broke in Barty. 'Do you realise what you are giving me to understand? You befuddle yourself in some way staring at that dab or dash that might be anything, and, as your liver is probably out of order at the same time, why, there 's the devil to pay.'

Morfee was pacing up and down the bare, dusty floor, with his head turned away from his companion.

'I thought you 'd understand what I was driving at, or I shouldn't have dragged you up here,' he said. 'There is something abnormal about that picture, and you know it. I saw your eye when it lighted on the archway. You had a moment of suspense. You weren't sure what was coming next. Isn't that true? I didn't want you to see anything, so I closed the box. If anything is to be seen, I 'm going to be the man to see it. Come, confess you had an inkling that there was something queer about the picture. You wanted to get it nearer the light. You——'

'Oh, shut up, Morfee, will you?' interrupted the exasperated Barty. 'Do you want to make me out as mad as you are yourself? The sketch is extraordinarily interesting, because it is genuine, and because it is unrestored. If I gaped unduly at the archway, it was at your own suggestion. I will admit that, for an instant, I had the odd impression that something was forming there before my very eyes——'

'That 's enough!' cried Morfee. 'No more silly stuff about liver or eyes. I won't take it from you. You 're not a crass materialist like the rest of them. You know there 's a Borderland. Perhaps you 've crossed over yourself once or twice. I 'm not asking any confidences. I want you to admit to me here and now that

that picture has an influence that is not normal. Do you admit it?'

Barty sat up in his great chair with a kind of pleasurable excitement. Psychic phenomena were really not at all in his line, in spite of his companion's suspicions. But here, to-night, as he had scrutinised that narrow slip of darkened canvas, he had been conscious of something—well, let us say, not exactly *reasonable*. He might as well admit it. This he did handsomely, and Morfee was appeased. The latter became once more communicative, sitting on the table, swinging his thin legs. He launched out on the intoxicating feeling he enjoyed when he opened his box after long denial and fixed his eager eyes on the dim arch. The sun might be flooding the piazza outside, sparkling like fiery needles on each swell of the languid water, but here lingered the cool duskiness of the dawn. He said the sensation was always pleasurable when he tried to make out what was being bodied forth from that clay-coloured smudge—'As though I were waiting for some pretty woman with her masque and her long sparkling ear-rings, her little feet in clogs, her stiff skirts held out. A waiting-woman would be holding her arm.'

Morfee was identifying himself in the most ingenuous manner with the figure of the man who had stood for over a hundred years, as Guardi had dashed him in, gazing at that arch-way with his head turned from the spectator.

Barty encouraged his friend. 'When do you begin to be frightened?' he asked.

'How do you know that?' retorted Morfee in a flash. 'I never told you.'

'No; but one can deduce. Your eyes give you away, my friend. No vision of a pretty lady could account for them, especially as she has been "dust of the Apennine" this century or more. What is the second phase?'

'It is difficult to explain. Remember, I am not myself, but the man there in the cloak. You can't see his face. As I said, at first the feeling is one of extreme pleasure, and of the anticipation of pleasure. Then, abruptly, cutting across that, is the sharpest reaction to repulsion and disgust. Something intensely antipathetic is forming there in the shadow, something that turns a man sick. He—or I—is no coward, but—we are afraid—afraid to the very quivering of our marrow.' He thumped his hand on the table, and Barty jumped.

'Sell the picture, Morfee. Take my advice. You mustn't play with a thing like that. You'll go off your head. Sell it to me.'

Morfee laughed, not altogether agreeably. 'So you do feel the fascination of it. No, no, Catherwood; I'll leave it to you in my will, but you'll never have it while I'm alive.'

'But if the thing haunts you——'

Morfee made a vague, sweeping gesture. 'It lives my life for me. There you have it. It is wife and child, and the fame I might have had. With it I can forget. Some night I'll pluck the heart out of this mystery, and the next morning Barty Catherwood can add a genuine Guardi to his Etruscan treasures.'

Morfee's voice had changed; the tension was over, the hint of hysteria gone. Barty responded with relief. He proposed a cigarette in the moonlight out in the square, and they went down the stairs together, leaving the great bare room to that mysterious chiaroscura such a Southern night produces in ancient domiciles. There was also a disturbing odour of burnt wick, but no one was there to notice it, save, perhaps, the little, cloaked, red-heeled figure, coffined fast in his sheath-like box.

III.

Strolling in the bright sun the next morning, with all Venice in her parti-coloured stir about him, it was easy for Barty Catherwood to feel himself an ass. The slightly bizarre experience that had taken such a hold on his fancy the night before was merely a question of atmosphere, of the dim, shadow-filled studio, of Morfee's extravagant talk. Barty was sensitive, and the beautiful little painting in the odd case had led him on to what now seemed a most fantastic and imbecile conclusion.

He came out on one of the small bridges behind the Grand Canal, and stood for a moment looking down upon just such a scene as the eighteenth-century master had painted and repainted. The palette is a cool one—blues and grays, with the white of a bubble dome touched to milky opal by the sun, with the magic thread of water, crisped into tiny waves against the brown of a boat's side, running through it like a song. Under the parapet of the bridge a boy in a scarlet cap fingered with all the dexterity of a monkey the contents of a wicker orange-crate. The mild, soft air steeped the scene in its own peculiar beauty. The line of high, light-coloured houses with streaks of terra-cotta on their exposed sides, with ominous cracks and broken, sagging balconies, took on, under its influence, a kind of decayed grandeur. A cluster of mooring-poles thrust themselves into the foreground with all the happy assurance of cypresses in a Roman garden, well knowing themselves to be the accent of the whole.

Catherwood lazily took it in with a trained eye, and with senses set in tune by a good digestion, the freshness of the morning air, and a healthy reaction from last night's vapours. Morfee faded completely from his mind, as a charming woman of his acquaintance tapped the brooding Barty on the arm with her parasol.

IV.

A month passed, and Barty suddenly awoke to the fact that he missed Morfee. As he was turning away from the locked studio door, after

poking his card underneath it, he encountered young Smiley, who lived near by, and manufactured water-colours that enjoyed a great vogue among the tourists. Barty inquired about Morfee, and Smiley shook his head. 'He's looking simply awful. If you have any influence with him, get him out of Venice. He won't pay any attention to me, because he despises my work; but a man must live, don't you know,' murmured the small Smiley plaintively.

Barty found himself wishing that he had bought one of the little fellow's shocking scenes. But Morfee—poor chap! He resolved to leave word with the *portier* that he would call again later. Smiley took himself off, and Catherwood stood for a moment alone in the hallway before Morfee's locked door. The sun was streaming through a window at the end of this public passage, showing up the dirty aspect of walls and floor. The boards gaped at their crazy seams; a torn green jalousie clacked back and forth in the hot draught. It was hopeless and sluttish, sordid and malodorous. A wave of depression caught the usually tranquil Barty. He pondered no longer, but descended to the piazza, glad of the society of his fellow-beings, although one of them should be an impatient female in a black shawl who led a crying child straight up against his protesting shins. The afternoon was drawing on; the streets were crowded. Taking a gondola, he made his way around to Florian's, where he could sit over his cigarette until it should be time to have another 'go' at Morfee.

He secured one of the little round tables in a secluded corner near the side of the striped awning, and had not been long in his place, the thick white cup before him with its inevitable companion, the glazed and fatigued *brioche*, when he caught the eye of Jack Stanley, a young architect who took himself very seriously, and who was particularly ingenuous on the subject of Palladio. This rather diverted Barty, and he was not disinclined to beckon the boy to his table.

They smoked amicably together for a while, Stanley full of some sketches he had been making that morning. It seemed that a row of rickety tenements was being pulled down along the Riva, several of the houses backing upon a mouldy *campo* with a well-head and a spindling tree.

'Look here, my dear fellow, at this detail,' cried Stanley, dragging his sketch-book out of his pocket. 'Isn't that a lovely bit? You see, a piece of this particular house is evidently much older than the rest—sixteenth century, beyond a doubt. The most curious part of it all is that they have found a pillared archway hidden away behind this house—awfully good work it is, too. The lane that now leads to the Riva must once have gone slam through it. Whoever bricked it up and built a house against it must have been an unspeakable ruffian. I talked to the chap who has charge of the work, and he said he thought they might save it. What do you say to having a look at it? By to-morrow all Venice will be there, and the light is good now.'

Catherwood was not conscious of any great enthusiasm, but the proposed expedition would serve to pass the time till the hour for his second call upon Morfee. He therefore took his seat in the gondola beside Stanley with sufficient docility.

A pall of yellowish dust hanging over a certain portion of the Riva indicated the spot for which they were bound. In an indescribable confusion of fallen bricks and rotten beams, in the débris of the gaunt skeletons of the doomed houses, some few workmen were still busy.

'Come around this way and it will hit you in the eye,' cried Stanley, referring to his architectural find, and Barty followed him obediently.

In an instant all that was left of the sunset seemed to be concentrated on this charming find, this resuscitated archway, turning all its mouldering stones to gold.

But Catherwood held his breath, while an icy needle pricked down his spine. Before him lay the scene of Morfee's Guardi. The road was at the same angle to the opening, the Riva was on the left, the architectural detail was identical, even to a worn lion's head set into the wall at the right of the arch to serve as a water-tap. There, where that shadow began, had stood the man with the cloak, his head turned aside, waiting for—what?

With an effort Catherwood shifted his eyes in the direction the figure's would have taken. He could have sworn that in the dimness there before him something moved. Barty felt a moment's sick revulsion of the nerves. In an instant a workman sprang out from behind a mass of rubble, waving his arms. Some one shouted, and Stanley darted forward with a warning cry. But it was too late. Whatever had appeared for that one dreadful moment within the semicircle of ancient masonry lay crushed beneath its fallen stones. The withdrawal of the support of the enclosing houses had doomed the precious little relic, and it now survives to the curious only in the pages of Stanley's sketch-book.

They drew out the mangled body, and covered its face with a cloth. John Morfee had found his answer to the riddle of his Guardi.

A much-shaken Barty Catherwood identified his friend. The workmen deposed that the gentleman had been hanging about ever since dawn, when the arch was first discovered. They had warned him that the masonry was not safe, &c. But Barty troubled them with no questions. He knew all he wanted to—and more.

The Guardi duly passed into Barty's possession at the sale of Morfee's few poor things. It is still in its coffin-like box at Catherwood's bankers. Barty is taking no chances.

UNPUBLISHED PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST.

PART II.

GUARDING THE BANK—THE SPEAKER IN THE CHAIR—MILLAIS' PORTRAIT OF GLADSTONE.

APRIL 16.—Travellers along the Embankment between six and seven o'clock in the evening may observe a detachment of the Guards moving eastward at quick march. These are the men told off for the protection of the Bank of England. They number sixty, and are in command of one of the regimental officers. The service is decidedly popular, involving a change from barrack-life. The Bank directors provide a guardroom where, sentries duly placed, those awaiting their own turn can sleep. Each man has a shilling given to him, which he may, if he pleases, spend in the canteen, also provided by the thoughtful directors. Non-commissioned officers accompanying the detachment have half-a-crown. On ordinary occasions the men march from whatever barracks is on the rota to supply the force. On snowy or foggy nights they may be seen going by the underground railway, a luxury of locomotion for which the officer in charge pays out of his private purse.

As for that gilded warrior, he dines in solemn state in a room at the Bank reserved for his use. He may, if he hankers after company, entertain two guests. I have had the pleasure of joining this unique dinner-table, and can testify to the excellence of the fare. The statutes of the Bank of England provide two bottles of wine for the officer on duty. The ancient fashion of the institution was illustrated by the fact that the officer might make his choice of port, sherry, or claret, and thought it good enough. The port certainly is.

If the officer has company, he may claim an odd bottle of whichever of these wines he pleases. Some new-comers have rashly asked for whisky and soda for later refreshment—a demand sternly rebuked. That compound is another new-fangled notion, and the will of the old directors is still law in the commissariat department at Threadneedle Street. In addition to the military garrison, the directors now, as was the custom more than a century ago, keep a nightly patrol of twenty-five clerks. One of the head clerks takes his turn at sitting up all night in the Bank buildings, where the silence is broken only by the footfall of the patrol.

April 20.—The natural conclusion of the public when, at the forthcoming Academy show, they see the picture of Lord Peel in his robes, seated in the Speaker's chair, will be that he literally so sat to the artist. This is a mistake, since the portrait was painted in Orchardson's own studio. The Speaker's chair gave its own sittings on days quite apart. The construction of this picture was singular, lending fresh interest to its artistic merit. The subject was painted seated in an ordinary chair lightly sketched on the canvas. When the portrait was finished, Orchardson took the canvas down to Westminster, had his easel wheeled into the House of Commons, and, seated before the veritable chair, rubbed out the lines representing his own piece of furniture, and literally 'moved the Speaker into the chair.'

Accidentally and quite innocently I fell upon the secret of this artistic manœuvre. One morning early in the session I happened to look in at the Press Gallery at the House of Commons to pick up some forgotten memoranda. Looking down, I was shocked to see a newspaper projecting from the Speaker's chair, plainly visible from behind. There seemed little doubt but that one of the messengers, possibly the charwoman, making luxurious a quarter of an hour's leisure, had planted himself (or herself) in the Speaker's chair, and was there enjoying the morning paper. Passing round the gallery, so as to get a front view of the chair, I discovered that its occupant was Lord Peel, in wig and gown, reading the newspaper, whilst at a slight distance Orchardson, working away at his easel, was giving the last touches to his picture. This, I afterwards learned, was the only sitting in the historic chair given by the ex-Speaker.

April 28.—Sir Charles Tennant was one of three guests (the other two were Sir William Agnew and myself) not being R.A.'s or Associates present at Henry Tate's dinner, given annually a day or two before the more famous but not more pleasant one spread at Burlington House on the eve of the opening of a new exhibition. In the course of the evening conversation arose about portraits of Gladstone. It was agreed that Tennant is the possessor of the prize. It is the well-known one by Millais, representing Gladstone with his hands folded before him and a somewhat saintly look on his face. Lord Rosebery has the second best, in which Gladstone is picturesquely represented in the scarlet gown of a Master of Arts.

To Lord Rosebery some of his pictures are so precious that he moves them about with him. This portrait of Gladstone, familiar in the dining-room at Dalmeny, is now at Berkeley Square for the term of Lord Rosebery's residence in town. There also are his portraits of Pitt and Washington. When he tenanted No. 10 Downing Street, Pitt hung over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, never failing at the Premier's parliamentary dinners to elicit remarks on the curious resemblance to the great English statesman of the Napoleonic era presented by the profile of Mr Chamberlain.

At Tate's dinner it was jestingly said that Tennant could not do less than bequeath to the nation his portrait of Gladstone. The idea was joyously taken up, and pressed upon Sir Charles, who stubbornly shook his head. But the seed fell on fruitful ground. Tate's dinner took place on Wednesday in last week. On Saturday, at the Academy banquet, Sir Edward Poynter was able to announce that Sir Charles would hand over his treasure to the nation.

How it came into his possession is a well-known story. The Duke of Westminster, at whose request Gladstone specially sat to Millais, disgusted with his old friend and leader's Home Rule policy, felt his presence, even on canvas, unbearable in his house. It is generally understood that he forthwith sold the picture to Tennant. That is not exactly the case. What happened was that, having made up his mind on the subject, the duke sent for William Agnew, and told him the picture was in the market. The picture-dealer straightway bought it at the duke's own price. He next called on Tennant, told him what had happened, and Sir Charles, with equal promptitude, accepted the transfer of the bargain, paying Sir William his customary commission. It proved a good stroke of business all round—for every one except the duke. Tennant could at any time since have got his money back, with a fair profit, and now the marvellous picture becomes the nation's heritage.

Millais used to tell a pretty story about this historic portrait. A short time before his death Disraeli sat to the great artist. In the studio hung a proof engraving of Gladstone's portrait. Millais observed that Disraeli's eyes were frequently bent upon it. At length he asked if his sitter would accept a copy.

'I was rather shy of offering it to you,' he apologetically added.

'I should be delighted to have it,' said Disraeli with what for him was almost an eager manner. 'People think that more or less through our political lives I have disliked Mr Gladstone. To tell the truth, my only difficulty in respect to him has been that, studying him from day to day and year to year, I could never understand him.'

April 30.—Chauncey Depew, who is paying one of his autumnal visits to London, gives me an interesting account of a long conversation he held with Gladstone. In the course of it Gladstone observed that since De Tocqueville wrote, no good history of the United States has been forthcoming, whilst the intervening sixty years furnish material for a most important record. The work, he said, ought to be done by a man not only possessing full and accurate information, but with the philosophical faculty strongly developed. He added that an Englishman would, on the whole, better understand the task than an American, since he would be freer from bias. Depew replied that all De Tocqueville had written upon the conditions of the United States applied without change and with equal force down to the time of the Civil War, whereas the whole development of the United States, as distinguished from the De Tocqueville period—social, political, and material—had arisen since. This, he urged, was due to the Civil War, which not only liberated the slaves, but freed the country from the prejudices of sectionalism and partisanship based on geographical lines.

'Ah,' said Gladstone quickly, 'that is exactly what will happen in Ireland after Home Rule has been conceded.'

He was eloquent in his admiration of America, her institutions, her growth, and all that she represents. There was one thing, he added, which he hoped would never be adopted in England. It is the system whereby with every incoming administration there should be a complete change of office-holders in every department of the Government. It involved the necessity, certainly the custom, that the time and attention of the executive officers are turned aside from public business for the first year to attend to the demands of the political magnates who had assisted in securing the election of the administration.

The other remark was, that if he had to select the best fifty years from the beginning of the world up to the present time, Gladstone would choose the half-century in which he has lived.

'It has,' he said, 'been fifty years of emancipation, the only half-century of which that can be said.'

Of Gladstone personally Depew said, 'At seventy-nine he is one of the most alert and active men, physically and intellectually, I have ever met. There seems to be no impairment of any faculty, nor does he suffer from weakness of any kind. He talks with fire and vigour, and presents his views with a lucidity that is simply marvellous.'

May 1.—I had undertaken to write for *Harper's Magazine* an article on 'Mr Gladstone at Hawarden,' and in furtherance of my task had been invited to visit the castle, when I noticed lying on a table in the dining-room the miniature painted on ivory referred to in the subjoined letter from the Premier's eldest son. It represents a chubby little boy, sitting at the knee of a little girl in nymph-like costume, fondly supposed to be learning his letters. He has, in truth, one chubby finger pointed towards the book, which rests on his sister's knees. But his face is raised, and two great brown eyes look inquiringly into those of the beholder.

It is a portrait of W. E. Gladstone, taken when his father lived in Rodney Street, Liverpool, and he was aged two. It pre-dates the time when Canning stood for the Lancashire

town, and being carried through the streets by his enthusiastic supporters, halted before John Gladstone's house. From the balcony adjoining Canning addressed the throng, whilst from an upper window, held in the nurse's arms, the chubby little boy with the big brown eyes looked out with pleased wonder at the throng —the first political gathering he had been prominently present at.

'HAWARDEN RECTORY,
CHESTER.

'DEAR SIR, — Mrs Gladstone returns from London to-morrow, but I have no manner of doubt she will agree to the request made regarding the miniature, and you may assume this to be so.' [I had asked permission to publish a photogravure.]

'I do not know if you would like to mention that through my mother's mother, who was a Neville (Mary, daughter of second Lord Braybrooke), my father becomes connected with Lord Chatham, Mr Pitt, and Mr Grenville, former Prime Ministers, and Mr Windham, former Chancellor of the Exchequer.

'I think three hundred acres would be nearer the mark for the Park than two hundred, if you have an opportunity of substituting it.—Yours faithfully, W. H. GLADSTONE.

'H. W. LUCY, Esq.'

THE END.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VI.—*continued.*

VII.

CLEMENT had his plunge in the hot sulphur pool under the slope of a snow-tipped mountain, and, refreshed, went back to Gatineau in the manager's office. Gatineau grinned at him.

'I guess I've made a connected yarn out of this jig-saw all right, an' it's not a very complicated one once one gets it straight. In the first place, let me tell you that our dangerous pal Neuburg, Newman, or Nachbar seems to be fairly certain that he has been given a new lease of life—has days on his hands, in fact.'

'What makes you think that?'

'First place, he had booked here for himself and Gunning for an indefinite number of days. Then, quite suddenly, he decided to go off to Sicamous. He sent telegrams to various people—one to meet Siwash at Winnipeg, one to Nimmo or Joe Wandersun at Montreal, and another to sister Méduse—telling of the change. And the reason he feels safe is that you and I are safely marooned in Montreal. The Chief has played the game as I expected he would. His fake wires coming, apparently, from Nimmo (who we know is in jail) are gems. We are ostensibly standing baffled in Montreal, hunting about for the trail. One can read between the lines that Neuburg is sure of that—f'rinstance, the mere fact that he wires to Nimmo at the Place Viger Hotel makes that absolutely certain. Again, his wire to Siwash confirms this; he tells Siwash to come on to Sicamous, *not* Banff. He also tells Siwash to meet Louis, the glue-maker of Quebec, on such and such a train at Winnipeg and tell him there is no need to stand by and watch trains for *us* yet—that was evidently why he was sent for—but to meet Méduse when she arrives, and do as she tells him. Oh, Neuburg is certain that we are out of the running for the time being, and it's because of that he's gone off to Sicamous.'

Clement thought for a moment. 'Yes, that sounds logical,' he admitted. 'With us close up on his heels he would have to rush things. Probably his first plan to checkmate us was a lovers' meeting in this place for lovers. Gunning and Heloise would have been brought together here in some way (the details don't matter). There would have been a—an affectionate reunion, and then, if we threatened, the pair would have been spirited away. Easy to do that. Gunning might have invited her to visit his mines—anything. The thing is that it *would* have been managed, and they would have been lost again to us in these mountain valleys. And what would have happened to Heloise when they were lost?'

His face contracted with a stern pain. It was only after a moment that he went on.

'However, what would have happened doesn't matter. The plan's changed. He has gone to Sicamous to prepare a more elaborate and more certain plot—we can take that as certain. And —and the women follow after.'

'Sure they do that,' put in Gatineau. 'They are a day or more behind us. As I thought, they did dodge about in that tangle of railways by North Bay for the express purpose of throwing us off the trail. Then they hit the main line behind us, and started west in earnest. They'll stop off at Winnipeg to pick up news from Neuburg, an' then they'll come straight on here.'

'That's a point that baffles me,' admitted Clement. 'Why come here? Why not go straight on to Sicamous?'

'The rest of the messages explain something of that. I should say he wants time to be sure he's got his plans perfect. According to the reports from our Sicamous man, he's been acting rather strangely at that end. Our feller at Sicamous has sent on train-letters, so his statements are full. Neuburg and Gunning arrived in due course at Sicamous station, but instead of going

to Gunning's shack on the lake, they stayed the night at Joe Wandersun's house—where, of course, Mrs Wandersun is living.

'Next morning Neuburg went down to the lake-side and overhauled the big motor-boat that Joe uses on the lake; but instead of going in it, the three—the woman as well—came to the station and caught a train for Revelstoke. Revelstoke is the nearest considerable town; they have to travel back towards Banff to reach it. Our agent at Sicamous is a real live man; he 'phoned through to one of our fellows at Revelstoke, and caught the same train as Neuburg. Reaching Revelstoke, the trio did some shopping—shadowed by our men. The proceedings were ordinary enough, save that they seemed to show a strange passion for buying medical things. Also, Neuburg, giving Gunning the slip, went into a store where mining outfits are sold, and bought several high-explosive cartridges and a quantity of fuse.'

Clement made an exclamation at those words. He stared at the little detective, who said, 'No, I don't see what it signifies, but it is a matter worth noting. But there is something queerer to come. The woman and Gunning went off to dinner in a hotel. Neuburg did not go with them. Instead he went off by himself, and found, because he was looking for it, an obscure sort of hash-joint. He sat down and ordered a meal. Our fellow who was shadowing him walked in casually, and got a table near by. Apparently there was nothing odd about Neuburg's choice; but presently a young, smart-looking feller pops in to this joint, and sits down at Neuburg's table. Neuburg was reading a paper by this time, an' paid not the slightest attention.

'Soon, though, they got into conversation, just like two strangers. What they said, of course, our feller couldn't hear, but it didn't appear to amount to much. Soon, too, Neuburg paid his bill, and went out with a "Well, good-day, stranger. Glad to have got acquainted. I shall certainly try those creeks of yours for red fish."

'Our feller guessed that Neuburg would go back to the other two. Anyhow, he risked it. He followed the smart young stranger instead when he left the hash-joint later. This feller sneaked round several blocks, as though he didn't want people to know where he'd been, and in the end he entered the Grand Dominion Consolidated Bank. In there he went behind the counter, hung up his hat, and settled down to work. He was one of the employees.'

There was a very significant pause. Both men looked at each other, and both men were thinking the same thoughts. They were recalling that Neuburg as Nachbar had worked through a bucket-shop in his plan for robbing Roberts of Oregon. He was working through a bank now—not, of course, that the famous bank was acting as his confederate, but that the smart young man was. This fellow had no doubt figured in the bucket-shop at Oregon, and had managed to worm his way into the bank at Revelstoke to further Neuburg's ends—since, obviously, the master-rogue had planned well ahead.

As Clement reflected on this point he reached for a telegraph-form, and at once wrote the following to The Chief at Montreal:

Find out what interests Heloise Reys has in Revelstoke Branch Grand Dominion Consolidated Bank. Neuburg has confederate there.

'That may bring something,' he said, as he handed the message to Gatineau. 'If Miss Reys has any money in that bank, it must have been transferred from the head office at Montreal. The Chief will be able to find out, eh?'

Gatineau said, 'Sure,' added a code number to the message, and had it sent off at once. Then he went on with his story. 'After this business Neuburg met the other two in the hotel, and they all went back to Sicamous, where they loaded their purchases into the big motor-boat. They didn't, as our man thought they would, go off up the lake then, but went back to Mrs Wandersun's house. It was about one o'clock at night when Gunning and Neuburg actually left for his shack. A railwayman, who had been on watch, woke our feller, and he just had time to see them sneak off in the dark. They took an awful lot of additional packages with them, loading them secretly—a regular sort of moving-day, our man writes, as though they were going to stay in the wilds for a hell of a time. The two men only got into the boat, and then, strangely, the boat left, not under power, but rowed.'

'That was Neuburg covering himself up,' said Clement. 'Nobody saw or heard him leave; nobody can connect him with—with anything that might happen up at Gunning's shack in the wilds. I suppose that's all there is so far.'

'That's all,' agreed Gatineau. 'We know their movements to a dotted "i," an' we know Miss Reys is coming on here. I suppose we had best just wait around until she comes?'

'Yes,' said Clement, 'there seems nothing else to do at the moment. We must wait for a wire from The Chief about that money, anyhow. But I confess I don't like waiting. Certainly Miss Reys appears to be coming here, but with these brutes, with that demoniac intelligence of Neuburg's working against us, I am fearful. Who can say what sudden turn events might take, and—and what terrible crime might be committed without our being able to interpose?'

(Continued on page 410.)

ON LIONS.

By Bernard Johnson.

BACKED by a long experience of the African bush, the following authentic cases of lion encounters may interest the readers of *Chambers's Journal*. It may be as well to state at the outset that to lay down a hard-and-fast rule as to what a lion will or will not do in certain circumstances is utterly futile, and, moreover, may be extremely dangerous or even fatal in its consequences, as the instances here given may tend to show.

Some years ago I was, with a partner, shooting on the Kafue River, in North Rhodesia. We lived in a small tent, and slept at each side of it, on a little grass laid on the ground. It was just before the commencement of the rains, and the weather was, therefore, very hot and sultry, both day and night. We usually kept the walls of the tent rolled up, as the occasional cool breeze that came across the river was pleasant. One day we killed a couple of hippo, and the meat, cut up, was lying close to camp, ready for bartering the next day for grain for the use of our camp 'boys.' My mate remarked during the day that we should probably have lions around that night, to which I answered that there was plenty of hippo-meat for them, and that, therefore, they were not likely to molest the camp. Our natives were sleeping close to the tent, and were apparently of the same opinion, as they had not thought it worth while to build the usual thorn-bush enclosure. Let me here remark, by way of parenthesis, that the African native, once well asleep, is a difficult creature to awaken. I have often had to boot them up, even when half-asleep, to make up the fire when lions were close in, although they were aware of the fact. Somewhere about midnight on this occasion I was lying, very drowsy, with my blankets thrown to the outer side of the tent for the sake of coolness. Having no mattress, I was accustomed to use one half of my blankets for that purpose, with the other half thrown over me, sleeping-bag fashion. All of a sudden I felt a severe bash in the ribs, and the blankets were whipped away from over and under me at the same moment. I let out a yell, sprang up and grabbed the gun, and awakened my mate Allen. I peered out into the darkness, but saw nothing. However, I fired off the gun, with no earthly hope of hitting anything, firing, as a man will at times, just to make a noise. The report of the weapon brought the natives to their feet, and they then made up the fire, and kept it going until morning. We were all out as soon as it was light enough to see, and we found that in the night a pair of lions had crossed the river (a full hundred yards wide, and deep water), had stalked past the meat without touching it, and on past our tent, where one of them, apparently out of pure cussedness, had jumped for me, but luckily had only managed to get my blankets, which we found, torn to strips, about two hundred yards away.

Some time afterwards, on the same river, I camped one day at an old camp of mine in a clump of bush on the bank. I left the 'boys' to fix the tent, and taking one 'picannin,'* went out for a buck. I knew that I was almost certain to find pookoo close by, as the Kafue at that part had an abundance of this antelope. I found a herd at the edge of the bush, a distance of about four hundred yards from camp, and shot a bull. Returning to camp, I sent out 'boys' to bring in the meat. They came back shortly after to say that there was no meat. I was naturally annoyed at this, as I had made sure of the buck by cutting its throat; further, they could not have mistaken the place, as it was on the river-bank, and I had also sent the 'picannin' as a guide. At the moment, the only conclusion I could come to was that some wandering natives had heard the shot, had found the buck, and had taken it. Such a thing had, however, never happened to me before, and a very little reflection served to convince me that no native or natives in that locality would dare to steal a white man's meat in such a barefaced fashion. I picked up my old 'express' and returned to where I had left the kill, and a short examination of the ground showed that a lion was the culprit. The tracks proved conclusively that he had watched me from a grassy ant-heap barely fifty yards away, and on my departure had stolen the pookoo. It was a full-grown bull pookoo, and would weigh, I should judge, about two hundred and fifty pounds. I followed the tracks carefully into the bush, with my finger on the trigger, and came on the lion at about thirty yards, eating the meat. We sighted each other at the same instant. He put his head forward and his mane up just as I fired. I thought I had a good bead on his brain-box, but he bolted, and I found only a very faint blood-spoor. I might here remark that the time was about midday, and the month was May, before the grass burns.

Leaving the remains of the meat where it lay, I returned to camp, and had a rest and a feed. At about three o'clock I called up the Kaonde 'boys,' went out again, and found that the kill had again been taken, and by the same lion. We carefully followed the spoor for about a

* In many parts of Africa the word 'picannin' is used for a young negro up to about the age of puberty.

hundred yards, when I distinctly heard the lion chewing the meat close by. I could not see him on account of the long grass. Moving carefully a little forward, I peered over the grass on tiptoe, and saw him. Just as I brought the gun to bear he again saw me, but this time I had better luck, and 'got him where he lived,' as my Yankee partner used to say—a trifle too far back, but well through the lungs. As soon as the bullet struck him he began to tear and rave in a furious manner, sending grass and earth flying, and then moved off. I was able to put in two more shots, but I discovered afterwards that only one was a hit, and that not in the vitals. We took up the spoor again, and found that he had taken cover under a thick, low-growing tree a short distance away. 'Well, what about it?' I said to my 'boys.' 'Are we going to get him, or shall we let him bleed to death, and come back later?' In this sort of situation I have always made it a practice to give my 'boys' the option of clearing out, as in case of a mauling they are only too ready to blame the white man. They were game, however, and ranged up at the side of me, with their spears ready, a few yards from the tree. I knelt down to try to get a sight of the lion, and was about to fire into the bush on the chance of bringing him out, when out he came, very groggy, but plucky to the last. He must have been on the point of death, as he could do no more than stagger and growl, but he faced us at five yards, and was finished with a shot that ploughed down his spine. He was a magnificent male, one of the records that were never recorded, ten feet four inches from tip to tip as he lay, and built to match (as certified by Mr Hazel, the then district commissioner of Kansanshi, North Rhodesia). I found that my very first shot had only gashed the side of the lion's jaw.

Another lion killed two donkeys in the kraal of a friend of mine some time ago. Mr K., the owner of the donkeys, and two other white men had an argument as to when the lion might return. Mr K. was of the opinion that it might return at any time. The other men, however, were not of this opinion, arguing that, as the kraal was only fifty yards distant from the house, the lion would not return before night was well advanced. At sundown one of the men—a Boer—climbed a tree close to the kraal, accompanied by a native. Shortly afterwards they saw the lion calmly stalking past some native huts close by. He came right up to the kraal, sat under the tree on which the armed Boer and the native were perched, and was promptly shot dead.

In 1915 a small party was scouting, near the Quito River, in Portuguese West Africa, towards the German border. They were in the service of the North Rhodesian Administration. One of the party was Norman Sinclair of Prestonkirk, Scotland, who was ahead, accompanied by a native. He came across four lions eating the carcass of a roan antelope, and fired at one of them with his service ·303, wounding it, but not severely. The lions then bolted. There was a transport-cart coming on close behind, on which Sinclair had a heavy hunting-rifle. He found a trace of blood on the spot where he had seen the lions, and sent the native back to the cart to bring the heavier weapon. In the meantime he casually walked a little way on the spoor. The wounded lion, a full-grown female, had, however, lain close in, concealed by a low-growing bush. She sprang on him before he could fire again—and then commenced a fight which it is safe to say no gladiator ever excelled, and which old Homer would have loved to chronicle. Sinclair dropped his rifle and drew his hunting-knife, a weapon with only a six-inch blade. Assistance arrived shortly afterwards; the lioness was found lying dead across his body, and the brave fellow mortally mauled. He kept his courage and his consciousness until his death, which occurred a few hours later.

While 'on the job' I will here quote an instance (one of many) of the lion's occasional contempt for fire. I had occasion, about three years ago, to send a small party of natives to the Okavango River. I expected them to be away at least a month. About a week afterwards I was looking across the veld, when I saw a party of natives approaching my camp, carrying what I at first thought to be a buck. On a closer inspection it appeared, however, that it was the party I had sent away, and they were carrying one of their companions. I learned that they had proceeded some seventy miles on their journey, and were sitting round the fire in the evening, eating their food, when a lion suddenly sprang into the little circle, grabbed one of them by the shoulder, and pulled the unfortunate fellow clean through the fire. While being dragged away through the forest the native, a sturdy fellow, managed to lock his arms round a tree, all the time screaming loudly, and the other natives rushed in the direction of his yells, firing off their blunderbusses at the same time. The lion gave a few tears at his victim's shoulder, and then bolted. It was six months before the native recovered from the mauling and the burns he had received.

In conclusion, let me mention another case which came under my notice only last year, and which proved to me that even when up a tree, unless at least a good eighteen or twenty feet up, and armed, one may not be safe. A Masarawa Bushman was out hunting, and failed to return. His friends went on his spoor, and, as near as it is humanly possible to reconstruct it, the following is the tale the spoor told. The Bushman had followed an eland bull for about seven miles, and not being successful, had returned. On his way home he had noticed a bee-hive in a tree, and had collected a few sticks to make

fire to smoke the bees out. He was apparently busy rubbing his fire-sticks together to get a spark when he saw the lion approaching. The beast must have been within sixty yards before he became aware of the fact, as the change from the stalking-spoor of the lion to the charging-spoor plainly showed. However, the native was nearly twelve feet up the tree when the lion grabbed him, as I proved by the claw-marks. A part of his skull and a broken bone or two were all that remained of the unfortunate Bushman.

CURIOUS FORMS OF VEGETATION.

THE CRIMSON CLIFFS OF GREENLAND.

THAT great white land commonly known as Greenland is not exactly the region where one would expect to find *crimson* cliffs. Cliffs of ice and bare black rocks are more what might be looked for. Yet when Captain John Ross sailed round Cape York in 1818 he noticed that all the snow-patches in the gorges and gullies of the coast were coloured bright crimson. So startling was the appearance that he named the rocky coast 'Crimson Cliffs.' On later Arctic expeditions similar red snow has been observed in Spitsbergen and other regions, but nowhere in such remarkable abundance as on the 'Crimson Cliffs' of Greenland. And when this red snow is examined the colour is found to be due to a microscopic plant, related to the seaweeds, which grows in it. Red snow seems first to have been noticed in 1760 by De Saussure, the famous Swiss scientist, in the snow-fields of the Savoy Mountains. Since then it has been found in many places, including the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, and the Sierra Nevada. The plant itself is a minute spherical body, and the botanist Sommerfelt named it *Sphærella nivalis*—that is, the 'little sphere of the snow.'

A FLOWER THAT GROWS UP THROUGH THE SNOW.

Perhaps that pretty flower known as the alpine soldanella is unique in its habit of growing up through the hard snow and blossoming above it. Awakening out of its winter sleep at the first breath of spring, it is too impatient to await the melting of its snowy covering. So it sends out its flower-stalk and pushes its buds up through the snow. And in the spring-time you see its pretty violet bells swaying in the breeze, and looking as if some one had stuck a number of flower-stalks in the snow. The soldanella does this by actually melting the snow. Plant-growth is accompanied by the production of heat. This can be shown by inserting a thermometer into the interior of various flowers. It will be found to register a temperature several degrees higher than that prevailing outside. In the case of a species of arum growing in Italy the temperature inside the flower is sometimes forty degrees higher than outside. So when the alpine soldanella sends up its flower-stalk the heat of the developing bud melts the snow above it, forming a little, dome-shaped hollow. Into this the bud is pushed by the growing stalk. So it goes on melting more snow until it reaches the surface and unfolds its blossoms. Sometimes, however, the bud opens *before* it reaches the surface, so that it actually flowers in the snow.

The young roots of sprouting seeds are also able to melt their way into ice. In the familiar process of converting barley into malt we have experimental evidence of the heat developed by germinating seeds. The heap of sprouting barley is quite warm. And seeds of maple and wheat have been observed growing into blocks of ice in an ice-cellar.

CURIOUS MUSHROOMS.

In Italy a mushroom is grown from a stone. A certain modern poet says, 'Plough thou the rock till it bear.' It would appear almost as hopeless to water the stone in hopes of produce. Yet this is how the Italian mushroom is grown. The stone is a porous sort of rock known as *tufa*, and the spores of the mushroom probably settle on it from the air. These being placed in a suitable spot and well watered, a crop of edible mushrooms soon appears.

Another curious mushroom is one highly esteemed in certain parts of Africa by the natives, which the traveller Junker on one occasion enjoyed. On leaving his tent one morning he saw a space of ground, which had been cleared of grass, covered with scattered mounds like miniature molehills, and of a yellowish-white colour. His native servants carefully staked a claim by surrounding the spot with sticks, and then covered the mounds with foliage. They assured the traveller that something good to eat would soon appear. The heaps increased in size, and were soon overgrown with tiny white mushrooms! Junker had a dish of these fairy mushrooms prepared for himself, and pronounced them excellent. These are the mushrooms grown by the white ants or termites.

Another mushroom grows out of the head of a caterpillar! It is known in New Zealand as the edible caterpillar. The germs of the fungus find a resting-place in the body of the caterpillar, which, however, is uninjured thereby, and goes on feeding and growing. Presently the insect buries itself in the ground to undergo its great transformation. Then a strange thing happens. The fungus begins to grow, and converts the body

of the caterpillar into a woody mass. Soon from the neck of the insect sprouts up a sort of mushroom, sometimes attaining a height of nearly a foot. The natives gather and eat these with much appreciation. They are said to have a flavour like nuts.

WHO KILLED GRABASKY?

PART III.

IV.

A MINUTE or two passed, and then the butler entered with a silver tray containing a decanter of port-wine, glasses, and a silver biscuit-tin. These he placed on a table near to which the Intellectuals were standing. One would have thought he would have left them to help themselves. But as he came in his eyes were studying them with interest. For a reason of his own, apparently, he lingered. Gilbert noticed it, though to the butler he appeared to be engrossed by the books assembled in such numbers about him.

'May I pour you some wine, gentlemen?' the butler asked, raising the decanter and lifting the stopper out.

Gazing at the books, Gilbert had his back to him.

'If you will be so good,' he murmured. But as the man poured the wine Churton Gilbert slowly swung his great body round and stared at him.

'How long were you in the army?' he asked abruptly.

The butler started, and a little wine was spilt.

'A matter of two years, sir.'

'Oh, you joined up rather late?'

'One of the older men, sir.'

'And married?'

Again the fellow seemed just a trifle discomposed. 'No, sir.'

'However, you joined up—and saw service—the real thing?'

'I did, sir. Twice wounded.'

The man had filled a glass so full that the wine brimmed over the edge. As he replaced the stopper in the decanter Gilbert strode to the table and picked up the brimming glass. At the same time he thrust his hand into the biscuit-tin.

'I do not wonder, my dear George,' he said, holding the glass up, connoisseur-wise, between his face and the window so that he might study the rich liquor, 'that people who *hate* this have not—cannot have—the same appreciation of great art, great pictures, great old books, great sculpture and music, as we have. But they excel at putting something up in tins and disposing of it to advantage.'

He seemed to be gazing at the wine an extraordinary time. Only by standing behind him, such were their respective positions, could the butler have seen what he was really looking at—a car coming up the drive. 'Eh, George? Drink your wine, boy!' Gilbert finished his own at a gulp. 'Ah!' was his only comment.

'Another glass, sir?' asked the man, unstoppering the decanter.

'Well, I must not abuse her ladyship's hospitality, but in these lean years one seldom encounters such a bouquet. Perhaps——'

The car had drawn up at the front-door, and through the thick intervening walls came very faintly the distant clanging of the door-bell. Not having seen the car, the servant was not expecting the ring, as was Gilbert. At any rate, disregarding it, the man poured out more wine.

Gilbert stood watching him as he replenished the glass. The canon was sipping his wine gingerly, as if it were rather wrong thus to indulge the flesh, all circumstances considered. And at this moment a movement at the door showed both the countess apparelled for motoring.

Before she could speak or be addressed by them, a younger man-servant—a smooth-faced youth—appeared at her elbow. He looked bewildered, as well he might.

'The—the professor, my lady!'

She turned like a cat, but even so Gilbert noted the sudden radiancy that illumined her face.

'Ah, my dear countess, I *rushed* to reassure you!' It was a hearty, deep, genial voice, and the speaker was a sun-tanned, muscular-looking, bearded man.

'He 's grown a beard!' came involuntarily from Gilbert.

'My dear professor——'

He was clasping her hands—wringing them—with rapt fervour.

'I missed my connection at Boulogne, or should have arrived last night. I did not open a paper till I reached Oxford—and then—then I hastened out here at once. I cannot understand it. My friends must all feel appalled—some fellow must have borrowed my clothes. The superintendent here says he is pretty sure about the man who——'

Crash! The decanter had gone to splinters on the polished oaken floor, and the fine old wine ran in a crimson flood towards the book-shelves. Simultaneously the superintendent entered the library.

With an exclamation the countess glanced round. Now for the first time she realised that cold eyes were watching her meeting with Grabasky, and she tore her hands away. But too

late to deceive those eyes. Only lovers could gaze thus at each other.

'Sanders, you clumsy fellow——'

But, though her tone was wrathful, she was giving vent to her tight-strung feelings rather than to her anger.

'Beg pardon, my lady. It was most awkward of me——'

'And what is your find, superintendent?' demanded Gilbert.

'I hear they've detained a man, sir,' answered the police official—'a well-known bad character about here—a poacher——'

'I'll fetch a cloth,' muttered the butler, and was about to move away, when Gilbert's hand closed about his arm.

'Wait! Never mind the wine.—I think this fellow can help us, superintendent.'

The ex-soldier shook off the Intellectual's hold. 'Help you? How do you mean?' he asked fiercely.

'This man, sir?' The superintendent smiled. 'We know Sergeant-Major Sanders, sir—you'll have to guess again. I've known Mr Sanders for years.'

'I have had my guess,' said Gilbert. 'Detain him.'

The ex-soldier, under stress of emotion, had entirely shed the butler, and, judging by the warmth of his language, was again the sergeant-major. No doubt the long practice he had enjoyed in handling young male servants had assisted him to that position in the barrack-square.

'What's this damned nonsense?' he demanded. 'I ask your ladyship's pardon, but wouldn't it upset any chap? Who is this gentleman, and what's this nonsense he's swinging on to me? Who owns him? Never saw a 'tec like *him* before!'

'That is quite possible,' said Gilbert smoothly. 'But I have told the officer to detain you, and he is acting under my instructions.'

'But they've got the chap.'

'They've got *a* chap.'

The man's strong hands became fists. 'Out of my way—do you hear?'

Professor Grabasky and the younger man-servant (behind whom, in the dimness beyond the doorway, there was to be seen a pale, peeping woman's face) were gazing round-eyed upon the disputants. The countess, her self-possession restored, moved towards the two.

'Sanders, will you recollect yourself? You will—must—answer such questions as are put to you.'

'Very well, my lady,' the butler said in an altered tone.

'It's only this gentleman's idea,' explained the superintendent pacifically.

'Now, sir,' said the countess to Gilbert, much as she had addressed her servant, 'what have you against the man? You have already, I may remind you, blundered a little as regards myself.'

'That I admit fully and freely,' replied Gilbert, bowing. 'Your ladyship has, of course, a maid. That I should have recollected.'

'Yes,' said she coldly, 'I have, of course, a maid. She has been with me a long time, and I feel confident——'

'I would like to see her.'

'Really, sir,' the countess answered warmly, 'do you propose to cast some kind of suspicion upon every member of my household? You began with me——'

'I cast no kind of suspicion upon your ladyship. For the blunder I made regarding yourself I have apologised. But I now want to see your maid.'

'She is out. She has gone into the village for me.'

'That is unfortunate.'

Grabasky came forward. 'My dear Gilbert, I am delighted to see you. But'—there was a slight sharpness in the deep, mellow voice of the returned traveller—'what on earth are you doing here asking these questions? You are not a detective.'

'I am in a sense,' replied Gilbert, with a smile. 'I will explain later. Suffice it to say, the Home Office regard it as desirable, in certain inquiries, to ally mind with'—his eyes rested on the superintendent's square form for the fraction of a second—'matter. You will not deny the authority of that signature?' he asked, giving the professor his official pass.

Grabasky looked at it.

'You recognise the signature?'

'I do indeed. I must not interfere, I see.'

'For the moment you must not.' Gilbert turned to the countess. 'I wish to see your maid, madame, in connection with the shooting of the man who was at one time your secretary.'

'*Rice!*' She was amazed, stupefied. 'But he is in prison.'

'No; he escaped two days ago. Knowing the run of the professor's house, he entered it last evening, got rid of his prison clothes in favour of some of his absent host's, and then wrote a note to your maid asking her to meet him at what was evidently a familiar rendezvous to both—the Weir Gate.'

'My maid and my late secretary?' the countess repeated sternly.

'Those two. They met, for a piece of the cloak she was wearing—a discarded garment of your own, I take it, wherefore my clumsy mistake in regard to yourself—I found on a hawthorn-bush. And the man was shot.'

'But she—Margaret—she *never* would——'

'I crave your patience. The professor being expected back, and letters belonging to him being found in the clothes, it was presumed the dead man was the professor——'

'I see!' exclaimed Grabasky. 'I see!'

'And certainly—before our friend changed his appearance, as he has done during his vacation—there was a strong facial resemblance. Was there not?'

'There certainly was,' admitted the countess. 'But how——' The quick colour came into her face, and, receding, left her paler. 'I remember—you expressed a doubt—you wished for my identification.'

'There was no doubt in my mind. The professor, for all his mountaineering, has not a hand roughened with coarse labour. Then, again, a plain scholar and good gentleman like the professor, without an enemy in the world—though no doubt he has his intellectual ones—is not the sort of man anybody would want to shoot, nor yet is he the simpleton to be bowled over by a footpad. I was sure that the body was not Professor Grabasky's, but I was puzzled as to who shot——'

'*I did!*'

The admission came shortly and sullenly from the butler, who, his feet among the broken glass, his hands clasping the table behind him, was reclining against the same in a dogged, don't-care fashion.

'I shot him.'

V.

'I must warn you that whatever you say——' interrupted the official tones of the superintendent.

'Lug out your book and take down as much as you like, mister,' responded the butler, who had now shed the butler completely. 'It must come out.'

'Shut the door,' said Churton Gilbert to the younger man-servant.

The countess turned quickly. 'Yes, what are you servants doing here? Shut the door.'

The heavy door was closed, the servants being left on their proper side of it.

'I didn't murder the bloke,' the butler went on. 'I was afraid he was going to do a mischief to the girl.'

'But you were armed. Why?' asked Gilbert.

'I'll come to it. I was afraid he would do her a mischief, for he was a strong man, and mad—mad for her, you understand? He had been mad for her all the time he was in quod—and having my gun on me, I put him out.'

'So are you a strong man. Where were your hands?'

'I was wounded in the lungs—and he was mad strong.'

'How did you come to be there?'

'I saw her get the note—a little gal brought it.' The man was not easy in this explanation. 'I suppose I was a bit jealous,' he said heavily. 'I followed her at a distance, and came up just as he clutched hold of her. I might have shot her—it was a first-time one—but it got him. I saw he was out, so I took her hand and walked her back. She couldn't have got back else.'

He stopped speaking. That was really all that mattered. It was a soldier's tale—blunt, matter-of-fact, to the point, true.

Gilbert said, 'But you didn't say anything. You weren't going to say anything?'

'I was scared. And I was thinking of the girl—what might be chattered.'

'Are you sweethearts?'

The man uttered a short laugh and shook his head. 'I like her well enough, sir, but I doubt if she gives a thought to me.'

'She will now.'

'She may. Who knows? They all like her. I don't know what she was to him,' he added. 'She met him, anyhow. I don't know whether she's any good to me. She's light. But he was going to harm her, and I stopped him.'

'I'm afraid you must come with me,' said the superintendent.

'I'm at your orders, mister.'

As the policeman turned towards the door with a gesture to the soldier who had been a butler and now was a soldier again, the countess came up to her servant and held out her hand.

'Whatever happens, Sanders, you shall come back to me.'

'I thank and honour your ladyship,' the man answered in a broken voice.

As he went out Gilbert turned towards the book-shelves. He was touched by the fellow's simple dignity, by the suggestion of hopelessness in his tone. 'I don't know whether she's any good to me.'

Yet with a first-time shot he had saved her from a desperate assailant. He had brought upon himself in that moment all the ignominy of prison-cells, of a murder trial. Doubts would be raised as to the necessity of his act, of his possible motive in being armed when tracking a girl going to meet somebody he envisaged as a rival. He was going from comfort to gray shadows, and not knowing whether, beneath her pretty, laughing exterior, she cared.

Such, thought the scholar, gazing unseeingly at the priceless volumes, was the path of man, born of woman's sufferings, born to suffer of woman. And yet content, in his fatalism, to chance the worst because there is alternatived with it the best—and that's the gamble of it.

VI.

It was night, and they were back at Heatherfield. The ladies had retired, and the men had withdrawn to the host's study. And it is in his study, with the curtains pulled and the lamp lit, that you see the real man when you visit such as Churton Gilbert.

It would now be ten o'clock.

From a cabinet Gilbert took two long glasses, broader at the top and bottom than in the centre, and a square-sided, dull-looking decanter with a plain stopper. From this he poured into each glass a liberal measure of amber liquor.

He pumped soda-water in, and handed a glass to Smith.

'This is only when I have guests, and I accept no refusal. One glass and a weed, and then my thing shall run you across country to where you'll get a train that pulls you into Waterloo by eleven-fifteen exact.'

He drained off his potent and liberal dose without drawing breath. The canon took a modest gulp of his own mixture. Gilbert crashed into a saddle-bag chair ponderous almost as himself.

'Honours easy, George, I think! *I* twigged they'd identified the wrong man——'

'You were very certain about that.'

'I had other evidence besides the hand. You remember when I went upstairs by myself at The Dene? Well, in the soiled-linen basket I found a coarse flannel shirt—not one of Grab's. Why Rice left his shirt when he changed into a suit of Grabasky's I can't say, but they make these slips. The rest of his dress he must have rolled up and hidden somewhere—that superintendent will search for it as if it were diamonds. Rice took his chance. Fortune seemed to favour him, for he found the house empty. He knew he would get clothes, food, and writing materials there.'

'It was strange she should keep an appointment with such a man,' commented the canon.

Gilbert clasped the arms of his saddle-bag. 'How are we to know what was between them? Their association may have been an intimate one. And, then, there is feminine curiosity—always a motive to be counted with—not to speak of love of excitement and adventure. It is dull for a girl at the Hall. Perhaps she had some liking for him—not sufficient to induce her to throw in her lot with his, or he wouldn't have tried to strangle her. Anyhow, I got part one all right; while you, George Smith, gave me the line to part two.'

'Yes, I did think of the armed man-servant,' said the canon, pleased with the crumb of approval he had earned.

'To tell you the truth,' Gilbert went on, 'I thought it was the lady-mistress the fellow was after, that Grabasky shot him, and that she was going to let it be supposed that Grabasky was the victim—to shield Grabasky and hush a scandal. That would have meant Grabasky's entire disappearance. Rather a wild theory, but as strange things are done in this wide world, George. So I wanted her to identify the body. Had she said it was Grabasky's, I should have known my hypothesis was correct.'

'And what would you have done then?'

'I don't know. Fairly, I don't know. Then I got on to the line: Who else from this great house might be wearing fine silk cloaks? Who but my lady's maid, enjoying a reversionary interest in such things? And who would take an interest in the maid? A bachelor butler—she wouldn't look at anybody lower, if at him.' He leaned back. 'A pretty woman in fluttering silk. Poor Sanders! Perhaps he'll be as well off cooling his heels in a cell as following her round corners and being snubbed at most. You heard what he said about her?'

'It's a sad world!' breathed Misery Smith, applying himself to his glass.

Gilbert laughed as he rose. 'I'd better order the car,' he said. 'But,' he added, shaking a fat forefinger at his friend, 'it won't be a sad world for Grabasky. If he hadn't been "killed" he might never have known she liked him so much—there was no mistaking the way she almost hugged him!'

'Yes, it was pleasant to witness her relief.'

'And he will find the Hall a welcome place of retirement after the lecture-rooms of Oxford,' said Gilbert. 'There will be less dust there, at any rate.'

'He may wish himself back among the dust,' sighed the canon. 'I am firmly of opinion that real happiness is unattainable by any creature of this sublunar sphere.'

'But,' retorted Gilbert with a cluck, 'children at play, and larger ones in love, often think they have cornered quite a chunk of it. Cheer up, George!'

And the optimist of Heatherfield rolled out to order the car.

THE END.

THE GENTLE ART OF BODY-RAISING.

LIFE a few decades ago, in the barbarous age of no cinemas, may not have been so thrilling as it is to-day; but death, at least, was considerably more exciting. It must have been, I imagine, a matter of lifelong regret for many an adventurous spirit that force of circumstances would prevent him from taking an active part in the stirring events that were sure to follow his death. And, on the other hand, it must have been a great gratification to any 'mute, inglorious Milton' of those days that death would ultimately reveal his worth, if only in *£, s. d.* If you are the sort of man that takes his winter evenings' entertainments seasoned with a strong pinch of the gruesome, you cannot do better than get some old crony to tell you of the good old days when one's funeral procession was the beginning of an adventure, in which the chief figure was, unfortunately, passive. Body-raising, or, as they say in Fife, 'body-howkin',' was once a flourishing profession, especially in the villages on or near the Fife coast. Their proximity to Edinburgh gave them an immense advantage.

To fill the ever-open mouth of Edinburgh Infirmary many a crime was committed, and not for any high motive that might be camouflaged as research, but for gold alone. The first few days following a funeral were not only sad but extremely anxious days for our grandfathers, who were sore put to it to preserve the new graves from violation. As soon as the corpse was lowered into the grave there began a solemn and serious vigil on the part of the relatives, who would take it in turn to stand sentry. News of a funeral seemed to travel far and fast; and the siege would very often begin on the first evening. The unnatural monsters who made their living thus always awaited the darkness that gave them their opportunity. Silently they would slink into the churchyard, where the new-made grave was pitifully obvious, and start their gruesome work. Then would ensue a struggle—sometimes, as the body-lifters invariably worked in gangs, almost a pitched battle. The fight is not always to the righteous, especially if the wicked are full of foresight; and, according to one old crony, these body-raisers were in the habit of greasing their clothes all over, so that they would be as difficult to catch as an eel. Such ingenuity was worthy of a more savoury campaign.

Ultimately, when the body was unceremoniously dragged from its resting-place, it was sacked, placed in a cart, and driven to the shore, whence it was hastily conveyed by boat to Leith, and then to Edinburgh—the terms, it is surmised, being 'cash on delivery.' In certain districts, where the trade was very well organised, the bodies were first taken to some lonely, empty house—headquarters of the gang—and kept there until, suspicions allayed, they could safely be carried off. Times would come, particularly in healthy places, when the supply of bodies was not above the 'datum line,' and it was then that the body-raisers would turn desperate. It is an interesting psychological point whether mere greed of gold (an economic reason) or the evil and insidious effect of this horrible life was the impetus which drove these men to further crime, In any case, it became unsafe, in these 'lean' times, to walk in lonely places at night, for men were lying in wait to pounce on the unwary, and after quickly and for ever silencing their victim, dispose of the body for hard cash.

In one Fife village there is a story told of a man who had secretly supplemented his income in this unsavoury way. The death-rate for some months had not, for him, been at its best, and he was faced with the task of providing his own corpses. One wild wintry night, when the wind howling through the naked trees was loud enough to drown even the most frenzied cries for help, he hid himself on the eerie path which formed a convenient short cut to the next village. Here he waited patiently until the sound of footsteps warned him that his prey was approaching. As the figure drew near the watcher prepared himself for a spring, and suddenly had his victim by the throat. A hard struggle followed; but in the end the assailant's hat and scarf, which until now had concealed his face, were knocked off. The cry of recognition which the poor victim sent up was only one word—'Father!'—but a tragedy was in it. There are still alive some who remember that son, as he went through life, a sad, half-witted figure.

From the same village comes another tale. A lovely young girl, the toast of the countryside, had died. In her life she had been the proud possessor of glorious golden hair. Her grief-stricken relatives kept watch for seven long days and nights, and then, deeming all danger past, left her in her lonely grave. That night, however, they were roused from their beds by the news that the grave was empty. Horrified, they rushed to the spot, to find that the body-raisers had had the greater patience. So the hue and cry was raised. The whole village turned out to track the thieves, who, finding things becoming too hot for them, callously threw the body into the sluggish river that flows through the village. There the relatives found their dead, caught fast in a sandbank; and to this day the sand at that spot is a peculiarly rich golden yellow, of poignant significance.

It is not to be supposed that these practices were meekly suffered by the people. By-and-by watch-houses began to be erected in the graveyards, relics of which may still be seen in many a country village. These watch-houses or watch-towers were roofed with heavy paving-stones, made fast with iron, and strongly built to resist thieves. The bodies were placed in them, for six months in winter or three months in summer—gruesome inference!—and then transferred to the graves, where, being of no use to any infirmary, they were left in peace.

Times change, fortunately. There are now so many more interesting—and safer—forms of thieving open to the ingenious that the gentle art of body-raising is neglected.

FORTUNE DEFIED.

Fortune was by Folly nursed:
Derry-down! and what care I?
At my birth she did her worst:
Laugh, and let the world go by.

Money did I ne'er possess:
Derry-down! and what care I?
Faith! my wit is even less:
Laugh, and let the world go by.

I've but half the heart I had:
Derry-down! and what care I?
Jilted for another lad?
Laugh, and let the world go by.

Yet the sun is still the same:
How the golden hour-birds fly!
And the flowers a God proclaim:
He doth cherish such as I!

Marjorie Tilden.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

IT is supposed that during this summer the British love for sport reaches a climax in demonstration, and there is fair suggestion for the fancy. Never at least was internationalism, to term it so, in games so much propagated. The Australians, fresh from conquests in their own far country, are here for a renewal thereof on the cricket-fields of England, if they can achieve it. British golfers are visiting America, and American golfers are 'invading,' so they say, our shores. So with the community of lawn-tennis, and so with the players of other games. Never were games exalted so highly, in the newspapers, anyhow. It is assumed always that this international playing is the most splendid thing; it is murmured speciously that it conduces to the friendliest feelings, to international understanding and the finest amities. The suggestion is made that such contests between players of different countries do more good, promote more peace, than the efforts of statesmen—which, indeed, are proved to be the poorest things. But is this view of international contests in sport quite true, or is it a convenient and unconsidered assumption? In what sport has internationalism proved such a fine success? What countries have benefited in their relations by it? Not Britain and America through the contests for the famous yachting cup, for the episode of the *Valkyrie* aroused the angriest feelings; and even now, smooth and pleasant as the contests seem to be, they are given this appearance sometimes only by a stifling suppression of feelings. America once won an amateur golf championship in England, and England in turn gained such a one in America. Each time unpleasant things were said, and more of them were thought; there were murmurings against the attitude and the circumstances of the American, and against the high fortune at the most critical moment of the Englishman. It has been much the same in other departments of games and sports; international contests have left behind them a trail of dissatisfaction and often of resentment. During last winter the Australian spectators were expressing angry hostility to members of the English cricket team. The fact is that through publicity and other causes the victory has become too much the supreme consideration, and the playing of the game and the enjoyment of it too little. There must be winners and losers, and, say what you will of the sporting instincts, no man or team, or the admirers thereof, in our imperfect state of human development, like to lose. It might be well at such a moment to look upon some pertinent points of our philosophy in this important matter of the games that we watch so much and sometimes play.

* * *

A cardinal fault in modern attitude towards games is an impression that it is desirable to 'improve' in the playing of them—that is, to increase the apparent degree of skill exerted and the achievement according to a register or standard that is agreed upon. So it would be considered something better if the most skilful cricketers of the period should with some frequency make two hundred runs in an innings instead of one occasional century, or that the best professional or other golfers should be able to play round the most difficult courses, such as the old course at St Andrews, in a total of strokes that might fall in the middle sixties. In modern considerations, and especially when people touch upon international contests, this appears always to be taken for granted—an axiom. It is desirable, they say, that we should play better and better all the time. Now, as a point in philosophy, or as a matter of human and worldly expediency, or as an advantage to progress in a higher or in a lower sense, or for the contentment and happiness of individuals, is this view correct? One ventures to suggest that it is wholly wrong, and that it tends to provoke discontent, unhappiness, a false view and practice of games, and a reduction of their value. It has been developed and encouraged chiefly by two elements—Press publicity, with the rivalries and jealousies it has stirred; and international competition, the two being intimately associated. Fifty years ago there was little attention given to games in the newspapers, and there was hardly any international competition. The popular impression, no doubt, is that games are 'better' now, and more skilfully and extensively played than they were then, and that all are the gainers thereby. Such an assumption is not justified. Games

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at that period were much less watched, and as human beings, especially of the British kind, do always wish to play something in leisure time, the fair deduction is that, with some difference in less elaborate preparation and formality, games were more played. It does not make a game better in itself, or more valuable physically or spiritually, that the instruments with which it is played or the ground on which it is conducted are elaborately prepared for the occasion, with smoothed grass and white lines drawn most straightly where required. The essence of games being the supreme exertion of the individual and his triumph over difficulties, the truth is the opposite; and that instinct recognises this truth is indicated in the popularity of golf, which is particularly what we may call a nature game —the striking of a ball over the whole wide country, just as we find it, confronting and overcoming every unforeseen and unimagined difficulty as it waylays the player, threatening to cause his failure. The greatest danger to golf at the present time is that by interference with this splendid simplicity, by the making of rules and more rules for special occasions, by the exertion of needless restrictions, and again by the over-elaboration of courses, much of this prime and glorious essence may be destroyed, and something that is a matter of inches and pennyweights and chalked lines on artificially prepared patches of land be substituted for it. Then, indeed, we might sigh for the days of the Morrises and their associates, and the farther days of the old giants of the links like Duncan Forbes of Culloden and William St Clair of Roslin, that wonder of a man of whom Scott wrote that he was 'considerably above six feet, with dark-gray locks, a form upright, but gracefully so, thin-flanked and broad shouldered; built, it would seem, for the business of war or the chase; a noble eye, of chastened pride and undoubted authority, and features handsome and striking in their general effect.' Scott and his friends, as schoolboys, so he tells us, crowded to see this fine fellow perform feats of skill and strength in the old Scottish games of golf and archery, and that skill was so remarkable that the common people thought that for sure this William St Clair of Roslin had a compact with the Devil. Did the old golfers then, playing their game upon what now we should regard as the crudest, roughest, most undesirable links, making their tees from pinches of sand taken from the holes at which they had just putted, finding their balls in bad lies through the green, and putting on greens that were just ordinary parts of the course rolled somewhat, or perhaps not even rolled—did they enjoy their game less than the golfers now, find it less enthralling, their competition less keen? And was the game itself in its points as a game and its value for the physical and mental health less than the golf of the present time? Surely not. We know beyond all question that it was not. The same facts and arguments are to be produced in reference to the game of cricket. Was cricket, when it was played at Hambledon in the second half of the eighteenth century by gentlemen in top-hats, an essentially inferior thing to the cricket of to-day, not so well enjoyed, and was it poorer for the good of the players? Surely not, even though there were no Australian cricketers then, and no reports of cricket matches in the very slender Press that existed, and no tens of thousands to watch the play.

* * *

We are brought, then, to the point that in the old and, as is suggested, better times for sport—at least purer times—people played the games more for the love of them, and that they were watched the less. Hence it will be reckoned that the proportion of real players of games—though the games might be simple and very crude —was higher then than it is to-day, when we are so largely watchers and not players. There were fewer wranglings, fewer analyses of performances, fewer jealousies, less discontent with the systems of the games or agitation for their 'improvement.' Our fathers and grandfathers needed few laws, few books of rules, for their recreations. About 1890, when the game of Association football first began to be popular in the wide and general sense, about the time when the famous Preston North End team were the wonders of their sphere, an attendance of some three or four thousand spectators at a match was regarded as a splendid thing, a great success. At the present time such a 'gate,' as they call it—a word which counts for more in the considerations of this business than any other—would be a rank failure, pointing straight to bankruptcy and collapse. At least twenty thousand people to watch and pay are asked for and commonly obtained. The newspapers and others will tell you that football is far greater now than then, that the sporting tendencies of the people have been so much better cultivated, that we are more extensive and thorough sportsmen—in the proportion of the four thousand to the twenty thousand or more. Is that so? Or is it possible that Association football was better as a game and better for the people in 1890 than it is in 1921? The amateur game was better and more thoroughly done in those old days than now, and it is always the amateur game that counts for public and moral value, and never the other. An examination of facts and circumstances proves that in those days, and others long before them, games were played more for the simple pleasure of the playing of each game, and with less direct reference to success by victory, and especially to such success as is represented by championships. It is now of

less importance that the players of a game should play well—still less that they should enjoy the game—than that they should play successfully, that they should win and become champions. Often it happens that their success indicates superior skill; but in games where chance plays a considerable part—as it does in all good games—this is no invariable rule; far from it. To prove this point in the most striking and emphatic manner, and perhaps to surprise such as with indignation may complain against it, let us put this question to the tens of thousands of persons who are this moment ardently concerned with the fortunes of the English and the Australian cricketers contending for supremacy: Would you, admirers of either the English or the Australians, rather that your side played the better cricket though it lost a test-match, or played the inferior cricket, but by good fortune won? When a true answer is given to this question the case is closed and the verdict given. An overwhelming majority would, perhaps reluctantly, admit that they desired the victory, and were somewhat less concerned upon the quality of the play. They would, indeed, like the quality, but the victory would be the thing. This affair, then, is removed from the true sphere of sport. The publicity factors, developing what we may call spectatorship rather than the playing, the championship lust, and the mistaken value of international competition are responsible. It were indeed wild heresy to urge a word against the sporting quality of cricket as played between a nation and its offspring in these times; but such times, and their customs with them, will pass away. What will follow, we do not know—perhaps reaction and a lapse to old simplicities in life forced upon a world that has missed its way.

* * *

Critics of games, in anxiety upon the future, will often express their fears that, in a common phrase, there are 'no good young players coming on,' no potential saviours of their country's supremacy. Now, does it matter to any one at all, except the mere watchers of games, whether there are any good young players coming on or not? It cannot matter to the individuals, and surely it does not matter to the games. What it does concern is the championships, and thus the spectators, and those who merely read. The individual is probably a happier fellow, more contented, more efficient for the duties of men, if he is not one of those good young players who might be coming on; and still he might play the game none the less, nor enjoy it less, and it might be the better helper of him for his capacity. If he were one of the hopefuls, he would be distracted from his other affairs, be absorbed into this maelstrom of the championships, and, for all his successes, his life would be much of a disappointment; for it is one of the penalties that nature exacts from the abuse of games that, joyful as the great days may be, when the heroes are exalted and the papers praise, the days of disappointment far outnumber them, even in the best of cases. Skill at games is all a matter of comparison and relativity. It is an arbitrary affair. It is not a positive reality, and in its comparative sense it is not of any importance that we should have those good young players coming on. The only thing of importance to the players and to the community and to the games themselves—to everybody and everything except the championships—is that each player should strive and play within his normal life and circumstance to the utmost of his ability. That way he develops himself, improves, it may be, his physical attributes, and tempers his passions and dispositions. But the result of perpetual striving without restraint, and as a chief occupation, is that standards of skill are raised, which leads to false conceptions of those standards, and on to a general discontent. It were much better that a large number should be able to play at a lower standard than a comparatively few at a higher one, for the result of the latter situation is that the many, by their sense of comparative failure, are discouraged, and may lapse. Yet the aim (or at least the point of encouragement) of professional critics is that the standard should be raised continually—surely an idea that is utterly wrong. Ask these persons the question whether—to take the case easiest of illustration—golf would be 'improved,' as they would put it, and players would be more skilful and better, if, say, the average number of strokes played in a round by the best men on a famous golf-links were reduced from seventy-five to sixty-five? Beyond a doubt their answer would be in the affirmative, and some might tell you that such reduction in the score is a dream for the consummation of which they ardently desire. But the pleasure of the game would be no greater then, probably much less, and the disappointments would be sadly more, owing to the difficulty and frequent impossibility of maintaining the higher standard, whatever might be the modification or the improvement in instruments—another undesirable factor in the progress of games, for instruments should always be simple and as constant as may be. The inevitable effect of raising the standard, with the accompanying difficulty of maintaining it, is greater intensity of training and preparation, often artificial, for the game, the eager adoption of expedients, the neglect of other considerations of life and work, inordinate yearning for success, for the championship. Less and less does the playing matter, less and less the sport. The victory is more and more the thing. And in its artificial production this is, after all, a bastard skill. Though the standards be so much raised, and the processes so much more elaborated, and the time devoted to games so

much greater, and the publicity increased, are we in essence so much more skilful than our fathers and their fathers? That is to ask, do we exert our knowledge and our abilities more strenuously, more to our conscious maximum, than those others did? Surely we do not. If standards are raised, it is because there has been more intensity of preparation, so-called improvement of materials, more artifice in method, and a certain change of instinct, a kind of finer breeding to the high standard. But, for example, would golf be better, would the game be more enjoyed, would it be more desirable and beneficial, if by some almost miracle a super-champion with prodigious instincts should arise, and on that golf-course of which we have been thinking make his round in fifty strokes? He would be acclaimed as the marvel of an age, something more than ordinarily human. Columns and pages would be written about him; many thousands would pay to see the games he played. And the game of golf, would it be better then? The standard would have been raised; a new mark would have been drawn for champions to aim at. Many of our idols would be shattered. Our Vardons, Braids, and Mitchells with their pompous seventies, where would they be with their mammoth scores against the fifties of the new genius? Champions in estimation they would be no more; the skill of theirs we had reckoned as nearly perfect, as something ideal, would shrink to crudity and clumsiness. Golfers of the eighty and ninety grade, happy as they had been in other days, would fall more and more under the burden of realisation of their own incompetency, unless they abjured the false philosophy and standards of our modern world of sports and games and played only for the simple joy of playing, and then the best they could, than which no man can accomplish more. This suggested case, exaggerated for the better demonstration, proves at once the fallacy of the accepted and almost instinctive views of skill, and the badness of the championship systems and influences, while likewise it indicates the moral stupidity of that pretended yearning for the good young players, those who are better and better still, leading to the raising and raising of the standard, and the failure following failure of the sporting qualities. Seeing, as we always do, a jealous Nature working in these sporting affairs, insisting upon the exertion of true principles, which are mainly those of sincerity, simplicity, and unselfishness, and abhorring all the artifice that moderns have cultivated so assiduously, we see her demanding the fatal payment in the end for these lapses from true ethics of good sport. At last there is collapse and ruin; it is always so. Professionalism, publicity, and championships—evils and failures follow in their train, delayed sometimes, but sure enough in their eventual coming. And the saddest thing of all is that, unlike the prodigal son, we cannot return to the olden goodness. The standard once raised, there it remains; the fevers begun will continue. There is no return.

* * *

Is there a thread connecting such various thoughts as these, making a moral from them, and perchance a moral without a sting? There is one. It is, first and foremost, to play games for the love of them, for the games themselves and only for them, and with as little reference as human nature, with its false training of the past, will permit to questions of success and failure, and, above all, to championships. It is to accept no longer without inquiry the assumptions and the principles put forth to-day, such as those we have been considering; to exert more and more one's own attitude, founded upon self-inquiry, towards any games that are favoured; to be independent; and when possible and convenient always to play and to encourage the playing of games rather than the watching of them. This is neither to preach a gospel of perfection nor to ask for sadly ascetic ways. It is nothing against a man that on a fine afternoon of our London summer he should bethink him that it were pleasant to go to Lord's and watch the county cricketers there. Pleasant indeed it is; good in itself, it is a reviver of great memories, a rejuvenator. But the harm is that this should be considered the only thing or the best thing of all; it lies in the appeal for thousands and more thousands, unstirred by such instincts as we have indicated, to come and watch, and leave all else alone. I would see the Boat Race, and I would watch the Rugby match between England and Scotland; but rather, with all the pains of failure caused by those standards that have been so pitilessly raised, would I play my own poor round of golf along some Scottish shore, or ply a fly along a pleasant stream. Let us, adopting perhaps some of these conclusions to which deliberate thoughts have brought us, inquire whether the gods and the systems that have been established in our modern games and sports, the principles and the beliefs, coming, as they have done, through championships and publicity, are all correct and sound, as we have assumed them. There may be surprises in the result. In sport we must have sincerity, or sport fails. We are not now sincere; we assume excellences we do not possess. This is not the golden age of sport; it is one of at least threatened decadence, and decay may be hurrying on. It is the canker of publicity that has been spoiling everything, and the excess of professionalism and the championship tendency which it has fostered. At heart in our instincts we are good sportsmen still—the best. The truth of it is our enjoyment of our own games. We know, after all, that it is better to play a placid game of bowls than to watch a screaming contest between professional footballers. . . . It is a fine day; let us go out to play, and be glad.

A SPECULATION IN CRICKET.

By William Glover.

I.

At eleven o'clock on a Saturday night in June, Mr Martin Falconer, captain of the Tykeshire County Eleven, sat disconsolate in the smoke-room of his hotel at Wanley-on-Sea. The town was, for the most part, perched on huge cliffs overlooking the English Channel; and, had Mr Falconer wished, he might have pulled up the blinds, and gazed out upon a fine spread of dancing, moonlit water. But he was in no mood for sight-seeing; his thoughts were too troubled for that.

He had brought down his team from the north with the purpose of giving them a week-end's rest before beginning the Wessex match on the following Monday. And indeed they needed a rest badly, for they had just finished a fortnight's very hard work. It was work, too, that had been unsuccessful—nay, disastrous—and consequently all the more trying. They had played four matches, losing two and drawing two—a result that had filled the country with surprise, and the rival counties with wondering gratification. That Tykeshire, who for several seasons past had been well-nigh invincible, should now have their colours lowered twice in one fortnight was certainly quite out of the common.

Nobody could understand such a complete and sudden reversal of previous form, and no one was more puzzled by it than Mr Falconer. His team was practically the same that he had so often led to victory. None of the men had passed the cricketer's prime; and each, inspired by the example, and held in hand by the genial yet dominating personality, of the captain, was as steady as the proverbial boat-horse and as sober as the mythical judge.

'We have struck a streak of bad luck.' That was the only explanation (if explanation it could be called) which Mr Falconer had been able to offer his committee when they wrote asking for the cause of the recent heart-breaking routs. Devoutly had he hoped that the luck would change on the coming Monday.

But on that direful Saturday evening his hopes had been shattered by three cruel shocks.

At eight o'clock Dashington, his best bat, had come in, wet to the skin and shivering, having tumbled overboard from a boat he had hired for an hour's sail. To a man in vigorous health such an accident would have been trivial; a hot bath, a sudorific, and a pile of blankets would have nipped the mischief in the bud. But Dashington, a tall young fellow of great muscular strength, had a weak chest—so weak, indeed, that only by the exercise of constant vigilance and care was he able to play cricket at all; if he did not eventually develop into the finest left-hand batsman in England, it would, according to competent critics, be the fault of his poor breathing-apparatus, and of that alone. And now Dashington had caught a chill—which meant that he would be laid up for at least a week.

While Mr Falconer was endeavouring to digest this bad news there came a gentle knock at the door, and a loose-limbed, well-built man of about twenty-six, with a face that was a curious compound of stolidity and keenness, entered the room.

'Well, Street, what is it?'

'I wanted to show you this, sir;' and Street held out his left hand, the forefinger of which was much swollen and discoloured.

Mr Falconer sprang up in alarm. 'Let me see it,' said he, and proceeded to examine the damaged finger. 'Why, man alive,' he cried, 'it's broken!'

'I was afraid it was, sir,' said Street. Then he gave his narrative of what had occurred. He was walking, he said, along the top of the cliffs, when he came upon two tramps, one of whom asked him for a light. He had no matches, and told them so; upon which they became abusive. Very abusive they must have been, or they would not have succeeded in provoking the usually placid and easy-tempered Street into a quarrel that ended in blows. The tramps were armed with cudgels, and it was one of these that had fractured Street's finger.

'But I gave them as good as they gave me,' concluded the narrator, 'and they turned tail and made off across the downs.'

'As good as they gave you!' echoed Mr Falconer, his brow black with scornful anger. 'What business had you to go and get mixed up in a row like this? You ought to have come away as soon as you saw there was likely to be trouble. See what you've done! You've got yourself incapacitated for I don't know how long—and just when we needed you so badly.'

There was no denying the fact. As a left-hand bowler, Street was now quite useless. This was a great pity, for he was the mainstay of the Tykeshire attack. He had not, as yet, shown signs of that clever, patient batting which was afterwards to make him one of the finest first-wicket men in the country.

'What next?' said Mr Falconer, as Street left the room and went in search of a doctor. 'Surely Fate has played us her last trick.'

But she had not. In the course of the evening a third casualty was reported. It happened as follows.

Gorst, a first-class fast bowler, and a batsman of iron nerves, who had the happy knack of making big scores just when they were wanted, was leaving the hotel for a stroll along the sea-front, when a stranger stepped up, and asked him if he would like to look at a really good Irish terrier that was for sale at a house close by, and might be bought dirt-cheap. As it happened, Irish terriers were Gorst's sole hobby outside his profession. How the stranger came to know this—for know it he evidently did—was at first a bit of a puzzle; but when Gorst reflected that nowadays no detail of a celebrity's private life seems too trivial for a journalist's pen, he ceased to wonder.

Following his guide along several back-streets, he came at length to a short flight of steps that led down to a narrow alley. As he descended these steps in the dim light of dusk, he slipped, stumbled, fell; and in falling he twisted and sprained that one vulnerable joint in the armour of so many fast bowlers, the knee. The injury was so serious that Gorst had to be carried back to the hotel.

'Poor old Tykeshire!' said Mr Falconer when the third catastrophe was made known to him. 'This is the last nail in the coffin of her glory.'

But though he had lost all hope of beating Wessex, who were very strong that season, it behoved him to do his best to avert, if not defeat, at least disgrace. He had brought down, as reserve, Webster, a very fair bat and an excellent cover-point, and now he wired the county secretary to send him two more men. The reply came that these would arrive by the last train on Sunday night. Their names were Royston and Whitfield. The former Mr Falconer knew as a slow bowler with something of Street's easy style and action, but lacking in the judgment and resource that only a long experience in first-class cricket can give; Whitfield he had never seen, but had heard of him as a promising, though somewhat uncertain, colt.

'I've done what I could. Of course, we are in for a thrashing, but we must try to take it smiling. No team could stand up against three such accidents in one day.' With these words, the much-harassed Tykeshire captain tumbled into bed, and straightway went off to sleep.

II.

Accidents! But were they accidents?

On that particular Saturday evening, and not half a mile from the hotel where the Tykeshire team had put up, a man sat in the front-parlour of a respectable boarding-house, where he had been staying now for over a week. He had a bold, hard face, and wore a suit of Harris tweed made in a somewhat startling pattern. His necktie was ornamented with a horse-shoe pin, and a brilliant ring scintillated on the third finger of his left hand.

On the table in front of him rested a large, well-bound pocket-book. He was writing busily in this, when the maid-of-all-work knocked at the door and announced a visitor—a man dressed in a blue jersey, and nondescript trousers tucked into the tops of huge sea-boots—a man with bronzed, bloated features, and eyes shifty and furtive.

'It 's all right, guv'nor,' said the new-comer in a hoarse whisper. 'I done it just as you told me. I follered the bloke, an' managed to get 'im aboard without much trouble. Out in the bay the boom swung over, sudden-like, an' tipped 'im over the gunnel. Arter I 'd pulled 'im out, an' saved 'is life, so to speak'—here the rascal grinned—'I kep' 'im cruisin' about till 'is teeth began to chatter. Then I landed 'im.'

There was the chink of coin; and the boatman, with a dab at his forelock and a hitch of his waist-belt, left the room.

Shortly afterwards the maid ushered in a second visitor. 'I wouldn't 'ave let this rag-bag into the 'ouse at all, sir,' she expostulated, 'but you told me to bring straight up anybody who asked for you by name.' With this, and a disdainful sniff, she flounced out, and banged the door behind her.

The 'rag-bag,' who did not seem at all offended by the unflattering terms of his introduction, came forward with a smile that was rendered grotesque by a swollen lip and a black eye.

'Me an' my mate, sorr,' said he, 'we 've made a good job of the thing what you put us up to. We shaddered the bounder all day, an' we got 'im, at larst, on the road outside the town. We 'ad a little dispute wid 'im about some matches, an' we were obliged to 'it 'im 'ard before we could prove to 'im 'e was wrong. 'E won't be able to use 'is left 'and, sorr, for some weeks to come. But 'e put 'is mark on us plain enough, an' if you 'll be so good as to plank down what you promised us, we 'll clear out, an' spend the Sunday, in a manner of speakin', down in the country.'

The planking-down took place, and the tramp went away—to be succeeded by a third visitor, a shabby little man, who looked like a dissipated, broken-down clerk.

'I followed your instructions, sir,' said he, 'to the letter. I enticed him at dusk down a flight of steps which I had previously prepared with a dressing of orange-skins, banana-peel, and tallow. He had to be carried to his hotel.'

Once more there was the passing of money, followed by the departure of the recipient.

Left to himself, the occupant of the room lit a black cigar, and then strolled out to the Imperial Hotel, where he found that the sole topic of conversation was the serious nature of the injuries sustained by the three professionals, Street, Dashington, and Gorst. He stayed to drink two glasses of whisky, and to condole with Street, who, his left hand in a sling, was telling the story of his adventure to a group

of sympathisers. When he came away, he had the air of one at peace with himself and all the world.

Mr Jerry Walker—for that was the man's name—was a perfectly unscrupulous specimen of the genus 'bookmaker.' Possessing somewhat uncommon initiative, he had lately turned his attention to cricket—a sport hitherto never seriously exploited by the brethren of the betting fraternity. Upon the match between Tykeshire and Wessex he had made 'a book,' and had backed the latter to win. He had agents in different parts of the country, and with these the telegraph enabled him to keep in close touch. As to tactics, he would, as already indicated, literally stick at nothing.

'I'm going to make a pot of money over this match.' Such was the cheering reflection with which Mr Jerry Walker turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

III.

On Monday morning the Wessex team—thorough sportsmen and real good fellows to a man—expressed genuine sympathy with Tykeshire's hard luck. But they did not intend to let any feeling of commiseration influence their play, and when they won the toss they went to the wickets with very much the thoughts of a cat approaching cream.

'It is four years since we beat 'em,' said the Wessex captain, 'but we're going to do it now. With Street and Gorst away, and the wicket in splendid condition, there ought to be a few centuries knocking about. We shall hit the weak bowling all over the shop, and if we don't make pretty near a record score I shall be surprised.'

He *was* surprised, for his team paid the usual penalty for despising the enemy. The batsmen hit away merrily enough; but, apparently oblivious of the fact that even the weakest of bowlers sends down, now and then, a delivery worthy of respect, they hit at well-nigh everything. Consequently, though the score rose rapidly, the wickets went down, and, shortly after luncheon, the whole side was out for 280 runs.

So far the cricket, from a spectator's point of view, had been ideal. That is to say, each batsman had been lively during his stay, and, with commendable good taste, had retired before his presence became monotonous. Good judges of the game, however, shook their heads, and muttered, 'A mere epidemic of smiting!'

Street, who ran over to the Imperial Hotel during the luncheon-hour to report progress to his chum Gorst, remarked, as he finished his account, 'Ay, George, old man, don't you wish we could get 'em to hit out at us like that?' And there was a world of pathetic longing in his voice. As for Mr Jerry Walker, that enterprising speculator began to have qualms; things were not going quite so well as he had anticipated.

When Tykeshire went in, they played a very quiet game, taking no risks, and treating the excellent bowling with the respect it deserved. When stumps were drawn, they had made 105 runs for the loss of two wickets.

Next morning, however, the luck went decidedly against them. Two men were badly run out; and one, the colt Whitfield, had to retire from the first ball he received—caught on the boundary by the popular ex-Australian, Jimmy Stone. At the fall of the tenth wicket the telegraph-board registered the comparatively small total of 175.

With a useful lead of 105, Wessex began their second venture. This time they showed more circumspection. It was impossible for them to be tame, for they were essentially a team of quick scorers; but their batting was not characterised by the wild recklessness displayed in the first innings. At the close of the day they had lost seven wickets for 350 runs.

When play began on Wednesday morning the Wessex captain declared the innings closed, and sent in Tykeshire to make 455 runs—if they could.

'They are minus Dashington,' said he, 'or I might possibly have held on a bit longer; and they haven't got Gorst, which makes the situation quite safe. If anybody thinks we haven't got 'em on toast, let him say so.'

But no one took up the challenge, for the position of Tykeshire seemed quite hopeless. On the grand-stand Mr Jerry Walker rubbed his hands, and smiled as he counted his chickens so nearly out of the shell.

The first Tykeshire batsmen to leave the pavilion were the usual first-wicket pair, Grey and Topham. Grey was a short, sturdy fellow of thirty, whose presence in teams representing the Professionals against the Gentlemen had long been a matter of course. Though, during the last two seasons, his batting had decidedly fallen off, he was yet, on his day, a personage to be reckoned with. He could score all round the wicket, but his favourite strokes were a late cut through the slips and a hard drive just in front of cover-point. In disposition he was greatly given to moods, mostly of the sombre kind, and, on occasion, he could be fierce, stubborn, vindictive. On this particular morning he walked to the wickets with a face like a thunder-cloud.

'Look at Jack,' said Street to his companion, the landlord of the 'Imperial.' 'He got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning, and wanted to bite some of us at breakfast. If ever a man meant mischief, Jack does. With decent luck he's going to make things hum, and spoil the bowlers' averages. Good old Jack!'

'But,' objected the landlord, 'I always understood that the man who loses his temper very soon loses his wicket.'

'Ay,' replied Street, 'but the beauty of Jack's temper is that it never runs away with him. It just bucks him up, and makes him doubly dangerous. Now, Tom there is a different sort altogether.'

Topham, known everywhere as Long Tom, was in most respects a contrast and a foil to his partner. A northern giant whose good-humoured poise nothing could disturb, he lacked Grey's fine style and finish, but could hit very hard in front of the wicket; here he found his long reach of immense service.

Most people thought that Tykeshire would play for a draw; but it soon appeared that this was not going to be the case, for the batsmen speedily got to work, and scored at a rare pace. It was pretty to see the precision and power with which Grey time after time sent good-length balls through the slips to the boundary, and the accuracy and vigour with which he treated anything pitched short. As for Topham, he lashed out freely; and though he did not always keep the ball on the green, he managed somehow to steer it, in its aerial flight, away from the eager hands of the fielders.

In forty minutes Grey had reached his fifty, while Topham was only seven runs behind.

When the hundred went up, the Wessex captain had a few words of consultation with his wicket-keeper, a veteran upon whose sound judgment he always felt he could rely.

'What can I do, Dobbin?' said he. 'I've pretty well rung the changes on our bowling. These beggars are well set, and if we don't mind, they will top their performance of last season against Gloucester—288 for the first wicket.'

'You haven't tried "The Lobster" yet, sir,' said Dobbin. 'Put him on, and dot your men all round the boundary. You won't get Grey like that, but you may get Topham.'

'But on a fast, true wicket like this he'll be no good.'

'Try him, sir.'

The captain took this advice, and put on 'The Lobster,' who, as the name implies, bowled underhand lobs, apparently of village-green simplicity, yet coming in with a nasty break from the leg.

Grey, who received the first over from the new bowler, played it for the most part with his pads, and thus gave himself a much-needed rest.

Presently, however, 'The Lobster' found himself facing Topham. That big northerner opened his shoulders, and drove the first delivery straight over the bowler's head, clean out of the field; the second he put on to the roof of the pavilion; the third and the fourth he lifted into the crowd to square-leg; the fifth he glanced along the ground to the boundary; while from the last he scored a lucky two in the slips.

Had this sensational hitting been done by a Wessex man, the demonstrations of the spectators would have been uproarious; even as it was, the applause was loud and long. At the same time, however, faces began to lengthen, and there were cries of 'Change the bowler!' 'Take him off!' 'Booh!'

Disdainful of these protests, the Wessex captain kept 'The Lobster' on, and in a very few minutes the latter had his revenge; for Topham got too far under a ball, skied it to a tremendous height, and was caught in the deep field. He retired with the score at 154, of which he himself had made 90.

With the departure of Topham the game took a turn in favour of Wessex, and three more wickets fell rapidly. Grey, however, still kept up his end, and he showed no diminution of scoring-power. His wrist was supple and strong as ever, and he took full advantage of the loose balls, which began to come down more and more frequently as the bowlers tired. At luncheon-time he and Mr Falconer were together, and had carried the score to 240.

During the interval the chances and the changes of the match were freely discussed. It was agreed that Tykeshire had made a splendid start, and their pluck in such an uphill fight was universally admired; but few believed they would be able to knock off the runs required to win.

'Once Grey goes,' said the critics—'and we all know that he has a habit of going directly after lunch—the remaining five wickets are not worth, at the very outside, more than a hundred runs.'

Directly after lunch Grey *did* go. Somewhat torpid after a substantial lunch—for he was a full feeder—he played too late at a fast, straight delivery, and was clean bowled. He had made 120 runs, and without giving a single chance.

'It's all over,' said Street. 'We haven't the ghost of a chance now.' And the speculative Walker heaved a sigh of relief, for he had begun to feel twinges of downright anxiety.

The next man in was the colt Whitfield, a tall, lanky young fellow of twenty. Mr Falconer met him on his way from the pavilion, and gave him a few words of encouragement. He certainly needed them badly, for he was white and shaking. Fortunately for him, the first over he received was erratic. At this period of his innings one good, straight ball would have finished him; but the good, straight ball did not come, and Whitfield, though he shaped about as badly as possible, survived.

'That man can't bat worth a cent,' said the crowd; and Mr Falconer began to wonder why the secretary had sent him such a worthless recruit.

When, at the end of the over, Whitfield found his wicket still intact, he gave a sort of gasp. Then he rubbed his eyes, as though just waking from a trance. Then he squared his shoulders, and took a firm grip of his bat. His stage-fright, accentuated by a first-innings failure,

was gone. Both the crowd and Mr Falconer soon found they had been too hasty in their judgment. This man *could* bat. Nature had endowed him with a long reach, a keen eye, a power of quick decision, and a frame of steel and whipcord; and a man with these gifts, who makes an intelligent study of batting, and practises incessantly for years—as Whitfield had done—cannot fail to become proficient in his art. This was the goal of his dreams—to play for his county. Now was his chance, and he took it with both hands.

Steadily the score mounted, Whitfield making most of the runs. At half-past three the 300 went up, and Tykeshire, with five wickets still to fall, had reduced their opponents' lead to 155. At four o'clock they were only a hundred behind.

Then, just when victory seemed not only possible, but actually within reach, Mr Falconer, in attempting a fourth run from a stroke of his own, was brilliantly thrown out.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth wickets made but an indifferent show, and when Pinder, the Tykeshire stumper, whipped in, forty-eight runs were required to win. Whitfield, still undefeated, was hitting hard.

Now Pinder had richly earned his invariable position of last man in, for no schoolgirl ever had more elementary notions of batting. Two simple rules he had, and two only: to shut his eyes, and to slog out at everything. Acting faithfully upon these, he had made for himself a great reputation as a compiler of ducks.

The crowd, who knew him well, expected now to see a specimen of his one stroke, the blind swipe; and some thousands of faces began to pucker for the usual burst of laughter.

But before he went in Pinder had been severely taken to task by his captain. 'Remember this,' concluded Mr Falconer, 'and don't you forget it. I'm going to give you half-a-crown for every ball you block.'

Grey, who heard this offer, drove it home in a brief speech. 'Look here, Joe,' said he; 'if I see you hit so much as a single ball, I 'll write straight off and tell Mrs Pinder; and when she finds you've been fooling away half-crowns that would come in so handy for her Bank-Holiday week at Blackpool, you know what you 'll get next time she gets near you.'

Very well indeed did Pinder know what he would get—he had a wife who could talk, and who could swing a frying-pan better than her husband could wield a bat. So he determined to carry out his instructions, and capitally did he set about it. Balls off the wicket he never attempted to touch; the straight ones he met with a perfectly lifeless bat.

'Wake up, old man!' shouted the crowd. 'Give us a bit of the usual!' And the bowlers seconded the invitation by sending down their most tempting deliveries. Pinder, however, refused to be drawn from his attitude of weird stolidity.

Meantime Whitfield, taking many risks, continued to pile on the runs; and when it was seen that this time the play was not likely to terminate with the customary farce by Joe Pinder, people settled down to an intense, palpitating attention.

Forty, thirty, twenty, and then ten required to win! Whitfield hit two fours. 'Over' was called, and Pinder faced the bowling. One run to tie, two to win!

The situation was trying enough to upset the equanimity of a Scotton, a Barlow, an Oldroyd. It proved too much for Pinder. He jumped out at the first ball he received—a straight one, pitched short—lashed at it fiercely, and, with the long, horizontal sweep of a practised scythesman, he—no, he did not miss it; he pulled it to the boundary. Tykeshire had won!

What of Mr Jerry Walker? After paying his losses, he found himself penniless. He believes now that cricket is a sport it is very unsafe for a professional gambler to meddle with.

PICKPOCKETS.

By John C. Goodwin.

THE life of a pickpocket, or 'fingersmith,' as his confrères term him, is in some respects more exciting than that of the burglar or the safe-breaker. The latter crooks can generally please themselves as to the 'crib' they 'crack,' and the manner of cracking it. They can spend weeks or months in quietly spying out the land which they intend to invade, and when engaged on the actual work they can operate at their leisure, free from prying eyes. The pickpocket, on the other hand, works in public. Crowds are to him meat and drink, for, while they provide him with his material to work upon, they also serve, in a measure, as cover for his operations—though, paradoxically, the greater the crowd, the greater his chances of detection! The burglar cracks his crib in one night, and if he 'touches' or makes a lucky haul, he can live on the proceeds for some weeks, even months; but the 'fingersmith' lives a minute at a time, always haunted by the thought that a false move means jail. He must needs have a quick eye and a delicate touch.

The pickpocket is both born and made, for if he chooses that form of living from all the other branches of crime open to him, he must feel

that he is made for that particular 'vocation.' But he does not set to work at once; he first serves his apprenticeship. There exist modern Fagins who initiate youngsters into the mysteries of 'cly-faking' (handkerchief-stealing) and kindred accomplishments for a consideration—usually the whole of the loot! Nor will the instructor allow his pupils to work the streets until he deems them capable of doing so with profit (to himself). His method of training is similar to that described in *Oliver Twist*; he fills his pockets with various articles, which it is the duty of his protégés to misappropriate without his knowledge.

In due course the young pickpocket starts off 'on his own.' It is necessary that he should dress well, for people carrying valuables about their person usually regard with suspicion a shabbily dressed stranger.

Pickpockets rarely work singly; as a general rule they ply their nefarious trade in pairs or in groups of three, possibly four. This plan reduces the chances of discovery, for when the 'wire' (that is, the man who actually picks the pocket) has helped himself he passes the 'swag' to his confederate, who slips away with it, with the result that if the 'wire' is suspected on the victim's discovering his loss, nothing incriminating is found on his person, should he be searched.

Pickpockets are always in evidence at public processions, railway stations, football matches, race meetings, and even in churches.

We will assume that three men are 'working' a crowd. 'A' and 'B' stand on either side of the intended victim, who has given himself away by frequently tapping his pockets to find out whether his wallet is still there. 'A' will ask him for a match, and while this is being supplied 'B' will have removed his wallet with deft fingers, and passed it along to 'C,' who saunters quietly away with it to seek pastures new, and be joined subsequently by the others. Should the victim discover his loss before they depart, they are loud in their angry declamations against pickpockets, and will eye those nearest to them with suspicion; while, by way of adding an air of sincerity to their indignation, they will suddenly make the additional discovery that one of themselves has also been robbed!

Another plan is for one of the crooks to push the dupe when endeavouring to board a tram, or in pressing through a railway-station barrier. When he turns to remonstrate, the confederate does the work and makes off. In trams and in the 'Tube' the 'fingersmith' sometimes works by himself. He enters the tram carrying over his left arm a light coat, and, sitting on the right of his quarry, he rifles his pockets under cover of the coat. One well-known thief used to improve on this method by carrying the coat over a dummy arm, leaving his own arm entirely free.

The writer has frequently been asked how watches are taken, seeing that it is so difficult to undo with one hand the snap on the watch-chain. The snap, however, is not touched. The crook gently lifts the watch from the 'mug's' pocket, wrenches off the ring of the watch, and returns the chain to the pocket. This can only be done by strong fingers after much practice, and the light-fingered gentry wait for a period of excitement, such as the crowding on to a train or the scoring of a goal at a football match, for then the attention of their prey is distracted, and the crook lives up to his belief that the Lord helps those who help themselves!

To steal a tie-pin, or 'spark-prop,' as it is termed in the slang of thieves, a different plan is followed. It is essential that the thief should manœuvre his hand into a position near the throat of his intended victim without exciting suspicion. He accordingly boards a tram, scans the passengers, chooses his quarry, and follows him when he is leaving the tram. As the victim is stepping off the tram his tie-pin is on a level with the thief's hand, which is probably grasping the passengers' hand-rail. The rest is merely a question of skill acquired by diligent practice.

The skill of one particular pickpocket has been ably indicated by Mr G. T. Crook, who describes how a 'fingersmith' picked the pocket of a detective who was in charge of him as he was actually in the police-court awaiting his turn to be tried!

Whilst shaking hands the skilled pickpocket can 'remove' one's ring with ease.

The 'swag' is, of course, disposed of to a 'fence,' that contemptible camp-follower of the army of cracksmen who carries on, behind the cloak of some legitimate occupation, the business of buying the proceeds of burglaries at one-fourth of their market value.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VI.—*continued.*

VIII.

CLEMENT SEADON was manifestly uneasy. Not even the knowledge that he stood, as it were, barring the path which led from Heloise to the arch-scoundrel at Sicamous made him feel safe. Not even the exquisite beauty of this delightful place could tranquillise him. He felt that some slip, some chance warning to Neuburg, might bring a calamity. Neuburg, that

monster, with his cold, quiet, and uncannily placid intelligence, would act like a flash. He was, Clement felt, being so desperately driven that he would not hesitate to act desperately to attain his ends.

There was no doubting the fiend's terrible capacity. Clement was sure that, in some way, Neuburg had already arranged to get control of Heloise's money—or some of her money—through this bank, and his confederate in the bank, at Revelstoke. He had already his evil fingers on that loot. All that he needed was to secure Heloise to make his control of her money complete. And, at a crisis, he would stop at nothing to secure Heloise—that meant her silence—in order to get that money.

Her silence. Clement shuddered. He saw, again, the mental picture of how Neuburg, as Nachbar, had secured the silence of Roberts of Oregon. The dead cannot give evidence.

And Roberts had died through a plan of infinite cunning in the wilds. Heloise was travelling towards the wilds, where a man of infinite cunning was preparing a plan. Yes, it was a ghastly moment. One slip, a meeting with Heloise missed by Clement, and — and what might not happen?

Clement tried to quieten his nerves by going for a long tramp through the deep spruce-woods that clung to the sides of the austere mountains, but half-way he became panicky, and hurried back to the hotel in case he might miss some crucial message.

There was no message. He had to wait hours before anything came. Then it came from Sicamous. That message, however, was significant enough for those who could get an inkling of the ominous riddle behind it.

The first fact that the agent at Sicamous reported was that a young, dark-faced, slim man with his right arm in a sling had arrived at Sicamous. He had gone to Mrs Wandersun's shack. He called himself Lucas, and looked like a half-breed.

'Siwash on the spot,' commented Clement.

The next fact was that a wire had come through from Méduse Smythe at Winnipeg. The agent, of course, had been able to see the wire before it was delivered at the Wandersuns' place. It said merely that Méduse Smythe had arrived at Winnipeg, had received a message from A. N., and was coming straight through to Banff. Immediately on receipt of this things happened. The man Lucas—despite his bad arm—went off up the lake in a canoe, apparently to Gunning's shack. On his return there was a bustle. Mrs Wandersun, in the language of the agent, flacked about like a worried hen.

She had run down to the station, and had sent off a train-letter to Heloise Reys—to await arrival at Banff—and also another to Méduse Smythe. The agent said that Gatineau would be able to look at these letters when they arrived. Gatineau would. He held both the precious documents in his hand as he read the agent's report.

Having got rid of these letters, Mrs Wandersun immediately prepared herself for a journey. That done, she bounced into her neighbour's shack with a lamentable story of a friend who had been taken dangerously ill up the lake. She said she had wired to his relatives, and she thought they were coming on. She said she was going to her sick friend with the young man Lucas to run the power-boat for her, and she asked her neighbours if they would mind telling strangers who might arrive before Lucas returned that he was coming back from the sick man in order to take them up to him.

Having impressed this upon her kindly friends, she got into the motor-boat with Lucas, and went up the lake. Lucas had not returned yet, but no doubt would. The agent had not pressed his inquiries for fear of arousing suspicion.

Clement had listened to the reading of this report with a face grim and white. When it was finished he said, 'This seems to be the first move in the definite plot. Once she arrives in Sicamous, Heloise Reys will be spirited away into the wilds. You can see how they have planned it. Nobody but Lucas is to take her there; they don't want outsiders to figure in this.'

'An' it seems to me that they don't want anybody—even Miss Reys—to get there before they are ready for her,' said Gatineau.

'Yes, that seems likely. Now the letters.'

Gatineau opened the one addressed to Heloise Reys to await her arrival at the Banff Springs Hotel. It was a simple letter stating that Henry Gunning had returned to Sicamous, and had gone along the lake to his home. The letter said that Gunning was 'quiet like,' and not quite his usual self. He said he was going to rest up for a while, as he felt sort of seedy. The writer concluded by giving directions how to find his shack, and declared himself ready to do all in his power to help Miss Reys. He signed himself Joe Wandersun.

'Joe Wandersun!' cried Gatineau. 'Well, I'm gormed! How did he write that, when he's snug in jail at Montreal?'

'He didn't write it. It's a forgery.'

'You mean his wife forged that?'

'His wife—no. Remember Roberts, man, and how forgery apparently played its part in that case. The same capable scoundrel forged this.'

'Neuburg?'

'Neuburg or Newman or Nachbar, or whatever you like to call him. Forgery is part of his game. And there's another point. You see it contains a hint of Gunning's illness—illness is also part of this devil's game.'

'It says nothing about a dangerous illness.'

'No. Perhaps they're going to use that as a

weapon of shock, to make her lose her head at a moment when it will pay them for her to lose her head. But the other letter—the one addressed to Méduse Smythe?'

The other letter contained a few lines only. They ran:

'All clear. Have seen Landor at Revelstoke. Break your journey there for signatures, &c. Be as clever as you are, my dear, for you are to have a shock at Sicamous. Play up. The Englishman who does not look brainy is safely interned at Montreal.'

There were no initials even, and the message was written in block capitals.

'Bold,' said Gatineau, putting the message down.

'Not so very bold,' said Clement. 'The Englishman who doesn't look brainy is interned at Montreal, you understand. He feels quite safe. He doesn't think anybody will see that message but Méduse.'

'And you were right about their springing the dangerous illness upon Miss Reys at the last moment. That's what he means by the shock, eh? And Landor of Revelstoke——'

'The smart young man in the bank is undoubtedly Landor. It all fits in. Miss Reys is to call at the bank on her way to Sicamous to register her signature, and so on. Landor is the man who will interview her. All that is part of their plan for getting hold of her money. You can see how the hellish thing is developing.'

'But how can they get money out of her—how keep her unsuspicious?'

'How did Nachbar plan to keep Roberts of Oregon from giving evidence?'

'My God!' muttered Gatineau. Then he said, 'But the money? No woman would transfer a huge sum to a local bank—a bank that may, perhaps, be going to serve her only for a few days?'

'I am waiting for The Chief's telegram,' said Clement. 'That will tell us how much she has in the bank at Revelstoke. It seems illogical that she should have a large sum; yet I fear——'

The fear was realised. In the afternoon The Chief's wire came. It said:

'Heloise Reys deposited sum £20,000 cash and securities extent £120,000 in Montreal Branch Dominion Consolidated from England before leaving that country. Same time opened account £5000 cash Revelstoke branch. Week ago authority in own handwriting to transfer all funds securities Revelstoke branch. Most securities easily negotiable. New Message. Neuburg is Nachbar. Warrant issued within two days.'

Of the whole of that pregnant message, one passage, and one alone, stood out with a terrible significance.

Neuburg is Nachbar!

Neuburg *was* Nachbar the murderer. Neuburg *was* the cold-blooded genius who slew Roberts of Oregon in the wilds for the sake of a huge sum of money. The telegram told that Heloise had to hand a great sum of money, and she was being lured into the wilds—lured towards Nachbar, the brute who would let nothing stand between him and his greedy desire.

Clement had believed all along that Neuburg was the murderer, felt that the huge man was a master-criminal, but even that previous conviction did not dull the horror of the definite knowledge.

Neuburg was Nachbar the murderer—and Heloise was to be his victim. Only dimly he heard Gatineau saying, 'He wants to get all that money—£145,000. It's all under the hand of his tool at Revelstoke. I see how it is. But what beats me is how any one would think of transferring——'

'Did she?' snapped Clement. 'Wasn't it forgery? Couldn't Nachbar have forged that letter ordering the transfer?'

He wasn't thinking deeply about this. He was thinking in a sort of agony that but for the veriest chance Heloise Reys, that exquisite and candid creature, might have gone the way of Roberts of Oregon. He was thinking that even now that horror might happen. The slightest false move on his part, the slightest suspicion on Neuburg's part, and the terrible thing might happen. A wire might stop Heloise from coming to Banff; even now she might be turned aside.

Gatineau was saying, 'Forgery! Yes, that's it. That's damn likely; it's in their game. But even though that letter was forged, I don't see how they are going to work it. What's the game?'

Clement suddenly became completely aware of the detective and what he was saying. He echoed the words, 'What's the game? I don't know. But I'm going to find out. I'm going down to Sicamous *now* to find out.'

'Now?' gasped Gatineau.

'Now. I can't wait here passive. Anything might happen. That girl might be prevented from coming here, might go right through, might be turned aside. Anything might happen, and I'm not going to run any more risks. I'm going to Neuburg. Can we catch a train?'

'With a car, easy. There's one due.'

'Get that car.'

'But to rush right in like this. Is it wise—safe?'

'I don't care. We've been passive too long, anyhow. Come along. Find that car. It's our turn to attack.'

(*Continued on page 424.*)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A COMBINED INK-TIGHT PAD-CONTAINER AND RUBBER-STAMP CLEANER.

THOSE of us who have constantly to use rubber-stamps must have suffered frequently from the annoying leakage of ink from the tin boxes in which the pads are contained. Moreover, the lettering of the stamps soon becomes clogged with a mixture of fluff and ink. The former drawback arises from the fact that the tins containing the pads are usually not tight at the corners, the sides and the ends being simply bent up, without being soldered. Brushing with a stiff brush having short fibres is the only remedy for clogging. A new self-inking pad can now be obtained in a tin case with soldered, and therefore ink-tight, corners; while at one end is fixed a brush, over which it is only necessary to rub the stamp lightly in order to clean it.

A HEAT-RETAINING JAR FOR FOODS.

For expeditions up-country or in open boats it is often of great advantage to have receptacles which will keep foods and drinks hot for several hours. Such appliances must be made of robust materials, as they are occasionally subjected to severe usage. This requirement is amply met by a food-container which has recently come under our notice. It consists of a glass jar encased in a thick layer of highly effective heat-insulating material, with an outer metal jacket of aluminium. The high efficiency of this appliance is due to the discovery of an insulating seal, which allows of the combination of glass jar and metal outer jacket with only a very small leakage of heat from the former to the latter. These jars are made with capacities of two quarts and one gallon respectively, and each size has a mouth four inches across to admit of the insertion of the hand for packing and cleaning purposes. The mouth is closed by a hollow heat-insulated stopper, over which is screwed an aluminium cup. Both the container and the stopper are silvered to reflect heat-rays, while the outer jacket is polished and relieved by bands of black enamel. Before being accepted for the use of the American troops in north Russia these heat-retaining jars were subjected to severe tests, including being dropped from a considerable height, but they emerged triumphant.

A NOVEL ENVELOPE-DAMPER.

Many devices for damping envelopes are obtainable, these, in almost all cases, taking the form of a wet pad. A new departure, however, is a metal damper, of the size and shape of a shot-gun cartridge; indeed, it is made by the same kind of machinery as cartridges are made. At the 'business end' of the damper is a ring of minute holes; the other end is kept closed by a water-tight lid, which can be removed when the appliance is to be refilled. The perforated end is passed flat over the gum on the envelope, and effectively damps it; while the other end may be used for sealing the envelope by pressing down on it. Made of jewellers' composition metal, this device retains its colour and polish; and it will not leak under any circumstances.

A CHEAP SLOW-COMBUSTION STOVE.

The high price of coal has caused much interest to be taken recently in closed stoves, more especially in those of the 'slow-combustion' type. A very simple and light form of slow-combustion stove can now be obtained at a comparatively low price. It is made entirely of sheet-steel, and weighs about twenty pounds. Almost any kind of coal or coke can be burned in it, and when the fire is properly made up it will last for twelve hours without attention. The stove has a rectangular top and bottom, the former being considerably larger than the latter; and it is provided with a handle at each side for convenience in lifting it from place to place. Other features include a mica window, an ash-tray, and a flue to carry off the fumes; while in the upper part of the front is a delicately poised draught-regulator, which also serves as a means of ventilation. With its short flue-pipe, through which the smoke passes into the chimney of any room on the hearth of which it is placed, this stove can be moved from room to room even when it is alight. The height is 17 inches, and it is 12 inches square at the top. It is fitted with a grate and firebrick-lining.

A GAS HOT-WATER SYSTEM.

Now that gas is so much in favour for cooking and heating, it is only natural that gas-heated apparatus should be placed on the market for providing hot water. For hot baths the geyser does all that is required; but it does not effectively take the place of the hot-water system depending on the boiler at the back of a kitchen-range. The gas hot-water circulator consists of a cylindrical boiler heated by two atmospheric gas-burners, this boiler being fitted with a water-jacket, having other water-jackets superimposed thereon, while a flue carries off the products of combustion. Cold water from the hot-water tank or cylinder enters the top water-jacket, and then passes through, in turn, those below it, extracting on its way the heat from the waste gases escaping to the main flue. It thus reaches the central boiler partly heated, is quickly raised to a high temperature, and passes to the hot-water tank. A governor, or thermo-

stat, is connected to the gas-supply, and regulates the size of the flames according to the heat of the water in the tank. It can be set to operate at any temperature between 120° F. and 170° F.; while a bypass, burning from 6½ feet to 10 feet of gas an hour, is provided to give the correct amount of heat when the governor has shut down the main supply of gas. When it is desired to clean the boiler, it is only necessary to undo one nut; and the burners are equally 'get-at-able.' This gas-heating system can be connected up to any system of water circulation, and will work either independently or in conjunction with the kitchen-range, thus supplying hot water in the summer when the range is out of use.

AN ECONOMICAL COOKING-PAN.

There has recently been placed on the market a pan for roasting, frying, or boiling food over a gas-ring, which possesses features enabling it to compare very favourably with other appliances of a similar nature. It is oval in form, with a handle at each end, and is large enough to take a small joint. The inside is concave, and of an even curve to the top edge in either direction, so that there are no corners to collect dirt. A vertical flange round the edge supports the pan. The lid is also concave and of deep section, so that the depth of the complete pan is very considerable. A tin grid can be laid in the bottom of the pan for steaming. Both the pan and the lid are stamped out of single pieces of steel, and are enamelled all over. Frying, roasting, stewing, or steaming can be carried out in this appliance far more economically than in an oven, a saucepan, or a frying-pan. Lastly, the pan can be very easily cleaned, owing to the absence of corners.

AN ANTI-DAZZLE HEADLIGHT FOR CARS.

Great efforts have been made recently to devise a motor-car headlight which will not dazzle the eyes of those meeting a car on the road. Encountering a car with dazzling headlights on a dark country road may be exceedingly dangerous for cyclists and drivers of other vehicles, from the fact that after the car has passed they can see nothing for a few seconds; hence they may run into anything that may happen to be on the road behind the car. A device for giving a strong light ahead of a car without dazzling the eyes of other road users has been invented by Sir Howard Grubb, the noted maker of astronomical telescopes and other optical instruments, who is also the scientific adviser to the Commissioners of Irish Lights. This device, which may be applied to ordinary head-lamps, has been described in *The Times* as a metal cylinder, about 10 inches long, and tapering at its front end to a diameter of 4½ inches, which is fixed to the lamp in place of the ordinary glass. This cylinder is divided into two compartments by a horizontal metal diaphragm, the upper surface of which is dull and non-reflecting, while the under one is polished and reflecting; and each of these compartments is closed at its front end by a lens, or, rather, by a portion of a lens cut out eccentrically. The greater part of the light is projected from the lower compartment, the rear end of the diaphragm being placed rather above the horizontal diameter of the cylinder. The beam is limited vertically by a stop of slightly concave form placed on the bottom of the compartment at the back end; since the lens reverses the rays, this stop makes the top edge of the beam slightly rounded, following the camber of the road. The light from the upper compartment is projected forwards and downwards, and, mingling with that from the lower compartment, reinforces it some distance ahead of the car. A third, but less brilliant, beam may be seen projected from the lamp and falling on the road just in front of the car. To an observer standing in front of the car there is no suspicion of dazzle, and the lamps look much like ordinary oil side-lamps, while he gets no sensation that behind the car there is a wall of impenetrable darkness. With electric lamps taking twenty-four watts, the light is sufficient for driving at moderate speeds.

A NEW PLATE AND DISH WASHER.

Among the many interesting appliances to be seen at the Efficiency Exhibition was a device for washing-up plates and dishes without any hand labour other than that needed for placing them in the water and taking them out again. The essential feature of the appliance is a wooden tank with two divisions, in the larger of which hot water is continuously circulated by a small electrically driven pump. This compartment is divided down the middle by a partition which is incomplete at each end. The pump draws water from one side of the partition and delivers it at the other; consequently there is a continuous circulation. In the first place, the plates and dishes are laid in the water on one side of the partition to soak. They are afterwards taken up one by one, and placed edgewise on the other side of the partition, where the pump delivers its water in a series of needle pulsating sprays, by means of which the plates are effectually washed and caused to rotate from one end of the channel to the other, where they are picked out and laid in a rinsing-rack. Any grease from the plates and dishes naturally lies on the surface of the water, and it is discharged through an overflow, while solid matter is retained and separated. It is quite feasible, therefore, to circulate continuously the same water, and this is done, with the addition of a small quantity to make up for that lost in carrying off the surface grease. The smaller division of the tank is devoted to rinsing. Here no circulation takes place, but there is a

surface grease overflow and a make-up feed of hot water. When the rinsing-rack is full of plates and dishes, it is plunged bodily into the rinsing division, and then pulled out and allowed to drain, the crockery drying itself without wiping, as in the ordinary plate-rack. For hotels, institutions, and large houses this appliance should save a great deal of hand labour.

A NEW PAPER-FASTENING MACHINE.

Neither pins, paper-clips, nor fasteners are altogether satisfactory for binding papers together. On the other hand, the ordinary staple cannot be easily abstracted if it is desired to remove some of the papers from the bundle or to add others. These drawbacks are eliminated by a machine, somewhat resembling that used for putting in staples, in that the operation is performed by pressing down a lever, while the result closely resembles that achieved with the ordinary stapling-machine. There are, however, two important differences. First, the staples are formed in the machine from a spool of wire; second, the wire is much thinner than that used in the ordinary staple. Consequently the fastenings can easily be picked out with the fingers should it be necessary to take apart a batch of papers. The machine will fasten any number of sheets up to forty, and measures 6½ inches by 6¼ inches, with a height of 3½ inches, excluding the handle. Fifteen thousand staples can be formed from each spool of wire, costing ten shillings, which works out at one hundred and twenty-five for a penny. Index arrows on the front plate enable the operator to locate the staples accurately with respect to the margins of the paper.

AN INSTRUMENT FOR FINDING FAULTS IN THE WORKING OF MACHINES.

Every man in charge of machinery in motion depends largely upon his hearing to know whether the engine or other machine under his care is running satisfactorily. A very old trick, often practised by the drivers of steam-engines in factories, was to place the handle of an open pocket-knife between the teeth and rest the point of the blade on the steam-chest of the cylinder, when the working of the valves and the ingress and egress of the steam could be plainly heard, although inaudible without the help of this device. The knife being in contact with the teeth, sound was conducted *viâ* the jaw-bones to the ear-drum, while the fingers placed in the ears excluded external sounds to at least a certain extent. An American improvement on the above method consists of a steel rod attached to a diaphragm in an ear-piece similar to that of a telephone. Recently great advances have been made in this country on the above rather crude instrument, first by the introduction during the war of a binaural head-piece to conduct sound to both ears, which prevents external sounds confusing the operator, and later by the devising of improved reproducing instruments, known as the tectoscope and the tectophone. In construction the binaural head-piece is similar to the medical stethoscope, the sound being conducted from the instrument to the head-piece by means of special rubber tubes. The tectoscope consists of a metal rod and diaphragm, the rod being applied to the parts under test, and reproducing the internal sounds of these parts. The tectophone, on the other hand, is not placed in contact with the test part, but operates in the same way as a telephone mouth-piece, collecting and reproducing external sounds only. These devices have made possible the actual comparison of two sounds, either with each other or with a standard of reference. For detecting worn or defective parts the tectoscope is used, as the internal sound of the part is required. The tectophone is employed when the sound of the machine as a whole has to be examined and valued. Either instrument may be applied to the standard reference as may be required. The importance of this development is very great, as by means of it the condition of such machinery as motor-car engines, machine tools, and other mechanical contrivances can be estimated from the outside; while the amount of vibration in a bridge or other structure can be examined and the point of maximum vibration located. For comparing sounds two instruments are used, both being connected to the ears of the operator, an instrument being placed on each of the two parts to be tested (one of which may be a standard reference). Dual control-valves are fitted to the instruments, so that either sound may be damped at will. It follows, therefore, that, provided the value of the standard is known, the value of the test part will be indicated by the position of the valve control required to bring both sounds to the same volume.

A WINDOW THAT CAN BE EASILY CLEANED FROM THE INSIDE.

In view of the difficulty of cleaning them, it is surprising that the existing form of window has not been displaced long ago by an improved design. The outside surface of the present double sash can be cleaned only from the outside, and it must be got at either by means of a ladder, or by standing or sitting on the window-sill, each of these operations involving a certain amount of risk. A form of window has been invented recently of which the outside can be readily cleaned from the inside of the room. When closed, this window closely resembles the existing type in appearance, but the bottom half, instead of sliding up and down, is mounted on pivots or trunnions, after the manner of a looking-glass, and it can be tipped round far enough to permit of the outside surface being easily cleaned. The upper half of

the window is also mounted on trunnions, but the latter are attached to the usual sash-cords and weights. When it is desired to clean the outside surface of the upper half of the window, it is pulled down to its lowest limit, where it is side by side with the lower half; the two together can then be tipped over on their trunnions, and the outside of the upper half can be cleaned. An outstanding advantage of this system is that it can be applied to existing windows at a moderate cost.

A NOVEL FORM OF PURSE.

In these days, when bank-notes and Treasury notes have entirely taken the place of gold, there is a demand for a purse which will accommodate notes as well as coins. Such a demand is admirably met by a novel form of purse which has recently been brought to our notice. Though both are in one, it consists of two parts, which may be thus described. In front is a rectangular pocket—a little deeper than it is broad, and provided with a flap—which is intended for coins. Behind this is a second pocket, which, when opened out, is exactly the size for holding bank-notes and Treasury notes flat. The notes having been placed in position, this larger pocket is folded upon itself, when it fits exactly behind the smaller one. An outer flap, springing from the back of the second pocket, is then fastened down in front by a self-acting catch, thus rendering both pockets quite secure. This purse may be had in leather, calf, morocco, or velvet suede, and is equally suitable for either ladies or gentlemen.

A PATENT CHEESE-CUTTER.

The cutting of cheese has long been one of the grocer's banes. The most satisfactory method hitherto in vogue is the use of a wire loop manipulated by hand, as it is found that knives and similar tools often 'burst' the cheese instead of cutting it clean. The hand wire, however, is both clumsy and slow in operation. It necessitates considerable handling of the cheese, and it produces a ragged, uneven edge which leads to breakages, thus involving the dealer in loss. There has now been patented an ingenious mechanical contrivance which embodies the wire idea without any of its drawbacks. The machine consists of two marble slabs fixed on to wooden blocks so as to leave a narrow slit between them. The cutting-wire is attached to the under surface of the blocks, and runs on small brass rollers which are fixed to a double-spring tension. By means of a wooden handle the wire is pulled upwards and through the cheese towards the operator. The double-spring tension not only takes all unnecessary strain off the cutting-wire, thus eliminating all tendency to wire breakage, but it also provides a rigid cutting edge, which, with the slot guide, ensures an even surface to the cut. The cheese is never broken, and every ounce can be utilised, even in such delicate tasks as the cutting of thin slices for sandwiches. The spring tension also ensures that the wire is coiled up and tucked securely away after each operation, thus preventing contact with other goods which might taste it. No handling of the cheese is necessary, and a clean cloth applied to the marble tops ensures perfect hygienic conditions. This device, owing to its cleanliness, its simplicity, and its speed in working, should be most useful to grocers, the proprietors of hotels and restaurants, and to shipping companies.

A DISPENSARY FOR OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

The free surgical and medical treatment which has in the past proved such an enormous boon to the less affluent members of the community is now being extended to their dumb friends. The People's Dispensary for the Sick Animals of the Poor has already three metropolitan branches, where free veterinary advice and medicine are given to the owners of sick and injured beasts and birds, and where animals hopelessly maimed or ill, starving or unwanted, are painlessly destroyed. That there is ample scope for such an institution is shown by the fact that at one of these branches no fewer than seven thousand cases were treated in sixteen months. But the dispensary aims at prevention as well as cure. The small tradesman with his old pony, the coster with his donkey, the allotment-holder with fowls or rabbits or goats, the boy with pet mice, the old lady with a cage-bird, the little girl with a kitten, may all come to the dispensary for counsel as to the best methods of treating their charges in health as well as in sickness. Practical advice is always forthcoming—sometimes to the great benefit of the owner, for it is only under suitable conditions and treatment that a horse or an ass can do its most profitable work. The various branches of the dispensary are, indeed, veritable mines of information on all subjects connected with the care of animals, as well as being powerful agencies for the elimination of much unnecessary cruelty and suffering.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

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1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE STRONG ARM.

By W. D. GRAY.

PART I.

I.

ON a certain Sunday morning in the autumn of 1912, Captain Vincent sat on the top of a tram-car, smoking a large black cigar, with his heart, for once, at peace with all the world. The tram-car was proceeding along the Brixton Road, that noble thoroughfare. The captain's married sister lived in Brixton, and he proposed to visit her and his brother-in-law and share their Sunday dinner. The day was dull, melancholy, and overcast; the hour just past noon. The churches had emptied, and the car was fairly full of the men and women of Brixton, returning from service to their homes. It was worth noting that no one attempted to share the captain's seat: he sat alone.

In face and appearance he offered a trenchant contrast to the cheerful and somewhat smug shopkeepers and business men who, together with their wives and families, surrounded him. Captain Vincent bore that title by courtesy; to speak by the card, he was a master-mariner in the British Merchant Service. His tall, gaunt frame was wrapped up in a heavy frieze overcoat, and a new bowler hat was pulled down over his brows. With his dark face, tanned to copper-colour by twenty-five years of sea and wind, his black beard and moustache, and his keen black eyes, he seemed out of place on a suburban road. He made one think of some wild sea-bird driven inland by stress of weather, angry and bewildered amidst the chimney-pots and the dull brick houses.

The captain was a peculiar man. He saw none of his relations save this one married sister; he had few friends, no intimates. Men seemed to know little about him; he consorted but seldom with his fellow-captains; he rarely mentioned his ships or his employers. The business with which he occupied himself upon the great waters was usually of a private nature, and sometimes upon the windy side of the law. The captain had been at times within the precincts of the Admiralty Courts; British consuls in many far-away ports had heard his name, and heard little good of it. He had an unquenchable thirst for adventure, and unhappily there are few legal adventures to be obtained nowadays. He assisted in revolutions; he did a little pearl-poaching, a little gun-running, a little salving of strange ships in strange places. But revolutions—South American revolutions—were his speciality, and he was known on the American coast from Panamá to Patagonia.

Some time ago certain gentlemen in the great and free Republic of Araquita had become dissatisfied with their President and Government. They decided to remove them by the time-honoured methods. Funds were raised; arms and adherents were secured. The funds must have been large, for they were sufficient to purchase a fine modern destroyer from a shipbuilding firm in the north of England. And this, as Captain Vincent put it, was where he came in. When the vessel was completed, he was put in command of her. The builders supplied the engine-room complement, while the captain scoured the purlieus of Wapping and Poplar for kindred spirits to form her deck-hands. He knew his way about in that strange country, and soon got together a collection of sufficiently hard cases. Meanwhile the destroyer, which the captain had provisionally christened the *Dauntless*, lay down the river waiting for him, modestly screened from observation. All was now ready; they were to sail for Araquita the following night. It was as well, for, though the northern builders had asserted that the ship was built for the Turkish Government, the authorities in Whitehall had commenced to sit up and take notice, and Captain Vincent had been gratified to hear of his ship being mentioned in the Commons. He would be glad to get away without further trouble, particularly as a frenzied cable had reached him from his employers in Araquita, beseeching him to hurry to their assistance. And now, on his last day in England, he was exploring the wilds of Brixton, to say good-bye to those relations he so seldom saw.

The tram-car stopped, and the captain descended as lightly as a cat. He asked a passer-by for Laburnum Road. Having given the direction, the man looked after him curiously. Vincent, indeed, was often looked after in the street. There was something in his walk, in the set of

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his head on his shoulders, something decisive and vigorous, which drew the eye. It seemed he was one of those few men with a personality; there was an atmosphere about him, an aura, something strong and harsh and vital, like the sea. He found his desired turning, and walked along it briskly. Laburnum Road was one of those long, depressing thoroughfares, the houses of which are apparently built by the mile and set down in blocks as required.

As has been said, it was a dull, melancholy day. There was a slight ground fog, which hid the end of the street, and as the captain viewed the long succession of respectable flat-chested houses which faded away into the mist, he was conscious of a slight oppression of his spirits.

'This is a hell of a country,' he muttered. 'And Amy 's stuck it out in this cheerful highway for eleven years—and grown fat on it! Well, it certainly takes all sorts to make a world.'

II.

When he knocked at the door of 162 Laburnum Road, it was opened by his brother-in-law, who exclaimed in surprise at the sight of him. 'Why, James!' he cried; 'I never knew you were in England. Who 'd have thought of seeing *you* here?'

'Bad penny, my boy,' said the captain, throwing away the butt of his cigar. 'May I come in? How 's Amy?'

'She 's all right,' said the other, in a rather flustered voice. 'But come in, old man; come in.'

Vincent entered and shook hands. His brother-in-law, Mr Henry Jackson, was a short, stout, clean-shaven man of about forty, commonplace and undistinguished-looking. One may see thousands of him every morning and evening on the tops of trams and buses or in third smokers, going to, and coming from, their daily work. Jackson was a cashier in a city office—a quiet, steady, unambitious man. The captain was never quite sure how this respectable relative regarded him; nor did he thoroughly understand his own feelings towards his brother-in-law. The two men were so utterly different, their outlook upon life was so violently contrasted, that they had very little in common. In his secret heart, Jackson regarded the captain as a foolish but formidable adventurer; while Vincent, at the back of his mind, looked upon Jackson as the dullest of dull dogs—a mere human cabbage. But the captain had a sincere admiration for his sister Amy, and tolerated the husband for the sake of the wife.

When he had greeted his sister, and the chorus of 'Well, I never!' and 'Fancy seeing you again!' had a little subsided, he was bidden into the dining-room to share the midday meal. The captain ate and drank heartily, and talked incessantly. But he was one of those men who speak much and yet say little. He told them many surprising things—kept them from their food while he described a gale he had lately experienced in the North Atlantic; he was curious and eager as to their own doings, but singularly reticent as to his business in London. 'There 's a ship waiting for me down the river,' was the most they could get out of him. His sister, who knew him of old, shook her head and frowned at him, but was well aware that it was useless to seek for further information.

After the meal, when the two men were alone, Vincent offered his brother-in-law one of his black cigars, which he accepted with some trepidation. The captain, who noticed most things, had observed that Jackson seemed to be in poor spirits. He had spoken little during the dinner, even when Vincent had given him a chance; nor had he made up for his silence by an excessive devotion to his food. 'My respectable relative 's got something on his mind,' said Vincent to himself. 'Pale face, a trifle haggard, something nervous and wild about the eyes—yes, the chap 's got something on his mind. And I bet his wife don't know it.' He leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar himself. 'Well, Harry, my old son,' he said loudly, 'and how 's things with you? Just about made your fortune by this time, I 'll swear. Lord! whenever I see you, you make me feel ashamed of myself; you 're such a plodding, conscientious old card. Well, it 's a good job Amy chose some one a bit different from her fool of a brother.'

Jackson seemed to shrink within himself, and darted a quick look at the captain.

'You 're not trying to be funny, are you?' he asked, in a rather unpleasant voice.

'Not me, old chap; not me,' said Captain Vincent placidly. 'How do you mean—funny?'

'I—I thought you might have heard something,' muttered the other, lowering his eyes. 'I beg your pardon.'

Vincent sat upright. 'Heard something?' he repeated. 'About what? You 're devilish mysterious, do you know? How could I have heard anything about you?'

Jackson twisted himself in his seat uncomfortably. 'No,' he said slowly; 'of course you couldn't. I didn't mean it. I—I 'm not quite myself, old chap—a bit worried, you know.'

'Sorry to hear it,' said the captain quietly. 'What 's bothering you?'

The other's looks became more troubled. 'Oh, it 's nothing,' he said hastily. 'At least—nothing much.'

'In fact,' Vincent interjected dryly, 'it 's such a small thing that you have not bothered Amy about it?'

Jackson started. 'No, I haven't,' he said. 'But I don't know that——' He broke off and looked irresolutely at his companion. 'I—I wonder,' he went on slowly, 'whether you

could lend me a little money for a short time—say fifty pounds?'

The captain stared and broke into a great guffaw. 'You're a great wit,' he said, still chuckling. 'I thought you knew me better. Fifty pounds, is it? Why, my lad, at present I've got a little over five pounds in all the world. I shall have no more until I get to—er—Central America.'

The other seemed almost stunned at this announcement. He sank back in his chair and passed a hand over his forehead with a vague, bewildered gesture. 'That ends it, then, of course,' he said in a broken voice. 'I'm sorry—let's talk of something else.'

Captain Vincent set his cigar down and squared his shoulders. 'That be damned!' he said simply. 'Now look here, Harry, old son. You're in trouble of some sort. Well, tell me all about it. You want money, it seems—and that I can't give you. But I may be able to help you, all the same. Money talks, they say. Money's everything to-day, so they tell us. Well, maybe it is—but I'm not so sure. There's ways of doing things without money, even in this funny old country. Now you heave ahead with the yarn, my boy. Have you been robbing a church or something?'

'Not a church,' said Jackson in a hoarse voice. 'But I've been robbing my employers—at least, I suppose that's what it would be called.'

'Oh, ay,' said the captain in an unconcerned voice. 'Well, let's hear.'

III.

Thus encouraged, Jackson poured out his troubles, with much halting and repetition. It seemed that the previous spring, through the agency of a stockbroker's clerk of his acquaintance, he had done a little dabbling on the Stock Exchange, and quickly lost all his small savings. Very foolishly he had kept this from his wife. In the hot summer she had fallen ill; he had been obliged to put her under an expensive West-End specialist, and had finally to send her away for three weeks on the east coast, as she was very much run down. To pay for all this, he had abstracted, or borrowed, as he put it, fifty pounds from his firm without their knowledge.

'I'd never have done it,' he said, with almost tearful earnestness—'never—only I knew I'd be able to pay them back. You know Amy's uncle—your old uncle—he owns a lot of property, and he makes us a present of fifty pounds once a year, as regular as clockwork. Well, his cheque's due in a week's time. I'd have paid the firm back with that—and not a soul would have known.'

'Well, why can't you do it?' inquired Vincent, a trifle coldly. 'Why can't you use dear old Uncle Jack's present? The old blighter! he must be over seventy, and *I've* never had a red cent from him yet.'

The other man gave a despairing groan. 'Because,' he said in a repressed voice, 'there's a swine at the office—Everill his name is—he comes next to me. Well, somehow or other he's found out about this money I—borrowed, though I thought I had covered it up all right. He came to me yesterday morning and said he knew all about it; told me, in so many words, he'd let the firm know all about it as well, unless I squared him.'

'Nice feller,' said the captain in an expressionless voice. 'Did he mention how much he wanted?'

'He wants as much as I took,' said Jackson hopelessly. 'Another fifty pounds. And I've not got it, and I can't pay the other till next week. And, of course, if the firm get to know, they'll never believe I *meant* to pay it back. It spells instant dismissal; perhaps worse.'

'Maybe this dear old pal of yours will keep quiet until Uncle Jack's cheque comes along,' suggested Vincent.

The other shook his head. 'He told me I must let him know what I was going to do by Monday—that's to-morrow. It'll be a black Monday for me, James. I see no way out of it—and it's the thought of Amy that's killing me.' He buried his face in his hands and was silent.

Captain Vincent put his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. He pulled at his cigar fiercely, puffing out great clouds of smoke.

'Let's be quite clear,' he said. 'You are certain that you would be able to pay this money back in one week from now?'

'Yes, yes,' said the other impatiently. 'But, man, I've told you, I haven't got a week.'

Vincent motioned soothingly. 'Just so,' he said. 'Now tell me, what's your pal Everill like?'

'Like?' repeated the other, looking up. 'Oh, I don't know. He's young—about thirty—and he's pretty smart, I suppose; but I never cared for him myself—there always seemed to be something fishy about him and——'

'I didn't mean that,' interrupted the captain. 'I mean, what is he like to look at?'

'He's tall,' replied Jackson, a good deal mystified. 'Tall and rather thin. Dark hair and eyes, and a small dark moustache. Always speaks in a soft voice, as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.'

Vincent seemed to be checking the points off in his mind. 'I see,' he said. 'Do you think he's pretty strong physically?'

Jackson's mystification increased. 'I should say so,' he answered. 'But what's that got to do with it? You don't want me to fight him, do you?'

'Well, no,' said the captain, with a slow smile. 'No, not exactly.'

His smile broadened, and he tugged at his black beard, as was his habit when at all excited.

'I think I've got it, my lad!' he exclaimed. 'Now listen. You'll be going to business to-morrow, of course, and you'll see your soft-spoken friend. Well, you'll appear to be very much upset and agitated—there won't need to be much pretence about that—and you'll tell him you'll have to agree to his modest little proposal. You'll say you'll meet him after business to talk it over and hand him the amount he asks.'

'But, dash it all——!' began Jackson anxiously.

'Half-a-minute,' said the captain. 'You leave your office at six, don't you? Right! Then tell him you'll meet him on the Embankment, by Cleopatra's Needle, at seven o'clock, where those steps go down to the river. It'll be quite dark by then, and foggy, if we have any luck. Is that quite clear?'

The other stared as if he thought his brother-in-law had lost his senses. 'It's clear enough,' he said, half angrily. 'But there's no sense in it. I've told you I can't pay him the money, so what's the good of my meeting him?'

The captain stood up and buttoned his coat. He gave a curious, grim smile.

'I must be going, old son,' he said. 'I'll say good-bye to Amy. I may not see either of you again for months.'

'But—but, confound it, James!' exclaimed the other. 'You heard what I said? What's the good of my meeting him?'

'Don't you worry,' said the captain quietly. 'You aren't meeting him. I'm keeping that appointment.'

(*Continued on page 441.*)

PLATINUM-THIEVES AND THEIR DETECTION.

A DRAMATIC CHEMICAL DETECTIVE STORY.

OWING to its special properties platinum is a very valuable metal, and is largely used in the chemical and allied industries. Like the other 'noble' metals its value greatly increased during the war, and it now offers great temptations to unscrupulous persons to appropriate it. In fact, most chemical laboratories and works are faced with the problem of protecting their platinum from theft; but notwithstanding elaborate precautions, large quantities are stolen every year. Suspicion usually fastens on the lower ranks of the laboratory staff, cleaners, laboratory boys, &c.; but in one case at least, in the United States, the chief chemist himself was the culprit, and the manner in which his guilt was ultimately proved with truly scientific precision was a brilliant piece of amateur detective work.

The trouble is particularly acute in America. From April 1919 to July 1920 no fewer than ten cases of platinum theft were reported to the United States Bureau of Standards, the total weight involved being 585 ounces; and other cases have since been notified. Doubtless this list is incomplete, for many thefts occur which are not notified to the Bureau of Standards. The bureau itself was the victim in one instance, seventy-three troy ounces being stolen, consisting mostly of crucibles and crucible-covers. The value of these goods was estimated at over two thousand pounds. A still more important loss was that of 342 ounces of platinum and iridium sponge, platinum sheet, &c., which disappeared from the laboratories of the Rössler & Hasslacher Company in New Jersey. But all these cases of theft were completely overshadowed by a very daring and ingenious exploit at one of the large Government munition plants in the United States, involving the removal of over 2000 ounces of platinum. The loss would never have been discovered had it not been for the extraordinary perseverance of the investigating chemist, for no careful inventory of the platinum stocks at the Government plant had been made. In fact, the Intelligence Bureaus of both the war and the navy departments said that no shortage of platinum could be discovered at any of the munition plants.

The Rössler & Hasslacher Chemical Company had offered a reward of one thousand pounds for the recovery of the metal, and shortly after the announcement of this reward two men were arrested in New York, giving their names as Robert E. Carter and Joseph Fredericks. They were trying to dispose of about 280 ounces of platinum sponge. Carter asserted that this platinum had been obtained by placer-mining in Ontario, with the help of an associate named H. H. Brooks, and had been brought into the United States of America without declaration to the Customs officials. He claimed to be a native Canadian, although he spoke with a marked Southern accent, and it was further noted that he wore a silver belt-buckle bearing the initials H. H. B. It was surmised that Carter's real name might be Brooks, and it was subsequently proved that his story was entirely false, especially since the total platinum production in Canada does not exceed twenty-five ounces, according to the Canadian Department of Mines. The material stolen from the Rössler & Hasslacher Company comprised pure iridium sponge, platinum sponge, platinum sheet, and alloys of platinum and iridium, containing 10 and 15 per cent. of iridium. The laboratory ware taken from the Bureau of Standards would contain about 1 per cent. of iridium, with less amounts of rhodium, and perhaps some palladium and iron.

The material which Carter was trying to dispose of in New York was platinum sponge, and analysis of a sample obtained from the police department showed that it was of a very high degree of purity, containing no less than 99·56 per cent. of platinum, and only 0·33 per cent. of iridium, together with a little iron and rhodium. It was, of course, quite possible that Carter had refined the metal after it came into his possession, and had dissolved it, and again precipitated it from solution, in order to get it in sponge form. The pure metal so obtained—namely, 280 ounces—would approximately equal the net amount of platinum contained in the material taken from the New Jersey firm. Although nothing very definite was apparently revealed by analysis, the Grand Jury thought the circumstantial evidence sufficient to commit Carter to the Tombs for further trial.

In the meantime it had been suggested that the platinum, in view of its purity, might have been taken from one of the great munition-works, where very large quantities of platinum are used in the form of chloride solution (chloro-platinate) for the manufacture of sulphuric acid by the contact process. Thousands of ounces of platinum were used for this purpose in America during the war. The diluted chloride solution was used to impregnate granular magnesium sulphate, thus forming the 'catalyst' required in the manufacture of the acid. Although, as previously stated, the Intelligence Departments of the army and the navy had reported that they could not find that any platinum had been taken, nothing very definite could be deduced from this, for most of the platinum would doubtless still be in the form of catalyst, and a very extensive series of assays, or the complete recovery of the platinum from the catalyst mass, would be necessary before a proper inventory could be taken. At the same time, it does seem strange that some kind of control was not adopted. Nearly all the crude platinum imported into the United States of America during the war, and intended for the munition plants, was refined by the United States Assay Office, and a very high standard of purity was attained—up to 99·9 per cent. platinum. No less than 5800 ounces of pure platinum sponge was prepared for one plant alone—namely, at Nitro, West Virginia; and the enormous quantity of 13,000 ounces was sent to the plant at Jacksonville in Tennessee.

In his tale of the Ontario placer-mining Carter had referred to a certain 'Maxwell House' as the name of a hotel in Parry Sound, Ontario; and although this statement was false, it was just possible, on psychological grounds, that he had mentioned the name of some hotel which did really exist elsewhere. It was subsequently discovered that Maxwell House is a well-known hotel in Nashville, which is only about fifteen miles from the munition plant at Jacksonville.

It had previously been noted, moreover, that at the time of his arrest Carter had in his possession a cake of soap bearing the stamp of the Ruffner Hotel, Charleston, West Virginia, very close to the plant at Nitro. This soap also bore the initials H. H. B. But no significance had been attached to this at the time. The lists of employees at both plants were carefully searched, with the result that none of the three names—Robert E. Carter, Joseph Fredericks, and H. H. Brooks—was to be found therein. This was a great disappointment; but hope of ultimate success was not entirely abandoned, for there still remained the examination of the employees' photographs, which had been kept at the munition companies' headquarters at Wilmington, and subsequently returned to the works. At Nitro it was not possible to identify Carter or Fredericks, and the photographic files were not complete. A visit was then made to Jacksonville by the representative of the Bureau of Standards, who was still perfectly confident of the soundness of the deductions he had drawn from the chemical and microscopical analysis of the platinum in Carter's possession. At Jacksonville Carter was identified as H. H. Brown, who had been employed as a salvage foreman, until he left the plant in March on ten days' leave. He was subsequently dismissed for unexplained absence. The next important development, which followed within an hour of Brown's identification, was the receipt at Nashville by the Bureau of Investigation of important letters written by a man in the Tombs prison in New York to his wife. The letters were intercepted by the police, as it was thought they were concerned with the illegal trade in drugs. They were published in the Nashville papers on 30th May. Elaborate directions were given to the wife as to the disposal of the 'stuff,' frequent reference being made to a man named Carter, and also to another man named H. R. Crone of the Old Hickory Powder Plant. Crone was kept under observation; and Brown (*alias* Carter) afterwards confessed that he obtained the platinum from Crone, who had stolen it from the reserve stock at the plant.

In March Crone, as chief chemist, received instructions to convert this reserve stock of platinum chloride solution into platinum sponge, representing about 2300 ounces of platinum. It was then to be put into aluminium-cans and placed in a safe in the office vaults. When the work was completed the safe contained eighty-eight sealed containers, each holding about twenty-eight ounces of platinum. After Crone's arrest the contents of these cans were examined, and it was discovered that only two of them contained platinum! The remaining eighty-six contained a mixture of mercury and mud, the proportion of mercury having been carefully adjusted, so that the total weight of the can should be equal to that of a similar can filled with platinum.

WHITEHALL IN WAR.

By Major-General Sir GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B., Author of *Letters on Amphibious Wars.*

PART I

I.

SOME acquaintances of mine, influential men in an important trade union in the east of London, were very angry with 'Whitehall' in the summer of 1918. They were living under conditions of work which had my sincere sympathy—very long hours and very little to do therein, no variety, and no mental interest. With their views on Whitehall I was less in sympathy; but, then, they knew nothing about the place. They told me that some day they were coming our way to break our windows because they resented their treatment by the 'upper classes.' That expression recurred constantly in their talk, and at last I had to ask what was meant by it. It seemed from their description that they meant the moneyed classes, whom they looked upon as the originators of all their grievances, and I was at some pains to explain that the moneyed classes were not to be found in Whitehall. I think that in the end they saw the point; at all events our windows remained intact.

Whitehall was rather a wonderful place in the war. There was plenty of interest and variety of work for all, from the Cabinet Minister to the pig-tailed and startlingly stockinged flapper of the later war-days. My first experience under war conditions was at the Admiralty, in which office I had served for many years at different times and in various capacities. I was recalled in August 1914. Old memories went back to the days, about thirty years before, when I had been 'Boots,' the most junior member of a little company who sowed the seeds which grew into the Naval Intelligence Department, and afterwards into the Naval War Staff. As 'Boots,' in those old days, my fate was to spend August and September every year in London. Parliament always prorogued itself early in August—or rose, or whatever Parliaments used to do in the days when they had time to go yachting or grouse-shooting. When the M.P.'s went away the real constructive work of the office used to begin. During the session we had always spent much of our time beating the air, providing materials to enable the First Lords of those days, with an appearance of candour, to avoid giving the full replies to questions asked by members of the House; but, the session ended, we were free to collect from all over the world the threads of information, and weave them into a pattern upon which our whole naval and foreign policy must depend. Now a different sort of August had come. The results of the policy which was adopted were to be put to the test.

The final order to mobilise the Fleet was issued in the early hours of the Sunday (2nd August), and I arrived at Waterloo Station that evening, to find an enthusiastic and cheering crowd seeing the last batch of naval reservists off by train to the home ports. One important point had not quite been grasped in the scheme—the need to extend enormously the Admiralty itself. There was no adequate machinery to handle and keep on the move the vast number of telegrams pouring into the office. I found some of the most important officials working practically twenty-four hours a day. The strain upon them was terrific. They slept and ate their meals in their rooms, and hardly got out for a breath of fresh air. The result of their work in those early days has been told by Sir Julian Corbett in his history of the naval operations, and needs no detailed description. The control of our sea forces was executive work needing quick decisions, the most careful wording of instructions based on those decisions, their communication to all authorities concerned, and, above all, secrecy. My own particular activities brought me into contact with most of the Whitehall offices—War Office, Foreign Office, India Office, Colonial Office, and, above all, the Committee of Imperial Defence.

I believe that the strain on the Admiralty in those early days was heavier than it was upon any other office, but somehow or other we carried on. My own hours at first were from nine in the morning until eleven at night, and I slept at the Grand Hotel, in order to be near the office. This gave a change, but not much sleep; crowds collected in Trafalgar Square and Northumberland Avenue singing songs for most of the night, which seemed rather waste of energy. There was no realisation of the tremendous crisis and the gravity of the task ahead of the nation. The public ignorance of what a great national war was likely to mean was in those days astounding. I remember the chief impression of the crowds was one of sheep without a shepherd. Splendid work had been done by the secretariat of the Committee of Imperial Defence in preparing a 'War-Book,' by which every department knew at once what to do; but the weak point was that nothing had been done to devise an authority or a form of government suitable for controlling subsequent operations of war. Those were the days of the 'Sanhedrin,' a Cabinet of twenty-two politicians, nominally

responsible for everything, but individually ignorant of the most vital factors upon which alone sound and speedy decisions could be based. The nation was indeed a flock of sheep without a shepherd, and many were destined to be driven to the slaughter.

There were some bright aspects in the outlook. It gave a feeling of security to know in those anxious days that we had in charge of foreign policy a straight man with a sane judgment in public affairs, and that, however things might go, there was strong moral purpose behind our policy which must mean ultimate victory, whatever we might have to go through for want of knowledge and co-ordination in our strategy. What developments there might be in the Air Forces was a mystery in the lap of the gods. We fully expected the Admiralty to be bombed, and wondered how things would go at sea if the nerve-and-brain centre of the whole organisation, the little group of rooms harbouring the operations department, were to be blown sky-high. There was talk of setting up a duplicate organisation elsewhere, but little came of it at the time. There is generally a touch of comic relief on such occasions. I remember going out for a breath of fresh air, and seeing a huge crowd in Trafalgar Square, seething with excitement, watching some men putting a little six-pounder gun on the top of the Admiralty Arch, the crowd occasionally scanning the sky to the eastward, searching for Zeppelins, against which such a gun would have been as effective as one of the scent-squirts sold to similar crowds on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday. That Monday, by the way, was a Bank Holiday, and 'holidays as usual' was the text. The Territorials were assembled for field-days all over the country, and this may have originated the astounding report, believed by the German General Staff, that our Expeditionary Force had assembled in Essex on Saturday, 1st August. It was not at all certain at that date that we should take part in the war, and no decision had been come to about mobilising the army. As a matter of fact, army mobilisation would have been impossible, because of the railways. They were fully occupied in handling the holiday traffic and in moving the Territorials to and from their homes.

II.

I have mentioned the Cabinet of twenty-two, nominally responsible for the handling of our war strategy. Such conditions always lead either to complete paralysis and collapse, or to an inner ring being formed of men of action. Such a ring was very soon established. As may be gathered from the Dardanelles Commissioners' First Report, it consisted of the Prime Minister (Mr Asquith), Mr Winston Churchill, and Lord Kitchener. The secretariat of the Committee of Imperial Defence provided the machinery and the link between that triumvirate and the departments affected by their behests, and fortunately the secretariat had issued the 'War-Book' already referred to, from which every one knew what to do at the start. Of the varied work with which I was charged, the most important was service on a committee to report on all proposals for overseas expeditions away from the main area.

The importance of the German high-power wireless stations erected in every quarter of the globe immediately became apparent. Means of passing information were likely to have a dominating influence upon the sea operations, and steps were at once taken to curtail the enemy's advantages. Then came the sudden and unexpected demand for naval escorts for troop movements all over the world, as the legions of the Dominions and India rallied to the flag. It was all desperately interesting. Men who could say or write exactly what they meant in a minimum number of words —a very rare quality—were priceless in those early days. Temporising and the conditional mood, the language of blue-books and of public oratory, were at a discount when rapid action was the order of the day, and it took Whitehall a long time to learn the value of the imperative in executive work. I hope that it is not an indiscretion to mention that, even at the end of a four and a half years' war, the War Cabinet, much criticised for their dictatorial ways, intimated in the conditional mood their decisions to departments concerned; the Admiralty, the War Office, the Air Ministry, or whosoever it might be, '*should* make arrangements to' do so and so, and so forth. I suppose that sort of phraseology gets the best work out of the Anglo-Saxon—on the same principle that we paint 'Way Out' on doors which in Germany would be placarded 'Ingoing forbidden.' There must be something in us that resents being told too brusquely to do or not to do anything. For instance, it would never have occurred to most of us to sit down upon a moving staircase, but reading the abrupt order on the Underground, 'Do not sit on the stairs,' raises in us an almost irresistible desire to do so. But to return to Whitehall, and especially to the Admiralty.

There, as in the Cabinet, the usual machinery was scrapped in the interest of speed in decisions, for which responsibility rested upon an inner ring rather than upon the whole Board, which seldom met. In days of yore I remember well the mysterious power of 'Their Lordships,' and passing with awe the baize door behind which they came to their momentous but leisurely decisions upon an occasional 'Board Day.' Gradually, during the intervening thirty years or so of peace on the high seas, the personal authority of the civilian First Lord had become paramount through the agency of a succession of carefully worded Orders in Council. He was no

longer a sort of ambassador between Parliament and a group of seamen talking a language foreign to the public, the language of the old sailing navy, autocrats in all appertaining to seamanship and sea-war. He had a great influence, as may be seen clearly set forth in the appendix to the official naval history, not only in the strategic distribution of our sea forces, but even in the technical work of selecting classes of ships for performance of the allotted tasks. I was at the Admiralty at the time of the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, and during the early days when the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* were at large in the Pacific, unlocated. Their influence upon the question of escorts required for the movement of helpless transports, and upon the forces needed to round up the distant German wireless stations, was naturally all-important. The work in connection therewith was very strenuous and continuous, and those concerned in the issue of orders for sea movements bore a constant and heavy responsibility both by day and by night. The dark hours give some sort of rest to commanders conducting war operations in restricted theatres, but the whole world was the theatre of sea-war, and darkness in one part meant daylight elsewhere.

I left the Admiralty at the end of August for other work. I think that the committee on oversea expeditions must have expired some time before the Dardanelles proposals came forward. Of Admiralty work, my only other experience in the war was indirect. During a visit to London about a week after Jutland, my hostess at luncheon told me that she knew for a fact that the real secret of our serious losses—*Indefatigable*, *Queen Mary*, and *Invincible*—was that the flash of bursting shell was communicated to bare charges in readiness for use, and thence through the ammunition-passages to the magazines. This, I had gathered previously, was a matter which the Admiralty was most anxious to keep secret, so I expressed surprise and incredulity. Secrecy, as a rule, was well maintained at the Admiralty, and I think in Whitehall generally, excepting about the Dardanelles expedition. It was always interesting to listen to outside talk about what we were doing and what we intended to do. During the first two years the chief topic seemed to be the probable date of the end of the war, before we had grasped the fact that effort, and not time, was to be the measure of success. Every one seemed to know some one else who could give inside information on this point. The situation was well described in a lampoon that passed from mouth to mouth through London and all over the country. It ran:

> Absolute evidence have I none,
> But my Aunt's charwoman's sister's son
> Heard a Policeman on his beat
> Say to a Housemaid in *Downing Street* (!)
> That he has an Uncle who has a Friend
> Who knows for a fact when the War will end.

I do not know whether this effort has ever before found its way into print; if it has, I tender to any journal in which it appeared my apologies for not mentioning the fact.

(*Continued on page 444.*)

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *War*, *The North Afire*, *The Undying Story*, *Phillip in Particular*, *The War Cache*, *Green Ladies*, *Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

I.

THE rush to the train was a frantic episode undertaken with the eye on the second-hand of the watch. As they flashed down through the spruce-woods and over the delightful bridge of the shining Bow and through the vivid little town, the detective, Xavier Gatineau, was scribbling a wire on a pad resting on his swaying knee.

'To our man at Sicamous,' he explained. 'He must meet that train. When we get to the depot, will you jam that into the telegraph-office? I've put on the official "rush" note, so it will go through without trouble. I'll dive for the station-master an' arrange for accommodation, an' hold the train if necessary. Phew! we're cutting it fine.'

They were. They heard the train pull in and stop before they could see it. They saw the guards preparing to send the train away as they drew up, braking perilously beside the low platform. Clement sprang to the telegraph-office without a word. Gatineau seemed to be half-way along the platform in the direction of the station-master before their automobile had really stopped. The handing-in of the wire took no more than a few seconds, but short though that time was, Gatineau was already beckoning him to the rear car when Clement appeared in the open once more. He lost no time, but was into that car at once. Gatineau began to say, 'Luck all the way. Section superintendent's private car hitched on to this train. This is it. He'll be here in a minute.'

He got no further. Clement suddenly caught his arm. 'My God!' he gasped. 'Look there—those women.'

Two women stood by the edge of the platform watching their suit-cases being put into an automobile.

It was dark, but the two well-dressed figures could plainly be seen in the light of an arc lamp. One was a comely, chilly, thick-set, middle-aged woman—the Gorgon, Méduse Smythe, Heloise Reys's companion; the other—Heloise.

No mistaking that slim, upstanding, gallantly poised figure. Even there in the darkness, and newly arrived on a strange railway platform, she carried herself with a crispness, an air of daintiness, a grace of candid beauty. No mistaking her at all—and no mistaking the curious and quite sharp thrill that went through Clement's own being as he looked at her.

'Miss Reys?' asked Gatineau in a sharp whisper.

'Yes—and that she-scoundrel, her companion. They've arrived. Of course, I should have remembered this would be their train.'

'Did they see you?' demanded Gatineau, more practically. He had a sudden unpleasant vision of the crafty Méduse Smythe sending telegrams ahead of them, warning Neuburg, upsetting their own hare-brained plan to dash down upon that mountainous rogue.

'I'm certain they didn't,' said Clement. 'And—and do you think, from their attitudes, that they did?'

Both men had drawn into the cover of their car, and were peering out at the two women cautiously; and as they looked it was quite obvious to them that they had not been seen. The women were behaving as calmly as ordinary Anglo-Saxon travellers invariably do. They were seeing that their suit-cases were being put into the automobile that was to take them to the Banff Springs Hotel. They were also getting into that automobile themselves without any apparent uneasiness. Uneasiness was not expected from Heloise; still, if she had seen Clement, with whom she had quarrelled—whom, on the word of Méduse, she was also well on the way to love—she must have shown some sort of nervousness. She showed none.

The Gorgon companion, who had every reason to show anxiety if she had, unexpectedly, set eyes upon that enemy who disconcerted her most—Clement Seadon—showed no anxiety. She was calm and smiling. With just the right smiling calm—no amount of acting could have given her precisely that air.

'No, they haven't seen us,' said Clement.

'No, they certainly haven't,' said Gatineau. 'All the same——' he began; then, noticing Clement's intent gaze, he stopped, and smothered a grin. Clement would not be fit for comment or reasoning until the train pulled out—until he had lost sight of a slender, attractive figure, whose fine and delicate profile was just then showing exquisitely in the light.

Clement, indeed, could not take his eyes from Heloise Reys. During the past exciting days he had thought a great deal about her. He had dwelt not merely upon her danger, but also upon her personality. The mere fact that she was not near him to be seen had, he thought, made her seem more charming, more beautiful—had given the candour of her face an added beauty, her slimness and poise an added entrancement. He had, he thought, created a dream woman, a visionary ideal upon the none too solid basis, perhaps, of that absence that makes the heart grow fonder. He had not reasoned so sternly with himself perhaps, but he had warned his heart not to expect too much, not to be betrayed by sentimental exaggerations. And he saw now that his fond visions were wrong—quite wrong. All that imagining of beauty, charm, fineness—wrong. She was so much better than all that.

He gazed at her hungrily. Yes, in her warm, upstanding, firm comeliness, she was so much better than any dream. She was astonishingly desirable. Her car started. He moved towards the observation-platform. Gatineau touched his arm. 'Mr Seadon,' he protested, smiling. 'I know that. . . . But the light *does* shine on that observation-platform. If they turned and looked back——'

Clement faced the little detective. He opened his mouth to speak. He did not speak. He smiled. And the train started.

But presently he did speak. 'They have arrived at Banff, Gatineau. That horror of a woman has arrived—and she will ask for a message from Neuburg. Do you appreciate that? She'll go there expecting a message.'

'She won't get one,' said Gatineau, grinning. He put his hand in his pocket. He drew out, threw upon the table of the saloon, Newman's—that is, Neuburg's—train-letter saying all was clear, and ordering Méduse to go to Revelstoke. 'I brought it along with me. I thought of that.'

'Yes,' said Clement, 'you thought of that. But did you think of what would happen when she asks for the message she is expecting—and does not get it?'

'Hell!' said the little detective explosively.

'Just that,' agreed Clement. 'She'll raise that. She'll get panicky. She'll be full of all sorts of excited terrors. And she'll do something.'

'She just will; she'll just fly to the wire or to the distance-'phone to Sicamous. She'll get through to Neuburg. Why, in the name of Mike, didn't I think of that?'

'Why, in the name of Michael, didn't I?' said Clement hardly. 'I let the thing down more than you. It was my idiotic haste. But that doesn't help. What does help? She'll get through to Sicamous and Neuburg; she will warn Neuburg. And—and what can we do?'

They stood staring blankly at each other in the swaying car.

II.

They stood and stared at each other. A night journey away were Neuburg (who was also

Nachbar the murderer) and Gunning and Siwash Mike and Joe Wandersun's wife. They were unsuspecting. They were preparing for some —some crime, some terrible crime perhaps, but they were unsuspecting.

Behind them were the two women going in a fast car to the Banff Springs Hotel. The woman who had most to fear was also unsuspecting. But she would cease to be so after she had been in the foyer of the hotel many minutes. She would ask for a message, a letter, or a wire—and she would not get one. At once because of her fear she would become anxious. What would she do? She could not leave the hotel that night, for she could not get on to Sicamous until the morning. But she could wire. She would wire at once to Neuburg, asking if there was a reason for his silence. And Neuburg would be warned. He would know at once that his letter had gone astray, that something was wrong, and he would take steps to meet the crisis. He would be prepared for anything the men even now moving towards him might do.

And the men moving towards him were standing in the saloon of a speeding train, hanging, as it were, between the two danger-points in a travelling isolation. What could they do?

Gatineau said 'Hell!' again; and then he said, 'She 'll wire, sure.'

'Or 'phone,' said Clement.

'Yes, she might. But to whom? Joe's wife went up to Gunning's shack in a motor-boat. She left word she wouldn't be back, remember; left word an' a letter.'

'Siwash Mike, or Herbert Lucas, as he calls himself, may be there waiting for the ladies.'

'Yep, that 's so.' Gatineau thought a while. 'But their shack might not have a 'phone. It 's unlikely, I think. Fact'—he produced the letter Joe Wandersun was supposed to have written to meet Heloise on her arrival—'none marked on that, you see. An' then 'phoning—would she risk it? Miss Reys might come in on her as she spoke, or, since they 're bound to have adjoining rooms, she might hear; 'phoning is a risky business.'

'Especially with women. Neuburg doesn't like it,' said Clement, with a dry smile, recalling what he had overheard at Quebec. 'You think she 'd wire?'

'Sure I think she 'd wire,' said Gatineau, his face brightening a little.

'But how does it help? I know, if we could get in touch with Sicamous, we could stop it—but from a moving train?'

'We could do something when we get to Lake Louise, but that is an hour and a half away. If we could only send some other way.'

'A pocket wireless set would be invaluable—only, the idea has not advanced as far as the Rocky Mountains yet. I don't see——'

At that moment a large and genial man came into the saloon. 'Well, Gatineau, you 've jumped my car with all the powers of that old rogue The Chief behind you. Have you brought his latest story along? Oh, and is this your friend Mr—Mr ——'

The little detective, Gatineau, swung round on the superintendent. 'Walt, have you a train telegraph set in this car?' was all he answered.

'Good Lord!' said Walt. 'What 's the joke?'

'I 'm asking—have you?'

'Of course I have,' said Walt. 'What 's the answer?'

He didn't get an answer. Instead, Gatineau swung round on Clement with a great laugh. 'We 've got it. We 've got 'em. Walt, here, will stop the train.'

'Walt, here, will be asked to do it first. Then he 'll think about it,' said Walt, with just that tinge of asperity in his laugh that showed he had not been too neatly handled. Gatineau noticed that tone in a flash.

'Say, Walt, I guess I 'm being a bit fresh. We 're rather rattled, Mr Seadon and me. . . . Oh, Walt, meet Mr Clement Seadon, a friend of The Chief's. . . . We 're on a big thing, a big criminal thing, and we did something quite stupid back in Banff that we can put straight only by telegraphing, an' at once. It 's a big thing—we don't quite know how big it may be.'

'It may mean a murder,' said Clement, watching the big man.

'Holy Mike!' cried the big Walt.

'Well, we 're afraid of that,' agreed Gatineau. 'You see, we daren't wait until Lake Louise to wire if we can do it before.'

'You 're going to do it before,' said the superintendent. 'I 'm getting that set.' He began to run out of the saloon.

'All right, Walt,' called Gatineau. 'We 've got to figure out that wire first.'

He went over to the little writing-desk near the rear window. He switched on the desk-lamp and selected cable-forms. At once he wrote: 'Hold all wires from Méduse Smythe to Newman or Neuburg.' He looked up. 'Will that do?' he asked. 'Our man, to whom this wire goes, knows Neuburg; he 'll know what that telegram means. An' we mustn't block other wires. Neuburg may be expecting one from Nimmo at Montreal, f'rinstance, and might get anxious if he didn't get it.'

'That 's true,' said Clement over Gatineau's shoulder. 'And while we 're stopping Méduse's getting to Neuburg by wire, we might stop her getting to him in person. Write this:

'"Wire Méduse Smythe Banff Springs Hotel as follows.—All clear have seen Landor Revelstoke all will be well don't communicate him will let you know to-morrow or next day when to come on here wait meanwhile no reason anxiety Englishman who does not look brainy safely interned Montreal.—ARTHUR NEWMAN."

'How do you think that will answer?'

'It'll answer fine—if she's not suspicious.'

'She won't be suspicious—if Arthur Newman isn't. This is from Arthur Newman.'

The little detective considered it carefully. 'You're right. It bears the authentic stamp of Arthur. Wondered why you were putting in that bit about the foxy bank man, Landor of Revelstoke. But I see why. Feeling that Newman is the only one to know about him, she'll be certain this wire's from him. An' she'll stay quiet at Banff accordingly.'

'That's the idea. You feel confident that your man will send it correctly—as though it really did come from Newman, I mean?'

'Rely on him.—Walt, we're ready, if you are.'

The superintendent had meantime been occupied in the saloon with the young man who acted as his clerk. On the saloon table a telegraph instrument had been set up, and the young man was busy with what looked like a long bamboo fishing-pole that had electric-flex instead of fishing-line attached to it, as well as a curious hook at its top end. Walt asked the young man, 'All ready, Able?' and the young man having answered, 'All ready, Mr Forster,' the big man bawled along the passage of the car, 'Say, Eddie, go forrard and tell the engineer to stop the train. I want to use the wire.'

In a minute the long train groaned to a standstill. At once the young man dropped from the observation-platform at the rear of the car, and, first hooking the bamboo rod over one of the telegraph-wires beside the track, did various things with electric plugs. Then he came back to the saloon and began working the telegraph instrument. 'Through to Sicamous,' he said. Gatineau pushed the slip forward: 'There's your message.' In a surprisingly short time the young man said, 'They're O.K.ing.' 'Ask them to repeat,' said Gatineau. The young man wrote down the message as it was clicked back, Gatineau watching his writing hand. As he wrote the last word the detective said, 'O.K. That's all.' Then the bamboo pole and the plugs were disconnected, the instrument was dismantled, a guard waved a light, and the train moved on.

'Five minutes,' smiled Walt. 'That's how it's done, Mr Seadon.'

'Yes, you people make the checkmating of rogues seem child's-play,' replied Clement, and he went to his bunk almost with serenity. They had done good work. They had made sure that Heloise and Méduse Smythe would remain at Banff. They had made sure that the murderer and rogue who went by the name of Neuburg would have no suspicion that anything was wrong with his plans, or that they were coming.

(*Continued on page 436.*)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEA-TROUT.

By DUGALD MACINTYRE.

SCIENTISTS are now agreed that there is only one species of trout in this country. Individual trout may stay in fresh water, frequent the tideways and the estuaries, or visit the sea, in which case they are at present known as sea-trout. Dr Knut Dahl has suggested that in Norway the stock of sea-trout may be largely recruited from river-trout spawning. There seems no reason why divergent types of trout should not breed together. The late Francis Buckland gives in one of his books details of an experiment in the course of which he successfully mated a female salmon and a yellow trout. The resultant hybrid trout and salmon were released as smolts, and were then lost to knowledge. It is impossible at present to say what these hybrids looked like when full-grown. The probability is that, on their return to the river as mature fish, they so closely resembled sea-trout as to defy recognition. The way in which yellow trout introduced to New Zealand have adopted sea-going habits seems to afford proof that brown trout only lack opportunity to develop into sea-trout. Salmon were, I believe, introduced into New Zealand at the same time as the brown trout, and the experiment was wholly or in part a failure. In this country both brown trout and sea-trout spawn for the most part a little earlier in the season than the salmon. This prevents, of course, or mitigates natural mixed unions between trout and salmon in this climate. There is a possibility that exigencies of climate in New Zealand led to salmon and trout spawning at the same season, in which case New Zealand trout may be really hybrid trout and salmon.

If salmon and trout can be, and have been, successfully mated artificially, there is no argument against that which can be done artificially occurring under exceptional circumstances in a state of nature. Experiments in hybridising brown trout and sea-trout (and the salmon with both) are, I understand, now in progress, as the result possibly of an article, 'Hybrid Trout and Salmon,' sent to *The Field* in 1913, but not published till 18th October 1919. Since 1913 I have made some rather interesting observations on the trout of Loch Frisa, Mull. The majority of the trout in this lake resemble sea-trout closely. The water in Loch Frisa is as clear as crystal, and the loch is shallow, with a sandy bottom. Besides the sea-trout-like fish of Loch Frisa, we caught some typical yellow trout there. The sea-trout-like fish differed only in two details from actual sea-trout fresh from the sea. Their fins were much larger than those

of the normal sea-trout of the same size, and their eyes were larger too in proportion to their size. This might be the result of the retarding effect of the fresh water on the fishes' growth. Very possibly those fish, hardly larger than the average smolt in size, were several years old.

A large proportion of the sea-going trout in our country spawn high up the shallow tributaries. There the fish may be closely watched and some interesting facts noted. Thus I once noted an instance of a large female sea-trout, on losing her mate, breeding with a yellow trout. A grilse of some six or seven pounds was seen under similar circumstances on the 'redds' with a large trout. The young trout hatch in April; in the August following their birth they are not much larger than full-grown minnows, and are in all respects similar to yellow trout. They retain this similarity until just two years old, when in April numbers of the little fish assume the silvery dress of the smolt and drop down-stream to the sea. During the latter part of February and in March anglers in the tidal waters capture some fair-sized trout which they cannot quite class. Those fish, sometimes called 'yellow-fins,' in April assume the silvery dress of the smolt and enter on their sea-life at a slightly earlier date than their two-year-old brethren. The probability is that those 'yellow-fins,' 'finnock,' 'gray trout,' or whatever their local name is, are sea-going trout parr which have remained in fresh water longer than the normal two years' term.

If we were to hazard a guess as to the reason of the delay in the finnocks' entry to salt water, one may be found in the sex of the 'finnock' or 'yellow-fin.' These fish may be all females, and we know that Nature specially protects the female in some cases. In any case, these fish enter salt water at a distinct advantage over normal sea-trout parr. Their size protects them from any but powerful enemies. Besides the 'yellow-fin,' anglers in tidal waters during early spring capture some fresh-run sea-trout up to two pounds in weight. Old anglers call these fish 'yeld' fish, because they neither show embryo milt, or roe, nor reveal signs of having spawned in the previous season. The spring anglers' catch too often includes a number of sea-trout 'kelts' in various degrees of mending. Some of those spawned fish are only partially 'clean'; a few eggs remain in the ovarium, where also can be seen the milt, or roe, for the next spawning season, perfectly formed, but small.

By the end of May the river is practically without sea-trout. Finnock, smolt and kelt, have alike entered the sea, whither we must follow them. A night's hauling with the 'splash' net in early July reveals the fact that the smolt which left the river in April now weighs on an average a quarter of a pound.

Of the larger fish, most (up to three or four pounds) are obviously maiden fish in first-class condition. The catch may also include a few 'well-mended' kelts of large size. Splashing later in the season than July secures a greater number of small fish under one and a half pounds than earlier. The reason of this is not far to seek: the early run of maiden fish into fresh water has occurred with the first spate in July. This run of mature and well-conditioned, but not noticeably gravid, fish is followed in early August by a huge run of 'herling,' from about half a pound to one pound in weight. In July we have caught, in the splash-net, smolts which entered salt water in the preceding April, and which, when taken, weighed only a quarter of a pound. Thus it is evident that the August run of herling is not composed of smolts of the season. The August herling are, in fact, the smolts of the previous season, have been fifteen or sixteen months in salt water, and are, therefore, over three years old at least. Some of those three-year-old sea-trout certainly remain to breed in the river when no larger than herring. I should judge that most of these precocious fish are males, as one often sees a great disparity in size between male and female sea-trout when mated. A great number of the autumn running herling doubtless return to the sea without spawning, and there, with other maiden fish, which have never left it, probably form the next season's July run of mature sea-trout.

During September, October, (and, I think, November) each 'spate' brings up a fair number of large and small sea-trout to the spawning-grounds. Large sea-trout which run up from the sea in October or November are in my experience the kelts of the preceding April. Nature has arranged with those that the development of the ova shall proceed coincidently with the attainment of fair bodily condition. I say 'fair' advisedly, for 'back-end' running salmon and trout are never more than 'fair' in condition when of large size and gravid. Nature has in the 'kelt' a reserve which in the sea escapes some risks incidental to fish in fresh water, and she takes steps, by the formation of new ova in the kelt immediately after spawning, to ensure that a fish which has once bred shall thereafter breed annually.

It must not be supposed that sea-trout, having once entered a stream, it may be in July, remain in fresh water until the spawning season. Many sea-trout which bear certain proofs of a long residence in fresh water are caught in the salmon-nets in August and September, at considerable distances from the mouth of any river. In watching on a bridge over a small West Highland salmon-stream (when the river was falling after a spate), I have seen numbers of salmon and sea-trout ploughing a straight course down-stream for the sea. This the fish do only after dark or in moonlight. Quite possibly those fish, or some of them, were up the river again with the first 'fresh.'

THE GOD OF LE PÈRE PÉRIGOT.

By C. Franklyn Burghes.

I.

IT was after a meeting of the Dickens Fellowship—an enthralling meeting, at which the never-to-be-solved mystery of *Edwin Drood* had been debated afresh—that the taciturn Tremaine Sinclair, reluctantly, grudgingly, poured the following narrative into my eager ear. One of the most difficult men to draw out I have ever encountered is this famous *littérateur*, essayist, and critic, with a nice taste in human curios. But at last I succeeded, chiefly, no doubt, owing to the stimulation of the meeting, aided and abetted possibly by the fascination exercised on the mind of a man of culture by our surroundings—for we were supping at the 'Cheshire Cheese,' that venerable haunt of the wits and the wise since the days of Dr Johnson, the immortal.

It was shortly after the Great War that Sinclair had occasion to visit some of the smaller French towns in the devastated areas. He had some queer lodgings, and often for the night was forced to find a bed in one of the less damaged cottages or private houses, for of the local *estaminet* or *auberge* nothing more remained to greet the traveller than the four walls. It was in Pionville that he experienced the greatest difficulty in obtaining shelter, for here he was obliged to remain for a whole week, and the place had suffered severely from countless raids and bombardments. Finally he was directed by the station-master to the largest house in the townlet.

'*Le père* Périgot,' said the *chef de gare*, with slight hesitation, 'he may put you up—he has plenty of room, and his place is untouched; but he is a queer character. *Enfin*, monsieur, try your luck if all else fails.'

All else did fail, and with a forlorn hope Sinclair took his way towards the massive, rambling, low-roofed house at the corner of the Rue Michelet, to which he had been directed. And on the instant of arrival there he, with his flair for the unusual, sensed that queer, inexplicable 'something' about the place that gave the gossips such an inexhaustible subject when other matter was lacking, and caused the little children to patter along, with many furtive backward glances, when compelled to pass the low, dark, closely shuttered building after dusk.

It was rumoured that at one time, long, long ago, a murder had been committed there, and that the body of the victim had been for many years concealed beneath the paving of the cavernous cellars. Explicit details were lacking, for the rumour was very nearly as old as the house, and far older than *le père* Périgot, himself the oldest inhabitant of Pionville. It was, however, a certainty that the place had been unoccupied several years before his arrival, and that the legend of the murder, reluctantly transmitted to him by the agent's clerk, had not deterred the old second-hand dealer—for such was his calling—from taking possession. Indeed, far from recoiling from the gruesome details, he had, with exceptional keenness, fully investigated the ancient history of his abode, and the tale of the burial of the remains of the victim beneath the pavement of the *cave* was emphatically corroborated by him after the conclusion of his researches.

The house, therefore, was as good as haunted, and the old dealer might well have been its evil spirit. Sinclair was compelled to knock more than once upon the stout wooden door of great antiquity, ere it was opened by a timorous little person of the peasant class, who followed him hesitatingly into the dim, unlit passage.

'*Monsieur Périgot est-il chez lui?*' he inquired. In a breathless whisper she replied, '*Si monsieur veut attendre un instant;*' then, like a frightened little rabbit, she scurried down the echoing flagstones to the rear of the house.

Sinclair, waiting, sniffed the musty atmosphere with displeasure. Presently a heavy step, mounting seemingly endless stairs, broke the silence, an iron door clanged brazenly, and a shuffle of carpet-slippers along the passage announced the coming of *le père* Périgot. Sinclair, at the appearance that now confronted him, took an involuntary step forward, his nostrils unconsciously dilating with the sharp intake of his breath, as do those of the collecting enthusiast when he beholds for the first time a glimpse of some rare and flawless specimen, hitherto undiscovered by him.

The passage was a long one, and the tall, gaunt old man advanced from its farthest end, a candle-stump held in one hand and shaded by the other, throwing its wavering light upward on to his arresting features, and producing a Rembrandtesque effect that was fully appreciated by the one who watched. It threw into crude relief the sharp, narrow chin, to which the little white tuft of beard lent an added aggressiveness; the tightly closed, secretive lips; the long, pointed, intellectual nose; and the mean little jet-bead eyes beneath the round black cap that crowned his high, bald skull.

Le père carried himself with an air of one subservient to no man, and disdain for the frailties of his fellow-creatures—the true dealer's disdain—was plainly stamped upon his

fine, cruel old face. After listening in utter silence to Sinclair's request, with a piercing glance, and a curt '*Par ici, monsieur*,' he turned and led the way to an upper floor, where a large bedroom gave into a still larger sitting-room beyond. Both rooms, Sinclair noted, were spotlessly clean, though dim and cheerless, filled to overflowing almost with massive old mahogany and walnut furniture, of the purest design. *Le père* was evidently a collector, and a connoisseur of no mean order, for a glance or two subsequently assured Sinclair that each piece was a genuine antique. With a stiff bow, and a barked '*Je vous enverrai ma belle-fille*,' old Périgot withdrew, and within a few moments a shy knock at the door heralded the entrance of the timid little person the visitor had mistaken for the serving-maid. Sinclair greeted his hostess with the rare smile that so delightfully illuminates his somewhat sombre features.

'Madame Périgot?'

'*Mais oui, monsieur*,' she admitted shyly, overwhelmed by the unwonted deference shown her.

'*Et monsieur votre mari?*'——

'*Se trouve à Paris, monsieur, au sujet de ses inventions;*' and a faint little smile of pride dawned at her mouth-corners. Further conversational amenities were, however, interrupted by the cries of an infant Périgot, hungrily demanding instant attention from a neglectful parent. With a murmured '*O, pardon, monsieur*,' madame flew to the succour of her offspring, and so ended Sinclair's introduction to the inmates of the house at the corner of the Rue Michelet.

II.

During the subsequent days he saw much of the little mother, whom he grew to know as Annette; but of the old man he caught but rare glimpses, despite his strong desire to cultivate the acquaintance.

From Annette, whom very few words of encouragement proved to be as talkative as any girl of her station, he learned that she was an orphan, and had been a serving-maid on a neighbouring farm; how she had had the amazing good fortune to win the love of Jean-Marie, only child of *le père* Périgot, who had wooed her ardently before leaving for the front. Of her husband she would chatter by the hour, and from her naïve narrative Sinclair gathered that Jean-Marie was the most popular young man in all Pionville, to the disdain of his parent. 'Too good-looking, too good-looking to have any brains,' was the old man's constant comment, manifestly unfair, for Jean-Marie, though evincing not the slightest inclination to succeed his father in the business, was a brilliant inventor of an aeroplane-engine, the adoption of which by the French authorities was his life's ambition.

He justified the old man's remark in one direction, however; his good looks he refused to utilise as a commercial asset, and he, who could have gathered in the biggest *dot* in Pionville, wasted himself on the little farm-servant, Annette. Strangely enough, his firm resolve to wed her met with little opposition from old Périgot. *La vieille* Juliette, the faithful *bonne à tout faire*, who had served him for eighteen years, could thus be dispensed with; for Juliette was old, and she knew too much, which is not a good thing for a woman, and Annette was young and strong, and could work for her keep without a wage. So it was settled, and Jean-Marie left for Paris, to work there at his beloved invention until such time as he sold it, and could rejoin them at home.

But Annette's little, lonely child-soul was frightened by weird sights and sounds by night in the grim old mansion—by mysterious flittings of strange forms with bulging pockets, whom *le père* himself admitted by the side-door in the small hours, whilst she peeped slyly from the darkened kitchen window. Above all, *la cave* terrified—the enormous vault-like cellar which ran below the entire length of the house, and into which her father-in-law disappeared each night for interminable hours. Only one week had she been with him when he had shown her an aged, polished skull, and, with his bright, jet-black eyes fixed hypnotically upon hers, had recited the awful tale of the victim of long ago, sparing her none of the gruesome details, but driving home the horror of it with malicious satisfaction, until the little beads of a cold perspiration stood out upon her brow.

From that day onward nothing in the whole wide world would have induced her to advance down the many cold stone steps leading from the security of the bright daylight above into that haunted, dreadful place, and on the rare occasions when the heavy iron door that barred the way was left ajar by *le père*, she would peep with a morbid shudder into the dim, silent depths, crossing herself in haste with a childish gesture of supplication.

What did he do down there, *le beau-père*? Ah, she could not say, but only dared hint, with peasant superstition, at black magic and strange intercourse, in the dead of night, with ghosts and departed spirits. For he was a stern and terrible old man, and she, after all, but his little unpaid drudge, whose hands, he took good care to ensure, were kept too busy to allow her mind much time for unfruitful speculation.

Sinclair was, he admitted, disappointed with the history and the narrative of Annette. The one and the other were platitudinous and commonplace, and even his prolific imagination failed to conceal their threadbareness, and to overlay the prosaic details with romantic inaccuracies. To him, the old house and its master had suggested possibilities weird, bizarre, of the De

Maupassant or Balzac type; *le père* Périgot seemed the typical *avare*, of whose doings no extravagant account would be unbelievable. When, in an idle moment, Sinclair pondered over the facts related to him by Annette, he noted with mental approbation the old *rusé's* cunning in making much of the ancient and altogether doubtful murder legend; in hinting at gruesome whisperings and wanderings in the cellar, which perturbed him but little, but served to render the underground regions for ever immune from the investigations of his daughter-in-law, curious by nature of woman, doubly so by peasant instinct.

The old Juliette—there, perhaps, had been the fitting counterpart and pendant to *le père* Périgot—the ancient, faithful, autocratic female, who had been ignominiously thrust forth to make room for the young, wageless wife—because she was old, so said Annette; and because she knew too much, so had muttered her employer. Knew too much, doubtless, of the secrets of the second-hand dealer's business, of the disreputable visitors who, in the stealthy darkness, padded to the latched side-door. So Sinclair imagined, ere fate initiated him into the amazing secret of the *cave* of the house in the Rue Michelet.

It cannot be doubted that Sinclair's literary enthusiasms were enthralled by his host's personality; that, given the strange old fellow as a human problem, he could have worked out as pretty a fabled mystery as ever figured in a publisher's list. But, as it chanced, to satisfy his craving for romance needed no invention of his fertile imagination; the bare facts, in their grim reality, required no added embellishment. Of his astounding discoveries in the cellar vaults I shall endeavour to tell, as far as possible, in his own words, for, steeped as he was in appreciation of his host's character and his host's house, he alone could adequately reconstruct that last scene but one, of which no man was witness.

III.

'I discovered,' drawled Sinclair in his deliberate, almost toneless voice, as he helped himself to some famous Cheshire, 'as I have already mentioned, that *le père* was wont to spend the greater part of each evening in his cellar, whither Annette dared not follow him, she, as a rule, passing the time in the company of a friendly gossip over the way. *La cave*, I must explain, was more than a mere cellar, running, as it did, beneath the entire length of the house, and being divided off into several rooms, on a similar plan to the floor above it.

'In these rooms the old man spent the greater part of his life; they contained his treasures—and old men's treasures talk. I picture him stealthily moving in turn from room to room; through chambers akin to a miniature Wallace Collection, so packed were they with priceless bric-à-brac, objects of virtu, and ornaments of bygone centuries, nine-tenths of which were stolen property. For *le père* was, as I had surmised, a "fence," a receiver of high fame in the select circle of the connoisseurs of two continents. Strange men brought him his possessions, and even as strange came, under cover of darkness, to fetch them away; and transatlantic collections of the first rank have been unobtrusively enriched from that closely guarded cellar hoard. However, there were nights when visitors would come in vain; when no business was transacted by *le père* Périgot, and the most tempting offers would fail to open the heavily barred iron door at the end of the narrow stone passage. On such nights the old man would descend alone, and the door was padlocked behind him, and such a night was the one I am now describing to you.

'Down the echoing steps he went, easily, despite his age, and through the dim and silent treasure-chambers, making his way into the last of them all, to which a second bolted narrow door gave access alone at the behest of a small, quaintly forged key, that never left his watch-chain. A tiny square apartment was then revealed, into which the *père* noiselessly stepped, switching on the hanging electric-lamp that illuminated it.

'His object? He was on worship bent; a peculiar worship, it is true, and at the shrine of a peculiar god—the god of Contentment and Satiety, that reigned over his cellar and his soul. A perfectly preserved deity of ancient China, looted, no doubt, during the Boxer rising from the site of his Oriental seclusion, he sat upon a priceless lacquer cabinet, his hands benignly folded over his bulging stomach, imperturbable, inscrutable, a broad smile of serenity irradiating his leering porcelain countenance. Around him stood other cabinets and coffers, and upon these minor figures, vases, and receptacles, famous and invaluable pieces all; richly embroidered Eastern tapestries hid the stark whitewash of the walls; a carpet, the realisation of a Persian dream, caressed the floor. Yet no other idol shared the presence-chamber of the god of Contentment; alone, he reigned supreme.

'*Le père* Périgot glanced towards him as the light flashed up; and in his glance there was little of reverence. Hatred, malice, resentment, and withal a strange fear, a vague hesitation, seemed to possess him, as from a secret drawer within the cabinet he drew forth a thin parchment scroll, and commenced to read in muttering undertones the well-known lines that fifteen years of unremitting study had at length elucidated.

'"And many centuries ago, the Emperor Tsun-Hei, sorely pressed by enemies who coveted his throne and riches, caused an insignificant God of Contentment to be constructed by the illustrious master-potter, Li-Keen; and in the presence of his Lord and Ruler, the great and illustrious one

inserted into the belly of the God, at his command, a precious store of pigeon-blood rubies, of incalculable value, that should stand him in good stead should the threatened disaster befall him.

'"Li-Keen then closed up the God's mouth, so that none should reopen it save the Emperor or himself, by means of a secret spring known to them alone. The artist-potter, his delicate task completed, was forthwith painlessly despatched to a place where his secret knowledge should be of no further avail to him, and the Emperor caused a fearful curse to be pronounced by the Priests upon any presumptuous one who should dare endeavour to avail himself of the treasure through the destruction of the God, its guardian.

'"His Celestial Majesty, however, had no need to resort to his secret store, for fortune favoured him, and he prospered exceedingly in all his undertakings. The son of Li-Keen, however, to whom before his unavoidably premature decease his father had made known the existence of the ruby-fed God (though time failed him to reveal the secret of the spring), stole the deity upon the Emperor's demise. Yet he succeeded not in all his days in opening the mouth, nor dared he, nor any of the many ones into whose hands the God successively passed, destroy the image in order to obtain the hidden gems, for fear of the Death by Stroke of Thunder that awaits him who does so, which is declared by all to be no idle threat, since the magic powers of the priests of those days are world-famed."

'Indecision in his eyes, *le père* Périgot glanced from the scroll in his hand to the god upon his pedestal, mockingly regarding him. Then, for the one hundred and thirty-first time in the fifteenth year of his endeavour to solve the riddle of the secret spring by lawful means, he stretched out his hands towards the deity.

'As he did so, deep into the cellar sank the reverberation of a crashing thud, that made him pause for an instant, though no longer. For his ears, during recent months, had accustomed themselves to the sounds of the explosions of the numerous ammunition-dumps in the vicinity. Merely another one had caught; the sole danger lay in the possibility that the enormous park, situated at no great distance from his abode, should follow suit; but for the stout and ancient house that had withstood innumerable enemy bombardments he had no fear. As for Annette—bah! Annette could take herself and her brat off to *la vieille* Chevrier for company. Yet another bang, somewhat nearer, and a feeble echo up above—the slamming of the massive front-door, as Annette flew to the shelter of the friendly haven over the way.

'However, in the momentary pause that had stayed his action, the old man's mood had swiftly changed. The fear and indecision of a moment before had vanished; not caressingly did his thin old fingers reach for his precious idol, but, in a sudden access of senile, maniacal fury, clawed towards it. Now he would know—now or never—whether he had been fooled and tricked for fifteen years by a pot-bellied bit of Chinese clay; if no other means would reveal the obstinate spring, then destruction should open those grinning lips and force them to reveal the unspoken secret.

'As, with a frenzied gesture, he raised his fist to strike and sunder the imperturbable one, the insignificant god of Contentment and Satiety, whose hunger had been appeased by the rubies of the Emperor Tsun-Hei, there came a crash of unparalleled magnitude, and a blinding flare that illuminated the cellar-temple from corner to corner. Upon these followed the rumblings and groanings of falling masonry, as, with the sigh of its death-agony, the three-centuries-old house in the Rue Michelet, weakened by the incessant tremblings of four years of warfare, crumbled like a card-house under the force of the explosion of the mighty ammunition-dump some few streets away, as the venerable, battered oaks of the forest crumble beneath the thunder of heaven.

'Its ruins came sweeping down into the depths of *la cave* beneath it, pinning *le père* Périgot, as with iron bands, flat upon his back before the god enthroned upon the lacquer cabinet. As he lay there, his limbs inexorably imprisoned by the accumulating débris, the old man's head and chest, strangely, escaped the crumbling rubble; but, more strangely by far, the cabinet stood firm, though lurching drunkenly, the god of Contentment and Satiety, his lips cracked from ear to ear in a satanic grin, wedged, like his master and worshipper, between massive beams of wood.

'He leered more hideously than ever now, his stony lips abulge, his gloating little eyes dwelling on the prostrate figure at his feet, and from his grinning mouth, as the rusty, age-old spring was at length released, there fell a river of rubies, pouring forth in a steady stream upon the stark old man—a shimmering, blood-red, purple and crimson flood that, sharply pelting down and spilling over on to his upturned face, swept him into the night of unconsciousness.

'He was not quite dead when, after many hours of toil amongst the ruins, we at last succeeded in freeing him; in fact, he is still alive to-day, though unable to move a limb or a muscle. But Annette tends him well, with care and gratitude, for the sale of the rubies procured a large fortune wherewith to launch the now famous aero-engine of young Jean-Marie; and it may be taken for granted that Jean-Marie the second, grandson and eventual heir of *le père* Périgot, will not be made acquainted with the religion and the profession of his wealthy ancestor.'

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

ON THE BANFFSHIRE COAST.

By PETER RINTOUL.

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I.

IN the course of my peregrinations recently I found myself crossing the noisy girders of Spey Bay viaduct. What business I had with the fisher-folks and their chandlers necessitated my alighting, not at Fochabers or Port Gordon, but a mile and a half eastward, at the most important centre of the fishing industry on this part of the coast—the town of Buckie, whose station the shrill whistle of the Great North of Scotland Railway engine presently announced. On both sides of the platform there was a considerable concourse of passengers, for here east-bound and west-bound trains usually meet. One marks quickly the Doric of the nor'-east, and is, at first, somewhat puzzled by the 'Aye, aye!' salutation which takes the place of the less abrupt and, perhaps, more rational 'Good-morning!' and other greetings which in the Lowlands fall upon accustomed ears.

On further acquaintance the traveller is impressed by the kindly, shy, and reticent demeanour of the people. They smack of peat-smoke, tar, fish, and the briny savour of the sea, and on a mild winter morning, such as that of my visit, you smell all these together! The forms and the gestures of the fishermen and the fishwives are those we saw in our first picture-books. Their speech is broad and direct, but, like most characteristic people, they hide themselves in ordinary intercourse among their fellows. They are, nevertheless, the product of their chill environment—a hard-headed, practical people, with the salt of the sea in their blood. Words of unconscious wisdom ofttimes adorn their homely sayings.

A native of the town remarked in conversation that among the coast folk the war had been regarded more as a racial conflict than a struggle for monarchical supremacy; that they were more in dread, through naval operations, of the going away of the fish than of the coming of the Germans! In further talk I learned from one of the local fishermen of some of the trouble connected with the building of the new harbour—how, for instance, the sand was lifted, shipped, and emptied a little way out in the firth, only to be returned by wind and tide to reblock the harbour-entrance. This error of judgment, however, had been rectified; and as I walked along Cluny harbour many trawlers with 'B.C.K.' on their funnels lay almost motionless within its massive walls.

My business at Buckie accomplished, I took the low road to the little port, Portessie, 'the harbour with the waterfall,' which lies scarcely a mile to the east. The morning mists had passed away, and a bright December sun covered the remarkably still waters, while a moderate south breeze of spring tenderness added to the charm of the hour. It was Saturday. Now, while city business men—retailers in particular—will not tolerate the presence of commercial men on that day, different conditions obtain in the nor'-east generally. My time-table on this occasion was at my own disposal, and having 'calls' in the four 'ports'—two villages and two burghs—that lie along the coast (the last, a burgh five miles distant, being my destination for the week-end), I dispensed with the services of the iron way. High cliffs here hold back the Moray Firth, and I followed the shore-road, which runs ribbon-like through the sea-turf—yet untarnished by the snell winter winds—as far as Portessie.

Proceeding a mile farther eastward, I reached Findochty—'white upper-land'—and, among other items of interest, had a somewhat lengthy interview with an aged merchant, typical of the shrewd old-world inhabitants who have long dwelt on the coast. He had just recovered from an attack of the mysterious epidemic prevalent at the time throughout the world, and related how he, an old man, had survived, while young and apparently healthy people in the village had succumbed. 'Life,' he commented, 'is a queer tangle; I thocht it was I would ha' crossed the line.' In his quiet way he unwittingly gave me a demonstration of the futility of party politics. Referring to the days before the war, he favoured the foreign policy of one party, but shook his head regarding the said party's attitude to 'home affairs'—by the latter implying chiefly interest in his immediate neighbourhood. Fishermen's houses, he said, were 'bigged' on the shore, and

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the annual ground rent used to be nominally 2s. 6d.; now it averaged £1, 15s., and therefore the three hundred odd houses which constituted the village paid something like five hundred pounds per year for property built on the shoreland. I did not encourage his argument further than to remark that scientists inform us that Scotland, during the past two thousand years, has grown twenty feet out of the sea! Such, on the surface, was the sum total of the old man's political grievances.

Turning to business, however, he spoke of the prosperous times enjoyed by the fishing fraternity. It had been quite a common occurrence for a sailing-boat (four hands all told) to earn from a hundred to three hundred pounds per week, and he admitted that the amount of wealth obtained by fishermen during 1916–18 had been beyond the dreams of the most avaricious. With due reservations, no one will grudge this advantage to those who, in spite of the toll of the 'lives o' men,' ever pursue, with exquisite knowledge, the ancient calling of gathering a harvest from the sea; a class of people, too, among whom—perhaps more than in any other community—profits are divided and, on the same principle, when need be, losses are shared. Nor must it ever be forgotten that it was from among them were drawn those who from days of yore lie hid away in ocean caves—who played their part in the high events of our sea history from Trafalgar to Jutland! But in the utilitarian aspect of everyday affairs one observes the wondrous blending of the old with the new. To dwell almost untaxed on the edge of the mainland, and in an essentially modern spirit reap the reward of the country's commerce, is an ideal which must surely disappear in the course of industrial evolution. As it is, this commercial 'kink' can be attributed only to their isolation from the scenes of industrial activity. The cost of fishermen's working material, nets, quarter-cran and other baskets was then nearly four times pre-war price, yet in comparison to returns, my old friend ventured to remark, the working material was *relatively* the cheapest material the fishermen ever procured.

II.

Leaving Findochty, one best reaches the next port by the high and somewhat hallowed road which skirts the cemetery. The cemetery lies on a plateau some fifty feet above sea-level, and its chief feature—also to be observed in other cemeteries around the Scottish coast (the east neuk of Fife, for instance)—is the huge stones erected to the memory of the departed. A straight road of two miles now curves seawards and down towards Portknockie, 'the harbour of the little hill.' The similarity of these picturesque little fishing burghs and villages is so marked—a huddle of red-tile and thatch roofs in the crevices 'mong the cliffs—it would almost seem as if they had been, more or less, formed of a mould and placed at irregular distances along the shore. One of the most recently created 'burghs' on the Banffshire coast, this 'port' at the moment is less dowdy than some of the neighbouring villages, being considerably enhanced by a liberal use of paint—for the most part green, gray, and white. In decking their cottage homes seafaring people pride themselves, and rightly so. Nor is it a study in half-tints; rather it is a display of rustic gaudiness, almost essential for contrast with the long periods of misty monotony experienced by those connected with the coast and the sea.

Old taverns here and queer little business places there are scattered throughout the burgh, which is remarkable for its architectural simplicity and irregularity. Houses face all ways, turning their backs and their gables to every point of the compass. This characteristic is accounted for by the fact that the 'plans' for a new house are usually given verbally. The instructions generally take the form of 'Big me a hoose' at a given place 'the same as auld Finn's;' and when the dwelling is 'bigged,' it may, according to the sentiment of the owner, be designated 'Verdun Villa' or 'Auchmore,' the present and the past being frequently found somewhat incongruously blended. Or, again, enter one of the shops and get into conversation with the owner, and, *if there is room*, he will pace behind the counter as if on ship-deck—having probably spent his early years there—while the unsophisticated children, in keeping with their environs, stare at you as if you had come out of the sea, a representative of its ancient mythology!

As I passed along one of the narrow streets half-a-dozen 'queanies' and 'loonies' were eagerly gazing in at a window. It was the local joinery, and I discovered through the doorway that the object of their undivided attention was the draping of a coffin in mauve. A few yards farther on a thrifty housewife was storing wood for winter fires. On this particular afternoon nothing was more marked than the silence of the place. One was vividly reminded of Stevenson's visit, during his travels in the Cevennes, to the Trappist monastery of 'Our Lady of the Snows,' where the inmates are, with some exceptions, under a vow of silence. Here, too, are the same shining faces of men in harmony with destiny. In the distance comes Father Apollinaris, the road-maker, with a barrow full of logs! And, to complete the picture, mute and motionless sea-birds—like the sculptured doves on the monuments in God's acre near by—sit perched on the chimney-cans and thatched roof-tops, as if, linked by fate to those around them, they also were pledged to live silent and uneventful lives measured only by time.

But whatever may be the virtues of the

cloister, much can be said for the sterling human qualities born of the hearth, especially the cottage hearth of a simple, homely people. Among many little incidents, there was one which outrivalled all others on this journey. It took place in another—more eastern—burgh on the Moray Firth coast. I was in the shop-office of the provost—in these small communities the minister, the doctor, the banker, the schoolmaster, and perhaps the provost are often the only residenters who have tastes in common—when a fisherman entered and placed on the office desk a sum of money wrapped in a piece of newspaper. It was a contribution to one of the associations connected with the kirk. The provost—I have ever since regarded him, as Borrow magnanimously regarded his editor, as 'Glorious John'—after checking the cash (regardless of my presence), eagerly addressed the fisherman. It was about the minister. He pointed out how well they had prospered, and how faithfully the minister had stood by them; how little extra he had received, and how hard it must be for him to meet the new conditions, and the recent illness that had befallen his home, out of his pre-war salary. He (the provost) proposed that fifty or sixty of them, headed by himself, might, without the slightest inconvenience to themselves, give a pound or more apiece, and thereby present to the man who shared their joys and sorrows a substantial increase of salary there and then! It was to be done secretly and among themselves. Within a few minutes this practical and direct appeal was settled and sealed by vigorous handshake, and I have little doubt but that a wallet of Treasury notes was soon afterwards handed over to a surprised, but grateful, recipient.

III.

From the 'eastgate' at Portknockie, a winding path through a rocky barrier, known as the 'Cruats'—a corruption of the Gaelic word *cruiteach*, meaning lumpy or uneven—leads to the shore. Here a panorama meets the eye. To the immediate left north of Portknockie is Scaurnose (or cliff-nose), a rugged headland, the outlying western point of Cullen Bay. Near by are 'Bowfiddle' and 'Whale's Mouth,' two peculiarly formed rocks—characteristic of their names—that may be seen from the shore. Many remarkable caves and fantastic rocks, 'fragments of an earlier world,' abound along the water's edge. On the sand near the links stand the 'Three Kings of Cullen,' rocks that rise abruptly out of the sand—one a miniature sphinx, presenting to the traveller a rude shock of old nature and a perennial geological riddle as to its place in the 'perpetual yesterday' which envelops our ancient earth.

The receding cliffs form a crescent-shaped bay, and a wide stretch of grass-land or links lies in the inland bend of the shore. In the distance, fully a mile away, on the eastern slope of the cliffs—which, in contrast with the general coast-line, descends by an easy gradient to the sea—lies the ancient burgh of Cullen. Crossing the links, now devoted to golf—and there are Kirk-Session records that 'golff,' or its lineal ancestor, was played there in 1642—one beholds the high embankment and the many-arched viaduct which carry the single line of the Great North of Scotland Railway (opened on the coast in 1884) across the valley through which the burn of Deskford finds its way to the sea. This is the outstanding physical feature in approaching the 'little nook.' The burgh, as is more frequent in cities, falls into two parts. But the lower section, unlike its counterpart in towns, is not composed of slums; on the contrary, the cluster of houses on the shore beneath the viaduct, known as Seatown, is as other villages that dot the coast-line. But, like many other ports on our shores, it has been left in the rear by the progress of events. The harbour, outgrown by modern fishing-craft, is now chiefly used as a base for such operations as 'reddin' the nets and overhauling the gear preparatory to departure, at their respective seasons, to the great fishing-centres.

From Seatown, through the viaduct and up the steep incline, the upper part of the burgh is reached. This portion is occupied by the business, residential, and retired section of the community. Much interest attaches to this sequestered retreat. It is supposed to have attained to the dignity of a royal burgh during the reign (1165–1214) of William the Lyon, when it occupied its old site—a third of a mile south-west of where it at present stands. It was, however, after a considerable scheme of 'town-planning,' transferred to its present foundation during the years that elapsed between 1812 and 1830. Weaving, once the staple industry, leaves behind only a reminiscence—Lintmill, a hamlet about a mile to the south, which might pass as a farm-steading.

On its old site, perhaps the worst fate that befell the royal burgh was the visit of Montrose in 1645 in his campaign against the Covenanters, when it suffered so disastrously that Parliament and the General Assembly recommended collections to rebuild the town, 'which was utterlie burnt be the rebells.'

Cullen House, the seat of the Seafield family, is an excellent specimen of a Scottish baronial estate. In finely-laid-out grounds, the site of old Cullen, it lies hidden in a richly wooded glen, within sound of the sea. To the south, forming the background, partly clad by a primeval forest, is the Bin of Cullen (1050 feet). Like the royal burgh, the old heritage too has had a part in the story of the past. In 1746 it was plundered by the Jacobite troops in their retiral before fateful Culloden. Within Cullen House grounds stands the ancient parish church, like

an oasis in the desert. It is of pre-Reformation origin, the oldest part, the south aisle, having been built about 1530. In modern days the edifice still remains a place of rest and worship, adding to the old order the music, artificial light, and heating of the new.

Cullen was of sufficient importance, our history informs us, to have been the halting-place of Edward I. on his expeditions north; while Robert the Bruce visited 'the nook,' and his second wife died there (1307), and was buried in a chapel in the vicinity. Nor is Cullen, as bookmen know, without its associations with literature. It is recorded that Burns passed some time there; and Boswell tells us in his *Journal* of the experiences of Dr Johnson and himself 'tween the Deveron and the Spey. It was during the night spent at Banff that Dr Johnson was led (through the defective windows of the indifferent inn) to express things 'not founded and harshly said' about Scotsmen in general. On the following morning (26th August 1773) they obtained a somewhat unsatisfactory breakfast at Cullen. Boswell writes down the place as being 'of comfortable appearance, though a very small town, and the houses mostly small buildings.' But this description, of course, is of old Cullen, which, like those eighteenth-century visitors, has long since passed away.

Of more recent times is George Macdonald of Huntly. His *Malcolm* and *Marquis of Lossie* embody not only the spirit and the peculiarities of the local inhabitants, but many of the geographical features of this part of the rugged Banffshire coast. In the former volume the graphic description of 'Portlossie' is Cullen as it stands to-day.

From the high cliffs east of the burgh one beholds a noble stretch of rocky coast-line and a wide expanse of the Moray Firth. Eastward lies Logie Head; and farther on, three miles from Cullen, near Crathie Point, are the ruins of Findlater Castle.

No patrol-boats now scout the firth; the smoky haze of the mine-sweepers, which for many a long day hung over the scene of their operations, on the verge of the horizon, has vanished. The bosom of the waters is bare, save for little brown sails here and there making for their respective havens. To the south-south-east of the Bin Hill hangs the crescent moon four days old, and as the short December day draws to a close there seems to rest over the face of nature an imperturbable tranquillity, which, as it were, wafts the mind into a joyous elevation—as of those 'whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.' On the sky and over the waters the ruddy gold effects of the departing orb of day are bountifully unfolded as it sinks resplendent, away beyond the hills and the isles of Highland Scotland, down into the ocean.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

III.

AT Sicamous station a railwayman slipped on board the car and spoke to Gatineau. Gatineau and Clement left the train at once, walked straight into the pretty hotel that hangs right above the lake and is the only considerable structure in the place, and, passing through the lounge, found themselves in the manager's sitting-room.

A youngish man with the nondescript clothes and air of a homesteader got up from a rocker-chair and said, 'You 're Mr Gatineau. Pleased to meet you. And Mr Seadon. My name is Cager. Plenty of news, Mr Gatineau.'

'You sent the wire I asked?' asked Gatineau. The young man handed over a cable-form. It was the wire to Méduse. 'Good! Did the woman send anything?' Again, without a word, the young man handed over another cable-form. Both men read it. It was to Arthur Newman, c/o Wandersun. It ran:

'Arrived Banff. No message from you.—M. S.'

'Blocked that, of course,' said Cager.

'Any telephone message through, do you think, to Lucas or Siwash at Wandersun's shack?'

'No telephone,' said Cager. 'An', then, Siwash isn't there. That is part of the news. He went along the lake yesterday—to Gunning's shack.'

'What time?' asked Gatineau anxiously.

'About five.'

'Before those ladies made Banff,' said Gatineau with relief. 'Unless, of course, they wired him or got a message through on the way.'

'They didn't,' said Cager. 'No wires, no train-letters, came through. I 've been watching Siwash—Lucas, as he calls himself—pretty close. I guess he didn't get any sort of message.'

'Not from along the lake?'

'Not even that. But I don't know why he went. He just went up in a canoe. I think he 's coming back. You see, he was to meet them ladies.'

'Ah, that 's how we might find out something. But, first, no sign from up the lake? The woman, Mrs Wandersun, hasn't come back, or Neuburg shown himself? No. Then about those people who had a letter for Siwash when he came along—I mean those neighbours who were told that he was coming, and the ladies, too. Are they in this, do you think?'

'My opinion is they 're just neighbours.

They were here years before the Wandersuns showed up. The man guides tourists for the fishing and the shooting in the summer. The woman keeps fowls—supplies this hotel, in fact. My opinion is that they are not in with Neuburg.'

Gatineau thought a while. 'We'll risk it, anyhow,' he said. 'Look here, Mr Seadon, you'd better not show, but I will. I'll go 'long an' talk to them.—Got a boat to take us along the lake, Cager?'

'Not a power-boat just now. You can have a skiff or a canoe. . . . Skiff? Well, that's less dangerous in a scuffle. I'll get one ready while you're going to the Blosses'.' He went to the window. 'That path leading uphill. It's one of them two shacks you c'n see. There's a chintz settee on the porch.'

Gatineau was back in half-an-hour; his face was puzzled.

'Some news, Mr Seadon,' he said. 'Lucas—that's Siwash; they don't know his real name; they're on the square all right—Lucas will be back to-morrow to meet the ladies.' He glanced deliberately at Clement. 'He's gone up-lake to sit at the bedside of his dear cousin, Henry Gunning.'

'What!' cried Clement.

'Sure thing. Cousin Henry Gunning—he's lying at death's door.'

Clement stared at him in amazement. That Gunning, who, from all reports, was not merely healthy, but so healthy that he could indulge in drinking-orgies, was ill seemed incredible. That he should be dangerously ill—— Suddenly he remembered a passage in the Joe Wandersun letter to Heloise at Banff. He remembered a passage in Neuburg's note to Méduse. He remembered the buying at the drug-stores in Revelstoke, and Mrs Wandersun's going to a sick friend. He smiled grimly. 'That's the shock,' he said. 'Remember Méduse was to be prepared for one, and to play up to it. She won't expect to learn that a quite healthy man is abruptly at death's door.'

'But I wonder what it means—just how it fits in with the scheme of that blackguard Neuburg. Don't you see, it's saddling that outfit with a sick man—even though he's faking?'

'Neuburg got more time than he thought,' said Clement. 'We're at Montreal, don't forget.'

'With the long-distance wire ever handy. He may have time, but not for a long, sentimental sickness. I don't see it fitting in.'

'No,' said Clement reflectively. 'A long illness seems barred—but look at the effect of this sudden news of Gunning's dangerous illness on a nature like Miss Reys's. It'll bowl her over. Coming at the end of her long search for Gunning, at the end of all these lost trails and excitements, and the end of all the emotions she's been bottling up for months now, this sudden, dramatic threat at the last moment, when success seems in her grasp—emotionally it will sweep her right off her feet.'

'See'll be crazy with anxiety, I see,' said Gatineau. 'She'll be right off her guard, not noticing anything but how he is to be looked after and made better—that's it. It's a sweet move on that rotten rogue's part.'

'Also,' said Clement grimly, 'Henry will look better in bed—more presentable. He's been on the loose, and it probably shows. But what would look disgusting in a man standing on his feet will only look like the ravages of illness in a man lying and moaning on a sick-bed.'

'The pathetic stop,' said Gatineau.

'The pathetic stop,' agreed Clement. 'And they'll play it for all they're worth to the undoing of that girl. Oh, they know how to get at her; they've preyed on her best emotions ever since they began to plan this crime of theirs.'

'Still, if she is tied to the bedside of a sick man, I don't quite see——'

'Nor I, though I can speculate in a thousand ways. But that's no good. We've got to find out for ourselves. How did you get this news?'

'Mrs Bloss told me. She merely repeated what Wandersun's wife had said. She hadn't any letter. I guess, if Siwash is coming back to meet the ladies, he has it on him. Another point they are certain of is, Gunning is alone with Mrs Wandersun, who's nursing him, of course, though naturally Siwash is there for the day. But, apart from them, nobody else.'

'Neuburg, as usual, has kept out of it?'

'They don't know there's such a man as Neuburg or Newman or Nachbar in the world. He managed to keep out of their way while he was here. I brought him in—described him—but they don't know of him. His usual game, as you say; he's keeping well out of the radius of suspicion. I got round Mrs Bloss by saying I'd been sent up by Gunning's lady friends.'

'Well, in case Siwash comes back before we do, we had better leave Mr Cager here to deal with him. Mr Cager can direct us to Gunning's shack.'

'Easy,' said Mr Cager, showing some surprise. 'But this Siwash now, what can I do with him? I can stop his wiring to Banff, of course. But say he wants to go to Banff himself, what do I do then?'

'Why, you just arrest him,' said Gatineau blandly. 'Arrest him for complicity in the *Empress of Prague* diamond robbery. If he cuts up rough, gun him, an' gun him quick. He's slippery, an' he shoots rapid himself. Don't worry about trouble; we'll pull him as an accomplice of Nachbar, the Oregon murderer, as soon as the warrant comes through.'

'Shucks!' gasped Mr Cager. 'Who's Nachbar, the Oregon murderer?'

'Neuburg, *alias* Newman.'

The Sicamous agent gazed at them with amazement on his face. 'Say!' he breathed. 'Say!' He stared at them. 'Here, I'd better come along with you fellers. You can't walk slap on to the pistol of that fat murderer, with this Siwash, perhaps, to back him up, and Gunning, and perhaps that woman—women can kill with automatics, too. I'd better come. An' you'd better get a other chap or two along, too.'

Gatineau looked at Clement in question, and Clement thought it out.

'A crowd may frighten them,' he said at length. 'True our appearance may frighten them off; but seeing only two—well, for the sake of the plan, they may stay to reckon with us.' He smiled at Gatineau. 'That's a bit of a risk for us, naturally.' Gatineau merely smiled back; risks were part of his profession. He knew their necessity, just as Clement Seadon had learned their necessity during the war of trenches. Clement went on: 'The facts on our side are that we know exactly the type of brute we are dealing with, and will be on our guard. Another thing, of course, is that Neuburg may not be at, or near, Gunning's shack. Neuburg's tactics are to keep out of the radius of suspicion. You see, so far, though we know all about him, he thinks he has covered up his tracks with the *alias* Newman, and will take pains to keep out of the way, so that his name will not be linked up with anything that may happen at Gunning's shack. Even if he was in the shack now, he'd get away from it under cover if anybody came along. We may have a chance of getting to Gunning and confronting him before Neuburg intervenes. If we don't—well, we've got to run the risk, that's all.'

'We might make that chance more certain by dressing up,' said Gatineau. 'I don't mean anything elaborate, but if Cager here lent us a couple of these high-crowned, floppy western hats, and some hayseed-looking coats—well, we might pass as a pair of fishermen just drifting along the lake. An' if we showed signs of making a landing, why, Neuburg might just fade out of sight, so that these fishermen, which is us, would not see that he was about. We might get into Gunning's shack like that without him being suspicious.'

'I can get you the clothes, an' I'll fix you up with rods an' lines, too,' said Cager. 'But are you sure it's not too risky? Why not take just another man? I could get you one.'

'No,' said Clement decisively. 'I don't think we dare take a crowd, and what risk there is we'll have to face. I've faced worse during the war. You see, as we have planned it, our great chance of success lies in surprise. We'll confront Henry Gunning when he thinks he's safe; we'll threaten him even. He is a weak character. We hope to shock him into confessing—writing a confession, if needs be. We hope, even, to terrorise him into dropping the whole business—clearing out. That's our plan, to carry him away with our shock attack before Neuburg can intervene. And then, when he is out of the game, we can deal with Neuburg.'

This, indeed, had been the plan they had hammered out as they travelled from Banff to Sicamous. If they could scare Henry Gunning into making a confession, or force him to run away, then the bottom would fall out of the whole criminal scheme. It seemed to them, taking into consideration the shortness of time at their disposal, that this was not merely the best but the only thing to do.

And they felt that they would have to accomplish this *coup* alone. Indeed, they actually feared taking a stranger, an unknown quantity, with them at this last and delicate moment, for a blunder on his part might upset the whole plan. Possibly, too, they were so confident in their idea and in themselves that they were rather against allowing outsiders to share the glory—human nature is like that.

However, as they went over the matter with Cager, they did make one concession. That was to allow a canoe-load of three men to follow them. These men were also to pretend to fish, and they were to keep as far behind them as the limits of eyesight would allow. When Clement and Gatineau made their landing at the shack, this canoe would be behind a headland of rock, round which the narrow lake curved. That headland cut off all vision towards or from Gunning's shack. Cager, with a map in front of him, pointed out how this was.

The men in the canoe would wait. If they heard any shooting from the shack, they could start in to effect a rescue if it was needed, and could arrive on the scene in about fifteen minutes. More, if Clement and Gatineau were too long away without showing any sign, the canoe could reconnoitre the situation—cautiously, of course.

'An', anyhow,' said Cager, 'they could keep watch on that shack from the top of the headland through glasses, and if they saw anything wrong they could hustle along to you. An'—yes, while we're on that, I guess you'd better have a look at that shack from that headland yourselves before you attempt to reach it. You'll perhaps see how the land lies then, an' just who you have to face. Got any glasses? I'll get you an old German pair I took from a colonel during the war.'

Very soon after that, muffled in baggy coats and wearing western hats, and Clement, at least, looking as utterly unlike his usually smart self as any man could look, they began to pull along the lonely and enigmatic lake that wound like a dark fillet between the grim and inscrutable

shoulders of the mountains. It was a place of profound and almost terrible spaces. They seemed but specks in that immensity. For over an hour they pulled sturdily before they came to the place where the narrow lake began to twist among the mountain-valleys. As they rounded the shoulder of the mountain Gatineau looked back.

'They're starting after us. Say, have we been pulling all the time, or haven't we? It looks as though we could stretch out an' pick the roof off the railway hotel from here.'

Clement looked, and saw how the immensity of this mountain place belittled distances. They had pulled redoubtably for an hour, and yet Sicamous station had been in sight, and they in sight of Sicamous, all the while. Through the clear, sharp air he could see the hotel building and the railway. He could see the canoe with the three sturdy railwaymen putting out from the little beach after them.

The sight impressed Clement, and chilled him. How vast was this land! How utterly could man, and the acts of man, be swallowed up in it! The acts of man—he shivered. He was thinking of the criminal acts of man.

They pulled along the winding lake, penetrating deeper and deeper into the vast silence. The starkness and the loneliness of the place weighed down upon them. They were entirely cut off from the world, from the habitations of man, from the help of men. Somehow, too, the very emptiness of the place seemed to invest it with a dark grimness. It was as though menace lurked in the terrible quietude of the motionless spruce-forests that clung to the harsh rocky sides of the slopes about them. They were in a land ominous, malefic—promising awful and unconjectured things.

They picked up the headland, landed, and climbed with the caution of game-hunters to the fringe of spruce that crested it. Below them the lake widened until it seemed to them a vast cauldron of grim silence. Nothing appeared to stir in it. Nothing appeared to live. It might have been the crater of an extinct volcano in the immense starkness of the moon. Clement touched Gatineau's arm and pointed. Away in the distance on the right there was a patch of colour alien to the wilds on the bank and under the trees. It was a glimpse of the biscuit-colour of a weather-beaten shack seen under the branches of the spruce. Clement looked long in its direction; then he handed the glasses to Gatineau.

Gatineau saw a small shack perched just above the lake; but that was not what held him. His attention was held by the people he saw there. Four people.

One was a man who sat smoking at his healthy ease and reading a paper on the porch of the shack. One was a woman, who sometimes came out of the door of the shack with a flutter of garments. She stood for a moment, always, and looked along the lake. Once she picked up what obviously were glasses, to stare across the water. She was watching. She was Mrs Wandersun; the man reading was undoubtedly Gunning.

Undoubtedly Gunning—neither of the other two men by the water-side was he.

These two men were in a boat—in a motor-boat. They were clearly working with some concentration on that motor-boat. Only once as Gatineau looked did they become erect and examine something.

One of the men was a slight, slim fellow with his arm in a sling. That was Siwash.

The other was a big, massive mountain of a man, who sat up and moved with curiously swift movements. That was Neuburg.

Neuburg the murderer and Siwash, busy over something in a motor-boat. Gatineau looked at Clement.

'What are they doing?' he asked. 'What are they up to in that boat?'

IV.

'The three of them there, an' the woman,' said Gatineau, as they pushed out their boat again. 'Three to face.'

'We'll see,' said Clement. 'When we get there—well, we'll see.'

Gatineau, as the less known of the two, sat up, plying his rod, Clement hunched over the rowing. They drifted round the headland. They moved slowly along the lake. Gatineau pretended to be dissatisfied with his sport. He pointed with a long arm, indicating more likely spots for a bite. Clement rowed languidly—but there was a great deal of power in his rowing, and it took the boat nearer and nearer the shack. Gatineau held up his hand, made a graceful cast, then he said, 'Holy Mike! Vanished!' He did not refer to the fish. He said it softly, not because the fish might hear, but because in these silent places sounds carry amazingly.

'You mean Neuburg and Siwash have vanished?' said Clement in the same quiet tone.

'The earth might have swallowed them up. Not a sign of them.'

'And the woman—and Gunning?'

'Not a sign of them. Gone from the porch.'

'They've seen us. They're taking all precautions.'

Clement glanced back to the headland. It shut them off from the entire world. They could see no sign of humanity, not even of the three men in the canoe who were following them so cautiously. Gatineau fished sedately, partly to throw dust in the eyes of the people in or near the shack, partly to give the men in the canoe time to make the headland. Always they drifted nearer and nearer the shack.

Gatineau became possessed of a desire to try his luck in the shallows under the bank. They crept towards the bank—nearer the shack.

Presently—it was part of their plan—Gatineau placed his rod in the boat and sat down. He sat down facing Clement, facing in the direction of the shack.

'Might as well eat,' he said in a loudish, clear voice. Clement said nothing. It did not matter so much that Gatineau's voice would carry across the water to the shack, but his own voice was known. So he said nothing, but reached for the parcel of food Cager had put in the boat.

Gatineau began munching and surveying the lake. Suddenly he cried, 'Say!' and his arm went out, indicating the shack. Clement, his hat well down over his eyes, his chin crouched in his shoulder, looked over his shoulder towards the shack. He said something. Gatineau answered clearly. 'No, it ain't deserted. Why, there's smoke coming out of the stack. We sure can get some coffee there, or some hot water for our 'n.'

He said this loudly, giving warning. If Neuburg and Siwash were in the shack, they had time to get out of it, to run to the bush and hide.

As they came close in under the shack the woman appeared on the porch. She stood looking at them. She was a tall, wiry woman, as lithe-strung as a cat. She had the fierce, sharp, haggard air of a woman who had been wrenched from the more hectic pleasures of cities to stagnate in the wilds. She stood in the break of the door looking down on them, her eyes bright, her face pale, her hand gripping the door-jamb violently to help her to master her emotions. Gatineau, looking up, saw her, and called, 'Hallo, mother! who 'd ha' thought of seeing a white woman here?'

'Hallo!' she said in a dry voice. 'Fishin'? Had luck?' Her tone repelled advances.

'Poor,' said Gatineau. 'Say—we was thinkin' —I mean, seein' you had a fire, we thought as you 'd allow us to boil a drop o' water fer cawfee.'

The woman's tongue went over her dry lips. 'Better not come here,' she said in a gasp. 'There 's a sick man in this shack.'

'Say—out here—pore feller!'

'Infectious,' cried the woman, catching too much kindliness in Gatineau's tone. 'Turrible infectious.'

'Still, a drop of hot water fer cawfee,' said Gatineau. 'We don't want to butt in on your trouble, mother. But we 'd be mortal obliged if you could give us a drop of hot water fer our cawfee.'

'But—but it 's turrible infectious,' said the woman, at a loss.

'Oh, but I don't think a drop of hot water fer our cawfee 'd matter much.'

The woman made a decision. She said down to them, 'Here, throw up yer can with the cawfee in it. I 'll give you that water.' She caught the can deftly. 'But you stay there. Don't you take no risk. I has to notify any risk of infection.' She turned and went swiftly into the shack.

Clement and Gatineau were out of the skiff and up the bank in a flash.

(Continued on page 459.)

THE ALPARGATA-SHOP.

By Jan Gordon.

SAVE upon feast-days, and with the exception of the nobility (who are few) and of the mercantiles (who must be worldly commonplace), alpargatas, or string-soled shoes, are the footwear of the Spanish nation. Except in the big towns, for days one may never see a boot. The labourer, the artisan, the soldier, the beggar, the engine-driver, the porter, and others wear the alpargata, or in summer its cooler relative, the string-soled sandal. In Spain boots are not meant for real wear. You swagger about the town in boots, have them cleaned four or five times a day; if you sit down in a café, a horde of bootblacks gather, eager to renew the lustre—possibly dimmed by the all-prevalent dust—of those foot ornaments. But for up-and-down everyday use is only the alpargata. The baby wears alpargatas, its grandmother a larger variant; there are white alpargatas, brown alpargatas, gray alpargatas, black alpargatas for mourning, and the elaborate, almost Eastern alpargatas, woven of esparto grass, the making of which occupies the time in which the goatherd is not yelling at his goats. Even the horsemen wear alpargatas. It is true, one cannot strap a spur on to an alpargata; but in Spain spurs are not general. If the rider wishes his steed to mend its pace, he hits it with a stout stick near the place where St Dunstan kicked the Devil—'where the tail joins into the small of the back.'

Also, the alpargata is a cheap form of footwear. The pair I am now wearing cost three pesetas (say two shillings and ninepence) six weeks ago. I have worn them continuously, and expect them to last another month. But if they wear only another fortnight, it means that I am spending one and fourpence halfpenny a month on footwear. A little more arithmetic shows this expense as sixteen shillings and sixpence for the year. To-day repairs to boots alone would cost more than this, entirely omitting the first cost of the boots. For children alpargatas

are unrivalled, the life of the shoe almost fitting the growth of the infant, which is spared the torture I remember in childhood of having to use boots too good to throw away, and yet too small to wear with any comfort.

But to leave this utilitarian reasoning: to taste the full romantic flavour of the alpargata, it should have been bought in the true alpargata-shop. If you are in Spain, don't go to the boot-seller's. He does sell alpargatas, but ought not so to do. In Spain the bootmaker should be classed with the jeweller; he sells ornaments. The boot-shop which sells alpargatas is as bad as the jeweller in England who sells umbrellas. Go to the shop which sells things for the road—for that picturesque, coloured, ever-moving life of Spain.

The doorway of this fascinating shop is piled with bales of a rough cloth of exquisite hyacinthine blue, or of a strange yellow seen to perfection only in the alpargata-shop or in El Greco's pictures. This cloth is for the lining of saddles and horse-collars. Above are collars of white leather hung with small conical bells of sweet-voiced copper for the goats, with larger collars of brown leather strung with rows of small bells like a lady's pearl necklace, or with one large bell pendant; these for the oxen. Within are the semicircular coronets of vividly coloured woolwork for the oxen's foreheads, straps of coloured woolwork and leather for the donkeys' harness, fringes of rainbow woolwork with tassels (like that which used to decorate the under edge of our grandmothers' sofas) to hang across the donkeys' chest or withers. Esparto-grass muzzles for goats and for donkeys are here too, for the old Jewish commandment applied to oxen only. Also, you will find harness here—strange gargantuan harness studded with silver nails, so broad in its facets of leather that when the horse has his head within it, he looks not unlike an ancient knight in his casque; only his eyes and mouth are visible, and often indeed not the latter, for it may be covered with a dropping fringe of leather-work not unlike the tongue of a brogue shoe.

Talking of shoes brings me back to the alpargata. A man (or two) will be working at a table not unlike a butcher's block. Deftly he works the rope around an iron peg until he has shaped from it the sole. Piercing it through and through with an awl, he sews with great rapidity, and—almost hey presto! as it were—a pair of soles is finished. Women sitting near the edge of the street, chattering and gossiping—often with the wayfarers—are making the uppers of stout canvas. They rise from work to serve you with a gracious kindliness; and, seeing that you are English, with the same gracious kindliness they clap an extra fifty centimes on to the price. If only we had such an alpargata-shop in London, what a rush there would be to purchase!

Your old alpargatas you leave behind you. What happens to old alpargatas is to me a mystery. Old boots are the nuisance of the London dust-heaps, the terror of the errant mongrel. But I have never seen a dead alpargata. Yorick, 'the gen'l'man in the black silk smalls as know'd the young 'ooman as kep' a goat,' Dickens assures us, is the only person who has seen a dead donkey. Maybe in his travels he also saw an extinct alpargata; but his 'Sentimental Journey' is unfinished, and we shall never know.

THE STRONG ARM.

PART II.

IV.

IT was a little before seven on the following evening when Mr Everill, that smart young man, was walking slowly down the Embankment towards Cleopatra's Needle. The night was still and dark, a thin fog had come on during the afternoon, and the wide roadway seemed veiled and mysterious. The evening exodus on the trams had nearly ceased, and there were only a few wayfarers walking briskly towards Waterloo or Blackfriars.

Everill was feeling at once nervous and exultant. During the afternoon that poor old blackguard Jackson had sidled up to him, and, with a constrained and uneasy air, had said, 'I shall have to give in, Everill, if you still persist in carrying out your intention.' And having been told that that was certainly the case, he had said he would be on the steps by Cleopatra's Needle at seven, and would there talk things over and pay the sum demanded.

Everill smiled complacently and lit a cigarette with hands which trembled slightly. What a poor old ass the man was! He did not apparently perceive that by the very fact of his paying over fifty pounds, he placed himself still more in Everill's hands. Well, fifty pounds would be very useful—to start with, at all events. More might follow; more certainly *would* follow.

The first strokes of seven came booming down the river from Big Ben as Everill saw the strange ancient memorial looming through the mist ahead of him. His heart beat a little faster, and he quickened his steps. As he came to the head of the steps by the monument he saw the river outstretched before him, dull, gloomy, and sinister, the old river that had seen more triumphs and tragedies than any other piece of water in the world. Everill halted and

looked about him keenly. The mist was falling down thicker than ever. He noticed idly that a small motor-launch was lying a dozen yards off the steps, with two dim figures in her stern-sheets. As he still stared around a man stepped from under the shadow of the stone wall. Everill turned towards him eagerly, and then experienced a feeling of disappointment. The man was a stranger to him, a big, gaunt fellow, with a black beard and moustache, and a dark, swarthy face.

'You waiting for any one?' he asked in a deep, harsh voice.

'Yes,' said Everill nervously. 'But I don't know what business it is of yours.'

'That's true,' said the stranger, feeling in his coat-pocket. 'Rotten night, isn't it?'

He seemed to raise his hand and signal to the motor-launch. Everill gave a startled exclamation, which ended in a choking gurgle. The stranger had suddenly sprung upon him like a tiger; a great hand gripped him by the back of the neck, and another pressed a pad of cotton-wool against his face. Everill struggled fiercely for a moment; then the sickly, gagging reek of chloroform filled his nostrils, the black night became blacker, and he remembered nothing more. . .

V.

When he struggled into consciousness again, with the numbing, oppressive atmosphere of the anæsthetic still in his brain, his first impression was of a distracting quivering and vibration. Everything seemed to be trembling and shaking —his arms, his legs, his hands, and feet. There was, besides, a sense of motion, a vague feeling that he was moving forward with great velocity. And behind all this disturbance he was conscious of a deep, profound beating, a regular thud—thud—thud, like the pulsations of a gigantic heart.

He roused himself, sat upright, and opened his eyes. He discovered that he had been lying on a long, padded seat, in a small, cramped apartment, which was apparently the living-room, or saloon, of a steamer. The thudding noise was the sound of immensely powerful engines. So powerful were they that the whole apartment was shivering and quaking; the table and the doors creaked and groaned, and the water in a tumbler which stood by his elbow was shaken out with every forward heave of the raging machinery. Everill stood up clumsily and clung to the table. He put his hand to his head and tried to think.

'What is it?' he muttered. 'Where am I? In Heaven's name, how came I on this ship?'

As his brain cleared and the fumes of the chloroform left him, he was able to recall what had happened on the Embankment. 'Some ruffian spoke to me,' he said aloud. 'It was he who kidnapped me; he must have put me on a boat —that motor-launch! By Jove! Jackson's at the bottom of this—I'll swear it!'

He ground his teeth and stared about him wildly. At the same moment a door opened and his black-bearded kidnapper confronted him. Everill sprang forward with clenched fists. 'You blackguard!' he cried; 'what's the meaning of this outrage?'

The bearded man started melodramatically. 'Great Scott!' he said; 'it's *not* Brown!'

'What do you mean?' the other shouted. 'Not Brown! Of course it's not Brown! My name's Everill. What do you mean by kidnapping me like this? Set me on shore instantly. Are you the captain of this infernal ship?'

'I guess so,' returned the bearded man, a trifle grimly. 'I rather think so.'

'Then you're a damned scoundrel!' cried Everill fiercely. 'But I'll make you pay for this, and that blackguard Jackson as well.'

The bearded man came a step nearer. 'My lad,' he said, with an ominous calm, 'I don't quite know what you're talking about, but if you'll take my advice, you won't be so free with your tongue. I was after one of my crew, a man called Brown, who was trying to give me the slip. In the darkness it seems I made a mistake, and collared you instead. Well, you'll have to make the best of it and come with us in his place.'

'What!' screamed Everill; 'you mean you won't set me on shore?'

'Sorry,' said the captain firmly, 'I can't.'

'We'll see about that,' shouted the other. 'Get away from that door, will you?'

He took a step forward—and then recoiled smartly, for he was looking down the barrel of a large revolver.

'My lad,' said the bearded man again, 'no doubt you're a clever fellow, by your own account, but you don't play the funny dog with me. Here you are, and here you stay.'

Everill's mouth fell open, and he stared, as if fascinated, at the little black circle pointing at his forehead. 'For God's sake, put that thing down,' he muttered weakly. 'Where—where's this ship going to?'

'San Juan's our port,' said the other. 'The capital of the Republic of Araquita. In case you haven't heard of it, that's in America—Central America.'

'America!' Everill shrieked. 'Central America! Man, you can't mean to take me to America!'

The other lowered his revolver, and sat on the little table. He lighted a black cigar, always keeping a keen eye on the unhappy Everill.

'That depends,' he said slowly. 'Listen to me. As I told you, I'm the captain of this vessel. My name's Vincent. She's a destroyer. Do you know what a destroyer is?'

'Yes,' muttered the unhappy Everill; 'a kind of warship.'

'You know a lot,' said Vincent grimly. 'A

kind of warship, eh? Well, this ship is about the latest kind made. She can do thirty-five knots, and she 's doing most of that now, because we left the port of London rather hurriedly. There 's a revolution in Araquita, or will be when we get there, because I 'm to be what I think they call the *deus ex machina*. That doesn't matter a twopenny to you, but this does. We shall have to call at Las Palmas, worse luck, to get more coal. Now I 'll make you an offer. You engage to give no trouble and ship with me as one of the crew—as a fireman, or a stoker, if you like that name better—and I 'll pay you your wages until we get to Las Palmas, and set you ashore there. If you have any money, you can book your passage home from there on a Cape mail-boat.'

'And if I refuse?' asked Everill in an agitated voice.

The captain's face grew sombre. 'Then I 'll clap you in irons,' he said in a harsh voice, 'and keep you there until we get to San Juan. So you can take your choice. *But*, I hope you understand I mean what I say. You don't know me yet—but you will, my lad; you will.'

VI.

Everill stared fixedly at the grim, dark face opposite him. His brain was going round, and he clutched at his head with both hands, as if to control his scattered thoughts.

'I can't believe it,' he said despairingly. 'Good Lord! man, this is the twentieth century. Things like this don't happen. It 's some game of Jackson's.'

'Who the devil 's Jackson?' asked the captain gruffly.

Everill looked at him, and then shrugged his shoulders. After all, what did it matter? Jackson already seemed very far away. The present moment claimed all his attention.

'I can't believe it,' he said again, dully.

Vincent shot out an oath. 'You soon will,' he said. 'Come on deck with me.'

He half pushed his companion through the door and up a narrow ladder. Everill stepped on deck and gasped. It was so dark, after the lighted saloon, that the blackness fell about him like a cloak. A terrific wind sprang at him, whizzed past his ears, seemed to yell and howl at him like a wild beast. As he grew a little more accustomed to the darkness, he made out a narrow littered deck and immense smoke-belching funnels. A vast, shadowy expanse of water stretched out on either hand. On one side a steamer's lights showed faintly as she steamed past in the distance. Everill felt dazed, oppressed, suffocated. There was something formidable, something untamed and sinister, about the blackness, the fierce howl of the wind, the shaking and quivering deck, the impression of headlong speed and energy. Little by little it began to soak into his consciousness that this was no dream, but a reality, perhaps the most real thing of all his rather mean and undistinguished life.

The captain's voice sounded in his ear. 'Come,' it said urgently, 'which is it to be?'

'Where—where are we?' asked Everill, shading his eyes from the wind.

'Well past the Nore,' answered Vincent. 'You 've been down there a goodish time, you know. It 'll be gray light in an hour. But which is it to be—irons, or the job I 've offered you?'

Everill looked about him once more—at the dark sea, the dark sky, the reeling, quivering destroyer—but nowhere did he find any comfort. With a despairing gesture he faced the tall, shadowy figure at his elbow.

'I 'll accept your stoker's job, under compulsion,' he said bitterly. 'But you 'll perhaps be sorry for this when I get to England again.'

'I believe I 'll risk that,' said Captain Vincent dryly. He walked forward and beckoned to a man on the narrow, spidery bridge.

'Mr Henderson,' he shouted.

'Sir?' said the other, coming down to them.

'This is the man I told you about,' said Captain Vincent in a cold, official voice. 'The new hand. Let him go forward, Mr Henderson, and find him quarters. He 'd better have a rig-out of some sort, as his togs are not very suitable. You 'll tell the engineers to keep him up to it, Mr Henderson; let them see he does his work.' He turned to the unhappy Everill. 'You heard what I 've told the first officer,' he said. 'Just remember it. Do your work, and you 'll be all right; but you try to play the funny dog on my ship, and you 'll wish you 'd never been born. That 's all. You can go forward, my man.'

VII.

About three weeks later Mr Jackson received a letter from his brother-in-law, dated from Las Palmas. As he read it his eyes opened wide and he gave an amazed laugh. It must be said that Mr Jackson had had an anxious three weeks. He had paid back the borrowed fifty pounds, and his employers had no suspicion of the transaction. So far, so good. But he had not ceased to worry over the fate of the vanished Everill, who had apparently simply disappeared from this earth and been resolved into his elements. Nor had that gentleman's relations and friends been less worried, to say nothing of his employers.

Mr Jackson's letter ran as follows:

'My dear Harry,—I 'm pleased to tell you we have had a pretty good trip so far, and I hope it won't be long before we are at Araquita, our destination. I found your pal Everill waiting for you on the Embankment that night, and I took him with me, as I thought that would be the best way to get you out of your difficulty. I 've employed him as a stoker, to give him some-

thing to occupy his mind. I expect he will be with you soon after you receive this, as I've put him ashore, and I understand he is leaving on a Union Castle boat. I hope you have been able to pay back the money. Give Amy my love.—Yours ever, JAMES VINCENT.

'*P.S.*—I don't think much of your pal. He may be smart enough in his own line, but he's a rotten bad stoker.'

Mr Jackson put the letter down and gasped.

'Well!' he said with immense emphasis. 'Well, I *am* damned!'

THE END.

WHITEHALL IN WAR.

PART II.

III.

JANUARY 1918 found me back in Whitehall. It was a wonderful experience. A complete change had come over the scene. Instead of the Sanhedrin of party men, all fully occupied with departmental work, the strategy of the war was in the charge of a small 'War Cabinet,' only one of whom, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was occupied with other business. My work lay in the offices of that little Cabinet, and was full of interest, my special mission being to handle the political and economic intelligence coming in from nearly all parts of the world, and to serve it up weekly, with a brief editorial or appreciation, in order to keep all the inner ring of important folk charged with the conduct of affairs at home and in the Dominions in touch with what was going on, and likely to influence the issue of the war. Then, as additional work of interest, came the Imperial War Conference, an advisory body to be kept in touch with the Imperial War Cabinet, the first representative executive government that we have ever devised for all parts of the Empire. In addition, I attended weekly conferences of representatives of all the various Propaganda Departments, dealing with different parts of the world.

Home propaganda was watched very jealously by the House of Commons, who voted the money; the remnants of the party spirit in politics made them suspicious of entrusting public money for such a purpose to any government, however constituted, presumably for fear that the funds would be misapplied to keep the government in power. 'Politics,' as I was once told by one of the greatest of the Dominion statesmen of my acquaintance, 'is a dirty game!' But such suspicions affect the lesser lights and the hangers-on, who exist in all communities, rather than the leaders in the game. The home propaganda-work was supervised by a committee of all parties in the House, presided over by the Chief Government Whip.

Lord Beaverbrook's Ministry of Information dealt with propaganda in allied and neutral countries; and last, but not least, Lord Northcliffe and his department at Crewe House dealt most effectively with propaganda in enemy countries. The effect of his work has been testified to by those best able to judge of it, notably by Ludendorff, who has failed even now to grasp the method which prevailed. Yet it was quite a simple one. It is easy enough to tell the truth; but, as Lord Grey of Fallodon said not long ago, the difficulty lies in getting any one to believe it. The Germans were peculiarly deaf to it. They put their whole trust in the shining armour, sharp sword, and mailed-fist clique, and never troubled to verify anything for themselves; really their ignorance of the truth and their determination not to believe it were pitiful. Lord Northcliffe's method was to dress the truth up in the same garments in which the military party's lies had been clothed. It was not until they saw it clothed in such familiar garments that they thought it worthy of attention. I was responsible for one little effort myself, a leaflet got up exactly like a German one, addressed to 'simple German Michael,' telling a few truths about the economic aftermath of the war as a little set-off to the Kaiser's bombastic appeal to him to fight for a 'rich future,' and to the various Chancellors' clamour for the blood of other nations as a short cut to still more rapid 'economic development' of the German tribes.

Liaison (blessed word) with the Imperial War Conference and the propaganda departments was only an extra. It was interesting work, involving contact with what to me was a new and very pleasant world of literary folk, journalists, and editors, all determined to put one thing above all else, the winning of the war, and in that cause to forgo for the time those valuable impellents of increased circulation, journalistic 'stunts,' and personal controversies.

I was one of the few fortunate folk in Whitehall who could get off home to the country for week-ends, and I spent them all in doing hard literary work in order to pay my expenses for travelling to London, and for lodging and subsistence there. I mention this little personal matter only in order to remove the impression prevalent amongst my East-End friends that they will find the moneyed classes in Whitehall when they get angry and want to break something.

IV.

If Whitehall was a different place inside, it was equally so outside. Instead of Trafalgar Square being filled with a crowd of folk having nothing better to do than to sing choruses and stare at sights, the whole neighbourhood was like a bee-hive for industry. This time I took a quiet room in the 'Adelphi.' On the way to Whitehall I could hardly struggle down Villiers Street against the dense stream of lady-typists of all ages, and of Air Force officers in the last shade of sky uniforms on their way to their head-quarters in the Strand; and all the way it was just the same, different offices being affected. The pavement opposite to Cox's Bank was a great spot for meeting army friends from the front, whole or wounded; there was always a crowd of them going in or out, accompanied mostly by wife or fiancée. Then it was worth while to cross the road and to pass the Admiralty court-yard on the chance of meeting a naval friend just back from, or on his way to, the uttermost parts of the earth. It was a great help to hear personally what was going on in different corners of the world—better than trusting entirely to colourless cablegrams. At the War Office, across the road again, the odds were in favour of running up against some magnate on the Army Staff and having a few minutes' informing talk.

The best way into Whitehall Gardens, where the War Cabinet office was established, is by the little passage behind the Royal United Services Institution, and once there the surroundings were peaceful, the quiet of the shady green spot broken only by the company of telegraph-boys performing acrobatic feats on their bicycles outside the back-entrance of the Press Bureau. The War Cabinet staff were settled in quiet-looking, unpretentious private houses in the gardens, peaceful outside, but inside humming with the business of handling correspondence and decisions not only about our own war efforts, but also about the similar efforts of nations totalling a population amounting to about 1,400,000,000 of the human race. Unlike that of any other office of state, the work of the War Cabinet office has been described in blue-books, written with literary skill, so it would be superfluous to describe it again; but one day stands out in my remembrance for all time—the 4th of July 1918.

What a day that was! 1917 had been a year of disappointments. Victory seemed to be within our grasp, when the Bolshevik revolution in Russia changed the whole military situation. Had it not been for that, we should have won the war before Christmas of that year. As it was, freedom from care about their eastern frontiers enabled the Germans first to win the victory over the Italians at Caporetto, forcing France and Britain to send to the help of Italy forces sorely needed on the Western front; then the Germans were able to concentrate a huge mass of troops behind their line there, menacing the security of the attenuated Franco-British army. That mass seemed to be inexhaustible. First a great blow against the thinnest portion of the British line, the heaviest massed attack conducted by that mighty engine, the German army, in the whole war, or by any army in any previous war in history; then other terrific blows against ourselves and against our Allies. British divisions were being disbanded for want of men, and man-power to keep those remaining up to strength was failing us. Blow after blow was parried with difficulty and heavy loss. More were expected, conducted by fresh German troops, during the month of July. Europe almost seemed like failing to stay the course and avert the menace, and we were straining our eyes across the Atlantic for help before it was too late.

Covering the whole of one wall of my room was an immense map of the Western front, the constantly changing line, bulging towards Amiens, Paris, and Châlons, marked thereon in wash-out paints, the day's movements indicated by little flags. The scale was large enough to show the ground features, roads, communications, and villages. Some acquaintanceship with army work on active service, supplemented by cinema displays of activities behind the line and letters from friends, enabled one to picture the scenes being enacted by the millions at death-grips with each other in what was evidently the final struggle for supremacy. At the front, it may be that there was less anxiety than elsewhere. At home we were getting tired and anxious. The moral impulse seemed with many to have been expended, and there were whispers of compromise, of abandonment of our long-drawn-out effort without decisive victory to justify the sacrifice. We had been tired before, but on each occasion some such incident as that of the *Lusitania*, Nurse Cavell, Captain Fryatt, the torpedoing of a hospital-ship, or the cold-blooded murder of a boatload of merchant seamen, re-awakened our spirit and our determination at all costs to see things through to a triumphant conclusion.

Our attenuated forces seemed to us at last to be staggering under the hammer-blows struck by the German masses in the mighty 'Kaiser-Battle,' and we knew that more such blows were to come. The 4th of July was a lovely summer's day. I was moving back a little flag, thinking over the human side of the problem, the personal friendships amongst the men whom it represented, when a curious noise came round the corner of a building through my open windows. Then, round that corner, came one of the most inspiriting sounds ever heard even in Whitehall. It was indescribable. Not a cheer, but a sort of cheering-yelling-roar. American troops were driving past in great

brakes, waving the Stars and Stripes, roaring with fresh enthusiasm, met as they went by the counter-cheers of our own tired and jaded folk on the pavements, nearly worn out by the four years of strain, sacrifice, and anxiety. Thoughts went to the origin of 4th of July celebrations, and to the wonder of the sight seen out of the windows, and of the sound coming in waves through them. It was the turning-point. The fresh impetus to see us through the struggle came, not this time from the enemy, but from our own long-lost friends. In Whitehall that day there was a great wonder that must not be forgotten.

I had seen Whitehall at what I had thought was its best, during that wonderful summer of 1887, when the great pageant of Queen Victoria's Jubilee came prancing and jingling past in all the bravery of gold and fine raiment, glancing steel and waving plumes, headed by the heirs of foreign thrones, and followed by contingents from the Dominions, India, and the Colonies. That was a homage of rulers to a ruler, and of a people to their queen. This was an event unrehearsed and unstaged, a simple meeting of people long estranged, bound together again by brotherhood in sacrifice to the same cause. But such thoughts cannot adequately be expressed in words.

Ten days later came the next great hammer-blow, about Rheims and Château-Thierry, followed on the 18th by Foch's first counter-stroke. I began to move the flags the other way, and soon great portions of the line had to be washed out and repainted, moving constantly eastward, towards the Rhine. The distant triumph-song began to steal upon the ears of Whitehall, and 'hearts were brave again and arms were strong.' Whitehall was rather wonderful in war, even though brains and pens counted for more there than strong arms.

V.

I was given a free hand in my weekly secret report on the situation, printed on that awe-inspiring duck's-egg-green paper with the penalties of disclosure set forth in blood-red letters as a heading. In order to interpret the probable policy of our enemies, after Ludendorff took the reins of government into his own hands, I ventured to add some mottoes from Clausewitz, in whose principles the whole General Staff, and through them the whole German nation, had been steeped. Such quotations were sometimes rather effective as prophecies about the future workings of the enemy's brain. From that procedure must have sprung the story of the man who said that some one was giving the Cabinet doses of Clausewitz, and received the astounding reply: 'Is that another new salt? I had not heard of it.' We dislike war so much in this country that the study of the leading authorities thereon has found no place in our general education. Well, with or without the help of Clausewitz, Whitehall saw matters through—some say well, some say badly—organised the whole national and Empire effort to provide the man-power, the material, and the moral impetus (the enemy helped there) to enable our commanders by sea, land, and air to hold out for victory.

There were ups and downs, but some of the London folk were wonderful. I should like to tell a tale of a man in the East End, a man stricken in years and frail in body, who during the worst air-raids handled crowds of twenty to thirty thousand frightened men, women, and children of alien origin, and kept them from panic in shelters—but the East End is a long way from Whitehall. Crowd psychology was of interest there too, and the public on the whole were rather fine, including the women, who are supposed to be constitutionally addicted to timidity. I remember especially one evening walking across the Horse Guards Parade to the Westminster Central Hall to hear General Smuts address the Geographical Society on East Africa. The warning to take cover had gone, and some foolish gunner opened fire from a machine-gun on hostile aeroplanes, far beyond the range of its bullets, which were dropping about in our neighbourhood. (There was a story that some fell on the roof of the headquarters in the Horse Guards of Lord French, who was Commander-in-Chief of Home Defence Forces at the time, and that the telephone-wires were kept very busy afterwards.) At the Central Hall we were assembled, sitting in circular rows under a glass dome, an ideal target for a bomb, or receptacle for anti-aircraft shell-pieces. The chairman announced to the audience, mostly ladies, that the 'Take cover' maroons had sounded, and that we had all been advised to seek security in an equally commodious hall in the basement. Not a bit of it. There was a rustle and a murmur, which gradually swelled into a shrill incitement from the ladies to 'carry on, please.' So General Smuts read his paper, which was followed by a long discussion lasting until after the 'All clear' bugles had sounded. There was some loss of life from the bombs that night, but the bombers would have been disappointed if they had known how local were the results they produced. Once while working in Whitehall I found time to go to a theatre, and I preserved the programme. There is a note printed thereon mentioning to the audience how to behave in case the place should be bombed. It may interest future generations as an indication of the psychology of the London public during the Great War. I often wonder whether the population of the Rhine towns went to theatres as usual, and took things as quietly, when we began to return the compliment. I gather from all accounts that they did not.

The darkened streets were rather a nuisance

in the winter-time, and crossing a road was a somewhat weird experience for country-folk, but it seemed quite strange when the lights began to go up again on Armistice night. Excepting for the splendid and spontaneous demonstrations outside Buckingham Palace, that Armistice week was the least pleasant experience of mob psychology, but the rioting and ragging was all good-humoured, and I suppose a necessary safety-valve after the long strain. Other forms of celebration have seemed more in harmony with the national spirit at the time, especially the memorial service to Edith Cavell in Westminster Abbey, one of the most striking of all great celebrations there. The music was wonderful, and though brought up at Westminster School, I have never known anything like the inspiration of the old Abbey on that day. There was a triumphant note about the service too, a note of the endurance and the invincibility of—what shall I say?—spirit is an inadequate word, but it must serve, and the futility and pettiness of hatred, cruelty, and injustice.

The great Peace march up Whitehall must have been wonderful. I missed that. I was away on a holiday in north Devon doing very responsible work. Being only on a short visit, and therefore safe from vengeance, I was selected as the blushing judge of a beauty competition between village maidens at the local celebration of the event. The view of the fiery beacons that night on historic spots on the bold north Devon coast, and away inland as far as the eye could trace them, was a sight that I am glad I did not miss. But that is another digression from Whitehall. I returned there a day or two afterwards, arriving at Waterloo Station in the evening. I crossed Westminster Bridge at sunset, seeing the House of Commons and the Terrace all blazing with bunting. The view of the river and the Houses of Parliament from that point will always remind me of the German faked photograph of a U-boat moving up-stream to the Terrace, flying a huge German Imperial Ensign—the spot that was in due course selected to anchor a German U-boat, with the White Ensign floating above the German. Turning up Whitehall that evening was an experience to be cherished. The great thoroughfare seemed at rest. There was little traffic, and few people. The big buildings were all decked with fluttering flags touched with the golden light of the sunset.

Since I had left London there had been a great change in Whitehall. The cenotaph 'To the Glorious Dead' stood in its austere beauty in the centre of the picture, guarded by sentries and surrounded by small groups of sad-faced women. They set the note in all peace celebrations. The spirit of the nation was too stricken for triumphant rejoicings. It is meet and right that with the thought of them and their patience under supreme sacrifice we should close these memories of Whitehall in war.

THE END.

MAN-EATING WOLVES.

ACCORDING to an article contributed to the Allahabad *Pioneer* by Mr George O. Forrester, a gentleman who has little to learn regarding sport or planting in India, man-eating wolves are seldom met with outside the United and Central Provinces of India, and there their depredations fortunately occur only at long intervals, and under special circumstances.

When once a member of a pack turns man-eater, the vice seems to spread like an epidemic, and man-eating is initiated and persisted in by his companions. The danger to human life from such a pack is thus considerably greater than from a man-eating tiger or panther. The wolf is a better tactician than either of these, and usually hunts its prey in pairs.

In 1868—a famine year—there were several man-eaters in the vicinity of Jubbulpore, and the Deputy-Commissioner reported no fewer than a hundred and seventy-nine persons killed and seventy-six seriously injured through their ravages. The villagers and the police were unsuccessful in their endeavours to destroy these brutes, which were eventually attacked and apparently exterminated by Mr Olpherts, as the Deputy-Commissioner reported he had recently marched through the whole of the wolf-infested part of his district without hearing of a single person being attacked. The people everywhere stated that since Mr Olpherts had killed the last of the pack some months earlier there had been no further casualties, and the Deputy-Commissioner thought that, though it would be unsafe to predict that fresh instances would not occur, the evil up to the time of his writing had been effectively checked. Man-eating wolves waylaid women and children chiefly, no doubt because they were easier prey, and Mr Olpherts often put on the picturesque costume of a village dame in order to attract them.

Thirty-one years elapsed, and man-eating wolves again made their appearance. Between December 1919, when they were first reported, and August of last year, over forty women and children, the latter mostly, had been killed on the British side. The total loss must have been greater, for the wolves were also operating in the Rewah State, figures from which are not available.

Mr Forrester sent his *shikari*, Sallu, and three men to a village where a number of the human kills had taken place. On arrival, after resting a night, they set to work by climbing a small hill, two men proceeding in opposite directions down the hill. One party had gone barely a couple of hundred yards, when two monster wolves were seen seated near a bush, basking in the early morning sunlight. As agreed upon, a whistle was promptly blown, and the other two men turned up at the double. In spite of careful manœuvring, they found it impossible to get within gun-range of the wolves, which eventually decamped. Sallu, the leader, realising the difficulty of stalking, decided to circumvent the wolves by arranging a bait of two goats in a patch of forest, and finding the next morning that the bait had been accepted, determined on beating the block. The wolves, however, had the advantage of them, and broke back. The men, though disappointed, trudged through the forest and the adjoining plains, both in the morning and the afternoon, but no luck favoured them. In the evening the baits were doubled, and a fresh beat was arranged for the following morning. On this occasion four wolves came within range of the guns, and one of them was shot dead.

Sallu now tied up another goat in the evening, and just after sunset three wolves appeared. Before he could realise they were there the goat was torn limb from limb. He fired at the biggest, and hurt it mortally, the carcass being found the day after in an adjoining field.

The next evening four more goats were tied up, and though all of them were killed, only one wolf presented itself before the guns at the beat arranged for the following morning, and was shot dead.

The wolves in the vicinity of this village were becoming extremely wary, so Sallu determined to proceed to another one, some few miles farther east, where there had also been human victims. There one of his men had an experience he is not likely to forget. In the morning stalk he espied two wolves coming in his direction, and quickly hid himself behind a tree with joyful heart, for there was a reward of fifty rupees given for every wolf killed, and these two were coming within gun-range every second. When they were about a hundred yards off he heard a twig snapping behind him, and, looking round, to his utter dismay found another pair of wolves about to spring upon him. The stalker was himself being stalked! Whether through sheer terror or sudden inspiration, he levelled his gun and blazed both barrels. The wolves must have been hit, but not fatally, for blood was found, though after hours of searching no bodies were recovered.

The following day Sallu, while out stalking, shot one wolf dead and wounded another. The men remained for a few days longer, but did not shoot, or indeed see, any more wolves, and there were no further reports of any more killing of human beings. Four wolves had been killed and six wounded by Sallu's party. The villagers considered the killing of any a miraculous feat, for they believed that wolves were bullet and shot proof. Sallu and his men returned on the 15th August.

There is a belief very generally held by sportsmen that wolves turned man-eaters will accept no baits, and are hardly to be circumvented by beats. Sallu's party has disproved both these suppositions, as well as dispelling the villagers' superstitions of their being immune against bullets.

Wolves were once very common in England, and wolf-hunting was a favourite pursuit of the ancient Britons and the Anglo-Saxons. They appear to have become extinct in the early part of the sixteenth century, though there is no definite evidence of their extirpation; but this is a matter of inference from the cessation of all mention of them in local records after 1509. They seem to have survived in Scotland and Ireland up to the eighteenth century. They were particularly troublesome in Ireland in Cromwell's time, and large rewards for their heads were given. In 1652 the exportation of the large dog used in hunting them was prohibited. We doubtless owe it to our insular position that we have been able to rid ourselves of these formidable and destructive animals. France in the winter season is still infested with them on her eastern border, whither they find their way from far-off Russia; and with present conditions in Russia they will probably not lessen in numbers under the Bolshevik régime.

THE ELVES.

I SAW them not an hour ago,
I swear it, in a bower set
With tiger lilies all arow,
And marigolds and mignonette.

They came in ones and twos and threes—
A happy train of tiny elves,
And chased the spiders and the bees,
And climbed up to the dizzy shelves

Of sunny leaves, and leapt and sang,
And scampered through the underwood,
Until the mocking echoes rang
And scared the beetle with her brood.

And in and out the clover-beds,
They shook the puff-balls one by one,
And laughed to see their yellow heads
Go sailing up into the sun.

And then, with laugh and leap and shout,
They climb'd the lilycups, alas!
And rolled the crystal dewdrops out,
And spilt their beauty in the grass.

When—*whisk!*—they vanish'd as they came;
And all that showed where they had been—
A daddy-long-legs limp and lame,
A wildly shaking leaf of green.

DOUGLAS CARSWELL.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE BATTLE OF SAN SAGRADA BAY.

A BURLESQUE.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin, O.D.; A Little Ship;* &c.

I.

IN the panelled council chamber of the presidential palace in San Sagrada, the seaport capital of the pocket republic of Hullabaloovia, His Excellency the President sat in solemn conclave with his Ministers of state and counsellors.

It was an impressive scene. The sun, streaming in through the stained-glass windows, cast spots of vivid colour on two rows of patriarchal bald heads, sparkled on rich gold lace and brilliant uniforms, and the insignia of many, many orders.

Hullabaloovia, small though she was, was quick to recognise devotion to duty on the part of her citizens. Even the State charwomen were entitled to the Order of the Domestic Haddock, eighth class, on the completion of one year's service. Cook-generals, for the same period, were eligible for the sixth grade of the same Order.

Over the presidential arm-chair hung the glorious purple banner of the republic, bearing the golden dove of peace and the proud motto, '*Dum spiro, spero.*'

But tears stood in the eyes of the President as he toyed with the pencil on the blotting-pad before him. He trembled with suppressed emotion. His many decorations and medals, tributes of his prowess and valour in the campaigns of 1908, 1909–10, 1912, 1914, 1916, 1918, 1920–21, rattled in sympathy. The Hullabaloovians are a fighting race. They have many wars, and almost as many Presidents. This President had not been a President for very long.

'Gentlemen,' he said, speaking in a rich throaty crescendo, 'this insult is more than we can bear.'

It was indeed. Trouble had arisen with the neighbouring state of Cascarara over her frequent infringements of the Banana Traffic Convention. The reply of the Cascararian Government to the politely worded remonstrance of the Hullabaloovian Foreign Minister amounted almost to an ultimatum. It intimated, in language which could not be mistaken, that the President of Hullabaloovia might 'go and boil his head.'

'Gentlemen,' the President continued with a sob, his rugged face quivering, 'the honour of our country is at stake.'

'It is indeed, Excellency,' agreed the Prime Minister, sniffing furtively. In the hurry of changing into full-dress he had omitted to provide himself with a pocket-handkerchief.

'This insult can only be wiped out in blood!' growled the Minister of War, his eyebrows bristling.

'Ay, ay!' muttered the Minister of Marine in a ferocious undertone, shifting the quid to his left cheek. 'Sink the lot, by thunder, and be damned to 'em!'

'Our gallant navy!' murmured the President. 'Our valiant army!'

The Ministers of War and Marine swelled with pride, gazed into each other's eyes, and silently clasped hands under the table.

'Our war-chest is filled?' the President queried, turning to the Minister of Ways and Means, resplendent in his gorgeous uniform of orange and black, with the broad green riband of the Most Ancient and Priceless Elephant of Hullabaloovia across his chest.

'It is filled, Excellency,' came the reply. 'We have recently trebled the import duty on safety-razors and shaving-soap. Permits for the privilege of wearing ornamental hair above the neck have been instituted, and heavy fines are levied upon those who are lax in payment. The State hairdressing saloons are making a handsome profit, and licences for bald-headed citizens to appear in public are being taken out hourly. The duty on imported hair has been increased to the nominal sum of one hundred dollars a kilo.'

'Excellent!' murmured the President. 'Excellent indeed!'

'Shave the lot, by thunder!' whispered the Minister of Marine.

'And how are affairs in your department?' the President asked, turning to the Minister of Justice.

'Satisfactory beyond our most fervent expectations, Excellency. Only yesterday a foreign resident was fined four hundred dollars for accosting a policeman without removing his hat.

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The day before, seven bicyclists were mulcted of fifteen dollars apiece, without the option of imprisonment, for refusing to dismount when passing a tram-car. The day before that, the proprietor of the "Bella Vista" was fined three thousand dollars for overcharging the Minister of Food for—er—necessary refreshment. The situation is most satisfactory.'

'Bleed the lot, by Jupiter!' growled the Minister of Marine, leaning back and toying with his sword-hilt.

'And my department, too, is satisfactory, Excellency,' chimed in the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, with a triumphal chirrup. 'The new set of postage-stamps issued last Friday to celebrate your Excellency's installation of the Mayor of Tuttifrutti is selling well, and large quantities are being exported to stamp-dealers in Europe. It is our intention to surcharge the remaining stocks to-morrow, thus increasing their value. The new stamps, commemorating the third anniversary of the opening of the San Sagrada Exposition, will be issued this day week. In addition to these measures, I have recently approved a proposal to remove all mucilage from the backs of adhesive stamps. In short, they will no longer be adhesive; but as the manufacture and sale of gum is a Government monopoly, our revenue will be considerably enhanced.'

'Good!' murmured the President, his face wreathed in smiles. 'We are in a condition to wage war for an indefinite period.'

'The army is mobilised?' he went on to ask, turning to the Minister of War.

'Yes, Excellency. Even now it is drawn up in the courtyard.'

As if to corroborate his statement, the martial blare of a cornet and the sound of tramping feet came floating in through the open windows.

'They are impatient, brave fellows,' the President smiled. 'The navy, too; is it prepared?'

'Ready, aye ready, Excellency,' came the sonorous reply from the Minister of Marine.

'Good old navy!' muttered the President, with a catch in his voice. 'The honour of Hullabaloovia is safe in its keeping.'

The Minister of Marine gulped with emotion, and nearly swallowed his quid of tobacco.

'The war plans,' said the President, turning to the Chief of the General Staff; 'are they also ready?'

'To the extent of four cupboards full,' answered the C.G.S. in a fruity whisper. 'Nobody knows them but myself.'

'Then war it shall be!' exclaimed the President, striking the table with his fist. 'To Hades with the Cascararian dogs!'

'To Hades!' echoed the assembled Ministers, springing to their feet, drawing their swords, and brandishing them aloft according to the ancient custom of Hullabaloovia.

The muffled beat of a drum and the strains of the fierce Hullabaloovian anthem, 'Wait a little longer and you 'll get it in the neck,' played as a cornet solo, came wafting in from outside.

The President, gulping with ill-concealed emotion, placed his finger on a bell-push. A secretary came hurrying into the room.

'Take down the following telegram,' said the President sternly: 'To the President of Cascarara: "To blazes with your bananas! What price monkey-nuts?"'

The Minister of War burst into tears. The silence was disturbed only by his sobbing as the secretary left the room with the fateful message.

'Sink the lot!' growled the Minister of Marine, supporting his comrade-in-arms. 'Bite 'em and bash 'em! Sink 'em and smash 'em! This is a job for the navy, Minister of War. Your army can't get a look in endways.'

'Tell that to the Horse Marines!' exclaimed the Minister of War indignantly, drying his eyes.

'You seem to forget there 's another country between here and Cascarara,' chuckled his colleague. 'You can't go letting loose your dogs of war on a neutral, old bean.'

'To be sure; I forgot,' the Minister of War replied, a little crestfallen. 'I must seek His Excellency's permission to retain the army for the defence of the capital, somewhere where they will share in the distribution of medals. Anyhow, not a Cascararian dog shall set foot ashore except over my dead body!'

'Trust the navy for that. We shall have sunk or scrapped the lot long before you get busy.'

A burst of cheering greeted the President as he stepped out on to the balcony overlooking the courtyard.

Three field-marshals, fourteen generals, twenty-three colonels, nineteen majors, six captains, four lieutenants, twelve sergeants, three corporals, twenty-three privates, a standard-bearer, a drummer, a man with a cornet, a troop of Boy Scouts, the members of the San Sagrada fire-brigade, and a deputation from the Hullabaloovian Navy League sprang smartly to attention.

The army was present.

'*Viva el Presidente!*' they howled. '*Viva! Viva!*'

'My children!' sobbed the President, the rich timbre of his voice booming across the courtyard, 'your country is at war. I look to you to prevent the foul foot of the invader from soiling the sacred fatherland!'

'Sack the lot!' muttered the Minister of Marine under his breath. 'Doesn't the old fool know that the army can't get anywhere unless the navy carries it on its back?'

'In celebration of this day there will be a double issue of wine with your evening ration,' the President continued.

'*Viva! Viva!*' shouted the army.

'The three months' back-pay due to you, with interest at the rate of 15 per cent., shall be

paid immediately on application to the Minister of Ways and Means!'

Loud and prolonged cheering.

The senior field-marshal was observed to faint in the arms of a brother-warrior.

The die was cast. Hullabaloovia was at war.

Only the Minister of Ways and Means looked a little glum.

II.

Whatever its result—even if it ended in the total extinction of either—a war between Hullabaloovia and Cascarara would have little effect upon world politics. The diplomats and politicians of Europe were too hard at work remoulding their own map to worry much about the destiny of two insignificant republics many thousands of miles distant across the ocean, neither of which possessed the wherewithal to pay the annual subscription to the League of Nations.

But the fact that hostilities had broken out aroused no small interest among the Admiralties and 'naval experts' throughout the civilised world. That the war would be a naval war went without saying, for the territories of Hullabaloovia and Cascarara were separated by the neutral state of Wangleovia, whose ruler, Hunyadi XIII., and Thermogenia, his queen—rather hot stuff—were both well-known pacifists.

The navy of Hullabaloovia was a surface navy, while Cascarara pinned her faith to the submarine.

Sir Cussey Spott, in the London *Exterminator*, put his money on the submarine, vowing that what he had said ten years before still held good, and that the Hullabaloovian surface fleet was 'no damn use.' And Admiral Pill agreed with him, rumour even saying that that gallant officer contemplated offering his services to the Cascararian Government.

Admiral Blowhard, Sir Algernon Streaky, 'Naval Staff Officer,' 'Simple Sailor,' and a host of others were not of the same way of thinking.

The aerial experts, led by Sir Boynton Brix, M.P., struck out a line of their own. *If* the war had been deferred for at least twelve years; *if* by that time Cascarara possessed aeroplanes carrying ten-ton bombs or nine-ton torpedoes; *if* Hullabaloovia had nothing but an observation-balloon, then the fate of the latter republic undoubtedly was sealed. Probably they were right; but the fact remained that neither Hullabaloovia nor Cascarara had any aircraft at all.

The curious part of the whole controversy lay in the fact that no two 'experts' held identical ideas. They all wanted something different, and if they were all correct, the ideal vessel for waging war at sea was evidently the aerial-submersible-super-Dreadnought propelled by hot air, capable of moving sideways as well as backwards and forwards, and of being used as a tank for land warfare should the occasion arise.

So considerable interest was focused on the two small republics. For weeks on end after the declaration of war Sir Cussey Spott never retired to rest without the telephone-receivers clipped over his ears, a fountain-pen and a writing-pad in his pyjama-pocket, and the *Exterminator* messenger snoring upon the doormat.

'You wait and see,' said the naval 'experts,' writing to each other through the medium of the press.

They had a very long time to wait.

III.

Before describing the naval action which settled the dispute between Cascarara and Hullabaloovia, it is as well to say something of the rival navies themselves.

The Cascararian fleet was formidable in its way. It consisted of one submarine, purchased second-hand from a European Power. Sometimes it had been known to dive, but never since it had hoisted the *vieux rose* and old gold ensign of the republic.

Hullabaloovia, on the other hand, relied upon a surface fleet, well known for its efficiency. It comprised the *San Janos*, named for the time being after the patron saint. That the navy had changed its name as often as Hullabaloovia changed its president matters little to our story.

The *San Janos*, built in 1877, was capable of a speed of nine and a half knots with her safety-valves lifting. Originally armed with four 4·7-inch guns and a couple of three-pounder quick-firers, she was a vessel of some two thousand tons displacement, with two pole-masts and a rakish-looking funnel.

The fact that, some years before, the editor of a certain naval annual had referred to her as 'an ex-tramp steamer' had called forth a strongly worded protest from the Minister of Marine. Hullabaloovia, he pointed out, did not slavishly follow the naval nomenclature of other countries. The *San Janos* was essentially a battleship. Did she not carry guns?

What the Hullabaloovian Navy lost in size it more than made up for by its personnel. There were just as many admirals as the *San Janos* had cabins, captains enough to occupy all the hammocks, ten commanders, five lieutenants, forty-three petty officers and seamen, a couple of dozen stokers, and fourteen buglers and bandsmen. We omit the officers of the engineering branch, since there was only an engineer-in-chief, ranking with a vice-admiral, who never set foot on board. The navy had no use for doctors or paymasters, particularly paymasters.

Nevertheless, there was great competition to serve afloat, owing to the inflexible rule of the Hullabaloovian Admiralty that three months' service in any one rank was necessary to qualify for promotion, and due also to the fact that free rations, including a gallon of wine, were issued daily on board the *San Janos*. The

navy, if it felt so disposed, was also permitted to make what it could out of incoming merchantmen in the way of harbour dues. Sometimes it made no more than the fag-end of a leg of mutton, a handful of cigarettes, or a bucket of coal. No matter. It was always something; while a feeling of awe was certainly engendered in those on board incoming steamers when they were boarded by a boatload of admirals in gold lace and medals. It taught them that Hullabaloovia was not to be trifled with.

Only the admirals, the captains, and the commanders lived on board the *San Janos*. There was no room for anybody else. The junior officers and the men were ferried on board once a quarter to scrub decks and to clean paintwork. The rest of their time they were employed fishing off the jetty or as itinerant vendors of picture-postcards, the sale of which was a Government monopoly.

The Hullabaloovian naval estimates had been whittled down to the barest limit—so much so, indeed, that, on the *San Janos's* biennial voyage to a foreign dockyard in tow of a tug for her periodical refit, both the tugmaster and the docking company demanded payment in advance. They generally got it; but as requisitions for money from the Admiralty invariably resulted in a change of Government and the supersession of half the flag-officers, the *San Janos's* armament, fittings, and equipment had suffered severely.

Of her guns, only one three-pounder remained. Her anchors and cables had long since passed into other hands, and it was lucky that she had a buoy to lie at. Portions of the main engines had also vanished. The standard compass, certain navigational instruments, and other parts of the engines had been ear-marked to pay for the next refit.

But the *San Janos* was quite efficient. The Minister of Marine invariably complimented the senior Admiral of the Fleet at the conclusion of his annual inspection.

IV.

War had been in progress for two months.

Except for the total cessation of the banana-trade with Cascarara, nothing had occurred to trouble the minds of the Hullabaloovian Government.

The army, though it marched down to the shore regularly at nine o'clock each morning, with drum beating and cornet playing, retired, as regularly, at nine-thirty. So far it had not been called upon to fire a single shot to repel the invader. The navy, too, still swung round its buoy with unfailing constancy, and whiled away its time by fishing, boarding all incoming vessels, and shooting at empty bottles with an air-gun.

Soldiers and sailors alike had been granted the Hullabaloovian War Cross, with laurels, for exemplary comportment and unparalleled patience in trying circumstances.

And then at last it happened.

At eleven forty-five one morning the senior Admiral of the Fleet, having finished breakfast, was lying at full length in a deck-chair under the awning on the poop, with a gin-sling at his elbow and the morning paper on his knees. Two junior rear-admirals in pyjamas, seated cross-legged on the deck beside him, were wrangling loudly over a game of halma. Another flag-officer and a couple of captains were idly fishing over the stern for flounders. The officer of the watch, a gray-headed commander long since due for promotion, was silently pacing the bridge with a cheroot in his mouth and a telescope under his arm.

Suddenly, without the least warning, there came a whinnying screech in the air and the boom of a gun. Something passed over the poop, to raise a small water-spout in the sea two hundred yards beyond.

'A shell!' shouted the senior Admiral of the Fleet, springing to his feet, tripping over his sword, and upsetting his gin-sling with a crash. 'The Cascararian dogs are upon us!'

They were, for a mile or so to seaward was a small cylindrical object standing on a low hull, on which could be seen the figures of men grouped round a gun. It was a submarine. And as they watched there came another flash. But the Cascararian shooting left something to be desired. The shell hummed high overhead, and burst prettily against the gilt cupola of the Government Cinema House on the water-front three-quarters of a mile beyond.

'To your stations, my men!' roared the senior flag-officer, strangely wobbly about the knees. 'Hullabaloovia expects us all to do each other's duty!'

And so they did. Some rushed this way, and some rushed that. Some ran forward, to hide in the paint-locker, and some aft, to hide in the after-peak. Some jumped overboard, and some below for life-belts. Never was there such a hurly-burly. Only the senior Admiral of the Fleet and a few of the braver spirits raced at top-speed for the three-pounder gun on the *San Janos's* forecastle. The senior officer, being well covered and somewhat short of breath, came in a bad last.

Bang! There came another shot from the submarine; but the shell went nobody knew whither.

'Load the gun!' roared the senior Admiral of the Fleet, arriving breathless, sword in hand, and elbowing several flag-officers out of the way. 'Avast there! Make way for your Commander-in-Chief!' he added, giving his unsuspecting second-in-command one inch of sword-point in the most prominent portion of his anatomy.

The second-in-command clapped his hand to the wound, and hobbled away.

'Wounded in action!' he gasped, relapsing gingerly to the deck, and waving his cocked hat. 'Farewell, brother-heroes! I die that Hullabaloovia may live!'

The gun meanwhile was loaded, and the Commander-in-Chief, cuddling the shoulder-piece, squinted along the sights with the firing-lever in his hand. He gave it a jerk.

There was a sharp report and a cloud of smoke as the weapon went off. But nobody spotted the fall of the shot, for with a muffled yell another flag-officer, who had been standing rather close to the breech, fell head over heels backwards. The recoiling gun had struck him heavily upon the Star of the Most Ancient and Priceless Elephant of Hullabaloovia.

When the smoke cleared away the submarine had disappeared.

'Sunk her, by thunder!' murmured the Commander-in-Chief, standing up, wiping his dripping brow, while the others clustered round, patting him on the back. 'That shot of mine lifted the lid off her conning-tower. I saw it go sky-high.'

'I die that Hullabaloovia may live!' interjected the second-in-command, seated on the deck, and secretly a little jealous that nobody was paying any attention to him.

'Carry the wounded below!' ordered the Commander-in-Chief. 'On second thoughts, we will all go below to splice the main-brace to celebrate this most glorious victory.'

And they went below. It was a little unfortunate that, in the excitement of the moment, nobody noticed that one of the rear-admirals had knocked the slip off the cable securing the *San Janos* to her buoy, for an hour later, when the navy, in a comfortable state of hilarity and *bonhomie*, was still seated in the wardroom, with bottles and glasses before it, the ship took the ground with a scarcely perceptible tremor. They never noticed even that, as, at the moment she struck, it happened that one of the vice-admirals was half-way through the second verse of 'Hearts of Oak.'

But about five minutes later their bacchanalian revel was suddenly disturbed by the sound of frenzied shouting close alongside.

'Shiver my timbers if it isn't the Minister of Marine come off to pay us a visit!' hiccuped the Commander-in-Chief. 'Let 's ask the old boy down, and give him a pint of the best!'

A junior rear-admiral staggered to a scuttle and looked out. 'Ministher of Marine!' he laughed stupidly. 'Be damned for a yarnsh, ole cockalorum! Itsh the Casca—Cascarara—itsh the bally old submarine himshelf!'

And so it was.

Crawling up the ladder on all fours, the ship's company of the *San Janos* reached the deck, and saw the submarine within a hundred feet.

'Hoist the white flag!' ordered the Commander-in-Chief in tremulous accents. 'The ship is ashore. An honourable surrender will avoid all further bloodshed, and is strictly in accordance with the traditions of our navy.'

The second-in-command limped aft to obey the order. 'Avast there!' roared the Commander-in-Chief. 'We are forestalled!'

They were. The submarine's men were clustered on the deck. An officer perched on the conning-tower was frenziedly waving a white table-cloth. 'We 've come to surrender!' he shouted, holding a megaphone to his lips. 'We 've run out of gasolene, dropped our propeller, and punched a hole in our bottom! Send a boat! We 're sinking fast!'

Scarcely had he spoken when his vessel took a backward dive and disappeared beneath the surface, leaving himself and his crew floundering in the sea. They swam towards the *San Janos*, and one by one were hauled on board with ropes. The vanquished, clad in borrowed garments, were soon celebrating the victory with their conquerors.

It was a glorious victory, perhaps the most glorious in all the triumphal annals of Hullabaloovia.

The *San Janos* became a total wreck; but what did that matter?

The entire navy was tried by court-martial for, 'by negligence or default,' suffering the *San Janos* to be lost; but what did that matter either? The entire navy was honourably acquitted, and was decorated into the bargain.

Thus it was left for Hullabaloovia to prove to the world that the surface ship still remains the finest instrument of sea-power.

Even Sir Cussey Spott is said to be fully convinced.

THE BUILDING OF AN AIRSHIP.

By Major GEORGE WHALE (late R.A.F.).

THE construction of a large airship, such as R34, which crossed the Atlantic in the summer of 1919 and came to grief last January, involves many trades, and necessitates the employment of a large number of skilled workers. Airship-building in this country is still in its infancy, and few people, comparatively speaking, have been privileged to visit the stations where these leviathans of the air are erected and prepared for flight. For this reason the various stages of construction will be described somewhat fully in this article, when it will be seen that the organisation required and the responsibility incurred are comparable with those

demanded in the building of an ocean-going liner.

These large British airships and the famous Zeppelin airships of Germany are of the design known as rigid. In simple language, the rigid airship consists of a framework, or hull, composed of wood or metal containing bags or balloons charged with gas. These bags give buoyancy to the hull, which is sufficiently strong to maintain its shape while floating in the air, and to support cars carrying the machinery for propelling the ship through the air, together with accommodation for crew, passengers, and freight.

With the exception of the German Schütte Lanz ships and two copies of this model built in England, which were composed of wood, the hull framework of a rigid airship is built up with duralumin girders stayed and braced with wire.

Duralumin is an alloy of aluminium discovered in the early days of the present century in Germany, and is exceedingly valuable for airship work both for its strength and its lightness. Being five times lighter than steel, it has on test about the same tensile strength as mild steel.

The girders used in airships are triangular in section, and to save weight are rather complicated in design. They are manufactured usually in the makers' works, and sent to the constructional shed to be assembled. The hull is divided into a series of compartments by the main transverse frames. These are laid down on the floor of the shed, and all the girders, when in their correct position, are riveted together and braced with wire.

Each frame, as it is completed, is lifted by tackles from the roof of the shed and assigned to its proper position in the ship. This operation requires great care, as the frames are extremely light and are apt to buckle. The longitudinal girders are then introduced, separating and holding together the main frames, and so the work proceeds until the whole structure is completed. The nets, whose functions are to distribute the pressure evenly throughout the upper longitudinal frames and to prevent the gas-bags bulging between the girders, are attached as each section of the hull is completed.

At this stage the fins, which assist in keeping the ship under control during flight, and to which the rudders and the elevators are attached, are lifted into position and secured to the hull framework. At the same time the petrol and water ballast tanks are distributed throughout the ship in accordance with the design.

The ship is now sufficiently advanced to receive the gas-bags. In large ships these number from sixteen to eighteen. They are composed of rubber-proofed fabric lined with gold-beater's skin, and are made up of panels with overlapping seams. Women are employed on this work, and great care is essential to avoid leaky seams or punctures. Each bag, before it is fitted, is inflated with air and examined all over its surface with leak-detectors. The valves and gas-inlets are also tested carefully. The bags are attached by straps to the top longitudinal girders in their correct positions. The outer cover, which for convenience in handling is divided into a number of parts, is then secured to the hull, and all is ready for inflation.

During this process stringent regulations are enforced to eliminate all danger of fire or sparks, as hydrogen, the usual gas in use for airships or balloons, is highly inflammable. All working in the shed wear rubber-soled shoes, and matches and smoking-material are left outside the building. The hoses conveying the gas from the storage tanks are next attached to the filling-necks, the valves are opened, and inflation commences.

The hull, for convenience in erection, has up to the present been resting on cradles, and during the process of inflation is secured to the floor of the shed. It is necessary at this juncture for the hull to be raised about fifteen feet to enable the cars to be slung from the lower members of the framework. The cables holding the ship down are eased off, and she rises slowly under her own buoyancy until the correct height has been reached.

The cars, or gondolas, are also constructed of duralumin, and covered with a thin sheeting of the same material. The navigating-car contains the wheels for the control of elevators and rudders; valve-controls, ballast-releases, engine-room telegraphs, &c. are all operated from within, and the various instruments, such as compass, rise and fall indicators, are arranged in suitable positions. In some ships the navigating compartment is contained in the hull structure. The remaining cars are merely small engine-rooms with sufficient accommodation for the mechanics to attend to the machinery. Coupling up the cars to the hull is a very simple operation, but the connecting of the various controls requires considerable patience before all are in correct adjustment.

The airship at last is rapidly approaching completion. The electrical system for lighting, for telephones, and for wireless telegraphy is installed, and tests are taking place continually.

Meanwhile the outer cover is laced tautly to the longitudinal and traverse frames, and sealing-strips, as they are called, are stuck over all joints to render it completely watertight. The airship shed is now a scene of great activity. Engine tests are taking place constantly, and minor adjustments are being made. The controls are overhauled, and the remaining fittings, such as trail and handling ropes, are added.

Ever since the first inflation the purity of the gas in each bag has been registered. Some bags,

as a rule, are found to be leaking and may have to be changed, while the remainder have gas added as is necessary. Finally, when every detail has been attended to, the 'lift and trim' trials take place. The bags are completely charged with gas, weights are put into the ship equivalent to the weight of fuel and crew, and she is allowed to rise slowly under her own buoyancy. This is an extremely anxious moment, as it is impossible to ascertain by calculation the exact weight of the whole structure and the resulting 'dischargeable lift'; that is, the lift available for passengers and freights, excluding fuel, water ballast, and crew, may be disappointing or the reverse. These trials decide also the disposition of the ballast, as the ship may be inclined to be nose or tail heavy. If the information disclosed by the trials is satisfactory, the airship may be considered, apart from trivial details, to be completed. On the other hand, if the 'lift' is disappointing, measures are taken to reduce weight wherever possible, and similar trials are held on a later occasion.

Our airship is at length finished and awaiting favourable weather for her first flight. The barometer is scanned, and meteorological reports are the sole topic of conversation. The auspicious moment arrives, and for the workmen themselves it is a day of holiday. The gas-bags receive their last quota of hydrogen, and the roar of engines is heard in the shed. The vast doors open slowly, and the handling-party assembles in the open space at the shed's mouth. Orders are given, and the men take up their position. Further orders can be heard, and then, slowly but surely, the great airship emerges from its birthplace. Silently it glides from the dark interior into the brilliant sunshine, and reaches the appointed spot for its departure.

A few moments more, while valves are opened or water-ballast is discharged, and then, to the call of the bugle, all hands let go. The airship rises silently into the air. First one engine speaks, and then another; at last all are roaring, and she gains way rapidly. She heads away to the east, and is quickly lost to view.

Another rigid airship has commenced her life's history.

DOVECOTES.

By Arthur O. Cooke.

I.

CONSIDERING the large number of persons who interest themselves, with an enthusiasm either real or assumed, in the antiquities of their country, it is surely a singular fact that there lies scattered from Land's End to John o' Groat's —even still farther north than that—a class of ancient buildings to which, so far, has been given but very scanty attention. With the exception of a few English districts in which members of local antiquarian associations have taken up the matter and have chronicled in their 'Proceedings' the examples to be found in the vicinity, it has been left, *mirabile dictu*, to that much-abused institution the British Government to conduct, through the Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments, an orderly and detailed inquiry into the existence and the condition of the many ancient dovecotes, culverhouses, or, *Scottice*, 'doocots' which, throughout the country, still recall to mind a time and a state of things long past. A reference to the accounts of these buildings, frequently illustrated by photographs, to be found in the Reports dealing with the counties already surveyed, will show how rich in interest as a class, how often individually delightful, are these old structures, now for the most part tenantless, and, far too often, in great danger of decay and ruin.

Pigeon-keeping as a means of furnishing the larder has for countless centuries been practised in all quarters of the world. The Chinese have long been pigeon-keepers. The late Frederick Courtenay Selous, in one of his fascinating African volumes, mentions the existence of public dovecotes in many of the Kaffir kraals in the Zambesi district. Dovecotes are a quite familiar sight in Egypt and Persia; while in India, though their place may be to some extent taken by quail-pits, large flocks of pigeons are maintained. The owners of these birds have methods of their own for attracting strangers to the flock. These have their wings clipped, and are forthwith appropriated by the new owner, such spoliation of a neighbour being regarded as legitimate.

Nearer home, in Europe, remarkably fine dovecotes may be seen in many parts of Portugal; but it is to Italy and France that an inquirer who seeks the origin of British dovecotes will do well to turn. In ancient Rome pigeon-keeping was a branch of industry in which great interest was displayed. Pliny, Varro, Columella, all have something to say on the subject. It is quite obviously from Rome that the French dovecote came; though the many highly ornate examples still surviving in France probably have little in common—always excepting the shape, which in the earlier specimens was circular—with the large, massively constructed, but apparently unornamented *columbarium* of old Rome.

There can, again, be little doubt that it was

from France, through the medium of our Norman invaders, that we first received the dovecote. There may be some who will prefer to claim for pigeon-keeping in this country a more ancient pedigree, and who will even point to certain ancient dovecotes as of Saxon date; but it is doubtful if the faith that is in them can be supported by satisfactory arguments or reliable proofs. Certain it is, not only that the oldest surviving dovecotes of England show unmistakable signs of Norman workmanship, but also that it was by the Normans that the business of pigeon-keeping was first set upon a satisfactory basis—satisfactory, that is, to the proprietors of dovecotes, though far from being so to less favoured individuals.

For the keeping of pigeons in a dovecote of any considerable size was almost immediately raised by the new lords of the land to the status of a monopoly, the grantees being lords of manors. Such lordships were, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, often granted to clerical holders: an abbey would possess several such manors; and it is thus that we shall find a dovecote (at any rate traces or records of a dovecote) not only at the abbey building itself, but among those of outlying granges and farms. Other clerical manorial lords were not seldom rectors or vicars of parishes, and we can come upon a 'vicar's dovecote' at this day. In other cases the church tower itself, or even some still more sacred portion of the building, was appropriated as a dwelling for the birds. A particularly striking instance of this being the case occurs in a small Herefordshire church, where nest-holes fashioned in the tower walls not only clearly prove that it was utilised for such a purpose, but that its builder had such secondary use in view when he constructed it.

As owners of, or dwellers in, the Norman castles were manorial lords, it may at first seem strange that dovecotes should be rarely found among the portions of such buildings that survive. A castle dovecote is at times so found, as in the case of Manorbeer and other castles of South Wales; and these buildings are comparatively frequent near old Scottish fortresses. Tantallon Castle, near North Berwick, offers an example which will be familiar to many. But it must be remembered how frequently a castle was subjected to close and prolonged siege, and how the hostile force might often gain a footing in outlying works. In such a case a dovecote in an outer courtyard would be of small use; and accommodation for pigeons was most probably oftener provided in some portion—usually the upper portion—of the keep itself. This was the case at Rochester, and notably at Conisbrough, where nest-holes were arranged in a small chamber placed in convenient, though sinister, proximity to the kitchen.

II.

It is, of course, needless to say that pigeon-keeping as it was practised in the Middle Ages, and to a much later time, had nothing whatever in common with the 'fancy' of the present day. The very terms employed are wholly different; the modern owner of a flock of fantails, tumblers, Jacobins, or carriers keeps them in no 'cote,' but in a 'loft.' The inmates of the ancient dovecotes still existing in our fold-yards, fields, and gardens served as an important item of their owners' daily fare. How important they were will be realised when it is remembered that, before the introduction of the turnip and the swede into the 'courses' of British agriculture, to be followed later by the manufacture of oil-cake and other artificial foods, the farmer was unable to support through the long winter any animals other than breeding-stock. Fat sheep, fat cattle, were all slaughtered in late autumn, and their flesh was salted down for winter use. Salt meat, salt fish—such was the staple food-supply for half the year; and it can be imagined how extremely welcome were the contents of the fish 'stews' prudently provided in proximity to the monastic houses, and the 'squabs'—young pigeons—yielded by the dovecote at the abbey grange.

Not only welcome was such food; it was also cheap. The pigeons gained their living largely from the open fields, and made no nice distinction between such as were in occupation of their owner and those tilled by his feudal tenants. Hence the great burden under which the tenant-farmer groaned; and hence the outcry which, rising in England apparently in the time of Elizabeth, and in France not long before the outbreak of the Revolution, led ultimately to the destruction of the dovecote, or more frequently to its disuse. Hence also the fact that dovecotes are always most numerous in grain-growing districts, being nowhere more common to-day than in the Lothians. In counties which are chiefly pastoral they are often entirely absent; it is said that not a single example is to be seen in the county of Dumfries or in some other parts of the south-west of Scotland.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the number of dovecotes, according to a reliable contemporary authority, is stated to have been twenty-six thousand. When we remember that a good-sized average specimen will contain nest-holes varying in number from five to eight hundred, sometimes a thousand or twelve hundred, in some cases even more; that each nest was intended to accommodate a pair of adult pigeons; and that pigeons are not unprolific, it is not difficult to estimate the enormous quantity of grain consumed, or the exasperation of the farmer at the continued use of these buildings. And yet there is not wanting certain

evidence for the defence. If dovecotes did the damage that is stated to have been the case, how is it that some pigeon-houses are still occupied, though standing in the centre of a highly cultivated farm? For example, a specimen, containing two or three hundred birds, may to-day be found on the homesteading of a large grain-growing estate in the county of Haddington. The building, a very interesting one, is carefully maintained in good repair, and receives as much attention as is given to the byre and the barn. Pigeons are kept in many a dovecote at the present day, though in much smaller numbers than was once the case. It is fair to note that many intelligent farmers readily confirm what is, of course, well known to ornithologists, that pigeons eat the seeds of many noxious plants.

III.

The dovecotes built in Britain by the early Normans were, with hardly any exceptions, all of one pattern—a massive circular tower with a vaulted roof. In the centre of the roof was a round opening, two feet or more in diameter, which gave ingress and egress to the birds; while in the wall was a single doorway, usually narrow, often very low, through which the proprietor or his care-taker had entrance. These were the only openings in early examples. A lantern, cupola, or 'glover' at the apex of the roof; windows, either in the walls, or oftener still as dormers in the roof; with one or two rows of entrance-holes for the pigeons, all were additions of a later date. Needless to say, the Norman building was of stone, for it is doubtful if such local materials as Devonshire 'cob' were employed till a subsequent period.

Internally the cote was lined with nest-holes, extending to the roof, either from the ground, or, frequently, from a point some feet higher. These nest-holes were not always the plain oblong recesses oftenest seen; in many cases they were L-shaped, the longer arm extending into the wall for from fourteen to eighteen inches, the short arm extending right or left for a lesser distance. By this arrangement greater space and more seclusion were afforded to the sitting hen.

In some of the best Norman examples still existing—as, for instance, in that at Garway, Herefordshire, where the dovecote and the church are the sole surviving relics of an establishment which, founded by the Templars, passed later to the hands of the Hospitallers—the rows of nests are arranged on a somewhat unusual system, the short arms of one row all turning to the right, while those in the tier next above it and below it all turn left, and so on in alternate rows throughout the house. A more common arrangement is for all the short arms to turn right; though in a fine Elizabethan dovecote a few miles from Ludlow—one of the most charming of all English towns—each nest-hole in the house has its arm pointing to the left.

Hardly ever found in England, although exceptionally present at Garway, is a bathing-basin in the centre of the floor. Such a provision, countenanced by some authorities of ancient Rome, was generally objected to, it being alleged that free ablutions by the sitting hens would tend to chill their eggs. Much more commonly seen is the 'potence,' an upright central post, so fixed as to revolve on pivots fitted in the floor and the roof. This carried horizontal arms to which was fixed a ladder—sometimes two—by which the keeper's access to the upper tiers of nests was much facilitated. The potence was, obviously, well fitted for use only in a circular or an octagonal dovecote, though it occurs occasionally in square examples.

The strength and the frequent small size of the door, the inaccessibility to any but the rightful occupants of the round opening in the roof, were of set purpose. Dovecotes contained a prey much in demand among two classes of marauders: human thieves and small four-footed vermin—weasels, stoats, and rats. To guard against the former it was quite common in Scotland, less so in England, to have double doors; one hung upon the outer edge of the wall—which in the early Norman dovecotes might be three or four feet thick—another being provided on the inner face. Vermin were to some extent circumvented by the provision of one or more string-courses running round the wall, and these were frequently made broad enough to form a ledge on which the birds could sun themselves.

Gradually structural changes took place. The circular form, long general, was at times modified to that of an octagon, a shape which retained the advantage of the round dovecote in being almost equally suited to the insertion of the potence, at the same time presenting a more ornamental appearance. Several very handsome octagonal brick dovecotes are found in Shropshire, dating, for the most part, from the time of Elizabeth. A curious, possibly unique, blend of the two forms is exhibited by a Dorsetshire example, which, viewed externally, is octagonal for the first six feet from the ground, above which height the shape is circular, as is the whole of the interior.

The construction of the vaulted Norman roof, which demanded considerable ingenuity, seems to have been a problem to which later builders found themselves unequal. A conical roof, circular on a round dovecote, circular or octagonal on eight-sided buildings, became general. Such roofs are often found to-day upon far older walls, having taken the place of the original covering, naturally the first portion of the building to give way before neglect and age. The lantern, circular, octagonal, or square, began to crown the open entrance in the roof, while the

last mentioned suffered the insertion of small dormer windows in its slope.

IV.

Some interesting variations from the standard form would seem to have occurred in very early days. In Cornwall, as in some districts of South Wales, may be found examples of Norman dovecotes whose thick walls are pierced with numerous narrow entrance-holes, these being in addition to the opening in the roof. The only apparent explanation of this curious innovation seems to be the wish to afford the birds additional means of exit, to prevent crowding at the single aperture when they flew out at dawn. It is obvious that the wall openings would give easy entrance to noxious vermin, and the plan was doubtless soon abandoned for that reason, as examples are comparatively rare. The square medieval dovecote at Notley Abbey, Buckinghamshire, presents a very unusual feature. Small inner walls project at intervals from the main walls, and are furnished with nest-holes upon either side. This arrangement certainly provided additional accommodation—though a certain amount of the main walls was necessarily sacrificed. But, again, the innovation gained but little ground with dovecote-builders generally.

One of the largest and most remarkable of English dovecotes was the great cruciform building formerly standing among the remains of Lewes Priory, Sussex. It was over eighty feet in length, and but little less across the transepts—if we may so term them. Each gable was sheltered by a curious hood-like arrangement of the roof, and the number of nests is variously stated to have been between three and five thousand. This unique building was wantonly destroyed little more than a century ago, the whole being pulled down to provide road-mending material!

After the Norman days the material employed varied considerably according to locality. One or two Devonshire and Somerset dovecotes of 'cob' are, or recently were, still standing. In some southern counties chalk-rubble was employed; while in the well-wooded counties of Worcestershire and Herefordshire there still exist not a few built in that 'black-and-white,' half-timbered style which forms so picturesque a feature of the district's farms and cottages. In a well-known Herefordshire specimen the carving on the gables and other timber-work is very elaborate.

Otherwise any deliberate attempt at ornament is not usual upon dovecotes. A handsome corbel-table is frequently found upon Elizabethan specimens; and the owners' initials are sometimes recorded—not infrequently upon the weather-vane that often crowns the whole. The north wall of one Scottish dovecote has its blankness broken by a coat-of-arms; while a sun-dial adorns the angle of another specimen—now falling rapidly to utter ruin—on an estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh. But instances like these are rare.

V.

In Scotland the general type of 'doocot' is markedly different from those seen south of Tweed. It is true that here again the massive circular building is quite common; the suburbs of Edinburgh show a very fine example in a garden at Corstorphine. But the Scottish specimens are rather more beehive or bell shaped than is usual in England. Each string-course, of which there are often two or three, is accompanied by a slight set-back to the walls, and thus the building narrows as it rises from the ground.

Moreover, Scotland has a style of dovecote quite peculiarly her own—the oblong building divided into two similar but distinct compartments, frequently found throughout the country, and perhaps specially common in the Lothians. It is practically unknown in England; exceptions being one, half in ruins, upon a Lancashire estate, and a very large and perfectly preserved example at the village of Newton-in-the-Willows in Northamptonshire. Both these have a 'ridge' roof; in Scotland the roof is nearly always of the lean-to form, the slope being towards the south. The roof, moreover, is most often 'broken' half-way down, it being thus brought upon two different planes. Entrance-holes for the birds are found placed at the junction, immediately below the upper slope. The highest wall and the two side-walls usually project some feet above the roof, thus forming of it a snug shelter, a provision particularly desirable when such a building is exposed to the cold winds of the east coast.

The two compartments have no internal communication, and are entered by two separate doorways, commonly on the south front; though in the dovecote at Tantallon one compartment has its doorway at the end. As has been already mentioned, it is very usual to find signs that double doors were used.

Why this division of the Scottish oblong dovecote into two compartments? The probable explanation is that the periodical taking of a batch of 'squabs' from the house naturally has a disturbing effect upon the parent birds, who will sometimes forsake the building for a time. It was, therefore, an advantage to build the house in such form that one half could be dealt with while the other was left undisturbed.

If this explanation be allowed to pass muster, it involves the acceptance of another theory regarding the comparative merits of English and Scottish pigeon management—namely, that the Scots were in advance of their southern neighbours. This may have been so; but in what concerned the general 'finish' of the buildings

it was not the case. As we have seen, the nest-holes of good English dovecotes were quite frequently L-shaped, a pattern seemingly unknown north of the Tweed; while the masonry-work generally is of a rougher type in Scotland than is common in the south.

While there can be little doubt that the early Norman dovecotes of England were, with but few exceptions, circular, there is less certainty as to the original form favoured in Scotland. It is, however, evident that the closing years of the sixteenth century saw the erection of many new pigeon-houses; but the two forms, circular and oblong, went up almost side by side. The massive circular example in the garden of Mertoun House, St Boswells, is but a year or two earlier than some other dated specimens of oblong shape.

In Scotland, as in England, will be found divergences from the main type. Numerous examples, either square or nearly so, are to be seen; such have a single compartment only. Haddingtonshire exhibits, on a farmsteading close to East Linton, a round dovecote with a sloping roof arranged in horse-shoe shape. If this example be compared with certain dovecotes found in southern France, a striking likeness in design will be quite plainly recognised; and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the close and friendly connection which so long existed between France and Scotland—a connection from which England was shut out—is responsible for the form of many a northern 'doocot.'

VI.

The precise position to be occupied by the dovecote must have been a point calling for careful consideration by its prospective builder. The *Sportsman's Dictionary*, a work of reference and instruction published early in the eighteenth century, lays down the following axiom: 'Plant the Pigeon-house in the middle of the courtyard, near enough to the house that the master of the family may keep in awe those who go in or come out.'

This was undoubtedly sound advice from one point of view; but it had to be remembered that the dovecote should be a conspicuous object, easy for the pigeons to descry when 'homing' from a distant field. French dovecotes were frequently whitened, to enhance their 'visibility'; but Waterton states that this practice was not allowed in England lest birds from other cotes should be unfairly attracted to one thus treated. His reasoning is a little difficult to follow; why not allow all dovecotes to be whitened, and in this way preserve the balance?

Thus we find dovecotes in a great variety of situations; some—many—in the midst of other buildings, as in the stable-yard of Waterton's old Yorkshire home at Walton Hall; others were built in open fields, not seldom on the brow of a hill-slope, as is that fine old Yorkshire dovecote that looks down upon the Tees and the small Durham town of Gainford on the river's farther bank. Still others occupy a sunny corner of some 'gray old garden,' adding much to its mellow charm.

A place in which a dovecote may be sometimes found to-day is one where it is wholly out of place—in some plantation or a wood; instances occur as far apart as Dorset, Cumberland, East Lothian, and Fife. This is a quite unsuitable position. Not only would the 'rushing noises of the trees shaken by the wind' produce an ill effect upon the pigeons, birds of 'fearful disposition'—the *Sportsman's Dictionary* is here again quoted; but the building, hidden among trees, would be with difficulty seen by the returning birds. In cases where a dovecote is now found in such a spot, it may be taken as quite certain that it is far older than the trees.

Within the limits of a magazine article the subject of the British dovecote can be merely sketched. Space forbids any description of a most curious semi-subterranean example recently found among the ruins of a religious house in Monmouthshire, or any discussion of the possible reasons for so strange an arrangement. Dovecotes are buildings which both call for and deserve far more attention, far more care, than they have yet received: attention from the antiquary, who will find in them a mine of interest which it will be long ere he exhausts; care from their owners, who too often—though with many bright exceptions—suffer these delightful buildings to remain so long neglected that they fall to utter ruin.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

V.

THE woman turned from the stove with a half-cry of fear as their boots clumped on the boards of the shack. She dropped the coffee-can with a crash, and her lips clinched tight together as she saw the weapons in their hands. There was something significant in that sudden gesture of silence; she had seen pistols in men's hands before—in the hands of men who shot regardless of sex.

Clement felt pity for her and the life she must have led. 'We mean no harm, Mrs Wandersun. Only, you must keep quiet——'

'And not move,' added Gatineau. 'Stand over in that corner there, Mrs Wandersun—yes,

in the angle of the walls. Now understand, no movement, no sound.'

They looked about the room quickly. It was a bare room, with a table and a stove, and one window, next the door, looking on to the porch. There was a door into an inner room. Gatineau sprang across to it and looked in. It had a bed and a window, and very little else. The window was shut; the bed had evidently been used by the woman. Gatineau came out of the room, shutting the door. There was no need to go into that room. What they wanted was in this outer, living room.

In a corner was a truckle-bed. On that bed was a man, his deeply marked face pale and unshaven. He looked sick, and he stirred gently and moaned like a sick man, not opening his eyes to them. Gatineau gave him one look, then went and stood by the window, which was just by the foot of the bed. Crouching against the woodwork, the little detective watched the world outside, his pistol ready.

Clement acted quickly. From his pocket he took a piece of paper, unfolded it, and put it on the table. He found that ink and pens were already on the table, and signs that writing had only lately been done. He placed the ink and a pen near the paper he had put down. It was a confession. He had drawn it up in the train coming from Banff. It set out the general lines of the plot as Clement saw it. And he meant Henry Gunning to sign this confession. Even if he didn't frighten Gunning into fleeing the country, he would have an argument to use when he put the case before Heloise Reys—and a powerful weapon to turn against Henry Gunning for all time.

He took a step to the bedside. The man under the blankets moved. It might have been merely the tossing of a sick body; it might have been anxiety. Clement looked down at the face; saw its looseness, its weakness, its degeneration; saw, too, in the outline of good looks how such a face might carry a fond memory right back to the time when this man was a fine, upstanding, clean living and looking boy. Oh, yes, that face would call up memories that might well obliterate the present. Especially with that pallor of illness—which was born of drink and dissipation.

He looked down for no more than thirty seconds. Then he said harshly, 'Up with you, Henry Gunning. You're found out. The game's up.'

The man on the bed moaned and stirred. And he made a false move. He muttered, 'Heloise.'

Clement saw red. 'Up, you skunk,' he snapped. His hand went down, plucking at the blankets. With a twist they were on the floor. Henry Gunning, with one ineffectual grab at the disappearing clothes, lay looking up at Clement, his eyes full of fear, his mouth loose. He had reason for fear. Henry Gunning lay on the bed with his night-shirt on him, but beneath that were all the clothes (save the boots) he had worn but a few minutes ago as he sat, a healthy man, reading his newspaper on the porch of the shack.

Clement shifted his pistol to his left hand. 'Get up,' he snapped.

Gunning shakily got up. 'Who th' hell are you?' he demanded thickly.

'An Englishman like yourself, but a cleaner one,' said Clement with a strong sense of racial anger.

And at the name Gunning winced. But he pulled together his wits, which were obviously fuddled, and he stuttered, 'What the blazes do you mean by all this? Hey? Look here; I'll have the law on you.'

'The law!' Clement sprang on him. 'The law is over there'—he indicated Gatineau. 'That is a detective come to settle with you, my friend.'

As expected, Henry Gunning stumbled back at the mere threat of the law. Terror shone in his face.

Clement followed up his advantage. 'We're here for you, Henry Gunning. We know all about you and this plot against Heloise Reys. We know how you lured her out here, how you want to get hold of her and her million of money.'

'Lies! Lies!' cried Henry Gunning. 'You don't bluff me.'

'Then you lied when you bragged at Cobalt, my friend,' snapped Clement. 'Do you want me to tell you all that you bragged of in the billiard-parlour of Cobalt?' Henry Gunning shrank back against the bed. 'I see you are recognising we do know. Well, understand fully that we've got all the evidence against you. The story of those silver-mines; the details of how Joe Wandersun pretended to act as a *bona fide* agent. The way Méduse Smythe became the companion of Heloise Reys. The meaning of Adolf Neuburg behind it all. We know the whole foul plot: the love-making; the robbing of that girl, with the aid of Landor at Revelstoke—her murder.'

'Murder!' said Gunning in a sharp voice.

'Her murder at the hands of Neuburg, or Newman, or Nachbar.'

'That's a lie,' snarled Henry Gunning. 'There isn't a murder in it. That's a lie; that isn't in it.'

'And yet Nachbar——'

There was a sudden movement from the corner. The woman moaned and fell against the wall. She huddled and slipped to the ground. She had swooned—apparently. Only apparently. As her body reached the floor her hands moved swiftly. Something flashed and spat. Clement had taken a step towards her. It saved his life. The bullet from the tiny

pistol that had been meant for his heart struck him in the fleshy part of the right forearm. He gasped in pain, staggered. Immediately things happened.

Gatineau had spun round at the sound of the shot. His attention for a fateful second was torn between the window, Gunning, and the woman. The woman had fired. His own pistol swung towards her. And Gunning hit him.

Gunning, unsteady, but still powerful, fell forward across the narrow gap between him and the unready detective. A great arm flailed, and his fist took the little man behind the ears. As Gatineau fell, Gunning fell on top of him, smothering him. Clement acted swiftly. He could not shoot because of Gatineau underneath. With a lightning gesture he transferred his pistol to his right hand again, and grabbed at a chair. He made a stride forward.

'Drop it,' snapped a voice. 'Drop that chair.'

A slim man was at the window. A slim man with one arm in a sling, whose dark eye shone with steady purpose behind the sights of an automatic pistol.

Clement dropped the chair.

There was a movement by the door. The light from it was darkened by some huge and bulky figure. Clement turned his head. Smiling, without the slightest vestige of emotion, and looking steadily, not into his eyes, but over Clement's shoulder, the mountainous Mr Neuburg came into the shack.

VI.

The mountainous Mr Neuburg stood quietly looking, not into Clement's eyes, but across his shoulder. His lips were smiling with their cold, mirthless smile. Whatever astonishment he felt at seeing before him in this lonely shack a man whom he thought as far away as Montreal was hidden by his enigmatic blandness. But Clement thought that, for the moment, the great brute was at a loss. Obviously he must appreciate the fact that if his opponent was here and not in Montreal, that opponent must know a great deal more about the plannings and doings of Mr Arthur Newman than Mr Neuburg had imagined. And appreciating this fact, he was not quite certain how to act.

Clement felt this hesitation, and felt he must make the most of it. He must play for time. He remembered the three men behind them in the canoe. They would have heard the pistol-shot; they would probably have seen Mr Neuburg and Siwash come to the shack. They would know that things had gone wrong. Most certainly Clement must play for time.

Mr Neuburg said, 'Sophie, take his pistol.'

The woman, who had risen already, came behind the young Englishman and took the pistol from his injured hand. She pressed the muzzle of her own small weapon into his spine, just to show what any attempt to fight might mean. Then she stood aside. Henry Gunning stood up and away from the detective, who lay prostrate. He looked swiftly at the silent Neuburg, and then as swiftly turned his eyes away. He stared at Clement. He seemed to be puzzling over Clement. Siwash Mike left the window when Clement was disarmed. He came round into the room. He bent over the detective, his pistol held ready; but, satisfied that the little man was stunned, he picked up the automatic that had fallen to the floor and dropped it into his pocket. To make sure that Gatineau was not shamming, he kicked him sharply and savagely in the body. The prone man did not stir or groan.

Neuburg turned to Clement, looking over his shoulder, but there was that in his strange regard which seemed speculative. He wanted to know a good deal of the part Clement had played—how much outside help, if any, beyond this little detective, Clement had drawn into this affair. He said, 'You have blundered in on me again. You are clever, my exteriorly ingenuous young man. But not quite clever enough. However, clever enough to know that this is a very awkward situation for you.'

He waited for Clement to answer. Clement did not answer.

'Have you nothing to say for yourself?' This surely would be the moment when Clement would show his hand either by defiance or an attempt to temporise.

Clement unsatisfyingly said, 'Nothing at all.'

Mr Neuburg blinked at the invisible thing across Clement's shoulder.

'I am afraid I want you to say something,' said Mr Neuburg with his smooth suavity. 'Yes, I think I must ask you to give me a few explanations.' He waited. Again Clement did not answer. 'Mr Seadon, you are a worldly-wise young man; you are no fool, though you cultivate the appearance of foolishness. You will, I think, understand my position. There are certain facts I must have. I mean to have them.'

Clement did not answer.

'I think you had better say something,' said Mr Neuburg. His voice took on a curious purr. 'I am not a man who finds stubbornness agreeable. I will have those facts. Now, how and why are you here? Answer, you fool.'

'Oh, no,' said Clement. 'I'm not going to answer.'

As he spoke, the woman, perhaps something still feminine in her revolted by the horrors she thought bound to come, stepped to the table and picked up the paper Clement had put upon it. Neuburg took it from her and read it through.

'A confession. Our bright Henry was to sign it, the girl Heloise was to read it, and all would be well. An ingenious plan, Seadon. A well-considered plan. You would have confronted our backboneless Henry with the full story—

incorrect in a few details, as I note by this; you would have terrorised him, threatened him. With Henry—well, perhaps you would have carried it through, for Henry is a cur. But you did not. I intervened. I am here. So far, then, that was your idea. But before——'

Clement, who had been watching Gunning's face, observing the perplexity on it, said evenly, 'That certainly was my plan. But I changed it at the last moment. I was about to change it, that is, when you arrived. I found an unexpected ignorance in Henry Gunning. I found he knew nothing about—Nachbar.'

The big man's hand moved upward towards his breast in a startled and curious gesture. It was an instinctive defence against an unexpected blow. His breath came in a sudden sharp hiss. His eyes flickered to Clement's face with a movement and with a light startled yet unfathomable. And no other sign did he give. After that flash his eyes were fixed across Clement's shoulder. His great body was still; he ceased smiling. There was an air of terrible quietness about him. Presently, 'What is this talk about Nachbar?' he said in a quiet, even voice.

Gunning said explosively, 'This fellow said something about Nachbar—and about murder. I don't know what is meant.'

'They mean the same thing,' said Clement evenly, and he was wary, his attention keenly on the alert for any movement from the mountainous man, or Siwash, or the woman. 'Nachbar—Albrecht Nachbar—is a murderer, Gunning.'

'I was speaking to Adolf,' said Gunning, snarling at Clement.

'Albrecht,' said Clement evenly.

Gunning gaped, his eyes becoming a little wild. 'What—who is this Nachbar?' he cried.

'You are speaking to him now,' said Clement. 'Adolf Neuburg is Albrecht Nachbar—the murderer.'

'A murderer!' cried Gunning. He shrank away from Neuburg, his face pale and working. 'A murderer!' There was real disgust and horror in his tone. He was a real bad-hat, but somehow that had touched to horror and disgust a clean streak in him. He mouthed almost impotently for a moment under the shock. Then with a genuine anger he swung round on the big man. 'Give him the lie, Adolf,' he shouted. 'Fling the lie in his dirty face.'

Neuburg, or rather Nachbar, stood passive, his great face in an awful inscrutability. Only his right hand moved. It lifted, and its fingers caressed the flap of his coat-pocket, caressed as if eager to get at something that lay in that pocket. Then the hand dropped, only to rise again. Only when Gunning shouted once more, 'Go on, Adolf; fling the lie in his face,' did he say, 'Stop that, Gunning.—Go on, Seadon. Go on. Don't stop at that. Let's have all of it.'

He wanted to find out all Clement knew. In his anxious desire he ignored Gunning's horror and disgust. He was, no doubt, entirely confident of his supremacy over Gunning.

Clement, conscious of the play of that eager hand over the pocket, and the meaning of what was in that pocket, said evenly, 'Gunning, for reasons of his own, for reasons connected with Heloise Reys, who is being lured here into the wilds, this man has thought best to keep you ignorant of his real nature. He is Albrecht Nachbar, who is wanted by the Oregon police for murder. He is careful not to deny it.'

'God!' breathed Gunning, his eyes fixed in horror on Nachbar—'God!—but you lie; he *will* deny it.'

'Go on,' said Nachbar with a deadly evenness. 'Go on, Seadon.'

'He won't deny it,' said Clement, shooting at a venture. 'He won't deny it—because he feels that, since I have unmasked him, it will be best for you to know what he intends to do to that girl, Heloise Reys.'

'Murder her! No—no; we aren't going to do that. It's a lie,' cried Gunning, shrinking in loathing.

'You are a clever young man,' said Nachbar to Clement. 'Too clever. Go on.'

'You think he doesn't mean murder? Ask him. Ask him if he hasn't made up his mind to rob a rich young girl, as he made up his mind to rob the rich young man, Roberts of Oregon. Ask him if he didn't plan to lure her to the wilds, just as he lured Roberts into the wilds. Ask him if, having secured all her money through Landor at Revelstoke, as he secured all Roberts's money in Oregon by the same means, he does not mean to kill her—kill her so that his robbery can be covered up, just as the killing of Roberts was to cover up his robbery.'

'Kill her—murder Heloise!' said Gunning in a whisper.

'It won't look like murder. It'll look like an accident. Just as Roberts's death looked like an accident. A burst gun-barrel while hunting, Gunning—only, Nachbar had seen to it that it would burst.'

'It's a lie! It's a lie!' shouted Gunning.

'Ask him.'

'It's a lie! How could they kill her? How would they murder her?'

Clement had a sudden flashing intuition. 'Ask him about the motor-boat, Gunning.'

And the shot in the dark struck home.

Siwash Mike loosed an oath. The mountain of a man started as if stung. His mouth twisted in an ugly snarl. He made a step towards Clement. His right hand jerked to his pocket. The effect on Gunning was startling. That chance shot had exploded a definite fact in his mind.

'Motor-boat!' he shouted. 'That's why you wouldn't let me help. Mending a perfectly

sound motor-boat. You liar. You—you Nachbar.'

'Out of the way, you dog. Out of the way. I 'm dealing with this scum,' snarled Nachbar, with a twisted mouth. His hand had flashed out of his pocket, and in it now was a pistol.

'Out of the way, you sot.'

Gunning flung himself upon him.

There was chaos in that flimsy shack.

(*Continued on page 468.*)

GOVERNORS OF EMPIRE.

By W. V. Roberts.

ALTHOUGH the office of governor-general of one of the great dominions, or of governor of one of the smaller states or colonies, must be counted as among the most important in the British Empire, the position, as a rule, is one about which little is heard and not much known. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that either governors-general or governors are mere figure-heads in their respective spheres, for it is often in times of crisis that their powers are brought most into play and their tact and resourcefulness seen. Yet it is not easy to say precisely what the powers and the duties in question are, for it is one of the glories of the British Empire that the form of government of each particular part is adapted to its particular need.

Perhaps the most clearly defined powers, however, are those which relate to the governors of the great self-governing dominions, as incorporated in the Acts of Parliament establishing those dominions; and it is in carrying out such powers that the governors-general become the main outward and visible links between the dominions and the Motherland, they being the representatives of the King in relation to the local executive governments. Thus in the case of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Union of South Africa, it is provided that the governor-general shall summon the persons who are to act as chief Ministers; summon, prorogue, or dissolve parliament; and give or withhold assent to Bills. In Canada the governor-general nominates members of the senate, a senator resigns in writing addressed to the governor-general, and the governor-general may appoint a senator to be Speaker of the Senate. Every member of the senate or of the Canadian House of Commons must, before taking his seat, take the oath or affirmation of allegiance before the governor-general or some person authorised by him. The same practice prevails substantially in Australia and South Africa. In Australia, however, both the senate and its president are elected, but the president may resign by writing to the governor-general. In South Africa the governor-general in council nominated eight members of the senate in the first instance, but president and members, like the Speaker of the House of Assembly, may resign by writing to the governor-general.

Again, in Canada the governor-general may appoint the judges of the Superior, District, and County Courts, except those of Courts of Probate in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In Canada, Australia, and South Africa alike the command in chief of the naval and military forces of the dominion is vested in him; while in South Africa, if a joint sitting between the two houses becomes necessary, it is summoned by the governor-general; and each of these dominions must pay the governor-general a salary of £10,000 a year out of its consolidated funds.

The governors-general in all this act, of course, in much the same way as the King himself acts in relation to the home government; and there are constitutionalists who argue that they are right in following so excellent an example, especially in regard to the dissolution of parliament on the advice of Ministers. In other directions the duties of the governors-general are most varied. The Earl of Selborne, who was High Commissioner for South Africa while the Act of Union was being negotiated, speaking recently of the problems which a governor-general might have to face, said that he might 'have to decide which of many claimants was the right one to succeed as paramount chief, and might even be called upon to decide, as he himself had been, which of the wives of a defunct chief was the real Royal wife.'

Then the governor-general's relations with the component states or provinces differ in one dominion from those in another. In Canada, the lieutenant-governor of each province is appointed by the governor-general in council—that is, by the governor-general on the advice of the Minister, a matter that has developed, inasmuch as there were only four provinces when the Dominion was constituted, whereas now there are nine. In South Africa the same principle applies, though the chief executive officer of a province there is styled not governor, but administrator. In Australia, on the other hand, the governors of the six states included in the Commonwealth are appointed directly by the Crown, like the governor-general himself.

Sometimes, of course, occasions arise when a governor-general's tact and discretion are severely tried. Such a time, for example, occurred in South Africa at an early stage of the great European war. The ex-Kaiser had hoped for a rebellion there that would lead to the end of British rule. Rebellion, as readers will remember, did in fact occur, and then it

was that the governor-general, Viscount Buxton, stood as the chief representative of the Crown, and the chief channel of communication between the South African and the home governments—a position suggested earlier in this article. Fortunately, largely owing to the loyalty of such men as the late General Botha and General Smuts, the danger was surmounted. South Africa was saved to the Empire, and, moreover, the mandate in respect to the former German colony of South-West Africa has gone to it, so that another province, with another administrator, has in effect been added. But while the peril lasted the position of the governor-general was most delicate and anxious.

Happily the Empire has been most fortunate in all the governors-general sent out since the formal institution of the great self-governing dominions. Members of the royal family, in the persons of the late Duke of Argyll, when Marquis of Lorne, and the Duke of Connaught, have been governors-general of Canada. Usually the governors-general have been peers, though the last Governor-General of Australia, Sir R. C. Munro-Ferguson, furnished a notable exception, for it was not till the end of his term of office in 1920 that he was made a peer as Viscount Novar. Almost everybody will recall the great part which the Earl of Durham played as Governor-General of Canada before the Dominion government was constituted, the tact shown by the first Marquis of Linlithgow as first Governor-General of Australia, and the great qualities displayed by Viscount Gladstone and Viscount Buxton during the early and trying years of the South African Union. Recent appointments have been of the happiest omen. Viscount Jellicoe, with his great naval record, has been heartily acclaimed as Governor-General of New Zealand. Lord Forster's experience as a member of the home government and his aforetime prominence in the world of cricket, have made him very acceptable as governor-general to the people of Australia. And, lastly, there is the appointment of Prince Arthur of Connaught to be Governor-General of South Africa. The prince, as a subaltern in the 7th Hussars, was quartered in South Africa in 1902, so that his return as governor-general marks a unique change in his experience. He has gone back not only as a soldier, but as a barrister of law of Gray's Inn, a member of the Privy Council, and one of the four who acted as councillors of state during the King's absence in India in 1911–12.

Mention of Viscount Jellicoe reminds one that New Zealand, to which he has gone, was a colony till 1907, when, by royal proclamation, it was made the 'Dominion of New Zealand,' and that the governor's title, in recognition of New Zealand's services in the war, was changed to that of governor-general. Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and Newfoundland (the last named being Britain's oldest colony) are spoken of as the 'self-governing Dominions,' or 'Dominions,' for brevity, because they have their own parliaments and governments.

Then a word as to other forms of government in the British Empire. There are the 'Colonies,' by which are officially meant colonies not enjoying full 'responsible' government, whether they possess elective legislatures or not, and their executive councils may include a colonial secretary, treasurer, attorney-general, and other officers. The 'Crown Colonies,' again, are those in which the Crown retains control of legislation, and their business and financial interests in London are cared for, not by independent representatives, as in the case of the Dominions, but by the 'Crown Agents for the Colonies' at Westminster. Varying gifts are, of course, called for in the governors, who are usually styled 'Governors and Commanders-in-Chief,' and act as the executive representatives of the Crown. Gibraltar and Malta, for instance, are great strategic stations, and we have, therefore, as governors and commanders-in-chief, such distinguished officers respectively as General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien and Field-Marshal Lord Plumer; and so one might go on through the other 'Crown Colonies.'

In Africa, again, there are ten or twelve 'Protectorates' under governors and commanders-in-chief or resident commissioners. Here, therefore, we have another form of government, a protectorate being distinct in character from a dominion or a colony. There are other possessions, such as Ascension Island, which is administered by the Admiralty; Brunei, a sultanate under British protection; Cyprus, which is under a high commissioner with the powers of a colonial governor; the Federated Malay States, four sultanates under British protection through a high commissioner; Papua, or British New Guinea, a territory of the Commonwealth of Australia, under a lieutenant-governor; the Pacific Islands, which are under a high commissioner; and Wei-hai-wei, which, with adjacent islands, is leased from China, under a resident commissioner.

THE FAIRY OF THE FOAM.

O DAUGHTER of the deep! gray seas
  Hast thou in place of eyes,
O'er which go sailing ships of thought
  With dreams for merchandise:
Ah! let me as a sea-bird rest
  Where billows fall and rise.

Thy foam-pale fingers seem to swim
  Amid thy hair's bright wave,
Thy mouth is red as blossoms are
  That deck the sea-god's cave:
What ecstasy!—in love I drown—
  Thy heart shall be my grave.

MARJORIE TILDEN.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

SUN pictures. . . . Photography, most practised in the months of summer, in times of holiday, is not in general taken with a sufficient and deserved seriousness. Its nearly infinite possibilities for self-awakening, for the discovery of personal capacity on some of the finer sides of being, for the quickening of imagination and the training of taste, for a first inducement towards an understanding and a love of art, the while a penetration may be made into labyrinths of science, and, indeed, its chances for the pursuit of splendid sport—these and other attributes of that effective collaboration of the sun, the lens, and the silver compound laid upon a plate are not appreciated as they should be. It is true, as of few other pastimes in such measure, that one who carefully and with thought and investigation practises this art-science of splendid modern development may be made a better man or woman by it, enhanced in the power of observation and appreciation of all about, signifying the achievement of an intenser life, and impelled towards keener action. That is not setting the case too high, though most of the millions (yes, they are millions) of the camera triflers that exist—mere casual pressers of a button and leavers of others to do the mysterious rest—may start in some surprise at the fancy of being engaged in such a great affair, as indeed in their dullness they consciously are not. Many existences are impoverished for the want of only a little systematic thought, with the consequent effort thus induced, upon the things about us on earth and on sea, in the air and in the sky. At the beginning of such thought imagination stirs, and that is the start of a greater life than is comprehended by those who merely buy and sell, and eat and sleep, and, as they say, enjoy themselves by the often curious methods that are popular in this period. So we like to see a man or a woman take a three-legged stand out into the open for the camera-work that is to be performed, for that is indication of the beginning at least of care and thought, and there is about it likewise something of the appearance of crusader's courage, for this person is observed, is noted by others around, and not in the sense of admiration either, when thus to be marked commonly excites a certain nervousness, calls for bold behaviour, a summoning of the strength of mind. Such are these times, so wide and firm—so very sticky, one would say—are the small conventions, even the new ones that arose through the Catastrophe, that there is little with which the average mortal is so well content as to abide in the first class of the commonplaces; those who, as they think, consume the good things of the earth, for the which they feel, having bought cheaply and sold far too high, they have laboured worthily. Not for these will there be cameras on stands, with inquisitive brats gathering about them and disdainful dames regarding them as stupid and impossible. Yet the undeterred have now the key to realms of wonder and delight of which these other proud ones—who upon occasion in a toyful mood do indeed press a button, and leave all else to an unknown chemist, paying the price, as they feel they can afford to do—will never know. We shall like these daring men or women, forswearing the fear of being noticed and considered as playing with trifling things, even better when they themselves tackle the grand affair of chemistry with which their new occupation is complicated, and with formulæ and solutions, measuring and mixing—no tabloids, no ready-made concoctions—see the whole business through. We know they should be entering then into a complete knowledge of things, and that henceforth they will perceive about them in the world as never before an enthralling drama of causes and effects, with always that startling termination upon the trembling, echoing interrogative note, the ulterior reason of the how and why.

* * *

The admitted know the truth of this; but, again, some of the others, suspiciously, may feel that, by an enthusiasm perhaps, the case is assuredly being stated rather too high. Let us, then, produce, with a certain triumph, a living piece of that deciding stuff made up of concrete facts and known as evidence. It has been furnished to us upon authority which is quite convincing; we know that it is true. It rests upon the history of one who, according to his lights and in the sight of fellow-man, is regarded as being successful. He is a person of a profession, and, with no assistance whatsoever save that which

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was produced from within himself, has gained a place which, furnishing him with many material things yielding comfort and convenience and gratifying his tastes, marks him as one who is not without some distinction of a kind. These achievements, so he testifies to us, have resulted mainly and in conjunction with the powers that are within him—such as they may be, he adds in modesty—from the practice of photography in his youthful days. This practice, he states with emphasis, was at that period regarded by his various controllers as a time-wasting and most foolish thing. He was censured for it, and ridiculed. Yea, more than that, he was even punished. Lines of Virgil by the hundred did he write in penance for this practice, and thus this martyr in a coming cause—for he was one of the early photographers—had his private pursuit indirectly to thank for the fastening to his mind of some classic sentences that otherwise must have slipped. Being so young and poor, he had few pence to spend. He had acquired the most primitive of cameras cheaply; there were bellows to mend from time to time, to keep out sparks of light from edges and corners; many accessories he made for himself; he prepared his chemical mixtures from the simplest items, even sensitised his own papers. Those were the raw days of pioneering. Then, indeed, was photography—more than thirty, it may be forty, years ago; and it was a great adventure in those days. Such neophytes were surely in the next photographic generation to the great Daguerre himself! It was a point that for this boy chemistry, and the realms of imagination that it stirred, had a certain attraction. All photography was invention and discovery then; scarce an entrance had been made into this forest of mystery. Daguerre, with great labour and invention, had come to the outskirts and set on high a sign, and thereafter others had made a smoothing, and had carried the first principles some stages further in refinement in the matter of apparatus and processes. The other day the death of Captain Abney was recorded in the newspapers. Nothing to those who nowadays merely press the button did the name of Captain Abney convey, but in those great days he stood for one of the leaders, a captain of the pioneers. That was just the time of transition from the wet plates to the dry, of the preparation of sensitive paper with a chloride emulsion in place of the comparatively crude process of floating an albumenised sheet upon a bath of nitrate of silver, and the 'P.O.P.' was near. Faster and faster were the dry plates made. Five and ten seconds for exposures were being shuttered down to tenths and twentieths and fiftieths. Lightning was the motto word for inspiration, and indeed it was not long ere this very lightning in its forked path was caught upon the plate. The lens and the silver chemicals, in the guiding hands of the pioneers, seemed to be leaping to their opportunities, and new points of real progress were made in every week. The birds were caught upon the wing, the legs of horses at the gallop, and spokes of wheels of express trains. These things may be as nothing now. A dainty miss may make them, so easy is it to saunter on the path that has once been tracked; but, oh! there was stimulation then.

* * *

Now it happened that the scapegrace we have mentioned was deeply involved in a toilsome educational process at school, an affair of memory largely, of cramming that nearly choked, and the acquisition of what was described as knowledge, which in no manner could ever be of use to him, and the early forgetting of which was inevitable. The immediate object, chosen and declared by the educational authorities, was the negotiation of the university local examinations for junior students, once, then twice, and if age and time permitted, thrice. There was standardised in those days a regular progression—the simple pass for the first time, 'honours' in the second or third class for the second time, and 'first-class honours' at the last. The less thoughtful of these students, the dull plodders, at the outset of their endeavours would sometimes in actuality commit in their preparation what is ridiculed as a standard or an impossible stupidity in that they would learn by heart the letters of Euclid's propositions without reference to any accompanying diagram. This truly was industry, but it gave no promise of assistance to the progress of the world. To be sure, it did not even lead to success at these examinations where a mere minimum of power of mind, of imagination, of that capacity for analysis and construction which is the only thing that counts for progress, was ever asked for. Whatever be its merits, this was a system against which the spirit of this youth, fired with the enthusiasm of imagination stirred in the wonderland he had entered alone and half in secret, utterly revolted. He neglected the cramming, and the hours of 'prep.' were stolen for further adventures with the red lamp and the formulæ and the new results. Yea, such a child, as he informs us, was one of the first to practise the platinotype process, and with what awe did he first take those faintly yellow sheets from their calcium tubes! And, discovering something, he would write about it in ecstasy to the journals; and the seers, the captains of the pioneers, the Abneys and their towering like, gave countenance and consideration to these statements. They were paid for by the journals, and the child waxed stronger than his fellows in financial power. But tragedy was lurking always near to this adventure, for it will be perceived that, the 'prep.' being neglected—and, let it be admitted, neglected with cold contempt—the process of cramming was hindered, and then came catastrophe. The first examination having been

passed as was proper, the second, which came in the adventure period, was merely passed again—and nearly failed at!—instead of the so-called 'honours' being taken, and the third was comparatively a failure too. And that child, now in the middle age of manhood, tells us how for once in his life he felt something of the suffering of the martyr as the high authorities poured scorn and ridicule upon him at the publication of the results, and how in withering contempt they jeered at his photography. It was then that for the first time it entered his mind that perhaps he knew best. At least, he came to a great decision, a tremendous resolve for young fourteen; he would not abandon his pursuit, would not quit his fairyland, knowing by an exciting instinct that an hour of work upon the mysteries in the light of the red lamp was worth a term of cram. . . . And the man, looking back upon the child, confirms. He certifies that conduct as the surest thing of a curious but not unsuccessful career. He says that it started his imagination, which was everything to him, promoted his independence, gave him strength, and enabled him to go with confidence upon his walk into the world, knowing that in it were greater chances than had come within the schemes of the dealers in such examinations as these. Indeed, this man of much experience and of accepted capacity for judgment is inclined to reckon that that comparative failure in the school was the most splendid thing he did, determining his life. Above all, says he, there was recognition by himself of the superior instinct within him, revolting against the systems of stupidity, and crying out for the free exercise of individuality and imagination. It was then that photography came subtly and insinuatingly, but worthily and finely too, to his assistance, and it trained him on as nothing else could ever do. It may be thought that this is a commonplace story; and so perhaps it is. But any event that turns and promotes a life is a thing to be considered, and this being done on this occasion by what folks would in their humour then describe as a 'black art,' the case is apt to the present consideration. More, it points a moral and a clear direction to the millions of those to-day who merely 'press the button,' leaving others to do 'the rest,' all-unconscious of the interest and the education lying hidden in that vasty 'rest.'

* * *

That word 'photography,' like most of Greek descent, scarcely changed from the terms of its plain origin, is a cold, a scientific thing, in no manner suggestive of the pleasant pursuit for which it stands, and the romance of the origin thereof. True it is that photography is a matter of science, very exactly and completely; but also it is more. Like many affairs and occupations—and it is so said of life itself—it may be much of what you care and have capacity to make it. It may exhibit the extent and quality of idealism you exert upon it. To an unfortunately large proportion of the careless ones it is just a thing of snapping, the pressing of a button. When the practice of this photography first became popular, when the people found that with a cheap apparatus they could make pictures by the sun in collusion with a few chemicals, the idea was promulgated in great commercial propaganda that, as expressed, the purchaser of the instrument pressed a button and others did all the rest. What those unknown others did was to produce the finished sun pictures of fair scenes which conjured happy memories, of notable occurrences, of portraits of friends, and many other prints, in brown or black or blue, with a glossy surface or the dull malt which, with a certain mild vulgarity that insinuated itself from the beginning upon this subject, was described as being 'artistic.' There was, indeed, a pleasure and satisfaction in this procedure, and there was enterprise to assist the popularity of the pressing of the button, and its novel and often remarkable consequences that might otherwise never have been achieved. But what would old Daguerre, father of the photographers, think, could he but see? Little he imagined what a great movement in the world he first was stirring, and what mighty ends would be served by his first discoveries when by time they were advanced and much embellished—how, indeed, battles would be turned and the fate of nations influenced by those pictures made by light and silver, caught by men who flew the air. Daguerre was one of the very first pioneers, and if 'photography' is not a pretty name for such a pastime—for which one might have wished something smooth and with a euphonious turn, suggestive in a pleasant way of the golden dazzle of summer light, the fields, and sunny seas—Daguerreography would have been less so, and once upon a time it nearly came to that. The first practical photographs, as they might be described, were called daguerreotypes, and who of years does not remember tents on seaside sands wherein the magician bade the child to watch a bird fly out from the lens's mouth? Later the portrait on a piece of tin, with a gilt border enclosed in a wooden frame, was amazingly produced. Those were the daguerreotypes, though the Adam of the photographers, on whom more than others does fame for discovery rest, hardly reached so far as that. It is just past a hundred years from the time when he first began experiments, and last summer season there was some celebration of the circumstance at Bry-sur-Marne, in France, where he spent his later life. In these days it is agreeable to those enthusiasts who cling tenaciously to the view that photography is, after all, something, even much, of a real art—disputed as it is, and rightly—to reflect that Daguerre, the first photographer, was some-

thing of an artist too, being a scene-painter. He had those qualities of greatness that are signified in perfect patience and persistence, facing the high walls that seemed to hold men back from scientific achievement. How ambitious was the idea of Daguerre! How fanciful it must have seemed! He had one of those arrangements called a *camera obscura* or a diorama—contraptions of mystery that also have departed from the seaside sands because of the sophistication and the advancement of the children and their elders—wherein, by means of a lens above, the picture of the world outside was cast upon a screen. He employed a diorama for his work. One day the wild fancy seized him that somehow, the world being wonderful, its possibilities surely infinite, he might catch that unreal picture and fix it down on the sheet on which it was reflected. The daring there! This was an enterprise for solidifying shadows, for snaring ghosts! But he had a sympathiser in old Niepce—which is another of our awkward names—and they twain worked industriously upon their notion. Niepce, unsatisfied, died, and Daguerre went on alone, and, lo! one day, in the faintly stirring 'thirties so it was, he did fasten the light upon his plate, had a picture secured at last on iodised silver. One might wish to have been with Daguerre at that supreme moment. Thence the thing we call photography sprang; from that long afterwards rose the button-pressers, the bulb-squeezers, in their millions, recorders automatic of the appearances of men and acts and things, and the finer workers who produce such excellent pictures as those one saw at the London Salon of Photography a few months ago, achieved by workers all over the world, one of them being, as is remembered, 'Les Sirènes,' by Mr Francis Jay, a truly marvellous print. From Daguerre's original discovery there emanated, long after, the wonders of the cinematograph; and, once again, the spirit of Daguerre might have seemed to hover o'er this last appalling war, when the airmen in the heights, a mile or two above, with their telescopic lenses and refined apparatus, made photographs of enemy arrangements, and passed them on to the artillerists.

* * *

The wonders will not cease at this. Such as have glanced through the fascinating journal of the De Goncourts, recording the many conversations and experiences in which they were engaged fifty years ago and more, may have been struck by their note of a dinner where among the party was Berthelot, a scientist who afterwards became politician. Berthelot tossed into the discussion this item of imagination and prophetic science: 'All matter, all motion, exercises a chemical action on the organic bodies with which it has ever come into contact for a moment; everything since the world's beginning exists and slumbers on, preserved and photographed in millions of nature's negatives, and perhaps that is all there is, the only marks of our passage through this eternity. Who knows whether, some day, science as it progresses will not recover the portrait of Alexander from a rock on which his shadow had rested for a moment?' Possibility? we ask ourselves, as with a sensation of an intrepid intrusion among the secrets of the past which time had sought to seal. Knowing as we do how achievement has broken old ideas of limitations, is it not rather a probability? Perhaps even a certainty? To-day we listen to the voices of the dead; to-morrow, gathering the records of the sun on those aged rocks, we may watch them as they were at their work and play, and on the screen of the cinema there may be presented the real, true moving pictures of Cæsar from conquest coming back to Rome. And if that, then farther and farther back, and some sentiment of dread steals in upon us when we vaguely speculate upon tremendous truths that may thus be disclosed.

* * *

Some such thoughts might stir the modern camera-workers to something in the way of care. This photography may be a fine assistant to appreciation of the beauties and the mysteries of life and the world, and some of the greater possibilities thereof. It is an awakener of the mind, an exciter of the imagination; or it should be so. When a person who has dallied with a hand-camera ceases merely snapping with no discrimination—a snap here and another there and a roll of film spun away on nearly nothing in an hour—and comes to ponder upon the range of the instrument in his hands, studies a little the chemical processes, the scientific values, regards the effect of light and the sun, and, accepting limitations, makes some effort in treatment of subjects, gathering what is possible of artistic balance, a deeply absorbing, a highly improving, pastime is evoked. . . . Sun pictures!

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

VII.

AT the first hint of violence Clement had dropped flat to the ground. He heard the woman's pistol snap as he did so, and her bullet struck the planking at a level with where his chest had been. Nachbar and Gunning staggered in a wild tangle. The shoulders of the huge man struck Siwash as, pistol ready, he jumped round to get at Clement. And even as Siwash swayed

under the impact, the little detective, Gatineau, prone and overlooked on the floor, suddenly came into action. He became abruptly conscious. His arms went out and plucked at the half-breed's ankles. They clutched and pulled, and Siwash went down with a bang. Even as he went down, Gatineau heaved himself up and forward with an astonishing strength, and flung himself on the fallen man. Siwash screamed as Gatineau twisted his wounded arm, and his pistol clattered to the ground. Gatineau snatched at that pistol, and got it.

Gunning and the mountain of a man went, in a long, wild stagger, across the shack. The table crashed as their writhing bodies smashed into it. They tripped, and thudded into the wall. They stamped and wrestled clear, and went in a writhe across the floor again. The woman failed to get out of the way. The fighting bodies struck her, and she was flung across the room. Then Gunning screamed. A huge, fat thumb was pressing, pressing with monstrous power, up under his jaw-bone beneath his ear. He screamed and wriggled to break away. Nachbar with his incredible mobility slipped clear. In the same movement his pistol flickered towards Gunning's chest. A report and a scream sounded together, and Gunning tumbled forward into the arms of the man who had shot him.

With his immense strength Nachbar flung the limp man from him, and swept round to deal with Clement. Clement was ready. As the huge body bunched and the pistol-hand jerked forward Clement struck. When Clement rose to his feet he had grabbed the chair again, and that was what he struck with. The solid wood of the seat caught Nachbar's wrist and arm, and with such force that the pistol was sent flying across the room. Nachbar bellowed, and leapt to finish the young Englishman with his great hands. Clement dropped the chair in front of him.

Nachbar's shins caught the flimsy structure, his huge body stumbled forward, and Clement landed with all his force on the big face. He struck again to the mouth, and then in the excitement strove to swing to the swaying chin with his injured right. He reached his mark, but the pain that shot through his arm was so exquisite that it both robbed the blow of its power and caused Clement to writhe. In that moment of suspension Nachbar, shaking himself like some giant beast that had been stung to rage by ineffectual blows, leapt on Clement.

They went down with a crash. Nachbar's shoulder caught the surface of the capsized table, which split and broke under the fierce impact. Nachbar was on top. Clement strove to twist him off with a Japanese wrestling throw, but the sheer weight of the man bore him down. His great legs were upon the Englishman's body; his great knee was grinding down the injured *right arm*. A pair of huge hands were tearing away the Englishman's left, were clutching at the throat.

Clement's head was forced back and back until he felt his spine would snap. There was a cruel pressure on his gullet, and his blood was roaring in his ears. He felt that his body was slipping away into a deep and terrible abyss, and that as it slipped his strength was dropping swiftly away from him. The great body on him was grinding him down, crushing him down.

There was a thumping of heavy boots on the planking of the porch. Men were running and shouting. A great voice from the window yelled, 'You—the elephant—shove your hands up—lively.'

('I'll get hit if he fires,' Clement's mind registered.)

More stampings. A voice shouted in the door, 'Don't shoot, Paul—t' feller underneath. —That's it, the butt.'

Nachbar jerked round and looked up. A man was upon him, his hand up, a pistol swinging by its barrel poised to strike. With his astonishing mobility the mountain of a man was on his feet. His arm shot out, and the threatening man thudded into a corner. The murderer was round at once, springing in shack-shaking leaps of bewildering agility for the door that led to the inner room. He reached the door, grabbed at the handle. A Winchester snapped from the window. Nachbar fell against the door. The weight of his great body against it burst it open. He fell through it, going with a crash to the floor.

Gatineau, leaving the squirming Siwash to the men who had come from the canoe, ran across the room to the farther door. He stopped, bent over the murderer. Then he stood up and looked at Clement, who was sitting nursing his throat with his uninjured hand.

'Through the head,' he said. 'No need for warrants—Nachbar is through.'

VIII.

Nachbar was dead, but Henry Gunning was yet to die. They had lifted him on to the bed where he had shammed sickness, and they saw by the ugly wound in his chest that his end was but a matter of time. He was not quite conscious yet, but at any moment he might be.

'Will you watch him, Mr Seadon?' said Gatineau. 'He may speak. I'll have a look at Nachbar.' As he moved to the inner room he saw the woman and Siwash, and turned to the men who had come to their rescue in the nick of time. 'Boys,' he said, 'I guess you just about came in right. If it hadn't been for you . . . It was smart work. An' just now will you take that half-breed outside, and watch him? He's as slippery as an eel. An' take the woman too.' The men and the woman went out. Gatineau went to the dead murderer, and began searching his pockets.

In about ten minutes Henry Gunning opened his eyes. He stared up at Clement with lack-lustre gaze. He stared as though he did not understand. Then, suddenly, he did understand. 'Murder!' he shouted. 'I won't have murder.' He sat up, or tried to. A spasm of awful pain wrenched him; that, more than the pressure of Clement's hand, forced him back on his pillow. He stared up at Clement; his wry mouth cried, 'Say, I'm a swine—but murder—murder—no.'

'All right; don't excite yourself, Gunning—you've proved that,' said Clement softly.

'I'm a swine. I fell in with their plan to steal. I agreed to join with them in swindling Heloise—but murder. No, my God! I won't have it.'

'There won't be a murder now—or stealing,' said Clement.

'But that Neuburg. You don't know him.'

'He's dead.'

'Dead!' said Henry Gunning in a surprised voice. Then he smiled. 'I guess I'm going to be dead soon.'

'Take it easy,' said Clement. 'Don't tear yourself to pieces.'

'Oh, I shall be dead in a minute,' said Gunning. 'Best thing, too—I really am a swine. What's your name?'

'Seadon. I'm a friend of Heloise Reys.'

'Well, I'm not, though I ought to be, because she's a brick. I mean, I've acted absolutely like a ruffian towards her.' He looked at Clement queerly. 'Is she—is she in love with me?'

'I don't think so.' He knew the man wanted him to be honest. 'It's—it's just that she remembers, you know.'

'I'm glad of that—her not being in love. That made me feel mean—the few times I did feel mean. You know, getting at her through her love, while all the time the only thing that I thought about was her money. That's why I went on the loose. To kill the sentimental qualms, I called it. . . . Of course, I'm not in love with her—never have been. Never would have thought of her; only that feller Neuburg came on one of her old letters while prying through my kit, an' he got the facts of her and about her money out of me.' He fell back panting, his body writhing. His eyes closed. When he opened them again he said surprisingly, 'You're in love with her.'

'Yes,' said Seadon, 'I'm in love with her.'

'Glad—you're a clean chap. Not a swine, like me. Always have been a swine. Look here, just listen; I'll tell you the whole thing.' He told the whole thing. The whole of the beastly plot with its subtle ramifications, its clever methods for robbing Heloise of all her money—by way of Landor, the bank-clerk at Revelstoke. He told how the original plan had been altered, thanks to his—Seadon's—intervention in the affair, and thanks a little to his own (Gunning's) going on the loose to crush down sentimental qualms. Gunning told it all in all the details he knew, and ended up: 'That's all my part in it. I swear that's all my part in it, Seadon. I'm going to die, an' I swear that murder didn't come in it as far as I understood. Murder—I don't understand why they wanted murder. I don't see it. I swear I would not stand for murder. I am dying, an' I swear——'

He stopped, choked. He died.

Gatineau, who had been standing by the bedside during the last part of his story, nodded confirmation of that dying oath. 'I don't think he did know—but it was murder all right. Read that.' He handed across a pocket-book at an open page.

Clement read, puzzled. Then he read again. His face went white. He gasped, 'My God—the accident in the wilds over again! My God, the cold, inhuman brute!'

They searched the whole shack, picking up what pieces of evidence were there. Then they went down to the water-side to where Siwash and the woman stood, prisoners of the three men who had rescued them. By the water-side were the canoe in which the men had come, their own skiff, another old canoe which Siwash had come up in, and two motor-boats. One was the large motor-boat into which Neuburg and Gunning had loaded the stores—including those medical stores which were to carry off the faked sickness—when they had left Sicamous in the night. The other was a smaller motor-launch, the one the woman had come to the shack in.

Clement considered the boats. He turned to the two prisoners. 'Siwash, my friend, as we can't all crowd into that large motor-boat, you and the woman will go ahead of us, our guns keeping you in order—and you will go in the smaller motor-boat, the motor-boat you and Nachbar were working on just before we came.'

Siwash said nothing. The woman gave the plot away. She stumbled forward with a scream. 'No,' she cried, 'no—you can't want us to do that.'

'Shut up, you fool,' cried Siwash.

'I am going to do it,' snapped Clement. 'You go in that boat.'

'It's murder,' cried the woman. 'You know it's murder.'

'She's crazy,' said Siwash. With calmness he began to walk towards the motor-boat.

'How was she to know you hadn't finished fixing it up yet?' said Clement, and Siwash spun round on him, spitting hate, spitting hate at the woman too. He knew they had been trapped into giving the secret of that boat away, had acknowledged that they knew how the girl Heloise was to be killed.

They went back to Sicamous, the three men looking after the prisoners in the skiff, which the large motor-boat towed, as it towed the smaller motor-boat. At Sicamous the craft was overhauled and its unspeakable secret made apparent. The whole case of the robbery-and-murder plot was piecing itself together. Revelstoke would give them the complete story.

Leaving the prisoners in the care of Cager, Gatineau and Clement went to Revelstoke, and had a long interview with the bank-manager. During that interview Landor was arrested as he worked, unsuspecting, as head clerk of the small branch. Confronted by Clement with the full details of the crime, the wretch made something of a confession. It was the last detail of the plot that Clement wished to put before Heloise.

The journey back to Banff was one of excitement and pain. His arm, which had been attended to roughly at Sicamous, more completely by a doctor at Revelstoke, was in its inflamed phase, and he suffered a good deal. But that suffering was accentuated by the emotions he was experiencing concerning Heloise. He was going to see her. He was going to speak with her. He was going to tell her of the whole vile plot against her. He was going to tell her about Gunning—shatter her devotion to Gunning. He was going to tell her from what she had been saved. And how would she take it? What would she feel? What would her attitude be? How would he begin? How would it all end? Would she hate him? Or would she——?

His emotions were in a whirling condition of instability and anxiety. He could scarce contain himself at the slowness of the motor that took him up to the shining hotel, yet its swiftness made him fearful—he 'd be unready.

He reached the hotel lobby. He heard vaguely a clerk say, 'Miss Reys? She went out on to the terrace not a great while ago.' He was out on the terrace. He was conscious that the whole of that superb place was mellow, almost swooning with beauty. A soft and glowing radiance was on the mighty peaks, making luminant their harsh sides, clothing the masses of spruce on their slopes with a gentle beauty. Beneath the breathless green of the lawns the Bow shone with an almost diamond fire of beauty; he heard the soft, slurring rush of the falls. And he went walking in a sort of dream through this soft radiance. And presently he heard a quiet voice cry with a catch that was astonishment and gladness, 'Clement!'

'Heloise!' he cried, and he turned and went to her as she stood over the miracle of a view by the parapet.

(*Continued on page 488.*)

ASPHALTIC LAKES.

By W. G. Cass.

ASPHALT, now so extensively used for paving purposes, is obtained either in the natural state or as a by-product from the refining of petroleum oils. It is the natural product with which we are here concerned. The principal sources of natural asphalt are the two wonderful lakes of South America—Trinidad Lake and Bermudez Lake. The former is situated on the west coast of the island of Trinidad, 700 miles north of the equator and 2000 miles south of New York, whilst Bermudez Lake is in eastern Venezuela, about 30 miles from the coast.

Trinidad Lake is, roughly, one mile from the sea, about 138 feet above sea-level, and some 114 acres in extent. Its undulating surface exhibits large folds, wherein water frequently collects, forming small channels or canals. The whole mass of the lake is in constant but imperceptible movement, indicated by changes in the relative positions of the channels, and also by the fact that wherever the asphalt is dug out the excavations so made are very quickly filled in again. The bottom of the lake has never yet been reached, and the asphalt may extend down to vast depths. Owing to the movement of the mass it is extremely difficult to sound or bore to any great depth. In 1893 a series of borings were made, the lowest being 135 feet in the middle of the lake. It was found to be solid asphalt throughout, but at that depth the boring had to be abandoned owing to the tube being carried so far out of the vertical as to render any further boring impracticable. It is believed that the lake occupies the basin or crater of an extinct volcano, and that supplies are constantly renewed from below, for, although the asphalt has been dug out continuously for the last thirty-eight years and shipped to all parts of the world, the level of the lake has dropped only about six feet.

The natives dig out the solid asphalt with mattocks, and load the lumps by hand into trucks, whereby it is conveyed either to the refinery situated on the border of the lake, or by overhead ropeway to the dock. A narrow roadway runs out over the lake from the refinery, and is so laid out that it gives access to as much of the lake as possible. The asphalt is so solid and the surface of the lake so firm that it has not been found necessary to ballast this roadway, and there is very little sinking. A train consisting of several small flat trucks, each carrying a dumping-bucket of about 500 lb. capacity, is pulled over the roadway by means of an endless cable, and by manipulating a portable clutch a native sitting on the front can start or stop the train at will.

Bermudez Lake differs in many ways from Trinidad Lake. It is larger (2000 acres), but is only three to ten feet deep in the parts that have been worked. It is also less solid, and

there is much more water and mud on the surface, so much so that in places there is considerable growth of vegetation. The lake is situated in one of the wildest districts in Venezuela, and is approached from the Gulf of Paria by steamers plying up the river San Juan, flowing amid the most luxuriant tropical vegetation, the haunts of innumerable gorgeous-hued birds. Both the Trinidad and the Bermudez asphalts, although originally loaded up in lumps in the steamer, run together into a solid mass during transit, and have to be dug out from the steamer's hold.

Trinidad asphalt contains about 39 per cent. of bitumen, determined by its solubility in carbon disulphide, about 32 per cent. of mineral and other matter, and 29 per cent. water. Bermudez asphalt contains much more bitumen and less water than the Trinidad variety. Both are refined or concentrated by driving off the water in a steam-heated still at a temperature of about 350° F. From fifty to seventy tons are thus treated in about eight hours. For certain purposes the asphalt is now ready for use, and it is loaded up in barrels. But if it is to be used for paving, it undergoes the further process of fluxing, which consists merely in the addition of a certain definite proportion of a petroleum residuum of a particular kind and composition. This is very important from a paving point of view. The fluxed product must not be too hard in winter or too soft in summer, and it needs considerable experience and technical control to achieve the right texture and consistency. The product is now usually called asphalt cement, and is ready for immediate use after being remelted.

The mineral matter contained in asphalt, to the extent of 20 to 30 per cent., furnishes an extremely interesting example of a colloid, a very large and important class of substances constituting the subject-matter of one of the newest branches of chemistry—colloidal chemistry. Ordinary clay may be taken as a good example of a colloid. For many years a small percentage of mineral matter was invariably found in samples of Trinidad bitumen which had been extracted from the asphalt, and although it was thought to be very finely divided clay, it was not until 1914 that definite information was obtained by means of the ultra-microscope.

Mr Clifford Richardson, a great authority on the subject, gives a most interesting, yet strictly scientific, explanation, including a theory of asphalt formation: 'The crude asphalt in the lake consists of a complex system of several phases, gaseous, liquid and solid, organic and inorganic, more or less in equilibrium, displaying colloidal properties of industrial as well as scientific interest. The asphalt owes its origin to certain geological conditions existing side by side in that locality. Oil-sands occur at different depths which contain vast quantities of petroleum, as has been demonstrated by the many wells which have been successfully sunk, the petroleum being of unique character, differing from any previously known, and of a highly asphaltic nature. Rising towards the surface along some line of least resistance, the petroleum meets the paste of fine silica and clay which forms the mud of the spring. With this the oil becomes emulsified, probably by the action of the natural gas which accompanies it at very high pressure. In the lapse of time the entire crater of the spring has been filled with the resulting material, and it has overflowed the rim, running down the slopes to the sea.

'Fresh material is in process of formation to-day and issues at several points on the surface of the deposit, of a consistency so soft that it can be readily moulded into balls with the hands, without adhering to them, owing to the free water with which it is associated. This so-called "soft pitch" is also accompanied with natural gas of unusual composition. . . .

'The main mass or older form of the asphalt in the crater is sufficiently hard to make it possible to flake it out in large pieces of from 50 to 100 lb. in weight. In this form it resembles an exaggerated Swiss cheese, owing to the gas cavities it contains. While brittle enough for this, an excavation of some depth at any point is filled up and obliterated in twenty-four hours by the flow of asphalt from the adjoining material. Large masses of the asphalt taken from the deposit and kept in storage, without lateral support, present all the features of the glacial flow of ice.'

Attempts have been made to reproduce artificially the conditions set forth in Mr Richardson's very interesting theory of asphalt formation. Clays from many different sources, including those from oil-springs in Trinidad, have been mixed into a slurry with water and added to pure bitumen. After slowly boiling out the water, it is found that some colloidal particles exist in the bitumen. Or, again, two samples of pure bitumen are taken; to one of them is added a percentage of dry clay, and to the other a mixture of clay and water or slurry. The resulting mixtures are rolled out in the form of a long cylinder and coiled spirally in a tube. The spiral made of dry clay and bitumen flows together and loses shape, whilst the one made with wet clay and bitumen maintains its form indefinitely. This shows that the wet or colloidal clay is an important physical factor in producing a more stable bitumen—that is to say, a bitumen more resistant to temperature and other changes. It is thus concluded that the colloidal state of the mineral matter in Trinidad asphalt increases the stability of the asphalt, or, in the phraseology of colloidal chemistry, 'the adsorption increases the surface tension or energy of the film.'

HEADS AND TAILS.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals*, *Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

THE day had been sultry, and Jess Nodwell, the wolver, exploring unsurveyed territory north of Butte Leg Flats, guessed it would 'pile up and blow some before daybreak.' Therefore he unsaddled his saddle-horse and unpacked his pack-horse, and made what he called a dry camp; that is, he selected a sandy knoll, covered everything except himself, and prepared for a very wet night of it.

Now, there are two ways of guarding against chill—one by preparing for it externally, and the other by preparing for it internally. Jess had abandoned the external expedient years ago; it is impossible, anyhow, to keep dry externally when it really rains on the prairies. Jess was sure it was going to rain, and therefore he prepared for it internally. He had with him a bottle of hootch of about the same potency as the wolf-charms he used, and he decided, before tucking up for the night, to take what he called a chest-warmer. The first was followed by a second; then Jess began to sit up and take notice. That was always the way with him. He was what you might call a steady man, in that he would pack a bottle of hootch about with him for at least three days and never so much as sniff the cork; but when he did sniff the cork—then it was all up with the hootch.

An hour later Jess was singing ribald songs in solitary splendour, with fully a hundred miles between himself and any human audience. He wept solitary tears over his dead mother, babbled about his beloved Colorado, and toasted the King of England, Wilfred Laurier, and President Wilson. Lastly, he went to sleep, and the fact that in the end it did *not* rain had nothing to do with the case.

Lightfoot and Takeet had listened from afar. They had trotted back and forth, sniffing the air, and listened. They had propped each other up and stared across the great gray loneliness, their big ears acock, their bright eyes shining, for never before had the coyotes of Butte Leg Flats heard such sounds of human merriment. In the end it became too much for them, and they howled in sympathy. They poured forth their very souls into the starlight, but the wolver was too drunk to hear. When eventually he fell silent they too managed to master their sentiments, but a burning curiosity was upon them.

No coyotes in these days are unsophisticated, but the coyotes of Butte Leg Flats are as unsophisticated as any. They know man only by hearsay, know him as the most perilous of all their foes, yet they have not learnt by personal experience to fear him as the only coyote that is going to live *must* fear him. Therefore—being coyotes—they regarded the appearance of Jess and his horses on their home range more as a national holiday affair than as a grave misfortune.

When all was silent they trotted to the leeward side of the wolver's camp, and very slowly, very cautiously, zigzagged up. There the man lay, breathing heavily, his face aspiring towards the stars. They circled rapidly round him at forty paces or so, till they saw the two 'mustangs,' standing like sentinel figures in the purple dimness near.

Jess had left his horses hobbled. They were tame horses, and he seldom troubled to tie them. Lightfoot and Takeet discussed the point. Nothing would have suited them better than to have found the wolver's stores easily accessible, so that they could scatter them to the four winds, then roll on the fragments; but that was out of the question, as the man had his stores by him. The horses, however, were clearly his, so the two coyotes trotted up to investigate. On seeing them the horses threw up their heads and snorted; whereupon Lightfoot bounded up with chopping jaws and bristling mane.

Now, any one who has tried to catch a hobbled horse knows that, in spite of its bonds, it can average quite a goodly speed over quite a sufficient distance. Nodwell's two horses, bounding stiff-legged over the dry sand, exhibited surprising abilities in this direction. Lightfoot and Takeet, running wide, kept them at it till the moon was up—drove them clean across the flats towards the foothills!

II.

Dawn came—creeping up through a haze of fairy buttes tinted with gold and purple, fanning the prairie-ridges with that sweet, strong freshness peculiar to the dawns of a land where cities are not. It came like the dawning of a man's twelfth year, full of magic promises, boundlessly sweet, and the wolver looked at it and groaned. Then he heard, not far away, a coyote's 'Yar—yar—yar!' of mockery. That brought him to his senses. He was prospecting this country in search of wolves and coyotes, and now he staggered to his feet. Where were his horses? That he did not know, but all around the story was written in the oldest writing in the world—the imprints of passing feet on the bosom of the old, old earth!

Wolver Nodwell left his packs where they

were, but all round and about them he set wolf-traps in the sand, and smeared them with magic scent charm; and to each trap was attached by a length of chain a buried three-pronged anchor. Then he set out to catch his horses.

He caught them eight hours later—eight sweating, blasphemous hours of thirst, sun, and mosquitoes.

In the meantime Lightfoot and Takeet had, of course, explored the trapper's camping-ground. Takeet had hung back in the offing, trotting back and forth with her nose to the ground, watching her master with quick sidelong glances; while Lightfoot bellied up, sat down, wagged his tail, bellied up again, then looked round at his mate with shining eyes, licking his chops. No one was near; the man was chasing his horses a couple of leagues away; and, anyway, if he returned, they could see him long before he saw them.

A faint gust stirred the stagnant air, and it brought to Lightfoot's nostrils a scent so enticing, so appealing to his appetite and to his instincts, that he rose up where he stood, and looked with hungry longing towards the wolver's packs. Then it seemed that his suspicions left him. He trotted on, drawn by that magic scent, sweetest of nectar, most seductive of all aromas—he trotted swiftly up, while Takeet froze in her tracks and stared.

In the very ace of time Lightfoot's instincts warned him. He stopped within a yard of the nearest pack, intoxicated now by that wondrous scent charm. Something seemed to whisper to him, 'Come on! come on!' but the wild dog in his veins cried out, 'Go back!'

He hesitated, and was lost. He sat down to ponder the point, moving his tail slowly from side to side, looking round encouragingly at Takeet, when—'thud!'

Out of the sand the blunt jaws rose, sending up a little hot spume which drifted away like smoke. Lightfoot leapt into the air, then fell back—held by those terrible jaws—held ignominiously by that wonderful tail of his!

He pulled with all his strength and dragged the trap out of the danger-zone. His poor tail cracked and creaked, but still he pulled—he had to pull!

Takeet turned hysterical. She yapped and yarred and ran in foolish circles, as though quarrelling with her own tail. After this she dug a huge hole in the ground—dug with tremendous energy; but when she had dug it, her poor, dumb little mind didn't know what to do with it. She seemed to want to carry the hole to where Lightfoot was struggling, but had to abandon the ambition as impossible of fulfilment. And all the time Lightfoot, still perilously near those hateful packs, was tugging and wrestling to an accompaniment of ominous sounds from the rear.

The awful day dragged by. Both coyotes lay in the sand panting with thirst and misery. At last the figure of a horseman appeared on the skyline. It looked at first like a flagstaff, then like a towering stone monument, then like an omnibus. Lightfoot, yelping his suspense, tugged like a mad thing, and for the first time Takeet came bounding up to him. She fell on the trap in a fury of suspense, and her teeth snapped like steel on the jaws of steel.

Accidentally or otherwise she bit Lightfoot's tail—already strained to breaking-point. There was a 'zip,' and Lightfoot fell on his neck. In an instant he was up, and he and Takeet were running like the wind, flank to flank, through the lengthening shadows.

Thus Wolver Jess, riding up, found the tail of a coyote fast between the jaws of one of his traps. He spat voluminously and cursed prolifically. He had experienced an entirely irritable day, and this was the last straw. That night he did not depend upon hobbles for retaining his horses; neither was he disturbed by the yapping mockery of coyotes.

III.

There was no doubt left in Wolver Nodwell's mind. He had expected to find pelts in the north of the Butte Flats, and the events above described fully convinced him that there *were* pelts.

A month saw him back. The wild geese were honking south and east to the Gulf States; the sun, too, was going south. In the vast gray flats the only sound that broke God's quietude was an occasional twittering of southward-bound chickadees. In all that boundless space the wolver was the only living thing that journeyed north. His desolation of purpose depressed him a little. For him it marked another year in the drift of time. He envied the wild geese and the sun and the chickadees. Each year he had promised himself that next fall would see him too journeying south—south to his beloved Colorado, to start that poultry-farm of his. It never materialised, for, as we have seen, it was not within the constitution of the man to 'leave a wee dram in the bottle for the mornin'.' All his life he had drained his cup to the last draught, and so each winter found him heading north again, into the region of half-lights.

He built his cabin at the base of the foothills, with the rolling spruce-slopes and the brimming Silvertrail on one side, and the open prairie on the other. He brought with him a complete outfit, for he was a successful trapper. It consisted of three horses, piled high with packs and traps. Also there were four dogs—such dogs as nature could not have produced without the interfering originality of man. But man himself could not have unravelled his own mystery with regard to their breed. One saw in their heavy jowls a suggestion of mastiff, in their

limbs a trace of Russian wolf-hound, in their staying-powers an indication of fox-hound, while their ears were a strange mixture of bloodhound, bulldog, and setter. There was also a smattering of spaniel to improve their scent, and one of them was mottled like a sea-serpent, betraying Dalmatian ancestry. Light-limbed, they were heavy-pawed, to skim the drifts—that was where the otter-hound blood came in; and all of them grew long, coarse manes in a cross about their shoulders—wolf blood through the veins of the northern malamute. This hardened up their paws and made them more or less impervious to cold; while the water-spaniel in their make-up, by which they had no fear of crossing lakes and rivers, was betrayed by a slight curliness of the close hair about their buttocks.

Building a cabin was a tedious business, for the timber was small, but within a fortnight Nodwell was properly installed. He then took a nip to celebrate his advent, and forthwith finished the bottle—portaged laboriously northwards against winter chill—fully a fortnight before the freeze-up came.

IV.

In the meantime Lightfoot was experiencing much bewilderment. The loss of his tail did not pain him much, for the stump quickly healed, and instead of carrying astern a sweeping, glorifying ensign, he carried an absurd little hairless stump which wagged at terrifying speed. It is doubtful whether his unobservant wife noticed the loss of the personal adornment, for when one day another gentleman coyote, journeying south, gave her the 'glad eye' and wagged his magnificent rudder, she fell upon him with tooth and claw, and drove him out of the range—telling him, as clearly as any feminine mode could tell, 'And me a respectable married woman, too!'

Lightfoot and Takeet's business was in the prairie-dog line. They would lie under a scrap of sage, close to a prairie-dog city, and keep perfectly still till one of the unsuspecting citizens wandered away from the prescribed area of burrows. It was then a toss-up whether the coyote reached the prairie-dog or the prairie-dog reached his burrow, and each sprint, whether successful or not, wound up with a series of lightning twists, when both pursuer and pursued were hidden within a cloud of smoke-like sand.

With the loss of his tail Lightfoot was confronted with a problem that perplexed him sorely. Time after time he missed prairie-dogs that he should have caught. He found himself unable to follow those lightning twists and turns, for, robbed of his rudder, deprived of his stabiliser, he was no longer able to perform those necessary evolutions. Several times he fell heavily, and rose with his eyes filled with sand, to stare dejectedly at Takeet, who would regard him with superior contempt; and but for the success of *her* hunting Lightfoot would have gone hungry.

One night, hunting the foothills, they watched a snowshoe rabbit come down the spruce-clump to nibble the prairie grass at the creek-edge. Lightfoot, who was the swifter of the two, took the field, and, after a most elaborate stalk, was almost within springing distance of his quarry. Out he bounded, and away went the hare. The wise little creature knew that it was outmatched for speed, so at once it resorted to those dollar symbol-like twists and turns which are chief among the hare's methods of defence.

Now, any but a fool coyote would have caught that hare. There was a clear ninety yards in which to do it, and never an obstacle in the way. Yet Lightfoot missed. The hare gained a yard at every twist, and soared confidently into the bush with twelve feet to spare.

If ever a coyote knew that he had made a fool of himself, Lightfoot did. His stump drooped; he slunk away; he cast a sidelong, shameful glance in the direction of his wife; and she, for her part, came up and nipped him. She nipped his neck and his flank till he jumped and squealed, and thereafter she took not the least notice of him, leaving him to sneak meekly at her heels.

With the loss of his skill as a hunter, Lightfoot began to lose other things. The ruffle of long hair about his neck began to lose its lustre; his confident uprightness of carriage slowly gave way to a sneaking, furtive indecision, often to be seen in the coyotes of the lower ranges, who move hourly in peril of their lives, but not generally among those of the unfettered, unsettled northern flats. He was like a poor city clerk who, having lost his job, spent his days in fruitless searching for another, while his wife took to sewing to keep the home together. He was like a man who, once proudly master of his own house, had fallen from his place of eminence, to become merely a lodger dependent on his wife's resources—an errand-boy, feebly doing her bidding.

V.

The frost came, and Wolver Nodwell set out his long lines of traps, with shelter cabins every few miles. Often he sat in the burning cold and talked to his dogs about far-off Colorado, where the sun shone and shone till one wished to God it would freeze. The creeks became solid one by one, but the laughing Silvertrail remained unfrozen, mocking the death-like silence of the land with its eternal laughter. On every crag and butte, on every canyon ledge and rugged shelf, the long white teeth of winter began to form, growing in length and girth each day, till some came thundering to earth, and others built up marble palaces, scintillating and wonderful, like ghost cities of the dead. So

bearded, gray, and old the land became that it seemed impossible that spring had ever caressed those slopes.

It was now that yet another hardship dawned into little Lightfoot's life. Hitherto his tail had been his travelling-cloak, and when he lay curled up it served to protect his naked paws and his moist, black nose from the cold. That is why all the dogs of the north country have bushy tails—nature does not waste valuable material on ornaments. With the coming of the frost Lightfoot began to suffer keenly. Had he been a lone jackal he would doubtless have perished, for now he was dependent upon his wife not only for food, but also for warmth. If his paws or his muzzle had become frost-bitten, a terrible end would have befallen him. As it was, he suffered so keenly that ere long he was too weary to remain awake, yet too cold to sleep; and in the midst of it all hunger fell upon the land.

There was no mischief left in the two coyotes now. Furtively they watched the man, and when he and his dogs went one way, *they* sneaked off the other. But one day Lightfoot made a discovery which entirely reversed the order of things.

Though a wolver by calling and temperament, Jess Nodwell was not uninterested in other fur. Indeed, he had not yet begun to hunt wolves, and his trap-lines all up and down the creeks were for mink, marten, fisher, and lynx. One day, when Lightfoot knew the man to be at the other end of the range, he stole down to examine the human tracks in the snow, as was his wont, and, following them, was led to a strange little triangular pen of twigs, in the centre of which was half a partridge. Lightfoot sprung the trap by scratching snow upon it; then he and Takeet ate the partridge.

Following the man's tracks still farther, they found another baited trap, and that also they robbed. The third contained a snarling, devilish lynx, and Lightfoot and Takeet sat and looked at her. Then they began to circle round, slowly at first, then faster, faster, till the lynx became giddy and bewildered, and they tore her limb from limb.

When, some days later, Jess went that round, he found that every trap along his line had been robbed of all success. He cursed savagely, and brought his brains to bear on every coyote-set he knew. He left behind him a string of poisoned bait steeped in magic dopes; he made most obvious marten-sets and placed wolf-traps where the coyote would step in robbing them; he even resorted to snares. And a fortnight later he found them all ignored. Pursuing his way, he discovered that his second round had been nosed out and robbed like the first—that the coyotes had even located his rabbit-snares, set for bait; had robbed every snare, defiling what they could not eat. Wolver Nodwell realised that until he had cleared up those two jackals he might as well devote himself to fishing.

Lightfoot it was who did the stealing, for his wife was more timid than he, and, well fed and confident once more, he was able to combat the cold. The lustre came back to his eyes and the gloss to his coat, and one night he sat and mocked at the streak of white smoke rising from Nodwell's chimney-pipe.

'You wait, my boy!' muttered the wolver. 'You wait till the tracking snow comes!' But little he thought that it was his own diabolical engines that had plunged him into the present cauldron of misadventure.

VI.

The tracking snow came a few days later. Jess and his dogs were up before the dawn, and as the first sunlight fell on the glitter of icy buttes they struck the trail of the jackals.

'Boo-oo! Booo-o!' bellowed the hounds; and Lightfoot and Takeet, on the distant ridge, chased their 'tails' a round or two and yelped back a mocking echo.

On and up came the hounds, bursting into view across the bluff, and behind them the horseman, riding leisurely, and short-circuiting every rise. Lightfoot and Takeet turned and skimmed away, separating ere they had run a mile—Lightfoot to make for the timber, and Takeet for the open prairie.

Only one dog followed Lightfoot, and him the coyote easily tricked by dodging under windfalls too low for the hound to follow and too dense for him to crash through. The dog gave it up almost immediately, and turned back in pursuit of his friends.

Those dogs were swift, and they possessed marvellous staying-power. Away across the laughing Silvertrail Takeet led them, leaping from boulder to boulder, then out across the treeless flats, hard and fast, making a giant detour of her old home range. Soon she began to realise that speed alone could not save her. She was faster far than her pursuers, but they were terribly sure, and strain every muscle though she might, the distance between them and her did not increase. 'Boo-hoo! Boo-oo!' bellowed the hounds, and the sonorous ring, echoing across the deathly stillness, itself bore the very notes of death.

Takeet ran back and leapt aside; she sought the glassy patches where the scent hung thinly; she coupled up her new tracks with her old; she played every trick she knew to baffle pursuers following by scent, but still the hounds came on. Her tongue was lolling now; and, desperate at length, she sought the last resource of the hunted wild dog of the hills.

'O laughing Silvertrail, from which I drank in my puppy days, from which my mother drank when I was born, you will not fail me now, in

the hour of my direst need? O River Silver-trail, living when all the rest are dead, laughing when all the uplands weep—you who lead the wild geese north with the joyous renewing of the spring—I look to you when all that I can do is set at naught! Help me, mighty friend of the wild folk—more faithful far than other friends, who change or move to distant hills—help me now in the hour of my burning need!'

Into the icy water Takeet plunged, swimming with the current, drifting, swimming, to land at length on the other side and scramble out. Wearily dragging one limb after another now, Takeet faced up towards the higher country.

The hounds surged up to the water's edge and crossed—no scent! They separated, casting up and down, and within one minute the rally-call was bellowed forth, and on they bore.

Takeet heard, and knew that her ruse had failed. At the merest walk now, she toiled up the mountain-side, burdened, dragged down, by the clots and ice-cakes matted in her tail. The water had frozen instantly, for she was too fatigued to shake the dense hair free, and now it seemed that her tail was dragging her back at every stride, as though she hauled behind her a convict's shackles. Her tail drooped in the snow, and the snow clung to it in balls and pellets. She turned frenziedly and tried to bite out the chunks, but a fresh outburst from the hounds bade her struggle on.

Takeet crept into the timber-edge as the hounds burst hotly into view; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, Lightfoot was at her side, rubbing his flank to hers, running with her, snarling a savage mockery at the roaring death in their wake.

Takeet leapt on to a windfall and ran along it, to crouch in the upper branches; while Lightfoot bore steadily on, the chain of tracks unbroken.

The hounds surged up and drifted by—on the trail of the new coyote now. He led them down to the river—down and across. He led them over the river flats and down to the river again, and again across. The chase was hot and fast, and the dogs were wearying a little. They were coated and caked with ice from tip to tip. Ice blades formed between their toes, till they left bloody imprints. Wolver Nodwell read the signs, urged his panting horse, and cursed. He was just in time to see the third crossing—to see one of his dogs turn back in mid-stream, battling with the current, then begin to drift. He saw it beaten against the rim ice, and, struggling feebly, go under.

He rushed to intercept the three remaining hounds ere the fugitive led them across again. He read the game of the coyote, who was trying to wear his heavy pursuers down with cold and clotted ice. He saw the coyote coming towards him, and opened fire at about three hundred yards with his revolver. The coyote stopped and regarded him unconcernedly, then loped off to cross the creek lower down—just above the whirlpool. And as it went Wolver Nodwell saw that it was a tailless coyote. 'Just as I thought!' he said. 'Just as I danged well thought!'

He arrived at the margin in the nick of time to prevent his dogs from plunging to their inevitable doom.

VII.

A few days later Wolver Nodwell happened to be hunting the south end of the range, when he saw two coyotes running side by side, and heading in a southerly direction. He watched them through his 'glasses,' and saw that each of them carried something in its jaws—a sure sign that they were migrating to another range. He saw also that one of the two was tailless!

'I've scared them out, anyway,' he pondered, closing his telescope with a click. Then a puzzled look came into his face. 'Wonder where they're going?' he added, almost wistfully.

And something in the cold, grim silence seemed to answer, 'To far-off Colorado to start a poultry-farm!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A HUGE RECLAMATION SCHEME FOR BOMBAY.

As many of our readers will know, Bombay is situated upon an island which has long suffered from housing and business congestion, the worst feature being the insanitary and overcrowded conditions under which the cotton operatives and other industrial workers live. As all the land available is at present occupied, the only possible solution of the difficulty is the reclamation of land from the sea; and a huge scheme has now been put in hand for enclosing, by a stone wall about four miles in length, an area of 1145 acres in what is known as Back Bay. The enclosed area will be subsequently filled in and formed into land for building purposes. Owing to the force of the south-west monsoon, says *The Times' Engineering Supplement*, a particularly strong wall is required for the first 8000 feet. This section will be built of concrete blocks measuring 8 feet by 4 feet, and weighing about 9 tons each. The wall is to be 16 feet in thickness, while the top will be over 13 feet above the high-water level of the ordinary spring-tides. The remaining and longer section of the wall will be made up of stone rubble, protected from the sea by 20-ton concrete blocks. The most interesting feature

of the scheme is the method of filling in the space enclosed by the wall. This is to be done by material dredged from the harbour at the other side of the island and pumped across through three enormous pipes, measuring 42 inches in diameter and buried in the ground. For the dredging operations, the largest dredger of its type is now under construction in Scotland. It will be of what is known as the cutter-suction type, by which the material is sucked up from the bottom through huge pipes connected with centrifugal pumps. Where sand only has to be dealt with, plain nozzles at the ends of these pipes can be used; but should the material be composed of clay and stone, it is necessary to fit the end of each pipe with a revolving cutter to loosen the ground, which is then easily drawn up to the surface. The dredger is to be capable of working up to depths of 70 feet, and of discharging 2000 cubic yards of solid material per hour through a pipe-line 5000 feet long. The actual quantity of clay-filling required is 25,000,000 cubic yards, together with 2,000,000 cubic yards hard 'moorum' as topping; and it is estimated that 4,000,000 square yards will be reclaimed at a cost of £1 per square yard. In order to supply the necessary stone for the walls, the quarries will have to be equipped with new machinery, and so organised as to be capable of maintaining a steady output of not less than 1200 tons of stone a day. The engineers for this scheme are Mr C. S. Meik and Sir George Buchanan, of Westminster, the chief resident engineer being Mr L. W. Lewis, C.I.E., of the Government of India Public Works Department. It is hoped that the actual construction will be started in the early autumn.

AEROPLANE DEVELOPMENTS.

The advanced stage which has been reached in aeroplane construction is well shown by the Vickers 'Vimy' ambulance machine which has been completed recently for the Air Ministry. Two Napier 'Lion' engines of 450 horse-power, one on each side of the body, give a speed of one hundred and nine miles an hour, which, in cases of emergency, can be increased to one hundred and twenty. Four stretcher or eight sitting cases, with one hundred pounds of medical stores, can be carried in addition to a doctor and a nurse, with, of course, the pilot and the mechanic. The pilot sits in the nose of the machine, and under his seat is a tunnel fitted with runners, through which the stretchers are slid. Once inside, the stretchers are placed on racks at one side of the cabin, the racks being collapsible, so that they will stow out of the way when sitting cases are being carried. Ventilation is effected by a fan, which forces the air through a moistened screen, thus maintaining an even temperature. The equipment includes lavatory and sanitary accommodation, with a tank for fifteen gallons of water and storage for oxygen. Other recent aeroplane developments comprise (1) two Caproni sea-triplanes, each with accommodation for over one hundred passengers; (2) a metal air-propeller, which is not damaged by rain; and (3) a device for keeping an aeroplane level without any attention on the part of the pilot, who, consequently, can devote himself entirely to steering. The wings of the Caproni triplanes have a span of 130 feet, and there are three sets one behind the other. No less than 3200 horse-power is provided in the form of eight Liberty engines of 400 horse-power each. The device for keeping an aeroplane level was invented by a French engineer and former military pilot, M. Georges Aveline. Briefly described, it consists of a number of electrical contacts arranged over mercury, which, of course, always maintains a level surface. Should the aeroplane incline to one side, one or other of the contacts 'dips' into the mercury, and electric current passes between them. This current automatically works the pilot's controlling-gear as required, and rights the machine again. The automatic control-gear can be put into or out of commission as desired by lowering or raising a small lever. In fogs or clouds this device should prove invaluable. It has been adopted by the Air Ministry after exhaustive tests.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE ELECTRIC TORCH.

The electric torch has now become almost a necessity for those who live in country districts and have to find their way about in the dark. An unsatisfactory feature of the usual pattern is that it requires a new battery at intervals. Many attempts have been made to overcome this drawback by fitting the torch with a tiny dynamo as a source of current instead of a battery. One such torch was described in these notes in November 1918. Recently another in which a novel feature is embodied has made its advent. This consists of a lamp which spins round with the rotating part of the dynamo. The advantage of this plan is that no rubbing-contacts are needed to collect the current, and the friction from this source is thus eliminated. In such cases, where current is derived from hand-power, it is most important that friction should be reduced to a minimum. The torch bears some resemblance in form and size to a pocket-flask. A lever at one side, on being released from its catch, springs out at an angle. When the torch is gripped in the hand the fingers reach round this lever and squeeze it up to the side of the torch; on the pressure being removed it is forced outwards again by the spring. By an ingenious train of gear-wheels the inward strokes of the lever are made to rotate the dynamo some two thousand revolutions a minute, and the fly-wheel effect keeps it turning during the outward strokes, so

that a continuous light is given off by the lamp. This torch is made in three models, two having aluminium cases, while the third, which is especially well finished, is encased in ivorine. The main feature of the system is its inexhaustibility; hence one feels no hesitation in working it continuously for any length of time.

A CLOCK WHICH WORKS BY ITS OWN WEIGHT.

One might well be excused for assuming that the making of clocks, being so ancient an industry, had practically reached finality, and that the advent of any new principle was extremely unlikely. Yet a clock has been invented recently which is certainly novel in at least two features. In the first place, the weight of the clock itself is the moving force which actuates the mechanism, the clock sliding down two vertical pillars; to wind it, therefore, all that is necessary is to push the clock up to the top again. One advantage attaching to this system, in addition to its simplicity and the absence of keys, is that the need for winding is visible at a glance; hence this necessary operation is not likely to be overlooked. In the second place, the clock is fitted with a special compound pendulum which gives one swing every second, although contained in a circular case but four inches across. This pendulum is supported on a roller-bearing which allows of an even beat and perfect time-keeping, even if the clock is considerably tilted. Lastly, the tick is almost inaudible. This clock is made in England, and may be obtained in three varieties of case—oxidised brass, black oxidised, and oxidised silver.

AN ELECTRIC FLOOR SCRUBBER AND POLISHER.

The scrubbing or polishing of a big floor by hand is a tedious operation, and the cost, with wages at their present level, amounts to no inconsiderable sum. A machine which will do work of this nature satisfactorily should, therefore, receive a warm welcome. Such an appliance has been recently placed on the market, the form taken being a flat circular brush which rests on the floor and is rotated by a small electric motor carried on the back of the brush. Both the brush and the motor have vertical spindles, and as these are exactly one above the other, one might suppose that the two are connected together and rotate at the same speed. Such is not the case, however, what is known as epicyclic gear being fitted between them, which reduces the speed of the motor—1750 revolutions a minute—to 200 for the brush. The motor and the gear are protected by a dust and water proof aluminium case, and, the brush being larger than the case, it will scrub or polish right up to the skirting-board without risk of injury. As the motor develops only one-sixth of a horse-power, it consumes, roughly, only one-sixth of an electric unit per hour. The cost of operation, therefore, is almost negligible, even at the present high prices for current. The machine, which weighs forty-five pounds, is controlled by a handle similar to that used to push a small lawn-mower. It does not, however, require to be pushed or pulled along; it is only necessary to manipulate the handle so that slightly more pressure falls on one side of the brush than on another, to make it advance in any direction at any desired speed. Two small wheels are fitted to a cross-bar at the base of the handle; upon these the machine can be tipped up and wheeled along. It can be used for removing varnish, for scrubbing, for polishing, and for sand-papering, for which purposes a steel-wire brush, a scrubbing-brush, a polishing-brush, and a sand-paper disc are used alternatively. Ball-bearings are fitted throughout to reduce friction to a minimum, thereby rendering the machine very economical in its consumption of electricity.

MOVING-TAPE ROAD-GUIDES FOR CARS.

Finding one's way in a car along a strange country-road is not always easy, even with the aid of the best maps. In any case, the process involves reduced speed at turns and cross-roads for the study of sign-posts and other objects which may help in the identification of the correct route. With a view to facilitating road-touring in cars an ingenious form of guide has been invented, which is fixed on the dashboard, and gives the driver, at a glance, all the information he requires. (In our issue of November 1919, we may say, we referred to the use of such a device in America.) The new instrument has a dial, down or up which a tape moves. On this are marked cross-roads, bridges, danger signs, tramways, garages, and the more important hotels. The tape is moved at the correct speed by worm-gear and a flexible shaft off one of the front-wheels. During the outward journey a black line at the bottom of the dial on the right-hand side indicates the position of the car, and a mile of road is shown above it, the tape moving from top to bottom. At turns and crossings arrows show the right road to be taken, while distances are given at every mile. The tape is divided into three columns, that on the right being for the outward journey, and that on the left for the return journey. The motion of the tape is reversed for the homeward trip by moving a small lever, and the mark indicating the position of the car is then at the top on the left-hand side. To make the right and left hand columns more distinctive, the former is printed in black on a white ground, while the latter has a black ground with white lettering. In the middle column are marked the positions of hotels, garages, &c., these being printed in red. Tapes for the whole country will eventually be prepared, and many hundreds are already available, one hundred or

more leading out of London. Circular tours will also be dealt with, and eight hundred depots have been established, where one tape may be exchanged for another, as required, without any charge.

HOUSING SCHEMES—A WARNING.

A correspondent writes: There is one important point in connection with housing schemes which I have not seen touched upon, and concerning which a serious note of warning should be widely sounded—namely, the danger of inhabiting a house before it is dry. There is reason to believe this is being done only too frequently. Let me give a case in point. Some years ago a retired naval officer and his wife, great friends of mine, built for themselves a comfortable house in which they hoped to spend their declining years. Being impatient to settle down, they occupied it before it had time to dry, with the result that both very soon developed serious pulmonary complaints, and in a few years were dead. It is the tendency of the walls to retain moisture that renders the occcupation of a newly built house so dangerous. The pores of the mortar and of the brick or stone being charged with moisture, ventilation is seriously impeded, while the thermal conductivity of the walls being increased by their condition, the loss of interior warmth, which tends to flow outwards, is considerable. The methods that have been employed to dry newly built houses are innumerable, but those which are alone worthy of consideration combine the use of heat with plentiful ventilation to ensure rapid evaporation. A cheap, efficacious, and easily applied method is to light in the centre of each room a large coke fire, and to leave all doors and windows wide open. A bad, though by no means uncommon, plan, which I have personally seen in use, is to close every opening after lighting all the available gas-jets. Since one of the principal products of the combustion of coal-gas is moisture, no better plan to defeat the object aimed at could be devised. It will very naturally be asked how one is to know when it is safe to occupy a newly built house. The following is a very good test of its dryness. Weigh a small quantity of fresh lime, and place it in a dish in the centre of the room to be tested. Close the windows and the doors, and leave it for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of this time weigh the lime again. If the increase of weight exceeds 1 per cent., the room is dangerous to inhabit. A tap with a hammer will reveal to the experienced ear how far a wall is dry. Happily for humanity, what might at first sight appear to be a serious inconvenience, namely, the porous nature of the materials of which the walls of our houses are usually built, permits a free and perceptible circulation between the outward and inward air, which tends largely to lessen the dangers attendant on excess of moisture. The relative degree of porosity of the materials commonly employed is (1) brick, (2) limestone, (3) freestone; and it would be well, in the first instance, not to coat the inside of the walls with plaster, which, owing to its compactness, is highly impermeable, but rather to give them a temporary covering of whitewash or distemper. Another danger to health lurks in the water-supply. Before the water is used for drinking or culinary purposes, all the taps should be set running freely, so as to get rid of the water which may have become dangerously charged with poisonous properties while stored in the leaden pipes and cistern. Lead is soluble in pure water, and if the water is very soft may be carried by new pipes in sufficient quantity to poison a whole family. After about six weeks the water will cease to absorb lead, through the interior of the pipes becoming coated with a protective scale, which is insoluble in pure water. Why slate is not more generally employed for cisterns, seeing that it is cheaper than either lead, iron, or zinc, and that by its use all risk of metallic poisoning is obviated, is difficult to understand.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

LOVE'S SUMMER.

THE path of love is bright with flow'rs,
Let's tread it while we may;
A shining rosary are love's hours
Without one bead of gray.

Love's golden lute is in his hand,
He waits to waft a tune
At thy sweet bidding o'er a land
That throbs and thrills with June.

Love's glamour, like a rosy mist,
Is gath'ring fold in fold;
New lips are wanting to be kiss'd,
And time is growing old.

His flaming banners are unfurl'd,
His slaves bow round his throne;
Since love has conquer'd all the world,
Why thou his pow'r disown?

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE PURPOSE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

PART I.

I.

'MY father seems to have no end of a lot to say to your mother,' observed little Tommy Sanderson to Alysa Bearcroft, the pretty, fair-haired girl who was strolling by his side.

It was a lovely summer afternoon, and the children ('children,' by the way, who were both of them well on in their teens) had been sent into the walled kitchen-garden to see if there were any raspberries fit to eat, whilst the mother of the one and the father of the other enjoyed the fine air from a garden-seat. As they had found few berries ripe, the 'children' were returning earlier than was expected—or, perhaps, desired. Whether her attention was absorbed by a train of thought suggested by the boy's remark, or by a handful of fruit which he had made over to her, the girl made no reply. So Tom, having nothing to impede his utterance or divide his thoughts, continued his observations: 'And the odd thing about it is that, when he and I are at home, he will often go for days on end almost without speaking.'

Here Alysa felt herself called on to put in a tactful word. 'I suppose he is deep in his opera,' she returned, as, having swallowed the last raspberry, she sucked the red juice from her fingers in a manner that was 'nursery' rather than 'schoolroom.'

'Oh, bother his opera!' cried the lad irreverently. 'Do you know, Alysa, I often wish my dad was not so clever!'

To which Miss Bearcroft answered, speaking with all the superior knowledge of the world which, at seventeen, her sex confers, 'Well, I believe the stupid people *do* have the best of it in this world; or, at least, I know their children do. But, as mummy says, one must be prepared to make some sacrifice for the privilege of being related to a talent. It often surprises me, Tommy, that you seem to care so little for music.'

'*Care* for it? Why, I positively loathe it!' was the energetic rejoinder. 'And I'll tell you what, Alysa; if dad holds firm about not being able to afford to send me into the army, I intend to go into a bank and be a clerk of sorts. I do! Why, there's some satisfaction in running up columns of figures, and you generally close at four sharp, and earlier on Saturdays. But what satisfaction there can be in mooning all day over a keyboard and being tired——'

But here the girl interrupted him. 'Hush! My dear Tom, they will hear you!'

And, true enough, at this point the elder people, who had been hitherto so deeply absorbed in one another, happened to glance round—and did so, I may add, as though nothing welcoming the interruption.

But Guenevera Bearcroft was equal to greater social emergencies than that. '*Ecco, la mia biondinella!*' she exclaimed, in a languishing tone, and straightway began to fondle that beautiful blonde hair which, in compliance with her own reiterated wishes, was still worn in tresses.

The widowed Mrs Bearcroft was a graceful, faded blonde, who to-day wore a becoming garden-hat, which was wreathed round with pink roses. In her own line she was rather clever, but liked to describe herself, with conviction, as 'artist to the finger-tips.'

Berold Sanderson, her near neighbour at Holmwood, was an amateur of music, who, at over fifty, would speak of himself to confidential friends as 'one who had *found himself* late in life,' whose career even now was but opening before him. To some he would even hint that the death of his wife, some few years earlier, had played its part in revealing his vocation. He plumed himself on writing for the voice, and, having had a cantata performed by a provincial Choral Union, was now engaged upon a serious opera. Not being very strong, and finding the work almost too heavy for him, he wore rather a 'played-out' expression (which, in Mrs Bearcroft's opinion, added to the refinement of his appearance), whilst his habitual manner suggested that he laboured under an excess of the virtue of knowing what was due to him.

Not having found the neighbourhood where they had chosen to settle very congenial, these two artistic souls had drawn to one another, so

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that there was now much coming and going between their respective homes—an intercourse, this, however, in which the young people were much less active than their seniors. Mrs Bearcroft found company in Mr Sanderson, whilst he found sympathy in her, though it may be that neither the one thing nor the other was exactly what it was understood to be. For, if the truth must be told, the lady was not really musical, but only pretended to be. Having lived with artistic people long enough to master the jargon of the art, she could do this without difficulty. But she could not impose on her own daughter.

'Why, what an old fraud you are, mummy!' that clear-sighted young person had one day remarked. 'You talk as if you were Melba and Paderewski rolled into one, and yet you know you never can tell when a singer sings flat. I believe you only recognise the National Anthem because people stand up when it is played.'

But, to Alysa's surprise, her mother, usually so indulgent, had pulled her up short. 'My dear, never say that again! It may be true that I am no executant, and that Heaven has not gifted me with a singing voice. But I have the soul of Music in me, and that is a very much better thing than being able to strum a little. Musical people have the greatest confidence in my judgment.'

And it is true that some of them had, because she flattered them outrageously.

To-day her neighbour had come over to favour her with an *aperçu* of his Herring-Girls' Chorus, which he had chanted, in his muted voice, accompanying himself on her piano. She had heard him in silence, and then impulsively shaken him by the hand in congratulation.

Unfeignedly gratified by this apparently irresistible demonstration on her part, he had nevertheless inquired, with assumed humility, whether she thought it would 'do.'

'Do?' had been her rapturous reply. 'Why, it's Debussy, only better!'

She had chosen Debussy because she knew that her friend admired that composer's work. Nevertheless, he appeared disconcerted.

'Debussy?' he repeated dully. 'No, I don't see Debussy in it.'

Whereupon she had impulsively suggested a move to the garden. And there they had sat together, for the best part of an hour, conversing pleasantly enough. Only, perhaps, Berold Sanderson would have shown a greater knowledge of women had he talked less about César Franck and more about his present companion, and had he directed his dreamy and poetic gaze not quite so much into the far-away distance, but more upon the rose-wreathed hat, the floating veil, and what was under them. For Guenevera Bearcroft had not yet reached that stage in the evolution of a woman when she becomes indifferent to admiration.

II.

A few days passed quite uneventfully before these Surrey neighbours met again. Then, one morning, Sanderson despatched his boy Tommy as the bearer of a note to the fair Guenevera.

'Remember, my dear boy, it is important,' he remarked, whilst, standing in his morning *déshabillé* upon the sunlit house-steps, he trifled with a cigarette. (He could be languid, graceful, dilettante even in the performance of that slight task.) 'Oh, and, by the way, I should like to have an answer as soon as possible.'

'Right-o, dad!' came back Tommy's cheery reply, as once, twice, thrice he spurned the ground, and then mounted with real, because unstudied, grace into the saddle of his bike.

The note he carried ran as follows:

'CHÈRE AMIE,—It came to me in the small hours of the morning after a *nuit blanche!* I had risen and gone to the open window, and a few notes from some solitary bird (for my songsters are, of course, fallen silent) gave me my opening phrase—*tempo* and all. I flung it upon paper and went back to bed, and in a very few moments I had the whole number clear in my head. But I want your always candid, always just and unbiassed, verdict. May I come at tea-time this afternoon—at tea-time, or a little earlier?—Yours, BEROLD SANDERSON.'

It may here be as well to explain to readers less initiated than Mrs Bearcroft was assumed to be that the 'it' referred to in the note was the tenor song in Act I., beginning with the words,

> When o'er the sleeping sea
> The fleet drifts dreamfully.

At the entrance-gate of Mrs Bearcroft's villa Tommy came face to face with Alysa, who was carrying her violin-case, and was on her way to take her lesson. He held aloft the missive with which he had been charged.

'What is it—do you know?' inquired the girl.

To which the boy replied, 'I believe the guv'nor has made up another tune, and wants to know what your mother thinks of it.'

'Then he will be coming to tea this afternoon. Be sure to come with him, Tommy, or I shall be left out in the cold. We can have a single on the new court.'

'Thanks—I should love to! Well, so-long, Alysa—dad is impatient for his answer.'

The boy rode on, delivered his message, and returned bearing with him Guenevera's written assurance that she was dying to hear the new melody.

But Alysa's game of tennis did not come off. For, when Mrs Bearcroft heard that the boy had been invited to accompany his father, she determined, for reasons of her own, to get the children out of the way, and so planned that Tom should

drive Alysa in the pony-trap to call on an old friend of her own at Leatherhead. The 'children' were extraordinarily obedient, considering that they were twentieth-century children, and so, though rather hating the dusty drive and the call at the end of it, they duly set off. Whereupon Mrs Bearcroft conducted her guest into the cool, darkened, rose-perfumed drawing-room, where, having rung the bell, she proceeded to give strict orders that no visitors should be admitted.

'I'm not going to have my treat broken in upon by intrusives,' she explained. 'No, indeed! That would remind me too painfully of the days when I used to be taken to "Her Majesty's" as a girl. It would be, perhaps, Etelka Gerster in *Lucia*, and, just as the love-duet was beginning, my hostess, a rich Mrs Claudius Baker, without a note of music in her composition, would tap me on the arm with her fan and ask if that was not Lord Tom Noddy coming into the stalls. It used to drive me frantic.'

'I don't wonder,' replied the virtuoso; 'though, if it was only Donizetti's music, you lost nothing worth lamenting over.'

'You are severe, dear friend—and who has a better right to be? But that was not the worst, for, just as the mad-scene was beginning, ten to one but Mrs Baker would gather her wraps together and blandly remark that, if we meant to meet any of our friends at the party we were going on to, she thought it was high time to be moving! *Can* you imagine anything more trying?'

Well, perhaps there was only one more trying thing that poor Mr Sanderson could imagine, and that was to be kept talking about indifferent matters when one had a specific object in view. He was as nervous as an early Victorian débutante; nor had he the gift possessed by true artists of forgetting himself in his art. And it is true that he laboured under great disadvantages. For, whatever his creative powers might be, his executive aptitude was small. Still, of course, there was always the parallel case of Richard Wagner to keep him in countenance. For, at least in early days (so his biographer assures us), Wagner's fingering was most awkward.

Berold placed a sheet or two of MS. on the music-stand, took his seat upon the music-stool, and cleared his throat; whilst Mrs Bearcroft assumed an attitude and expression of rapt expectation.

He struck a few chords. 'I'm afraid I'm unusually husky this afternoon.'

Possibly he was. But it was his struggle with the high notes of an impassioned climax which produced the most unpleasing effect.

> 'O'er ocean's streams
> My heart, my dreams,
> Go forth, dear love, to you—
> Go shoreward, love, to you!'

The final sustained note was rather trying to listen to. Then came the relief of the resolving chords, then a pause, and then the performer swung round on his seat and asked complacently, 'Well, do you like it?'

Now, clever Mrs Bearcroft kept two or three formulæ by her for use upon occasions such as this. For instance, after a really great effort, she would generally say, 'My friend, you have immense talent!' And that seemed to meet the case admirably. But to-day her thoughts were unfortunately divided. Because, cherishing as she did the dream that her neighbour was in love with her, she inclined to see a veiled declaration in his song, and was bending her mind upon receiving it in the most becoming and appropriate manner.

So, instead of showing her usual enthusiasm, she simpered and said, 'Oh, you wicked man!'

The composer started almost as though he had been shot. 'What! don't you like it?'

Then Mrs Bearcroft realised that it behoved her to be circumspect. 'Of course, judged as a song, it is a very beautiful song,' she answered softly, adding, 'I was scarcely thinking most of that.' And she drooped her eyelids.

'Then what, pray, were you thinking of?'

'Well, the meaning—the *sous-entendu*, as I may say.'

'Bosh! There is no *sous-entendu*. The situation is as plain as they make 'em. A young fisherman tells his love that in his idle moments at sea his thoughts turn to her. What could be simpler?'

Then it was Mrs Bearcroft's turn to assume an icy manner. 'Oh, nothing, certainly, if that really was all,' she answered, with a little laugh; 'but I scarcely think you would have sung with *quite* so much dramatic fervour—had that, indeed, been all.'

Sanderson, however, had reverted to his new-minted musical phrases. There was no doubt about his being in love with *them*. And was there room enough in his heart for anything else?

Whilst this trivial scene was being enacted between the frivolous elderly people in the drawing-room at the villa, a much graver discussion was proceeding between two serious youngsters in the pony-carriage upon the road to Leatherhead.

After driving for two or three miles almost in silence, Alysa had remarked, 'Do you know, Tommy, I don't quite like leaving mummy and your dad alone together, as we are doing this afternoon.'

Tom flicked a fly from the pony's fat flank, and answered, 'I don't think you need worry about that, Alysa. The gov'nor and your mother will amuse one another, you bet.'

Whereupon the girl had mustered and displayed all the superiority of her sex. 'I have not the least doubt of that,' she rejoined with decision. 'They will amuse each other only too well, and will be sorry to see us

back, however late we may return. No, Tommy, it isn't that, but something very different, that is worrying me.'

'Well, what is it?'

The girl remained silent for a moment or two, looking abstractedly over in the direction of Box Hill, as though there were something on her mind which she found difficult to put into words. At last she spoke. 'You were noticing the other day, Tom, how much they have to say to one another.'

'Yes.'

'And how much interested they appear to be in each other's conversation.'

'Well?'

'And how they seem to prefer that we should not be with them. Well, Tom, has it ever occurred to you that your father wants to marry my mother?'

There was a moment during which young Sanderson looked blank; then he answered, 'No, I can't say it has—not exactly.'

'Not exactly? Well, then, what has occurred to you?'

'Why, if you don't mind my saying it, Alysa, it has occurred to me once or twice that your mother might want to marry him.'

'Oh, never, Tom!'

'I don't see why not. The guv'nor is a very clever man, Alysa. Don't you like him?'

'Certainly, I like him well enough, as a neighbour. But as a step-father, Tommy, oh, no!'

'Well, oddly enough, Alysa, that is just how I feel about your mother. She's awfully kind and jolly, and all that sort of thing; but as a step-mother, oh, no!'

And here, despite the seriousness of the situation, the youngsters laughed together.

'I quite understand you, Tommy. The plain truth is, one doesn't want a step-parent, however nice.'

'That's it! Things are better left as they are.'

By this time they were nearing Leatherhead, so that, having reached the above point of agreement, no more was said for the present. On the return journey, however, the subject was resumed, whilst Tommy was allowing the pony to go easy. For neither of the two young people was in the least hurry to reach the journey's end.

Said Alysa, 'Tommy, I feel sure that Mrs Brickdale thinks as we do—that there is some sort of understanding between mummy and your dad. Didn't you notice the look she gave that lady who was pouring out tea for her when you said that your father had gone over to play something to mother?'

'No, I can't say I did. But you are ever so much sharper than I am. So things have got as far as that, have they?' And the boy sighed with real sadness, and then exclaimed impatiently, 'I say, Alysa, what rot the whole thing is!'

'Isn't it? They are old enough to know better.'

'I should jolly well think they are!'

'Well, dear boy, it is mainly, if not entirely, your father's fault.'

'No, I don't admit that. How so?'

'Isn't he perpetually coming over to our house to worry mother about that footling old opera of his?'

'To worry her? I say, Alysa, I like that! Why, she does everything in her power to encourage him.'

'I won't have you say that about mother, Tom!'

'Well, I take it back, then. Whatever we do, don't let you and me quarrel, Alysa. Things are bad enough without that.'

'You are right there. They are bad. Just look ahead for one moment. Suppose your father married my mother. They will be bound to quarrel—married people always do. And then there will be days when they don't speak to each other, not even at meals. It will fall to you and me to carry notes or messages between them. And then we shall get to taking sides, and *we* shall quarrel.'

Tommy listened, profoundly impressed by this gloomy peep into the future, and by the marvellous clairvoyance which had revealed it, and his young face was set in a look of dour determination. 'I shouldn't stick it,' said he at length. 'I should cut my stick—take the key of the country.'

'Yes, that's all very well for you, who are a man! But think of me—left at home to act the go-between of two sullen people. Oh, mummy's not always all honey, I'll grant you so much! Think of the cutting and stinging messages I should have to carry, and of the base attempts that would be made to win me over to one side or the other in defiance of my better judgment. No, Tom; I tell you that the more I think of things, the less I like 'em. I don't see one redeeming feature in them. And even you would have to be at home sometimes.'

'But you wouldn't so much dislike living in the same house with me, would you, Alysa? I think it would be jolly.'

For a moment the girl looked at him curiously, almost sharply, before answering, 'Yes, no doubt it might be jolly for a time. But I tell you blood's thicker than water, and, sooner or later, we should find that out, and so become enemies, and in the long-run we should get to hate each other. Not much jolliness about that, I suppose?' And here followed a dreary pause.

Meantime, as the driver had been becoming ever more and more absorbed in the conversation, and hence more and more abstracted from

his task of driving, the old pony had been growing conscious, of his advantage and had been moving ever more slowly. But at this point Tom seemed to wake up to externals, whipped him up, and as he did so remarked, 'I say, Alysa! We must prevent this marriage—can't we do that?'

(*Continued on page 503.*)

THE VINE.

By ROBERT GRAY, Past Master, Vintners' Company.

> But still the vine her ancient ruby yields,
> And still a garden by the water blows!
> OMAR KHAYYAM.

I.

THE Vine (*Vitis vinifera*) is a fascinating plant, whether it be found at Royal Hampton or on the labourer's cottage in our own land of England, on the sun-bathed slopes of the Rhone, the Saône, the Marne, the Rhine, the Moselle, or the Douro, in the level country of the Palus or the Palatinate, on the hills of the Azores, or in far-away South Africa, New Zealand, or Australia.

Ampelos is the comprehensive Greek word for the grape vine. *Vitis* is but one genus of this great family, and our *Vitis vinifera* is the European type, which includes all the varieties grown in that continent. Another genus comprises the Virginia Creeper, the Japanese species of which, the *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, is well known as covering the walls of so many of our London suburban houses. Besides the European *Vitis* there are ten Asiatic and sixteen American types. The European type has been taken to South Africa, North Africa, Australasia, the many wine-producing countries of South America, Mexico, Canada, and California. Only in the eastern states of the United States is wine made from the produce of the native vine.

A great authority on the vine was the late Mr H. M. Tod, and I am indebted to him * for the following from William Speechley (published at York in 1789): 'In the most early ages the vine became an object of attention and improvement, for we find it the first cultivated plant on record in Holy Writ (Genesis ix. 20). And if we consider the vast importance of its fruit in every shape and view, it may justly be esteemed the best and most useful tree in the world.' Before commencing this paper I had accumulated a mass of evidence, historical, physiological, medical, justifying the dual use of the fruit of the vine. I propose to spare you all or any of this, and to take it for granted that grapes were given by a beneficent Providence wherewith to make wine, as well as for consumption either as fresh fruit or in the form of currants † or raisins. Old Speechley in what he says is more compelling, more convincing, than columns of argument. If anything could change the views of a conscientious total abstainer, it would be, I think, to take him to a vineyard and a wine-press at vintage-time and show him the natural process, alluring in its very simplicity, by which the juice of the grape becomes wine. Throughout the ages in which wine has been made practically no alteration has taken place in nature's methods, which indeed are perfect. The vine was the emblem of the Israelitish‡ nation. In the New Testament it became the emblem of Christ, and hence that of the Christian Church. 'Vinegar' was the ordinary drink of the Roman soldier, and in the story of the Crucifixion they gave our Lord 'vinegar to drink.' This is really fermented wine such as was in daily use. Two further references to the antiquity of the vine will satisfy me, and possibly be more than enough for my readers. On the wall of a chamber at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, you can see the vintage depicted in the tomb of Sheikh Abd el Qurna, who lived about 1500 B.C. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, and I obtained there a perfect photograph showing the gathering and the treading of the grapes, the wine running out of the press, and the jars in which the wine was stored.

Sir Percy Sykes, in his *History of Persia*, says: 'But the most famous of these legendary monarchs' (of ancient Persia) 'was Jamshid. . . . His invention of wine is stated to have been due to an accident. He had preserved some grapes which had fermented and were believed to be dangerous to life. One of the wives of Jamshid was suffering from a painful malady, and drank of the fermented beverage in the belief that she would die, but, on the contrary, she fell into a delightful sleep and was cured. Persians from this date have termed wine "sweet poison," and, in spite of the prohibitions of the Koran, many of the upper classes are addicted to drinking it.' Here is another quotation from the same book: 'But there is some actual blood connection too' (that is, between Spaniards and Persians), 'for the Spaniards are in part descended from Persians who accompanied the Arab conquerors of the Iberian Peninsula. These founded

* *Vine-Growing in England*, by H. M. Tod, F.R.H.S. (Chatto & Windus, 1911).

† An important industry of Greece is the export of currants made from *Vitis corinthiaca*. Currants, raisins, and sultanas of fine quality are made at Mildura, in New South Wales.

‡ It is obligatory on an orthodox Jew to drink Kosher wine with his meals on Sabbath-days. This wine must be prepared throughout by Jews, but it need not come from Palestine only. Jews are never teetotalers, and a drunkard is almost unknown amongst them.

a Shiraz in distant Spain, and there made a wine which, as the familiar sherry, still preserves the Persian name. . . . The Spanish word is Xerez. It is an interesting fact that the best Shiraz wine' (in Persia) 'resembles a nutty sherry.'

II.

The vine is a hardy plant, and can endure a winter temperature of − 22° Fahrenheit. It is quite an interesting study to get a good atlas and to trace its northern and southern limits. It inhabits the fairest portions of the earth. The greater part of Europe, Asia, and America, and the whole of Africa and Australasia, are within these limits, but its fruit will mature to perfection (so far as the making of wine is concerned) only in the temperate zones. I tasted many South African wines some years ago at an exhibition of South African produce, and, as a wine-juror at the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908, I saw all the exhibits from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. Good as many were, I am of opinion that, taken all round, the price and the quality did not bear comparison with those of similar wines from European countries.* I remember tasting several Canadian wines grown on an island, Mont Pelée, in Lake Erie, the most northerly place on the American continent where wine is made. Mont Pelée is close to the forty-second parallel, which is the same as the north of Portugal, and all the vineyards, therefore, of France and Germany are very much nearer to the North Pole.

The vine flourishes, and indeed produces of its best, in stony, slaty, chalky, or rocky places, sometimes in barren-looking ground where to all appearance the most intrepid weed would not have the temerity to seek sustenance. But when it is a question of fine quality the vine is also capricious. The right kind of plant, the right soil, the right aspect, and the right altitude are essential. Given these, however, with the needed care all the year round, and favourable weather, the generosity of its gifts is unbounded. Although the vine, as already mentioned, is a hardy plant, it must not be exposed to late frosts, or else the crop may be partially or wholly lost; and hailstorms may be equally destructive. The best wines have to be fought for the hardest; that is to say, they have to undergo risks. In places where everything goes smoothly every year you may take it that the quality is not the finest. The farmer has also many diseases to contend with, some of which, fortunately, can be combated by appropriate treatment. The most common are mildew, which attacks the leaves; oïdium and cochylis, which attack the grapes; and the dreaded phylloxera, which attacks the roots. The last-named disease practically destroyed the greater portion of the vineyards of Europe in 1879 and the following years, when thousands of acres had to be uprooted. The vineyards have in part been replanted with American stocks, which are able to resist this pest. On these the European plants were grafted, and wine and brandy were again made. The grapes are the grapes of the old varieties, but, alas! the quality is not always the quality of the ungrafted vines. In the opinion of some of the finest judges of wine (and I am very much inclined to agree with them), the flavour of the best modern vintages is not equal to that of good pre-oïdium or pre-phylloxera years. I may mention that a most interesting experiment is now being made in the Upper Douro with the old Portuguese vine, ungrafted, which has, so far, not been attacked by phylloxera.

III.

The last published returns (those for 1919) show that France (which produces wine in seventy-seven of its departments) and Italy are the largest wine-producing countries of Europe. Spain is a good third, followed, after a big interval, by Portugal, Germany, Hungary, and Greece. At the bottom of the list are Roumania, Switzerland, Austria, and Luxemburg. Before the Great War, taking the average for the years 1907, 1908, and 1909, Russia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Serbia occupied respectively the seventh, eleventh, twelfth, and fourteenth places, but the figures for 1919 are not available for those countries. The alterations in the map of Europe have deposed Austria from the fourth to the tenth place, and Germany has, of course, lost the sixteen million gallons annually produced by Alsace and Lorraine.

England up to about the end of the eighteenth century was a wine-producing country. There were vineyards in Kent and Surrey, and indeed in most parts of the country as far north as Scotland. I have a drawing made during a holiday in the New Forest in the year 1912 of the ruins of a wine-press, an ancient stone building, at Beaulieu Abbey. The custodian told me that the vineyard, which extended over two meadows (about twelve acres), was done away with in 1736. He also said that three years before there was still some old brandy in Lord Montagu's cellars distilled from wine grown on the property. The Marquis of Bute made wine at his estate in Wales up till the present year, when the vines, owing to the uncertainty of our climate, were grubbed up. The Royal Horticultural Society has an experimental vineyard at Wisley, in Surrey, which I visited with Mr Tod in 1912. The vine is not unknown in central London, and several may be seen on the walls of the garden attached to the

* Since the Budget of 1919 colonial wines, and since the Budget of 1920 colonial spirits, have enjoyed preferential duties. In old times there was a flourishing trade in South African wines under preferential treatment. This ended with the reduction and equalisation of the duties on wine by Mr Gladstone in the 'sixties, and Constantia, Pontac, and other Cape wines disappeared from wine-merchants' lists.

Vintners' Company's Almshouses at Whitechapel; but it is not every year that the grapes mature. There are two vines in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, which produced ripe grapes in the year 1912. It is said that the fruit sometimes appears at the high table on 'Grand Night.' Mr A. D. Webster* states that there is a spreading vine on the wall of the moat in the Tower of London, and that the vines on the walls facing the Thames are of considerable age and bear fruit in abundance, which ripens in hot seasons.

To those desiring further authoritative information let me commend two books by Mr André L. Simon.†

Some idea of the dietetic value of red wine to French people‡ may be gathered from the following official figures. In 1915 the French Government requisitioned and purchased 4,685,000 hectolitres§ for the use of the armies. This enormous quantity represents a daily consumption of over two and a half million half-litre bottles, one half-litre per day being allowed to each officer and man; and in subsequent years more was required.

The consumption of French wine, red and white, in our islands for 1919 was no more than 4,965,343 gallons, and the total quantity of wine of all kinds was 18,678,797 gallons, representing a yearly consumption of about ·41 of a gallon (between two and three bottles) per head. This was our record year, and the figures for 1920 show a reduction to 14,512,597 gallons. Before the war the total on which duty was paid had got down to about 10,000,000 or 11,000,000 gallons per annum, having gradually declined from the record of 18,671,089 gallons in the year 1876. Consumption, of course, does not mean the quantity actually drunk, which is not ascertainable, but the number of gallons taken into consumers' or merchants' cellars. The 'National Drink Bill,' compiled annually by the United Kingdom Alliance for Promoting Temperance Reform, is based on these figures, plus those for beer and spirits, which are really our national drinks. To these is added an estimated amount for cider and perry, the actual consumption of which is also unascertainable. Mr George B. Wilson, the able secretary of this society, estimates the 'Drink Bill' of the United Kingdom for 1919‖ at the sum of £386,600,000, of which £121,700,000 is represented by taxation collected from the consumer by the Trade; and I do not impugn his figures. He does not include in this amount the expenditure on tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, and mineral waters, or the amounts paid in water-rate.

IV.

The wine trade enjoyed in 1919 and 1920 a period of great prosperity, notwithstanding the fact that by the Budget of last year the duties on all wines were doubled, with the addition of an *ad valorem* duty of 33⅓ per cent. on sparkling wines. This greatly increased duty on sparkling wines having been found to be unremunerative, it is proposed in the present Budget to substitute for it a specific duty of fifteen shillings per gallon. It should be borne in mind that the smaller clearances during the past year cannot be taken as an index of actual consumption. Merchants will not pay duty (at abnormally high rates) on large quantities in excess of immediate requirements, and until the uncertainty is removed no one who can possibly defer it will take anything into his cellar. There are some curiosities in the statistics of sparkling wines. The figures of Sparkling Burgundy for 1920 are eight thousand gallons more than in 1919, and three times those of the last pre-war year—namely, 1913. Hock and Moselle were rather more than in 1919, though much less than in 1913. Champagne and Saumur were less than in either of those years.

A novel feature is the clearances of 'other sorts,' which means sparkling wines other than those I have just mentioned. These showed a small advance over the quantity for 1919, but were actually *six* times those for 1913. The figures of still wines in bottles are instructive, as they also are in advance of 1919, and considerably more than *double* those of 1913. It should be borne in mind that the duty (since the Budget of 1920) on light wines imported in bottles is the old one of four shillings and sixpence per dozen, doubled. These large quantities can hardly be maintained, because, for one thing, the purchasing-power of the consumer is less, and, for another, an increase in price tends almost always to diminish consumption. Up till the war the revenue derived from wine was relatively small, but the Chancellor evidently thinks that more can be got from the taxpayer who prefers to consume his grapes after fermentation.

If not travelling too far from the vine, may I refer briefly to rum,¶ the produce of the sugar-cane? Our sailors receive a daily ration, and during the war very large quantities were used

* *The Trees of London* (Swarthmore Press, Ltd., London, 1920).

† *Wine and Spirits* (Duckworth & Co., 1919), and *The Blood of the Grape* (Duckworth & Co, 1920).

‡ In France the term 'alcohol,' in ordinary parlance, does not mean wine.

§ A hogshead of French wine contains rather more than two hectolitres. One hectolitre is equal to twenty-two British gallons.

‖ He estimates the 'Drink Bill' for the year 1920 at £469,700,000, of which 42 per cent., or £197,000,000, is represented by taxation, and in this he does not, I believe, include the Excess Profits Tax.

¶ Before a cask of rum can be cleared from the docks for use by Jews it must be blessed by the Rabbi, who places his seal thereon, when it becomes 'Kosher Rum.' The duty on a puncheon of rum is now about £500, and before the war it was less than £100.

by our armies, with great benefit to the men who were enduring hardships in the trenches and elsewhere. The exact consumption of rum by the troops is a secret known only to the Director of Army Contracts at the War Office. At the end of the year 1915 a sufficient number of twelve-gallon casks for 150,000 gallons were purchased every month. At that time the total monthly requirements of the army were 600,000 gallons, and later on they were doubtless much greater. There are many who can endorse Lord Byron's lines: 'There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms, as rum and true religion' (*Don Juan*). Even in Alexandria, on a cool, rainy, winter night, in quarters without a fireplace, some comfort was derivable from a jorum of rum, boiling Nile water, a lump of sugar, and a squeeze of lime-juice.

Having put aside argument, I trust I may be forgiven for asserting that research and a long experience have convinced me that wine and spirits, beer and cider, taken, of course, in moderation, are valuable in health and in sickness. Their abuse, *per contra*, is an unmitigated curse. The drunkard is his own enemy, and incidentally the worst enemy of the wine-merchant and the publican. I find great satisfaction in quoting from the book of a scholar—very much more than in the contemplation of any written words of my own. No apology, therefore, is needed for the following two extracts from a graceful and masterly work * by Emeritus Professor Saintsbury: (1) 'He' (Professor H. E. Armstrong, in a letter to the *Times*) 'closed with a parallel. Alcohol as alcohol could be obtained, he said, from all sorts of things; not so "a vintage wine, one of the most perfect of nature's products—to those who can appreciate perfection." And it is so. On those who would deprive us of it let the curse of nature rest.' And: (2) 'Theologians forget to expound that it is not merely lawful but incumbent on us to use with discernment the fruits of that Tree of Knowledge for which our first mother paid the price.'

If the reader thinks that Mr Saintsbury referred to some other plant than the vine, let him or her turn to the pages of his book.

* *Notes on a Cellar-Book* (Macmillan, 1920).

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

By W. Douglas Newton, Author of *War, The North Afire, The Undying Story, Phillip in Particular, The War Cache, Green Ladies, Westward with the Prince of Wales*, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

I.

Heloise Reys and Clement Seadon stood looking at each other, conscious that the unexpectedness of the meeting had revealed to both what each of them felt. The joyous shock of seeing him before her had caused Heloise instinctively to call his Christian name. And Clement, for the same reason, had called out hers.

They stood there smiling, deliciously confused. They were aware of the perfection of the place, its splendid austerity, the deep beauty of its valleys, the lyric shine of the radiant sunlight upon harsh mountain-slope, green grass, and the jewel-like blueness of the river. They were conscious of the entire appropriateness of the setting—and of each other.

Both saw the other young, fine, comely, and candid. Both saw in the other that something extra; that thrill; that abrupt, sharp, intimate something that sweeps over the senses like a breath of divine music. Both *knew*, and yet were doubtful and timid. And both blushed.

Heloise stood more erect than ever, her slim figure an exquisite line, the colour tinting her soft white skin to something even more glorious, her eyes more than bright. Her mind, feminine and amazingly quick in recovery, caused her to cover up that 'Clement!' 'Mr Seadon,' she said. 'But how astonishing to see you here!'

Clement walked towards her. He stood by her, smiling. 'Now I 've begun,' he said, 'I 'm going to keep to the Heloise—may I?'

She blushed again, her small, firm, delightful chin lifted deliciously. 'Why—of course—Clement. But it really is astonishing that you should be here now. And rather—rather nice. All this'—she indicated the view—'it is all so very beautiful.'

'It 's very beautiful,' he agreed. 'But my being here isn't very astonishing. I have been as close as possible to you ever since you left Quebec. I might have caught up with you, only you did dodge so.'

A shadow suddenly appeared on her face. 'Yes,' she said slowly, 'we did dodge. We dodged a great deal—a great deal too much, in fact.' Her eyes were upon him, asking him a question. He saw at once that suspicion as to the true facts of her journey had come into her mind.

Before he could speak, however, she had realised that the hand that had taken hers, had held it longer than a mere polite greeting entailed, was his left hand. She appreciated, suddenly, that his right arm was incapacitated, was in a sling.

'Your arm!' she cried, a sudden anxiety, a sudden tenderness, in her voice. 'What has happened to your right arm?'

'Oh—I have hurt it.'

'Hurt it?' Her eyes demanded the truth.

'Nothing much,' he said. 'An injury that will heal pretty soon.'

'Clement!'

'Don't let's bother about it.'

'You—you got that injury because of me,' she said. 'Because you were looking after me—my interests. Isn't that so?'

'Yes, it is so,' he said.

'I knew it. I'm beginning to be—not so stupid, Clement,' she said. 'How did it happen?'

'Oh—it was a pistol-shot.' Clement was thinking that, after all, this might be the easiest way to tell her all that was to be told.

Her face paled a little; her lips trembled. 'O-oh!' she breathed. 'O-oh, because I was a little fool, would not understand this—anything terrible might have happened!' Clement made to speak. She said quickly, 'Who was it, Clement? Neuburg?'

Clement, startled at her use of that name, at the depth of her knowledge, answered, 'No, not Neuburg; Mrs Wandersun.'

'The agent?' she cried. 'The wife of the man who was writing to me from Sicamous?'

There was a quick sound behind them. Somebody was coming in agitation and hurry. A voice, panting and excited, called, 'Loise! Loise! Quick! I must speak to you. At once, Loise.'

They turned on the companion Méduse Smythe. She stared at Clement; her hand flew to her throat. A guttural sound came from her, and she gulped and cried, 'The Englishman—*donner*—the Englishman!'

'The Englishman who doesn't look brainy, and whom you thought safely interned in Montreal, Miss Smythe—or is it Neuburg, or —or Nachbar?'

'Nachbar!' cried the woman, in fright. 'Nachbar! You know about Nachbar?'

'I knew about Nachbar,' said Clement deliberately, and watching her closely. 'But Nachbar is dead.'

'Dead!' cried the woman shrilly. 'Dead—Albrecht dead!'

'Yes, Mrs Nachbar, he is dead, and we know all about him; we know that you are his wife, though you pose as an unmarried woman. We know everything.'

The woman stared at him wildly; then she turned, and at her best speed rushed towards the hotel. As she went a man who had come out on to the terrace saw her. He immediately changed the direction of his walk and followed her.

'What will happen to her?' cried Heloise.

'She is about to be arrested. That man who followed her is a detective. He is Xavier Gatineau, who has been working with me.'

II.

They sat down in the wicker chairs that were near them on the terrace; for a moment both were silent as they gazed out over the superb vista of the valley.

'I funk this telling you, Heloise,' said Clement presently. 'I funked it rather more a little while ago; but you say you have begun to have suspicions——'

'When you did not keep that appointment in Quebec,' she said impulsively. 'That was when I began to feel that something was amiss. I was hurt and angry about that lawyers' letter,' she smiled across at him. 'Perhaps I am still, a little, for it has to be explained. But hurt and offended though I felt, I *knew* in my heart that something was wrong when you failed to meet me. I knew that wasn't you. I didn't know what happened—I don't know yet—but through all my anger at you I knew you were not the sort to fail in appointments. Something had happened to you.'

'Something had,' smiled Clement. 'I'll tell you presently. Go on.'

'Oh, there is nothing very much in it. I had had a message on the night of the day you had spoken to me at lunch, and Méduse and I had arranged to leave Quebec for Cobalt on the early train, to meet a man I had once known—Henry Gunning. But I suppose you know all about Henry Gunning?'

'Yes,' said Clement.

'And more than I know, perhaps?' said the girl, looking at him.

'Much more than you know,' said Clement.

The girl blushed, and said quickly, 'Well, then, I'll confine myself to the happenings as they occurred. Only, I want to say, when I knew Harry in England I was young, and he was young. We lived in the country, and we were lonely. He was, really, my only companion. He was jolly and full of vivacity; we played games together. He was a splendid comrade. If I had had other companions I might not have thought so; but I didn't have other companions. I had the sort of love-affair with him that a girl does have when she has her hair down. She is in love not so much with a man as with an ideal—a Sir Galahad, an unreality, if you like. He was the male thing on which I could hang my poetic, emotional abstractions—and I did. It was, I suppose, the usual girlish affair—very few kisses, but plenty of little keepsakes, dried flowers, and sixpences broken in twain, and so on. But it seemed a genuine emotion.'

'Yes, they are genuine emotions,' Clement said. 'There is an untrammelled idealism about them that we look back to with a sort of awe.'

The girl caught her breath. 'You *do* understand,' she breathed.

Clement looked at her. 'It is very easy to understand with you,' he said.

She went on quickly: 'Well, he went away, perhaps rather romantically. He was the Great

Misunderstood—so we both thought. All the grown-ups about us misunderstood him. We were youth arrayed against the callous elders. He wrote not very regularly. I wrote often. I remember his letters were more and more unsatisfactory. He would not respond to—to my sentimentalities; and his grousing against fate became more and more tedious, so the letters fell off, and stopped, and I forgot him.

'Then my father died, and I seemed to be frightfully alone, with nobody to turn to—nobody to spend myself on. And a little later I heard from him. It was a better letter than those old letters. It seemed to be more courageous. It gave me the impression that he had become manly. He was keeping a stiff upper lip in spite of immense discouragement. That letter had an effect on me. It took me back—took me back to those vivid days. It brought all the good to my memory. I forgot that he had seemed tiresome, unresponsive. I suppose—I suppose I became frightfully sentimental.

'I wrote back to him—he was out here, at Sicamous—asked him to tell me all about himself and his difficulties. And then he told me about this big mining scheme of his. You remember we spoke of it on the ship.'

'I remember. I advised you to go carefully, warned you against roguery—and Neuburg was eavesdropping.'

'Was he?' cried the girl. 'I never knew that.'

'No, because he acted—that was why you got the lawyers' letter. But go on; I'll tell you my side later.'

'Well, he wrote to me about those mines—a manly letter—telling me what they were worth, how he was handicapped through lack of money, and yet not asking for help. That letter touched me; it seemed to me the letter of a man whose soul had been refined of meanness in the fires of hard experience. There was no attempt to play on my—my feelings through pity. There was no grumbling at hard fate. Yet—yet it was the letter of a man who had—had never forgotten me, I thought; who was only waiting until luck changed and he was able to realise the huge fortune that was ready to his hand, to come home and—and——' She paused in some confusion; then she went on rapidly: 'It really was as though a new—another man was writing to me.'

'It probably was,' said Clement dryly. 'In fact, I think it was Neuburg.'

'Neuburg was behind all this, then? I am beginning to think he was. But that letter—well, it did affect me. I had nobody—nothing else to think of, and I suppose I became romantic over it. I suppose I began dreaming of myself as a fairy princess, a lady bountiful, a sort of Queen Cophetua——'

'No, don't regret that,' smiled Clement. 'It was a genuine emotion, anyhow.'

She smiled at him, touched his arm with her fingers as though in gratitude at his understanding, and went on. 'Those were my emotions. And then everything seemed to be leading me towards one end. My companion, who had been with me many years, gave notice. She had come into money, and wished to be independent. One gets settled in the habits of companions, and I was at my wits' end to find another. My old companion said she had a cousin who had spent many years in Canada who was looking for a position with just such a one as myself. Canada seemed a blessed coincidence. I was thrilled. I saw the cousin—that is, Méduse Smythe—and didn't like her very much; but she knew Canada. At the first interview I asked her outright if she knew Sicamous, and she answered, quite easily, that she had stayed there. And she then began to talk so charmingly of its beauties and its sport, of the beauties of the Rocky Mountains generally, that two things began to happen to me. The first was that I began to fall under her spell. The second was that I became keen to go to Canada—for a mixture of reasons, naturally. I wanted to see this beautiful land, and that impulse was connected with the fact that I might see Harry and the beautiful land at one and the same time; also, there was the fact that under the wing of some one so knowledgeable and capable as Méduse I might easily and comfortably see Canada and Harry—and—and make up my mind about both. So I engaged her.'

'I will bet,' said Clement, 'she made no mention of knowing Henry Gunning at that first meeting.'

'You are right,' the girl smiled; 'she was much too clever for that. It came out quite accidentally one day when she was talking of Sicamous. But you have heard most of this—from Mr Hard?'

'Yes, Mr Hard gave me an outline,' agreed Clement.

'Well, she talked of Harry Gunning as the man down on his luck, as the Englishman who would be a millionaire one day. She had seen him about when she was at Sicamous. But she couldn't tell me much, she said. When I pressed her, giving her details and reasons for wanting to know, she said the best thing for me to do was to write to a Joe Wandersun, who had acted as a guide to the family she served. He was something important in Sicamous; he could give me information. Well, I wrote to Joe Wandersun. He answered, and his letter supported all that Harry's letter had implied. Henry Gunning had very important mining-claims which, if they were financed and developed, would make him a millionaire. Wandersun said frankly that he was not friendly with Henry Gunning, for Gunning had such a bee in his bonnet about working hard and keeping sober, and was so neglectful of

social amenities to this end, that he was scarcely human; but he had to admit that on the expert assay Harry's claims had the goods and had the chance of a fortune.'

'The scoundrel—and a clever one,' said Clement. 'That friendly, yet candid, touch was Neuburg, naturally. That, I suppose, decided you to make the journey to Canada?'

'No. Méduse Smythe did that.'

'Eh?' cried Clement. 'That did not seem a clever move.'

Heloise immediately understood.

'Oh, it was a clever move,' she said. 'I was all for sending money from England to Harry in Sicamous. Méduse was against that. She insisted that was most unsound and unwise. She said, "My dear, this may be a swindle——"'

'Good Gad, the brilliant hussy!' gasped Clement.

'Yes, it was brilliant. She wanted to get *all*, not a part. She told me that if I knew as much about Canada as she did I should move with great wariness. Canada was full of wild-cat schemes to entrap people at a distance. Only by being on the spot, by consulting experts on the spot, could one be sure that one was not being done. Oh, yes, Méduse Smythe showed me the folly of sending cash, and gradually got me in the frame of mind to visit and see for myself——'

'Taking your cash along with you?'

The girl looked at him. 'So you've found that out too. It is true. She said that, if I was bent on this venture, I could easily take cash along with me. If I put it to the credit of a Canadian bank, there would be then no delay in financing Harry. And that is what I did. I transferred a large sum of money to a Canadian bank, Méduse helping me with her knowledge of Canada; cut short the admonitions of my lawyer, Hartley Hard, by keeping him right outside my confidence; and so I sailed for Canada.'

'And met me, who also began to admonish you, as your lawyer did. Is this where you began to get suspicious?'

'Perhaps it was. After all, I felt you were honest. But it was when you failed to keep your own appointment at Quebec that I really began to examine things with—with an unsentimental eye. In the first place, you waited until you had got Méduse Smythe out of the way before speaking to me at lunch on that day, and obviously what you had to say to me at the interview was not to be heard by her. After that lunch she seemed agitated, and, particularly, sought out Mr Neuburg in the lounge of the Château Frontenac, only losing her agitation after she had spoken to him. I didn't see anything in this, though I noticed what was happening—casually. I only began to pick up my wits, so to speak, when you did not turn up at nine-thirty as you had arranged.

'As I say, however angry I might have been with you, I never for a moment imagined you were the sort to break appointments. I became a little discomposed myself. I remembered Méduse's agitation—how she had found it necessary to speak to Mr Neuburg; how she had quietened when she had seen him. I remembered how you had spoken of both of them on the boat—they were blocking you out. I remembered then how they had actually tried to do that. I remembered it was Méduse who had found the lawyers' letter on the deck—an insignificant thing in itself, but it fitted in. Yes, I began to look for small things.

'I had received a telegram at the post-office telling me that Henry Gunning, who had left Sicamous on business, had gone to Cobalt. We had reserved a section on the morning train to Montreal, and I tested Méduse. I said I thought I would wait a day looking round Quebec before going on—and watched her. That disturbed her a great deal. She protested we must go on. We had reservations. Also, who knew what might happen to Harry Gunning? He might not be staying on at Cobalt, and so on, and so on. She, who had always played the part of an indulgent, slightly amused, and sentimental onlooker, protested too much. I—well, I was still a little vexed with you, and there seemed really no reason to stay—you might not turn up—so we went on to Cobalt.

'But I had begun to suspect Méduse, begun to watch her. All the warnings I had had, yours and the lawyer's, crowded in upon me, and I was alert.'

'Were you—frightened?'

'No. No, never frightened,' she said candidly. 'Perhaps I never realised any danger. Was there? But of course——'

'It was better you didn't,' said Clement. 'I'll tell you later. Go on.'

(*Continued on page 499.*)

SPORT IN NORWAY AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

THE numerous British sportsmen who had been in the habit of visiting Norway regularly prior to 1914 found on their return to that country after the war that during their compulsory absence a good many unwelcome changes had taken place.

The salmon-angler soon discovered that he had no longer a practical monopoly of all the best rivers, and that many of these had been secured by Norwegian merchants and shipowners who had made fortunes out of the great European convulsion. The competition thus induced, to-

gether with the greatly enhanced market-price of the fish, caused the riparian owners to open their mouths very wide indeed when it came to renewing or obtaining the lease of a river, so that, what with the increased cost of living, driving and house accommodation, quadrupled boatmen's wages, and so on, the cost of good salmon-angling in Norway has pretty nearly reached the Scottish level.

Such was the demand last year that beats which are intrinsically worth next to nothing for salmon-angling purposes were let at high rents, with eminently unsatisfactory results for the tenants; and until would-be lessees insist, before committing themselves, on obtaining details of the bags previously made on the stretch of water in question, cases of the kind will continue to recur.

As with every other form of eatable, the price of reindeer venison rose enormously during the war, and in consequence poaching and illegal shooting assumed formidable proportions. Bands of men, armed with magazine-rifles, scoured the mountains throughout the close season and fired at long range into the herds of deer, killing many and wounding more. On that vast expanse of mountain and glacier known as the 'Hardanger Vidden,' and on some considerable tracts of privately owned territory also situated in the south-western part of the country, there still exist a number of wild reindeer; but of the countless herds that formerly roamed the fields of central and northern Norway hardly any remain; they have been practically wiped out by pot-hunting natives. The killing of wild reindeer will probably be absolutely prohibited by law throughout the whole country to the north of the Bergen railway for a period of at least five years.

On account of the well-known objection which the deer entertain to crossing that line, no assistance in the shape of migration from the south can be expected; but a few small isolated herds are still to be found among the Hemsedal, Laerdal, Aurdal, and other mountain tracts, and were these accorded freedom from persecution for some such length of time there would be a chance, at any rate, of their avoiding extermination.

As with the wild reindeer, so with the elk, 'the pride of the Scandinavian forests.' From nearly all parts of Norway come reports to the effect that this noble animal has either ceased to exist or has diminished greatly in numbers of late years. Nor is this to be wondered at, as the natives in many districts would seem to be bent on exterminating it.

The following is a case in point. Some time ago a great outcry was raised by the proprietors in the extensive basin of the Glommen ('Österdal,' as it is called) in regard to the damage supposed to have been done to their forests by the elk, and they actually received permission from the authorities to hunt in winter. In this they were so successful that they pretty nearly wiped out the stock. When in January the snow lay deep, they were able on 'ski' to run down the practically helpless animals, and between fifty and sixty were killed. In the same part of the country, too, a new method of evading the game laws on a large scale has been adopted. Taking advantage of the clause which permits a hunter to follow on to neighbouring ground an elk which has been put up on territory where he has the right to shoot, bodies of men assemble, armed with Krag-Jörgensen rifles, and under the guidance often of the worst poachers in the neighbourhood. When an elk has been found, they make it the ostensible object of pursuit for days together, through one property after another, killing it and any others they chance to come across in their progress.

Before negotiating for elk-hunting rights in Norway nowadays the English sportsman would be well advised to think twice!

As regards the red deer, things are no better. In a recent number of the *Norsk Jaeger og Fisker Forenings Tidsskrift* a correspondent, writing from Hangesund, says: 'This noble animal is well on the way to extermination by poachers, and unless something effectual be done to put an end to the work of destruction, it will very shortly have ceased to exist in the west country. There is no respect for the law. The men empty the magazines of their rifles at five hundred to six hundred yards or even greater distances, and the dead bodies of the deer thus wounded are found in the forests at all seasons of the year. These deeds are matters of common knowledge, but no intimation is sent to the authorities, and the perpetrators go scatheless. In some parts of Söndhordland, where formerly there used to be a good stock of red deer, I have spent a whole shooting season without falling in with a single animal.'

Another large animal—one which more than any other has ever been intimately associated with rural life in the Norwegian valleys—is, in consequence of the persecution to which it has been submitted of late years, threatened with extinction. Formerly the Englishman, when travelling about the country in search of sport, used every now and again to receive an intimation with regard to the presence of a bear in a certain neighbourhood, and of its depredations there. Such is very rarely, indeed, the case nowadays, and the total number of these animals existing in Norway at the present day is very small indeed. It would seem, however, that bruin is to be given a chance of surviving, and instead of, as hitherto, appearing on the list of beasts of prey for the destruction of which Government rewards are payable, he is to be allowed to enjoy life in peace, and to be protected all the year round.

THE CHAP O' TUNES.

By Mona E. Maud.

I.

THE sun was sinking, kissing the skirts of the purple heather that borders the steep white road of Dead Man's Hill. A drowsiness lay over the little bay; even the tiny breeze from the sea lacked force to flutter the shabby red curtains at the open windows of the 'Mermaids' Comb.' Strange contrast indeed to the gales of winter, that batter against those self-same casements' shutters, bringing down loose tiles, shaking the very walls, hurling breathless humans into the warm shelter of the bar with involuntary precipitateness.

'Like life,' thought the landlord's daughter, Penny Peece, sitting at her small window and gazing out in idle enjoyment of the quiet scene.

Five tempestuous years of war, five secretly agonised years of fear for her sailor lover Bill—and now Bill home unscathed, and even handsomer. Storm, then peace; peace and a dreamy anticipation of joys to come and of the fulfilment of dear desires. For Bill had gone out at once, before ever their new-sprung love could be spoken.

''D-evening, "Penny Piece"!' said a voice.

And looking down, the girl saw Wal Bone, ancient sea-dog, propping his wonted portion of the tavern's structure. Long years of contact with Wal's shoulders had given the exact spot a greasy appearance.

'A good evening indeed,' she replied.

There came the sound of a distant violin, played by a masterly hand.

Bone chuckled. 'Yon chap o' tunes,' he remarked.

Penny Peece leaned farther out. 'Oh, aye,' she answered indifferently. 'Can't think Pontly Bay will fill his cap full of pennies.'

The ancient one below turned and raised his leonine head. 'Mayhappen one Penny will fit his wants,' he said meaningly.

Penny tossed her head. 'Go on with you,' she retorted.

But the door of the 'Mermaids' Comb' opening at that moment, Wal ambled within.

Penny Peece ducked in her head and peered at her bewitching reflection in the mirror. Its beauty brought a smile rippling to her lips. It was joy indeed to love Bill, and to be fair enough to have won his love.

But up from the little cobble-paved path below floated the sound of the fiddle, nearer, louder. A passionate prayer seemed to well from it out and up to the girl's window—a prayer for pity, for a hearing, for love.

And Penny Peece crouched on the floor near the door, as though to get as far from its voice as possible. 'Oh, dearie dear!' she sighed. 'I didn't ought to have laughed and joked and played. And only because Bill was coming home. But there, he couldn't guess that.'

Something hurtled through the window and fell on the shabby dressing-chest—a gorgeous bunch of chrysanthemums! Penny sat rigid, frowning at them. The fiddle, with a final wail, died out. There came the noise of footsteps crossing to the tavern, then the squeaking of its swing-door.

Penny got to her feet and pattered to the chest. Taking up the flowers, she found a tiny note attached to them: 'I've got a wonderful new tune to play to you to-night, up by Windy Heights Woods, when the moon is rising.'

Penny considered. Bill had not spoken yet. Supposing he was not going to speak—had nothing he wanted to say? Or was he shy? Or not certain of his own heart? A little jealousy now . . .

So out in the moonlit Windy Heights Woods the chap o' tunes played his fiddle, seeking to woo Penny Peece with the fantasy of his melody, playing as he had never played before. And Penny sat a half-yard from him, while the music stole to her brain and senses, and all her thoughts fluttered round Bill, the sailor-lad she loved. Her eyes grew dreamy and tender. Under her big hat her face in the moonlight glowed devastatingly fair.

And the chap o' tunes wished devoutly that Penny's eyes might meet his own. But when this at last happened, he knew that for them he was not there, and that his fingers were only playing her away, away into a land of dreams perhaps, but—with Somebody Else.

II.

The tide was going down and the dawn's magical touch lay on everything as by the water's brink the chap o' tunes strolled, thinking of Penny Peece, and of how fair she had looked in last night's moon-illumined world. He wanted to express her beauty in the one language he could master—his fiddle; so he sat him down by the upturned *Alice Jane* and began to play.

He had played a while, with growing eloquence, before he discovered he had an audience of one—a ruddy, sea-and-wind tanned young sailor, who stood regarding him from beyond the next boat with no complimentary expression. And suddenly the fiddle fell mute. The chap o' tunes had no desire to let others share its confidences about Penny.

Following the abrupt silence the ruddy young man spoke—words amazingly relevant and terse. 'What's Penny Peece to you?' he asked.

And the chap o' tunes, staring across at him,

knew unerringly that this must be Somebody Else. Whereat he laughed in relief. This simple sailor was surely a rival he might easily vanquish, he and his fiddle. 'Well,' he answered slowly, 'maybe precisely what she is to you.'

Bill—for Bill it was—bit his lip on an oath, and strode round the *Alice Jane*, then halted dead in front of the chap o' tunes. 'Last night you tossed a flower-bunch up to her window,' he stated. 'And when the moon rose you played your d—— fiddle to her in Windy Heights Woods.'

'Less likely things have happened,' replied the other airily.

'Why?' snapped Bill, and stood, arms folded over his blue jersey, aggressive and impatient.

The chap o' tunes laughed. 'Nay! You should know why,' he retorted.

Whereupon Bill appeared too bewildered or crestfallen to frame a reply. At last he stammered, 'You mean—you mean you love Penny Peece?'

'Why not?' demanded the fiddler soberly. 'Would it be so strange a thing to do?'

The sailor shook his head, and stared across the water with unseeing eyes. 'Have you—has she promised herself to you?' he muttered.

The fiddler bent his head over his fiddle and thought swiftly. 'Well——' he began.

But Bill swung round on his heel. 'I see,' he said, with all the blindness of a big, strong soul, and strode off across the sands.

III.

The day of the chap o' tunes' inevitable departure was drawing near. Yet, though Bill had left the field entirely to him, Penny Peece was no more his than before. The definite question on his lips hovered there unspoken, for fear of as definite a negative for reply. Then, one day, pacing the growing nakedness of Windy Heights, the chap o' tunes met a little circle of gipsies, camping round a fire. He stared at them absently and strolled on. Penny's fair face haunted him, Penny and his aching, unrequited love for her. Unconsciously he turned, retraced his steps, again passed the gipsy circle. It was breaking up now, and he heard an old woman say, 'I'll be down to the bay for maids' fortunes.'

And temptation tapped the chap o' tunes on his shoulder. 'There's a short cut I can show you, dame,' he said, addressing the old hag.

She came briskly, and the chap o' tunes showed her the nearer way, and other things besides.

IV.

By the kitchen door of the 'Mermaids' Comb' maid-of-all-work Miriam giggled and blushed as her small, grimy palm was scanned by a swarthy gipsy woman.

'Lovers! My! Two before next year's eggs is hatched. He, he! Not that you'll take neither, my dear. Not you. 'Tis drive your own pigs you will, and money in the bank!'

'Oh, Penny! Now do!' urged Miriam to some one in the rear.

The old gipsy's claw-like hand closed over the new-comer's reluctant one, her keen eyes noting the girl's appearance. 'What be this?' she muttered, and waved the listening Miriam out of earshot. 'T'r'ble things, dearie, but for my warning words!' she whispered.

Penny involuntarily whitened. It was all nonsense, ridiculous nonsense, of course; yet . . .

'Two lovers. Aye, two, this very now!'

Penny caught her breath.

'And one a sailor, and t'other—well, now, it's somethink with his hands, clutching and stroking and such-like.'

'Fiddling?' asked Penny faintly.

'Aye. Fiddling, 'tis that same. And he loves you true.'

'The—sailor—which?' Penny murmured.

'Nay, him that fiddles, dearie. True he loves. You will be rightly wise to take him.'

'But——?' faltered the girl.

'See here now!' And the old hag peered into her face. 'The sailor, he be false. Yes, surely! There be letters, love-letters, dearie, at this very minute hid somewheres. If I could but see where!' She bent over Penny's inverted palm. 'Wait! It comes. I see sand, the mighty ocean, a boat. It's name is all misty. The—the *Es*—the *Es*——'

'*Esther Mary?*' Penny suggested.

'Aye, dearie, aye! Look there in the *Esther Mary*. Letters, a vasty lot. All love-letters they be, from her to him. Oh, never doubt but 'tis the fiddler feller loves you honest and is your true mate!'

V.

It was sunny on the beach, sunny and deserted, with only the plaintive cry of sea-gulls for company. Bill, mending a net beside his boat, looked up, and espied Penny Peece coming slowly in his direction. And suddenly the beach was more than sunny and pleasantly lonesome; it was heaven's border. And Bill, as yet invisible to the girl, took a deep breath, along with a stern resolve. A month, six weeks, he had held off and gone his way hopeless. Yet the fiddler was not spoken of as her betrothed. And yesterday Penny Peece's eyes had met his, strange and tender and shining. So that those unuttered words had leapt back to the brink of speech. And now they should be spoken.

She was within a few feet of him when he rose and greeted her nervously. But her eyes were cold and hard to-day, and her voice lacking in all friendly warmth; so that, mightily amazed and discomfited, Bill bade

her a diffident good-day and started off uncertainly baywards.

And Penny, with a stifled little choke, sat down by her uncle's boat, the *Alice Jane*, and began to knit with desperate and unconscious haste. Ten minutes had passed and Bill's solitary figure grown minute when at last she crawled to the side of the *Esther Mary* and bent over the boat, groping here and there. Under a loose plank in the centre her searching fingers touched a small tin box. Quickly she carried it to her original position, opened it, examined its contents. Yes, that diabolically clever gipsy had been right! Love-letters—passionate, palpitating scrawls on tattered sheets of paper—were here, each one signed, 'Your lovingest sweetheart, Elsie.'

So Bill, her Bill, did not care any more—perhaps never had really cared for her!

Looking up, Penny discovered him returning—had indeed but just time to stuff the letters back into the box and the box into her work-bag. So quickly came Bill, emboldened by despair. Close up to her he strode and dropped on one knee, seizing her two hands, knitting and all. 'Penny, lass,' he began pleadingly, 'what's come between us? Things didn't used to be so—so strange and miserable. Penny, lass, that fiddler feller—you don't care for him?'

'Let go my hands, Bill!' she bade him angrily.

But he continued to clutch them firmly. 'Not till so be as you look me in the face, lass, and say, "Bill, I love him, and not you!"'

Penny's bonny face was flaming. Bill, for whom she had waited and prayed five long years, and who had been receiving love-letters from some Elsie girl—Bill, to dare to come back to her now! She tore her hands free and got up. 'Whom I love and whom I don't love doesn't matter to you, Bill,' she answered coldly. 'Seeing, anyway, it isn't you!'

He stood away from her at that, staring down on her with miserable eyes. 'Oh, God!' he muttered. 'Oh, God! Penny, lass, I'd hoped since—why, I can't remember when I didn't—— But I reckon I were a conceited fool, and I've gotten what was my due.'

But Penny, the memory of those recently read letters searing her heart, had neither pity nor faith. ''Tisn't every one gets even that!' she retorted bitterly; and picking up her work-bag, she flung off from him and stepped out hurriedly towards the bay.

VI.

The gipsy had foretold the finding of the letters. Penny Peece had found them. The gipsy had declared the fiddler fellow Penny's true lover. Bill had been proved false. Well, Penny Peece did not feel to care much what happened to her now. Wanting Bill, the rest of her life must go bare and bitter. The fiddler or another or none—it was all one to Penny at that moment; except, if anything, the chap o' tunes' fidelity, guaranteed and contrasted with Bill's proven fickleness, tilted the scale in the former's favour.

So next day, when the fiddler took her up Windy Heights Woods, Penny was gentle and friendly, if not encouraging. And the chap o' tunes seized his hour and spoke. But he had not dared to bring his fiddle, lest he should again play Penny back out of his life into the dreams that were to her reality; dreams and the memory of Somebody Else.

And Penny said 'Yes,' indifferently and wearily, her lips unresponsive to his first eager kiss.

Dismally moaned the autumn wind through the thinning woods and stirred the ashes of the gipsies' dead fire. Penny, halting by the charred circle and touching its crumbling fragments with her foot, thought wistfully, 'This is my life to be!'

While the fiddler told himself, 'I have won only Penny's shadow. I shall never win her love!' And that night he could not play. All music had gone from his heart, and his fiddle lay mute.

VII.

Wal Bone continued to prop up the 'Mermaids' Comb.' He had known Penny Peece since she was elbow-high with a head of sun-kissed curls, and somewhere beneath his broad blue jersey Wal Bone had a heart and a memory. Bill and Peece's 'Penny Piece'—as he had long ago christened the child—had been made for one another, in Wal's judgment. Yet here was the girl engaged to that stranger fellow, the chap o' tunes, and Bill wandering about like a lost dog.

'And all three mis'rable, or I'm a tinned herring!' Wal summed up.

Penny couldn't love the chap o' tunes. Hadn't she as good as said so, leaning from her window and disdaining Wal's innuendo that it wasn't a copper coin, value two half-pennies, the fiddler fellow was seeking in Pontly Bay?

So Wal propped and thought, and thought and propped. One day he accosted Bill, or Bill's present self—limp, slouching, indifferent.

''Ullo, fool!'

'Fool yourself, Wal Bone!' retorted Bill, but without the slightest resentment.

'G'arn!' said Wal Bone, and began cleaning out a villainous-smelling pipe. 'You be a credit to the water, you be!'

'Stow it!' muttered Bill. But he halted and consented to take a screw of the other's baccy.

Slowly old Wal struck a match on the thigh of his stiff, tar-grimed trousers, lit his pipe,

puffed, tendered the flame to Bill. 'The bonniest woman-piece ever. And you stands by like a land-druv cod-fish, and lets the chap o' tunes fiddle her out of your life!' he remarked contemptuously.

'Go and drown!' answered poor Bill, without vehemence.

'Not this tide,' Wal replied amiably. 'Reckon you'd best buy a concertiny, Bill. Then learn to play of it, so be as next time you goes suitoring your pitch won't be queered by a bit o' cat-gut!'

Poor Bill had let his pipe go out, and was kicking savagely at the cobble-stones.

'Baccy ain't pleasing of you?' Wal inquired resentfully.

Bill nodded. 'There's no brand like "Foaming Strand,"' he answered. 'Filled my baccy-box full of it last week, I did, and it were pinched from the *Esther Mary*.'

'G'arn! More than yon baccy-box was pinched from thee!' said old Wal impatiently.

There followed a silence, save for the shrieking sea-gulls whirling overhead and the contented grunting of old Mother Dewnut's pigs in a sty near by.

Wal suddenly stood upright and gestured dramatically with his pipe. 'Baccy-box, you says, Bill! It—it were baccy and nought else?'

'Why, yes,' Bill assured him. 'Baccy-box, that's what it were.'

'No souvenirs, no little love-locks off of other gels' heads?' went on the inquisitor sharply. 'No love-letters nor poesy pieces? On your Bible oath, Bill, now!'

'Never a one!' answered the other, bewildered. 'What are you driving at, Wal Bone?'

The old sea-dog swelled out importantly. 'I've a reflector disposition,' he explained proudly. 'Now, you love Peece's "Penny Piece," and Peece's "Penny Piece" loves you, or I'm a hard-boiled jelly-fish. Comes chap o' tunes and bags Peece's "Penny Piece." For why? Some one bags your baccy-box likewise. For why?'

'Good God!' cried Bill. 'If I thought—— Wal Bone, you—you——' He broke off helplessly.

Wal tapped his shoulder.

'What if she were set on to believe some yarn about yon baccy-box? What if she took and opened of it—and—it—weren't—no baccy—she found inside of it?'

Bill swore softly. 'If yon fiddler feller's done this here, I'll fiddle him!' he said angrily.

'Mind ye, all's fair in love and war,' old Wal continued. 'But parson ain't spliced 'em yet. Get in your tune, me lad!'

'Aye, maybe. Though how?' stammered Bill, and put up his hand to his cap to brush away some disturbing sojourner in the air that bumped against it. He crouched forward in profound thought. 'Maybe you'll think of something,' he added unhopefully.

But at that instant came a bump on old Wal's head-gear. He looked up, and was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing. 'Maybe, maybe,' he answered hastily. 'Bide here while I come to ye. I promised Mother Dewnut I'd take a look at them pigs.'

He lounged off, and Bill waited beneath his lost sweetheart's window.

Again came that something, touching Bill's cap this time. Then, dangling before his eyes on a cherry-coloured ribbon, Bill saw his baccy-box! He grabbed it with a hurried exclamation, looked round—and up.

Penny, blushing and smiling and laughing and crying all at once, was leaning out of her window. 'Oh, Bill!' she breathed.

'You! It was you that stole it?' he gasped, hungry, anxious, puzzled eyes lifted to hers.

She nodded. 'They said—the gipsy said there were love-letters in it from some girl to you. Oh, Bill, there were! But——'

Bill was opening the box with shaking fingers, ransacking the contents fiercely, reading here and there in laboured haste. 'You—you believed—you didn't suspicion no trick?' he asked tersely.

She shook her head. 'No. Oh, Bill, I'm that sorry.'

'And—and you gave your word to him!' continued the young man reproachfully.

Penny leant farther forward. 'But not my heart,' she said softly. 'And my word I took back this morning; because—because both belong together.'

'Lass—dear lass!' Bill muttered brokenly.

And as they who built the 'Mermaids' Comb' long ago presumably associated love and lovers, romance and elopements, with upstairs windows of fair maidens' apartments, Bill could reach up a long arm and touch his Penny's hand.

'And when,' continued she, 'I told him I couldn't go on with things—though I wasn't going to marry any one else—not ever—he seemed to grow all sad and shamed of a sudden, and then he said, "Dear Penny, there is Somebody Else, and I stole you from him. Somebody Else's baccy-box was stuffed full of—lies!" And with that he strode off, and left me to think and guess and understand. Oh, Bill! Bill dear!'

'Hark! what's that?' said the sailor presently.

Above the lapping of the waves and sea-birds' cries came a thin trail of melody floating downhill from the moorland road; gay, full of courage and good cheer, it rang out in a wedding march.

''Tis he,' said Penny. 'The fiddler feller playing himself away and us together!'

'Aye. The chap o' tunes,' added Bill. 'And he'll play none the less merry for making a clean breast of it. I'm glad to think so, too. For he's lost you, Penny. And now, because I've learned a bit of what that may mean to a feller, I'm wishing him a quiet mind and a brave kick to his fiddle's tune!'

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BROUGHAM'S DERELICT NOVEL.

By Dr CHARLES M. CLARKE.

THAT a romance written by a celebrated Lord Chancellor of England should have been published without ever getting into the hands of the public, and then have immediately been relegated into a mysterious oblivion, seems almost incredible. The information that the great Lord Brougham, whose impassioned defence of the persecuted Queen Caroline in 1820 before the House of Lords will ever remain a monument of forensic eloquence, once perpetrated a work of fiction in the old-fashioned three-volume form will no doubt come as a surprise to many; while to others who knew of this a short account of the matter by one who is personally connected with it may be interesting. Moreover, there comes in the curious circumstance that the novel in question was not actually published until some years after Brougham's death.

It was in the early forties of last century that he wrote a story entitled *Albert Lunel*, which was published anonymously by his friend Charles Knight of Ludgate Street, now called Ludgate Hill. An early copy of the book was forwarded for review to the *Times*, and received such a scathing criticism at the hands of 'The Thunderer' that the noble author, in a fit of pique, at once suppressed the work, with the result that no other copy got into circulation during his lifetime. It fully deserved the 'slating' it received, for the style was ponderous and verbose, while the matter was eminently dry and uninteresting. As for plot, 'good masters, it had none.' Taken seriously, as a treatise dealing with the secret societies which had flourished a short time previously in Jamaica, *Albert Lunel* had some intrinsic merit. But as a book for light reading, it was about as suitable as Dr Johnson's tragedy of *Irene* was for dramatic presentation. A story, a romance, from the pen of the erudite Lord Chancellor Brougham! His vigour and virility of intellect were marvellous; he sought to excel in all subjects, and so versatile were his literary powers that he is said to have written a whole number of the *Edinburgh Review*, including one article on a difficult operation in surgery and another on Chinese music. No man ever more surely commanded the applause of listening senates, or could more fully stir the depths of popular enthusiasm. His command of language, his audacity, his profound knowledge, all contributed to his hold over an audience, as did his striking, almost grotesque, personal appearance, his lower limbs encased in the inevitable shepherd's-plaid trousers. Speaking to Lord Carlisle anent these garments on one occasion, he said, 'Those *Punch* people can never get my features, and are obleeged to rely on ma plaid trews for my identifeecation.' Yet, in spite of his legal, oratorical, and literary attainments, it is more than possible that his memory will be transmitted to posterity chiefly as the godfather of the respectable professional carriage which was named after him—the 'brougham.' Certainly the novelist's fame was not destined to be his, as perhaps he fully realised when he suppressed *Albert Lunel* before it had been really published.

Well, the result of his action was that the whole edition, consisting of five hundred copies, disappeared; no trace of its existence appeared to remain. At that time the writer's father, Mr Charles Henry Clarke, was in the employ, as confidential clerk, of Mr Charles Knight; but he knew no more than that the copies of the novel were generally supposed to have been disposed of as waste-paper. However, the book was fated to be resurrected eventually from its premature burial.

A few years later my father started in business on his own account as a publisher; but even the great success of his career, the publication in this country of Mrs H. B. Stowe's masterpiece, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*,* did not cause him to forget Brougham's novel, lying somewhere *perdu*. He continued to hope that even yet he might be able to rescue it from oblivion and publish it, and his persistent efforts to that end were destined to be rewarded, as the sequel shows.

Shortly after Lord Brougham's death, which occurred at Cannes in 1868 at the age of ninety, his library at Brougham Hall was brought to the hammer. It was purchased mainly by a second-hand book-dealer named Millard, of St Paul's Churchyard, and then the mystery that had so long shrouded the fate of the hapless novel was solved. Amongst the various items in his lordship's collection of books which reached St Paul's Churchyard were discovered

*See 'Liber Mirabilis,' in *Chambers's Journal* for February 1921.

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the missing five hundred copies of *Albert Lunel*, mostly in sheets. My father promptly negotiated for the entire parcel, which he acquired at a reasonable price. He substituted a fresh title-page, bearing his own name as publisher, in lieu of that of Charles Knight, and having obtained the authority of Brougham's successor in the peerage, inserted on the new title-page the name of the illustrious author. That being arranged, the sheets were bound up in the orthodox three-volume style, and copies sent to the leading papers for review. Whereupon ensued a lively discussion relative to the authenticity of the work, the result being a general consensus of opinion that the long dead-and-buried novel salvaged by Mr Clarke was to be accepted as genuine, and that its claim to be the product of Brougham's pen was incontrovertible.

An advance copy of this edition was purchased by an American publisher for sixty pounds, another by a Berlin firm for forty pounds, while yet a third realised from Paris the sum of fifty pounds. Nearly the whole of the remaining copies were absorbed by the London lending-libraries on the usual terms; not a bad business result altogether, seeing that the price paid by my father for the copyright and the entire stock was only twenty pounds! But the success of his speculation did not finish at that stage; the public interest, excited by the newspaper discussion, reached such a point that he experienced no difficulty in disposing of ten thousand copies of a two-shilling reprint of the book.

To put the volume on one side and revert to the author. Somewhat like John Gilpin's wife, who 'had a frugal mind' even when 'on pleasure she was bent,' Brougham, finding that it would cost him fourteen hundred pounds to put the Great Seal in commission during his absence (it is never allowed to leave the kingdom), abandoned a projected tour up the Rhine and resolved to spend his vacation in Scotland, taking the seal with him. Here something like a scandal was caused by some young ladies at a country-house he visited removing the seal from his bedroom and hiding it in a tea-chest. When his lordship retrieved it, he graciously permitted the fair delinquents to make pancakes between the two discs of the sacred emblem!

The frugal trait in the Lord Chancellor's character developed as the years crept on, so much so that in his extreme old age he made over all his available property by deed of gift to his younger brother, in order that he might escape the heavy death-duties which would otherwise have been levied on the estate.

When Brougham supported the second reading of the great Reform Bill in 1831, on bended knees he begged his fellow-peers to pass the measure. There were various versions at the time of the inner significance of his attitude, some contending that it was a fitting climax to a memorable oration, while his detractors affirmed that the supplicant pose was due to the copious libations of mulled port which his lordship indulged in, as being what Silas Wegg would have described as 'melloring to the organ.'

A supernal visitation to which Lord Brougham refers in his autobiography may, I think, be fittingly interpolated here. He had formed in his youth at college a very close friendship with a fellow-student, and the two had entered into a solemn compact that when either should predecease the other, he should pay a post-mortem visit to the survivor. Many years passed; all recollection of the compact had faded from memory, nor had his thoughts reverted for a long time to the fellow-student, when, one night in Russia, while lying supine in a hot bath, Brougham looked over the edge, and recognised the form of his friend. It was a great shock, and he never knew how he got out and dried himself. Shortly after he learned that his old chum had died in India on the day his spectral visitant appeared.

It is no longer open to question that Lord Brougham wrote *Albert Lunel*. But in case of any lingering suspicions, the writer may sum up the circumstantial and documentary evidence. It was printed by William Clowes of Stamford Street, the son-in-law of Charles Knight, and published by the latter at the very time when he was most closely connected with Brougham over the volumes issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Then, further, there was the distinct recollection by my father of the order by the author for the printing of the story and of the circumstances connected with its suppression; also the written admission by the second holder of the title that the book undoubtedly was the product of his erudite brother's pen; and, lastly, the fact that amongst the papers of the deceased peer there was found the account rendered by Charles Knight for the printing and other expenses connected with the production of five hundred copies of *Albert Lunel*.

Even the *Encyclopædia Britannica* grudgingly admits that a novel under that title 'was attributed' to Brougham.

Such is the 'full, true, and particular history' of the long-lost literary offspring of a great author's brain; but there remains a fact connected with that author which may prove of some interest to the present generation, especially as it is not generally known even in literary circles. In consequence of some real or fancied grievance which Richard Doyle, the celebrated artist, cherished against Brougham—possibly it was for his opposition to the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, Doyle being a devout, not to say bigoted, Roman Catholic—he, when designing the title cover for *Punch*, inserted a caricature of his lordship, which remains in

evidence to the present day. At the front of the procession forming the base of the wrapper you may see a mask being trailed along the ground by a sprite, who precedes the donkey whereon sits the heroic form of Punch caressing an attendant nymph. That mask is an uncomplimentary sketch of the features of Brougham, whose most prejudiced admirers would never have described him as a handsome specimen of humanity; for his features appeared to have been clumsily moulded in *terra cotta*, or crudely chiselled out of a block of Aberdeen granite.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

II.

'THERE'S nothing very much more to say,' said Heloise. 'When we got to Cobalt I began to inquire for Harry—I, of course, was the leader of the expedition, and Méduse had nothing to say. Then a curious thing happened. I got to the hotel, and I asked the manager if he knew anything about Harry. He knew nothing. We went to our rooms; we would have a rest, and then we would go out and see the police and any people who might give us information regarding Harry's whereabouts. Later Méduse made some excuse and left me. Presently she came back, agitated. She said nothing, but fussed about the room. Again, after some time, the telephone-bell rang. She rushed at it before I could move. When she hung up, she said, "Silly of them; it's a message for me. They've put it through to the wrong room." When she caught the amazement in my eye—for she had said she did not know anybody in Cobalt—she said lamely, "It's about some washing I sent down. I sha'n't be a minute." That struck me as a palpable lie.

'When she came back again she was even more upset. She rushed at me, and said, "Oh, Loise, I was talking to the manageress about my washing, when I happened to ask if she knew of Henry Gunning. And—what do you think?—she says he has been here, and has gone away again." Of course, I was taken aback. I asked her what it meant, what we should do. She told me that the thing had surprised her, but that she had asked the manageress to make inquiries—which she had agreed to do. When the manageress heard anything she would send up. I felt at once that this was entirely untrue. I mean by that, that though I felt Harry Gunning might have left Cobalt and Méduse knew it, she had not heard the news from the manageress—in fact, had not seen the manageress. I was certain of this—suspicious; though I did not know what had happened.'

'I do,' said Clement. 'I can tell you that part now. Méduse Smythe, when she went out on the first occasion, went to the hotel lobby. There she asked for and received a message from Neuburg, telling her that Gunning had left Cobalt, and that somebody would call on you and tell you the facts. She came back agitated. The telephone rang; she went to it. It was not the man she expected. She went down to the lobby and interviewed not the manageress, but a stranger to her, a Cobalt automobile-driver. He told her about Gunning—far too much about Gunning. She saw to it that he did not reach you, that nobody reached you, to tell you about Gunning. That is why she came back agitated a second time.'

'How are you so certain about this?'

'Because the man told me himself. He drove me about Cobalt the next day. He had a distinctly unfavourable impression of our friend Méduse. And now I will tell you something else. Some time after this incident a man did call, perhaps from the manageress, to give you all the information you wanted about Gunning.'

'That is quite true,' said Heloise. 'He was sent up, curiously, by the bell-boy; that is, he didn't telephone first. He said the manageress had sent him.'

'Méduse left a note for him in the lobby. It was Joe Wandersun.'

'Of Sicamous?'

'Of Sicamous, but just then travelling in connection with this plot against you. What did he have to say?'

'He said his name was Greely, and that he had been a friend of Henry Gunning's in one of the silver-mines there. Henry Gunning had come to the mines to work in order to get together a certain sum of money. Having obtained that sum, Henry Gunning had left. He had talked with Greely before setting out, and told him some of his business. He said he was going to Montreal, where he might stay perhaps a few hours, perhaps a few days; then he would probably strike back to his home at Sicamous. He gave Henry Gunning an excellent character—and that was all his news.'

'And then you were hustled out of Cobalt,' smiled Clement.

'I was well aware of it. Yes, Méduse's hurry to get out of Cobalt was apparent. She tried to be tactful, but I could see urgency peeping through. And she managed to keep me in the hotel. As we had to leave early, I should need rest. I could see that there was some reason behind it all.'

'There was. *I* was the reason. I was coming

to Cobalt as fast as trains could carry me,' said Clement.

The girl smiled and went on. 'Well, seeing that there was something in the air, I played into her hands, pretended to agree—so that she would, perhaps, feel more secure and give herself away. After a lot of talk, we agreed to go to Montreal to try to catch Gunning. But before doing that Méduse said that she thought we had better wire our movements to Sicamous, so that, in case Henry Gunning did turn up there, Wandersun could keep in touch with us. The thinness of that suggestion was obvious to me, but I agreed to it just to see how matters developed. It was a link in the chain of suspicion connecting Mr Hard's warnings and yours, the actions of Mr Neuburg and Méduse, and these strange dodgings about of Harry Gunning. Méduse wrote out a long telegram giving our route to Montreal, and sent it off to Sicamous.

'That was another slip. She depended too much on my apparent innocence and lack of knowledge of Canada, for, though Méduse took the tickets and controlled the whole of our movements, so that in ordinary circumstances I should not have noticed anything, being suspicious I noticed a lot. I studied one of those folder maps the railway company give away, and I saw that, instead of following the main line from North Bay to Montreal, we went south, and had to change on an out-of-the-way line at a place called Scotia, and then went east again to a place called Payne, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

'Now, although we had made such a queer roundabout journey to get to Payne, I knew of it because it was one of the places mentioned in our telegram to Sicamous, when it was named as a place where we could pick up a message. And at Payne, sure enough, a wire awaited us. It was from Wandersun. It told me that a message had been sent along by Henry Gunning to a friend in Sicamous saying that he had been to Montreal, and had to leave it for another place he did not mention, but that he hoped to be returning almost at once to the west, probably staying a day or two for a holiday in Banff.

'After discussing that telegram, Méduse and I decided to come on straight to Banff. She extolled its beauties as a place for waiting in, anyhow. But by now I was thoroughly aroused, and thinking hard. I knew definitely that something was wrong. I knew definitely that Méduse was in it, and that somebody was behind it all—and I suspected Mr Neuburg. I began to suspect that Henry Gunning was either a catspaw or a rogue, and that the warnings I had had from Mr Hard and the hints I had had from you had real foundation. No, I wasn't frightened. I was still of the comfortable and sedate habit of mind of those who live in well-protected England. I felt that I should be safe all through. But I began to plan too, to think out schemes for outmanœuvring them.'

A bell-boy came out on the terrace. He was calling, 'Miss Reys. Miss Hel—Miss H. Reys. Miss H. Reys.' Heloise summoned him, took a telegram from him, and, without opening it, went on.

'As we came west I noticed more and more in Méduse to fill me with suspicion. She was always expecting some message, I could see. At the places we stayed at—Winnipeg, for example—she talked vaguely about it being pleasant to spend a day or two there, or to travel from there to some beauty-spot. Then, after visiting the desk and getting a telegram—yes, I am afraid I spied on her—she forgot all about her suggestion for stopping our journey, and was all for pressing on again. When she arrived here, she again, and as secretly as usual, asked for a message, and, getting none, was immensely upset. And then, when she did get one, she was almost too transparently pleased and composed. Of course, she did not show these messages to me.'

'The last one would have been interesting,' said Clement. 'I happen to know what was in it. You see, *we* sent it.'

'I'm all on fire to hear about *that*,' she smiled. 'It seems from your remarks—rather attractive as well as interesting. But I have finished my part now. All these things told me that the whole business was wrong. Some sort of conspiracy was afoot. I did not know what it was, but I suspected everybody. I suspected Méduse, I more than suspected Mr Neuburg, I suspected this painstaking agent Joe Wandersun—and Henry Gunning I more than suspected. My feelings for Henry Gunning'—— Clement's lips tightened. He must tell her about Henry Gunning, and it was an ugly thing to tell—he was afraid of it. Before he could speak she went on. 'No matter about Henry Gunning. I will tell you what I did. I saw I was opposed by something I did not understand, something big and beyond my capacities. I saw that I was alone. I saw that there was not only nobody about me I could trust or turn to, but there was practically nobody in Canada. . . . No; wait a moment. . . . I thought it out steadily. I realised that I had been a stupid, blundering fool, and had plunged into something which would perhaps mean—mean at least my financial ruin—perhaps more. I realised that I was incapable of extricating myself, unless I took steps. So I took steps. I left Méduse in the lounge here satisfied with the fact that, though I had said I was going for a stroll in the grounds of this hotel, I could not go far without a hat. I walked round the hotel, came out on the road behind it. I found an automobile, and went down to the station and back without Méduse being any the wiser.'

'And what did you do at the station?' asked Clement.

She stared at him. 'I thought you, being'—— Then she looked at the unopened telegram in her hand. 'But perhaps this will explain.' She handed it across without opening it. Clement took it, opened it, read it. It was from the Canadian Pacific Offices in Montreal; it said:

'Clement Seadon should be Banff Springs Hotel if not get in touch Cager C.P.R. Agent Sicamous Station.'

The message was signed by J. Fiscal—that is, by The Chief.

'You sent for me?' said Clement.

'I sent for you,' she answered, blushing a little.

'I didn't know you knew The Chief.'

'The Chief?' she cried.

'The Chief of the C.P.R. Police. This wire 's from him.'

She took it from him and looked at it. 'No, I don't know him, and I didn't wire to him. I wired to my bankers at Montreal. I told them to try to trace you from the Château Frontenac; to get in touch with you at all costs and tell you I was here, and—and needing your help. The Chief—why does he answer?'

'Because he 's in this too. He 's been working for you all along. He has been in touch with your bankers already, so they knew where to turn when you wired. It 's mainly through him that we 've been able to succeed—save you.'

The girl looked at him quickly. 'Tell me from what you have saved me, Clement.'

(*Continued on page 521.*)

BY THE SHORES OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

By Charles E. Alford.

I.

THERE is something about the seashore that appeals to almost everybody—even to those who otherwise take no interest in the wonders of Nature; indeed, the joy of delving amid the pools of some rocky beach, and unravelling the secrets revealed by the ebbing tide, is a pleasure that remains with us long after the days of spade and bucket have passed into oblivion.

Unfortunately the British public, though they will travel many miles to admire the landscape of some foreign land, care all too little for the beauties of their own. And though the Old Country can still boast many magnificent stretches of coast-line, the few remaining beauty-spots are slowly but surely vanishing before a 'civilisation' that prefers the jangle of a 'jazz band' to the cry of sea-birds and the soft music of the waves.

Happily, however, there still remain a few corners of the earth where, far from the din of nigger minstrels, we may listen, undisturbed, to the voice of Nature; and a short description of the little bays and creeks of Vancouver Island, in the North Pacific, and some of the queer objects to be found upon their beaches, may not be without interest to those whose seaside rambles are perforce restricted to the shores of our native land.

Vancouver Island forms the southernmost and largest of a long chain of islands that extends down the western coast of Canada, from the Skeena River to as far south as the International Boundary. It is separated from the mainland of British Columbia by Queen Charlotte Sound, Johnstone Strait, and the Gulf of Georgia, the last-named scarcely thirty miles across at its greatest width, and thickly studded with rocky islands—some of them mere reefs, where only the sea-birds make their homes; others as large and fertile as the Isle of Wight, and the abode of many prosperous settlers.

The climate of Vancouver Island is very similar to that of Great Britain, though the summers in the southern half are drier and brighter, whilst most of the rain falls during the winter months. The scenery is magnificent—that of the interior, with its dense forests of fir, turquoise lakes, and great blue misty mountains, recalling somewhat the wilder regions of Scotland; whilst the coast-line, dented throughout its length with rocky bays and frowning gorges, is said to rival in its rugged grandeur even the fiords of Norway.

Viewed from the sea, the rough, shaggy beauty of these little bays almost baffles description—the smooth sandy beach, littered with the prostrate forms of giant trees that have drifted from the lumber-mills during the winter's gales; the bold rocky headlands; and, towering in the background, the cold gray cliff, its fir-clad summit showing warm and green against the blue of an Italian sky.

The waters seem bewitched, so still are they, and so crystal-clear that deep down amid the fairyland of shells and pebbles one can spy the yellow starfish sprawling on the ocean-bed; and in the darker, greener depths vague gliding forms that mingle with the shadows, and tiny streaks of silver that flash and vanish beneath the weeds.

II.

Mauve starfish. I never knew such queer things existed until one day, at low tide, I came upon a little beach so covered with these pretty creatures that it was difficult to walk without

crushing one at every step. Apart from their strange colour, they were not unlike their British cousins; and just as the yellow coat of our own familiar species matches the golden shores of the Motherland, in the same way the mauve of these beautiful asteroids blends perfectly with the soft gray sands of the North Pacific.

A starfish that would create some sensation on an Old Country beach is *Pisaster papulosus*, an enormous five-rayed creature, orange-yellow in colour, measuring nearly two feet in diameter. It is seldom to be met with on the shore; but if we row out a little distance and then peer downwards through the limpid water we shall surely see it, sprawling in a great bloated heap on the gravelly bottom.

It may not be generally known that each arm of a starfish is, to a certain extent, capable of a separate existence; that each is equipped with an eye, a rudimentary gut, and reproductive organs; and that, if one arm be removed, another will grow from the stump of the amputated limb.

One of the most interesting objects of the seashore is the clam, a small bivalve about the size of an oyster, that may be found at low water, embedded in the surface of the mud. Owing to its delicate flavour, it is much in request as an article of food, and is familiar to most people in the form of clam chowder—an appetising dish, very popular in Canadian hotels.

The clam has a curious habit of squirting jets of water into the air, the stream sometimes attaining a height of two feet or even more; and to sit on some quiet beach when the tide is low, whilst all around thousands of these little jets play into the air like miniature geysers, and the whole muddy shore seems to squelch and ooze with movement, is an experience that makes one realise the teeming mass of life which everywhere surrounds us; that there is, in truth, scarcely a grain of sand that is not tenanted by some living, breathing organism, lowly though it may be.

Perhaps one of the strangest sights to be seen in this part of the world is the masses of jelly-fish that congregate, during the summer months, in some of the more sheltered waters along the coast. There are several species, the commonest being rather a small creature, about the size of a saucer, transparent and quite colourless, but very beautiful when examined closely. They are to be found chiefly at the mouths of inlets and harbours, and in some places swarm in such millions as to make the surface of the water one seething mass of jelly. When viewed from a little distance the actual jelly-fish are not readily seen, owing to their transparency; but each individual makes a ring on the surface exactly resembling a rain-drop, and the appearance of these millions of rings on the water is so suggestive of a shower as frequently to mislead the uninitiated into the belief that it is raining.

The seaweed of the North Pacific is strange-looking stuff, known locally by the name of kelp. It consists of a brown rope-like stem, twenty to fifty feet in length, bearing at its extremity an onion-shaped fruit which rests upon the surface of the water, and from which depends a bunch of ribbon-like leaves not unlike the familiar seaweed of the Old Country. The whole stem is best likened to an inverted whip, the handle or thick end—about three inches in diameter—resting on the surface, and tapering downwards towards the roots, where it is not much thicker than a stout piece of string. It is extremely strong, and in an emergency makes an excellent substitute for rope. In summer the kelp grows in large clumps from rocky bottoms, and, owing to its great length, is of service to navigators in marking the situation of submerged reefs. With the approach of autumn, however, it becomes detached from the rocks, and drifts about on the surface in snake-like masses, large quantities frequently being cast up on the shore during the winter's gales.

It is not often that one meets with an octopus, save amid the pages of a story-book; but not long ago I discovered one of these brutes stranded on a sandy beach, some little distance from the water's edge. It was of a reddish-brown colour, with arms about three feet long—not a large specimen when compared with the monsters having tentacles over twenty feet in length; albeit an evil-looking beast, whose presence in the water would hardly add to the enjoyment of a bathe. When I prodded it the creature emitted a quantity of dark fluid, but it was otherwise quite defenceless, having by some accident become detached from the rocks which are its natural home, and to which it clings with remarkable tenacity by means of the suckers on its arms. I tested the power of these suckers by placing a stick against one of the arms, which at once coiled round it, and held on with such an iron grip that it was only by using considerable force that I could make the creature release its hold. With seven such arms firmly planted on a submerged rock, and the eighth coiled round the limb of some unsuspecting bather, one can readily imagine the hopeless plight of the victim, should he be seized by one of the larger members of this family. It is said, however, that the octopus will rarely attack a man.

Of the smaller fry, crabs, barnacles, mussels, periwinkles swarm everywhere; tiny minnow-like fishes and fat 'bullheads' disport themselves in the rocky pools; and green slippery eels flap and wriggle beneath the weeds. There are, indeed, few of our familiar friends of the Old Country beaches that may not be found in equal abundance on these distant shores.

III.

Yet, with all its varied inhabitants, the seashore would be but a wilderness were there no

birds to cheer us on our rambles. The presence of our feathered friends adds life and beauty to any landscape, and along these lonely beaches their sweet companionship is especially welcome.

The pretty gray and white belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*), one of the most delightful birds in all Canada, is our constant companion; there is, indeed, scarcely a yard of beach along the entire coast that is not included in the fishing-ground of one of these charming creatures, for each individual has its own particular beat, beyond the confines of which it seldom ventures. A resounding splash is generally the first indication that we have of his presence, and we may be just in time to see the little angler emerge from the water, his quarry grasped crossways in his bill, and wing his way to the branch of some rotten tree near the water's edge, which is in all probability one of his favourite fishing-posts. Here the victim is hammered to death, and jerked round in the long pointed bill until it is in a convenient position for swallowing. Sometimes the quarry is nearly half the size of its captor, but that appears to make no difference; a few quick gulps will usually settle the business, and down goes the fish, head first, into the capacious interior of *Ceryle alcyon*. The meal finished, our little friend elevates his beautiful black crest, gives his feathers a shake, and with a loud, laughter-like cackle flies off to try his luck at some other favoured spot.

Another entertaining companion is the crow, a bird that in these parts is becoming almost as marine in its habits as the gulls, and at low water may always be found either exploring the rocks for the shell-fish on which it feeds, or stalking about the beach in search of any garbage that may have been washed up by the tide. It is a most amusing creature, very wary and deliberate in its actions, and, like others of its family, extremely intelligent. When it finds a shell too tough for its beak to tackle, the crow flies with it into the air and drops it on to the rocks below; and if the shell is not broken at the first attempt, it is again carried aloft and dropped from a still greater height, until it does crack.

Science tells us that the actions of animals are governed solely by instinct; that they are unable to reason, because they are devoid of intellect; and that it is the possession of this quality that places man so far above beasts in the scale of creation. Speaking, not as a scientist, but as a close observer of nature, I should say that it is not so much the possession of intellect, but rather the high state of development it has attained in man that entitles him to his place above other living creatures; that animals can and do reason; and that the crow's method of breaking shells is evidence not only of a definite chain of reasoning, but of a high degree of intelligence.

Whether, however, it be intellect or merely instinct that determines the actions of our animal friends, it is quite evident that their impulses and emotions can be just as deep and beautiful as our own; whilst a knowledge of the life-histories of many creatures must surely make even the most self-satisfied amongst us pause and consider whether the human animal, with all his intelligence, is really such a very superior being.

THE PURPOSE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART II.

III.

BEROLD SANDERSON was anything rather than popular. And yet there was a good deal in him to command respect and even sympathy. His musical training might be imperfect, but his gift was incontestable; and though his habits of work were apt to be desultory, his devotion to his art was sincere. But, for the dilettante in an English country neighbourhood, Art must be its own reward. By those who are before all things practical, such as stock-brokers and society people, he is not taken seriously. And like most artists, Berold craved for recognition. For a full quarter of a century his light had been shining under a bushel. At first he did not care, but he was now beginning to feel almost desperately anxious to get that bushel removed. He felt sure it might be done, could he only find somebody to 'push' him, to act as his advocate and intermediary with the slow-witted public—to play, in fact, the part that had been played by the Abbé Liszt in the case of Wagner. (This, by the way, was his own self-chosen illustration when thinking on the subject; and it was certainly characteristic of the man that he liked to state matters in the handsomest of terms when they referred to himself and his music.) How to get his music better known, that was his problem. He was tired of sending copies of his songs to musical celebrities and receiving conventional acknowledgments. Nor was he one who would condescend to lend his talent for the benefit of charity concerts, or to entertain friends with 'a little music' after a dinner-party. His respect for his art was too high for that; or so, at least, he would have put it.

Glancing around for assistance in this difficulty, it was inevitable that his eye should rest on Guenevera Bearcroft. She had many of the qualifications essential to his requirements. For

she was not merely musical, but had an especial cult for his compositions—almost the only person who had. Then she was a charming woman—just a little *passée*, certainly; but this was more than made up for by her gain in the science of manners and her matured knowledge of the world. Guenevera could draw people about her, and, had her means but been larger, would doubtless have done so with considerable effect. Her daughter, the 'flapper,' too, would be an asset (he hated the word, but used it) in a *salon*. Little parties, invited, as a privilege, to hear some of his compositions; clever musicians who would be only too happy to render them—this would be the order of the day. Berold was quite imaginative enough to dream it all, but to carry it out was beyond him. His thoughts turned again to the lady; she was the sort of woman he liked. She might have faults, but there was nothing harsh, crude, shrill, or self-assertive about her. On the other hand, in the opposing scale, there was his bachelor freedom—his well-loved bachelor habits, recrudescent during the years of his widowerhood. How could he bring himself to part with these and take up family life once more? It may be observed that his boy's preference in the matter did not enter into his consideration. But, then, neither had the father's convenience weighed with the son. Tommy had just taken it for granted that his father was better single.

Berold Sanderson was an occasional sufferer from insomnia, which would be induced by the least overwork or undue excitement, and about this time he had another wakeful night. At the cost of exhaustion on the day following, he would sometimes contrive to turn the hours of enforced sleeplessness to the profit of his work, and having just then a particularly tempting subject before him, he sought to do so on the present occasion. To his surprise, instead of clustering round his prospective 'Storm-music,' his thoughts turned again and again to what he had come to call the Bearcroft Problem—that is, to his future relations with the lady whose husband had borne that patronymic. And one result of these thoughts was that, when morning came, he dressed himself with more than usual care (though he was never slovenly), and feeling refreshed by breakfast and his bath (though still 'a wreck,' as he himself would have phrased it), he set out to pay an early visit to his attractive neighbour. There were dark stains below his eyes, the result of sleeplessness; and possibly he remembered that Guenevera had once said that these gave him 'an interesting appearance.' For the rest, sleepless or not, his gait was sufficiently jaunty, and as he went along he occasionally used the light cane he carried as a conductor's baton, beating the time of a few bars of his overture—as he looked forward to doing on the eventful night when his opera should at last be performed. Glancing at him now, a sympathetic observer might have pronounced him a not unfavourable specimen of the perpetual youth with which Art, severe task-mistress though she is, endows and rewards her devotees.

In order to avoid dust and publicity, the musician had chosen to approach his lady's bower by a secluded path across the common—a whity streak, which alternately rose and fell as it bisected the dark heather, gorse, and brambles of that undulating waste. The surrounding region was one of the loneliest tracts in a by no means thickly populated district, and he felt pretty sure that at that hour, excepting skylarks, bees, butterflies, and snakes, there would be none to share it with him. A shade of annoyance therefore crossed his face when, upon the top of a mound some distance ahead of him, the forms of a youth and a maiden came into view. Nor was this annoyance lessened when, partly by means of their gait and light summer attire, he recognised his own son and Miss Bearcroft. For him the meeting meant dispersion of a delicious momentary mood; but there appeared to be no help for it, and he had already framed a jocular form of salutation, when, to his surprise, the young couple, having crossed his path and mounted the acclivity on the other side, again passed out of sight. It was evident that they had been totally unaware of his near presence. But how deeply absorbed in one another and in their own discourse they must have been for such a thing to happen! He was considerably impressed by it, and on reaching the villa and being received by Mrs Bearcroft, one of the first things he said, after commenting on the warmth of the morning, was, 'I passed your Alysa and my Tom upon my way here. They must have gone for a walk.'

To which the lady objected, 'Surely not! My Alysa never goes for a walk—at least not for the walk's sake.' Whereupon he was driven to acknowledge, in his own despite, that neither, for that matter, did his Tom.

There the subject was allowed to drop, whilst Sanderson's artistic sense was gratified by observing that his hostess wore a piece of dark Maltese lace over her blonde silver-threaded hair, that the ends were fastened under her chin after a manner adapted from a picture by Greuze, and, further, that, warm though the day was, she was looking as though she had never in her life been otherwise than cool. Divining something of his thoughts, she glanced, with a touch of coquetry, at her own reflection in an oval mirror above the chimneypiece, and turning towards him, asked, 'Do you think it suits me?'

'As everything that you wear always does,' was his reply, as prompt as it was gallant.

The very faintest of blushes stole up her delicate cheek, for Guenevera, who in youth had been a flirt, still loved a compliment. And yet this was by no means the compliment she wanted.

She would far rather he had said, 'Take it off this moment, please, and never let me see it again!' Because, in a woman's estimation, the assumption of any form of indoor cap is tantamount to an acknowledgment that years have begun their work. And age was her standing bugbear. But she would not touch on that theme.

Motioning him to a low chair confronting her, she inquired with solicitude as to the progress of his work. But he, with an impatient gesture: 'Oh, it isn't *that* I've called to talk about. You must have heard enough of my work in all conscience, for I'm afraid that, once mounted on my hobby, I'm an inveterate bore! And surely, Guenevera, there are more interesting subjects to be talked of between you and me?'

'Such as——'

'Well, ourselves.'

This answer really pleased her. And yet this time she did not blush. It may here be explained that, as members of an artistic clique, they had long been in the habit of using each other's Christian names. But for once that he said Guenevera, she said Berold twenty times. It was a symptom of their respective attitudes: she advancing, he retreating. And were those attitudes to-day to be reversed? It almost looked as if they were, she thought, and it was high time they should. Poor Guenevera! she had asked much of life. And life, so far, had been rather obdurate. For Alysa's sake, as well as for her own, she had borne herself bravely and made the best of things, but she had not had an easy time. There was an almost tender solicitude in her voice as she now said, 'Dear Berold, you have not been sleeping well—I see it in your eyes. You really must take better care of yourself—you are sadly delicate.'

And if there was one thing Berold liked better than another, that thing was sympathy—a pretty woman's sympathy for choice.

Meantime the two young people whom we have seen threading the more obscure paths of the common, deep in converse, were pursuing alike their walk and their discourse. They had met that morning by appointment, 'to talk things over.' And if the things they talked over were at first a prospective gymkhana, which might, or might not, be wound up by a dance, they in time veered round to business—that is to say, to a wise discussion of the threatened folly of their elders. They had met for what is called nowadays a 'heart-to-heart talk,' and that they meant to have.

By right of the superiority which her sex and greater cleverness conferred, Alysa had the first word.

'I have been thinking seriously, Tom, since last we met, and I should like to tell you the conclusion I have come to.'

'About the old folks' marriage? By all means—only, let's sit down first. There is a hollow over there, beside that clump of bracken, where we shall not be seen even if any one comes this way, which is hardly likely.'

They passed over to the spot indicated, disturbing a rabbit in so doing, descended a slight slope, and plumped down upon some fine herbage well below the prevailing level of the common.

'Now!'

Then Alysa said, 'You must have noticed, Tom, that most marriages of elderly people have really a money basis. Love, of course, is out of the question.'

'Utterly!'

'But if they feel assured that they have enough to live on comfortably together—he without giving up his kümmel after lunch, and she without reducing her allowance of cigarettes—why, then, it may easily appear to them that they may just as well be together as apart.'

Whilst thus delivering herself the girl sat, as it were, enthroned upon a hillock, the boy lying on his stomach at a little distance and looking up at her with admiration.

She went on. 'Now, need one have the smallest scruple in preventing such a marriage as that?'

'Not likely!'

'Well now, Tom, I am going to be frank with you, and I expect you to be frank with me.'

He nodded, and she continued: 'Of course, I don't know at all what means your father has—no, don't you interrupt me—but I do know this, that mummy's income is by no means sufficient for her wants.'

'Still, you seem to get on comfortably enough.'

'Appearances, Tom—appearances!' and she shook her fair head gravely. 'All isn't gold that glitters, and your father would find that out if he spent a day or two with us, instead of merely calling when company is expected. But I haven't told you the worst yet.'

At which words actual alarm appeared depicted upon Tom's freckled countenance. None the less, however, did the young sibyl launch her inexorable bolt.

'Mummy is positively crippled with debt!'

'Not *crippled?*'

'Yes! I tell you she owes Redfern alone more than seventy pounds, and the bill has been sent in three times.'

'I say!'

'You may well open your eyes. Oh, if your father didn't live in the clouds, and if you were not the gentleman you are, you would have heard long ago what the Dorking tradesfolk say of us! Why, before I left the house this morning we had already had a visit from the butcher, asking for "a bit on account."'

'I *am* sorry.' And the expression worn by those honest features more than bore out the spoken words.

But, curiously enough, the girl's countenance

revealed no corresponding distress. Nay, though she was the person directly concerned in the troubles just made known, her eyes gleamed with positive satisfaction. 'Come,' she went on, 'you mustn't take our money-difficulties so much to heart as all that. I'm sure I don't—I'm too well seasoned. And, after all, there's compensation in most things.'

'I don't see how that can be in this case.'

'I'll explain. You say your father's income is sufficient for his wants and your own—sufficient and no more. Now, don't you see that if he knew the truth about the state of mummy's affairs, he would most likely give up any thoughts he may have of marrying her, and just let things go on as they are? There can be little doubt of that.'

As he lay listening to Alysa's exposition of her case, the feelings hitherto dominant in Tommy had been admiration and sympathy—admiration of her calmness and lucidity, sympathy with the clouded home-life revealed by her confessions. The culminating sentiment evoked by her completed statement can, however, only be described as blank astonishment. That that youthful head, whose exquisite fairness made it seem yet younger than it was, should harbour such knowledge of human nature, such acumen, such powers of combination, seemed to him just short of incredible. And to this state of mind he gave expression by drawing in his breath, vigorously puffing it out again, and exclaiming, 'Alysa, you're a topper—you just are!'

Alysa smiled indulgently. Like all truly great minds, this Portia, not long out of the nursery, was disinclined to 'enthuse' over her own conceptions. All she wanted was to get them accepted, which in this case promised little difficulty. 'It is fairly plain, I think.'

'It is—plain as a pikestaff. But how is father to be got to know the truth?'

'Why, of course, you must tell him—tell him you have heard it from me.'

'I see,' hesitatingly.

'There can be no difficulty about that. I would tell him myself, Tom; only, it will come so much better from you. After that, if he wants any further proof, he can make inquiries for himself.'

All Tommy's habitual quietness of manner had by this time returned to him. 'He would hardly like to do that, Alysa,' was his somewhat stiff reply.

'Well, possibly not—though such things are done daily. Ah, you don't know the world as I do, Tommy. You haven't lived in mother's set as I have, and known her bohemian friends. They're all perfectly respectable, I know, for she won't have any others at the house. That is on my account. But they know the seamy side of life, so far as its shifts to live are concerned, and I've been accustomed to hear such things talked of ever since I was a kid.'

She spoke in the plainest, most unconcerned manner, and certainly nothing was farther from her wishes than to arouse sympathy by an indirect appeal *ad misericordiam*. But the most poignant pathos is ever that which is least self-conscious, and as the boy heard her, his sense of manhood as regards the other sex was, perhaps for the first time, strongly stirred within him. He thought almost with shame of his own sheltered life, contrasting it with the roughnesses to which that fair child had been exposed, and he felt, as never before, an overpowering desire to interpose his own tough cuticle between the rude shocks of the world and what appeared so ill-adapted to withstand them.

Then, after some further more or less desultory talk, they parted, each going homeward.

(*Continued on page 525.*)

'GETTING' MOLYBDENITE.

THERE are still chances for the man whose heart longs for a life of freedom without a task-master standing over him, and although most of those opportunities are rapidly passing away, some are only opening out. The writer has chased fickle fortune through most parts of the world, and although his latest experience was not very exciting, it was profitable, and afforded a welcome change from the recent strenuous life of all Britons to one of absolute freedom. This was molybdenite 'getting' in North Queensland, and it was so attractive that a brief visit home to the Old Country has only served to rouse an overwhelming desire to return to it.

Molybdenite-mining is not yet a systematised industry, although already the huge price which the mineral brings has encouraged some enterprising people to form companies to exploit it on a bigger scale than has hitherto been attempted. The writer thinks, however, that those organised efforts will not prove successful, as molybdenite is so erratic in its occurrences that heavy extracting machinery erected on any site would soon work out all the molybdenite on its owner's ground, and, as it could not readily or cheaply be removed to new positions, a time would come when it would be necessary to buy the ore, to keep the plant working, from those careless and free men working around on their own account—that is, unless some such company goes to the expense of sinking deep shafts, and proves thereby that molybdenite 'lives' at lower depths than have yet been

reached. Molybdenite-mining is, therefore, likely to continue to be, like opal-mining and tin 'scratching,' the peculiar province of the single-handed worker, or of two men working together.

At the present moment there are perhaps about a thousand men scattered over the great North Country, or, as it is locally known, the Gulf Country, satisfying all their requirements by molybdenite 'getting,' with a minimum of effort, and no risks, expense, or worry. Their tools are a pick and a shovel, although most have also an axe for camp use, and any other handy bush implement which may be serviceable in making contrivances to add to the comfort of life. A man in the north becomes wonderfully adaptable, and many weird inventions are brought into being by men who never, previous to their penetrating the Cairns hinterland, handled anything but a pen.

Queensland is kindly disposed to its workers, and although the molybdenite-seeker does not class himself among those whom its labour laws are meant to help, he benefits nevertheless. The State erects what are termed public crushing-batteries at various central points on the railway, and to those reduction plants the miners send by team or rail all the ore they have collected which they do not think will pay them to pick by hand, or extract by the very primitive methods available to them. The Government battery crushes the ore and extracts the valuable mineral, paying the man or men who sent it its full value, after deducting expenses. During the war the controlled price was four hundred pounds per ton, but in America at the same time the price was one thousand pounds.

It was very necessary to control molybdenite during the war, as the uses of that material for war purposes were considerably wider than is generally known. Previously Germany was the only buyer of the mineral, the Germans having discovered its wonderful property of hardening steel, while other nations used wolfram and other tungstic combinations for that purpose. Sweden was the only other part of the world where molybdenite was found, and there it was mined only in very small quantities. It is said that Germany paid Sweden fabulous prices for all she could produce during the war; but she kept her secret of its many uses well. At length some of our big Sheffield firms discovered its great value; in fact, Sir Robert Hadfield probably knew of its possibilities long before the war, but could not depend upon obtaining sufficient quantities to make it worth while remodelling expensive plant for its application. The war, however, taught us many things, and now we know, also, of its particular value in rendering steel non-oxidisable or rustless, its use for high-explosives, in dye-making, and in many other trades, some of which uses were not known to the Germans.

Hence the sudden springing up of a new industry in North Queensland, where some peculiar silvery gray mineral, outcropping almost everywhere throughout the plateau sloping from the Coastal Ranges to the Gulf, was found to be the much-desired molybdenite. Hitherto it had been passed by as worthless by those wandering prospectors who sought for gold, copper, and tin; but now, owing to the ever-increasing demand, high price (and probably higher to come), it attracts men of all grades who are tired of city life or who desire a life of untrammelled freedom and comparative affluence without the worries which usually attend existence generally. The climate is hot, but otherwise perfect. The country is well watered by the Mitchell, Walsh, and Tate Rivers, and innumerable creeks; and during the rainy season —December to March—water for all purposes can easily be conserved anywhere to last the rest of the year, if one happens to be camped farther away from a permanent water-supply than is convenient.

Molybdenite 'getting' requires no skill or previous knowledge, but a man with any talents or abilities can usually turn them to advantage in devising and making appliances to assist his efforts in getting more, or to lighten his labour. The method is as follows.

Two companions pack up a supply of food-stuffs, and, with a horse, a conveyance, a cycle, or on foot, leave the railway-line at some point on the Chillagoe Railway between Mareeba and its present terminus, Mungana. They can obtain all their necessaries at their point of departure from the railway, and they can readily join any other couple moving out, or find out where the latest fields are located, by inquiry, anywhere along that line. They are already in molybdenite country, and if they do not wish to follow the crowd to one particular place, they proceed through the bush in any direction. Large and small outcrops of granite will meet them everywhere, some to all appearance barren of mineral, although perhaps rich underneath the surface. A piece is broken off here and there to disclose the nature of the outcrop, and if those broken pieces, or the fresh surfaces remaining, contain the dull silvery metallic flakes, so much like graphite that molybdenite is often mistaken for graphite, a halt should be made to investigate the formation further.

If the molybdenite fills all the crevices and cracks in the rock, or the said rock is honeycombed with holes showing where it has formerly found a resting-place, a small shaft should be sunk to see if the quantity improves or entirely 'cuts out.' In the heart of the granite the molybdenite is usually found in flakes ranging upwards from about the size of a sixpence and the thickness of a sheet of paper to the size of a five-shilling piece with corresponding thickness. Under water-level it is found in seams

or fissures in the granite in nodules weighing up to three or four pounds, but at that point the extraction becomes a mining proposition, and two men are not capable of working further without joining forces with another couple. However, the mineral sometimes disappears entirely at that depth, and whether it 'comes in' again, like other minerals, at a still greater depth, is not yet known, as few trouble to work a regular mine when they can find sufficient to reward their time and labour practically on the surface.

When an outcrop has been proved to contain molybdenite along a 'strike' or surface length of fifty or a hundred feet, and the contents of the rock to a depth of five or six feet have been found continuous, or increasing—the presence of 'honeycombs' is regarded as a good indication that richer material is beneath, as exposure, bush-fires, and other causes often result in the surface rocks cracking, and thus allowing the mineral to fall out and sink, in time, to the more stable rock, where it accumulates—the surrounding grounds should be secured for the time by pegging. This is simply the insertion of four roughly cut posts at the four corners of the ground to indicate the part claimed. Molybdenite-miners do not always trouble to peg their ground, as, after picking the best pieces of mineral from the surface, they usually move elsewhere and repeat the process, never having had any intention of sinking a shaft or developing a mine. A tent or other bush shelter is then erected, and preparations are made for personal comfort.

The molybdenite-seeker next proceeds to work in earnest by breaking all the loose 'floaters,' or detached boulders, and collecting all the flakes that are set free, in bags. The blow which shatters the rock causes all the large flakes to fall out, but the minute pieces remain disseminated throughout the fractured rock. The hand-gathered pieces soon mount up, and can be sent for sale direct; while the accumulated broken ore is despatched to the nearest Government crushing-battery, where it is pulverised, and the smallest speck saved by scientific methods.

When the easy ground is exhausted, a new claim is pegged, or the original workings may be continued in depth as far as possible without machinery other than a crude hand-windlass. In the latter case, if the molybdenite holds good, other men will gather round, and, taking encouragement from the results of the deep shaft, will also go in for deep-sinking; an organised company will be formed, and gradually a township of tents, bark huts, and galvanised iron springs up; a store is opened, and a mail service arranged. Some of those townships are already very important, but they cannot grow indefinitely, as when a camp becomes crowded the real sons of freedom move elsewhere to form again the nucleus of another future township.

Deep-sinking must be the rule in time if the supply is to be kept up, although it means hard work, and the use of gelignite for blasting purposes. It would perhaps be gone in for to a greater extent even at present but for the fact that the trail of the soft flaky mineral is so erratic in its downward trend that a shaft sunk to follow it would be a corkscrew in shape, while a vertical shaft sunk to cut the 'underlie,' as is the practice in all fissure lode formations of most other minerals, might be getting farther away from the constant mineralised zone the deeper it went down.

The cause of the occurrence of molybdenite is not yet known, nor has a systematised method of working the mineral been devised. Whence it comes, and whither it goes, are mysteries which may in time be solved; but apparently, according to present knowledge, it disobeys all mining laws. A shaft might be sunk right in the heart of a heavy mineralised formation for ten feet, and the eleventh might show it 'cut out' as clean as if it had never existed. The writer has a theory that molybdenite issued from the regions beneath in gaseous form, and was deposited in the cracks and fissures of the granite as a mineral by the action of carbonic acid gas, it being a fact observed by the writer that there is always lime present where molybdenite is found. This would imply that molybdenite is a 'contact deposit'; but there are evidences that seem to prove that it is not so. At any rate, the present molybdenite 'getter' doesn't care to sink deep shafts to prove or disprove any theory, and if some company does strike ore in depth some day, the attractiveness of the industry will be gone, for molybdenite will then be mined like any other metal, and the happy molybdenite 'getters' of the present day will go the way of the old-time gold-seekers. Meanwhile the molybdenite-tract is vast, and comparatively unscratched, and that its 'getting' will long remain the work of the wandering son of fortune is the hope—and almost the belief—of the writer.

THE VISITANT.

UNVEIL, unveil thine eyes,
  That with unclouded vision thou mayest see
  Unfolding nature sweep the bounteous sea
'Neath summer skies.

O, waiting heart, behold!
  See in yon cloud the stirrings of the morn.
  It comes! It comes! the day in glory torn
From skies of gold.

Take off, take off thy shoes;
  Yea, perish all thy burning heart counts dross;
  Who seeketh life must know what men deem loss
Is gain to lose.

Morning of bliss endure,
  We worship 'neath thy radiancy and power;
  Seal on our souls the impress of this hour,
Heaven-sent and pure.

GILBERT RAE.

A LITTLE AMATEUR ARCHÆOLOGY.

By LEO WALMSLEY, Author of *Flying and Sport in East Africa.*

I.

IN the golden days of Cleopatra, when Alexandria was the gay London of the Nearer East, Aboukir was Brighton. There, it is said, the queen had a luxurious summer residence, and thither, to repair their jaded nerves, went her courtiers, to escape from the city's dreadful heat, and to bathe in the life-giving waters of the sea.

Whether this splendid suburb was destroyed by fire, earthquake, or a tidal wave history does not relate, but it is evident that the desert sand and the sea played a great part in its obliteration. Walk along the dunes which, like frozen billows, fringe the coast, and you will see innumerable signs of its withered glory—pillars of one-time temples snapped and cracked and thrown to confusion; patches of rich mosaic part-buried in the sand; fragments of exquisite lustre-glass, bronze and silver coins, scraps of jewellery, links of wondrous chains that once adorned the fairest women of the earth. Fly out in an aeroplane when the sea is clear as crystal and its surface undulled by wind: the ruins of ancient villas are revealed as through a magic mirror—pale skeletons, half-shrouded in beds of purple weed; a grim sight, and a lasting lesson.

The modern village of Aboukir consists of a few evil-smelling houses sprawled among the date-palms on the edge of the bay, a score of hideous green-shuttered French villas, a casino of High Life, and an Hôtel-de-Bains. Or at least it did, until some great officer of the British Army cast eyes on the broad, flat spread of hard sand behind the dunes—then came the Royal Air Force. A mushroom camp of tents and wooden huts sprang up; black packing-cases hatched aeroplanes; and within a few months Aboukir wrote for itself a new record in history, and became one of the most important air-training centres in the Middle Eastern Command.

So well suited for air-training is the climate and atmosphere of the Nile delta that the Powers-that-were decided to make Aboukir a permanent station, and to supersede the temporary tent-hangars by solid structures of stone and iron.

In Egypt building material, at any rate, is scarce. To build a mosque in Cairo, a certain ruler did not hesitate to strip the Great Pyramids of their granite facings; and to build the permanent hangars of the Royal Air Force at Aboukir, His Majesty's Engineers did not hesitate to lift the sand from Cleopatra's ruined town, dig up the precious blocks of stone, and carry them in Leyland lorries to new foundations. The Air Ministry, in assenting to this ruthless destruction of a historical relic, evoked the wrath of many an archæologist; yet surely it is worthy of record that our lords of the air once achieved economy in the matter of building material.

While carrying out the above-mentioned excavations workmen discovered the mouth of an extensive system of catacombs, running deep down into the porous limestone, and thence outwards underneath the sea. Two men were badly 'gassed' in an early attempt at exploration, and the place was promptly labelled 'out of bounds' to all ranks: which brings me to my tale.

II.

I arrived at Aboukir from East Africa in the spring of 1918, and a Medical Board ordered me 'light duty' pending embarkation to the Home Command. 'Light duty' in the R.A.F. in those days spelt no duty, and I passed my time pottering among the dunes, collecting coins and scraps of lustre-glass, or any odds and ends which I thought might be of interest to the people at home. I have always had a leaning towards archæology, and the excavations upon which the sappers were still engaged proved an unending source of interest. So keen did I become that I borrowed a shovel and started digging myself, until an R.A.F. major, very irate, ordered me to clear out and mind my own business. Evidently his was to see that all *objets-d'art* were handed over to the proper authorities (?).

By chance I heard one day that a new entrance to the catacombs had been found. A sergeant indicated the spot to me from a dune that commanded the excavated area, and told me also that the major had explored the first two chambers, and had made some valuable finds—all of which were to be handed in to stores in the time-prescribed manner. Of this I had my doubts, for I judged the major to be as enthusiastic and unscrupulous a 'collector' as myself. According to report, the air in the catacombs was good, and, without dropping a hint to my informer, I decided that I should explore them myself that very night.

By dusk I had ready in my haversack a few sandwiches, a portable lantern, several candles and a plentiful supply of matches, a patent lighter, an electric torch with a spare battery; and as soon as the Station had gone in to dinner I slipped quietly out of my hut, crossed the deserted aerodrome, and reached the excava-

tions even as the night pickets were 'falling in' on the Tarmac. So far as I could gather, there was no sentry definitely posted to watch the area I was interested in; but it was laid down in Guard Orders that any person found after nightfall beyond the actual perimeter of the living-quarters was to be challenged, and fired on if occasion demanded. Hoping fervently that this occasion would not arise, I crept stealthily among the piles of stone and banks of sand until deep down in the workings I found the hole that the sergeant had shown to me—a narrow gulley leading a tortuous way into the limestone, so black and portentous that at the mouth of it I hesitated, and I honestly believe I would have turned back had not the sound of footsteps crunching on the dunes caught my ears.

It was the boundary guard on his way to the beach, and my distrust of nervous air-mechanics conquered my fear of the cave. I crept in on all fours, and then, safe from detection by a sharp turning, switched on the torch and looked about me. The passage was shorter than I had thought, for six feet from where I knelt it ended abruptly in a broad chamber, the features of which became clearer as my eyes adjusted themselves to the novel lighting. The walls were high and squarely shaped, and in each were scores of long oven-like recesses, arranged pigeon-hole fashion in superimposed rows, with an even space of stone between. The floor, the true level of which evidently was considerably lower than my cave, was piled with débris, and in the far corner was a group of earthen jars and vases, apparently placed there by the careful major pending removal to the official store. The sight of these aroused an unholy desire in my heart and strangled my last little fear. Stopping only to light my candle-lantern (a naked light is the surest test for polluted air), I entered the sepulchre and started to grope with my hands among the ancient dust in the first hole. Two metatarsal bones, six ribs, a few teeth, and a violent sneezing attack, brought on by the dust, rewarded my labours. The next hole produced a candle-end of doubtful antiquity, reminding me that the major had already explored this and another chamber.

The thought chilled my enthusiasm; but it blazed up again when I discovered that a hole in the far-end wall was a doorway, leading down a short flight of steps to a second room as large as the first.

Was there a third?

I trembled with excitement as I realised that if there was I should be the first twentieth-century man to set foot in it; for a preliminary examination showed that, apart from the doorway by which I had entered, there was at present no other definite passage. Like the first, the floor of the chamber was piled high with pieces of rock that had fallen from the roof, and there might be half-a-dozen entrances concealed thereunder. Most likely, however, the desired doorway lay at the foot of the end wall, and there I began to dig away the loose rock with feverish haste, paying no heed to the pain of my torn fingers and scrabbed knees, experiencing the ecstatic thrill of an explorer climbing the last ridges of a mountain that hides a new and wondrous land, of a scientist embarking on the final test of an epoch-making discovery.

Soon I noticed that the débris was becoming wet, smelling strongly of salt water; and at a depth of a foot there were signs that the floor of the chamber lay actually below the level of the sea, and that at certain states of the tide it was flooded. How did the sea get in?

A sudden crumbling of rock gave the answer, for it revealed, low down in the wall, the roof of a doorway similar to that connecting the first two rooms; a current of musty, evil-smelling air swept out of it; the candle-flame sank low. I shuffled back, and waited until the air sweetened.

This current of air was a good sign. It showed by the very fact of its movement and continuity that whatever lay beyond the doorway had some communication with the outer air. The new passage, however, was blocked up to within a foot of its roof; there was scarcely room to crawl; and the débris was half-cemented by a limy encrustation that asked for a pick-axe rather than bare hands. Could I negotiate it as it was?

I shone the torch through. Yes, a tight fit in parts, but practicable for all that. Taking hold of the lantern, I placed it as far forward in the tunnel as I could reach; then, with the unlit torch between my teeth, and the candle and matches safe from the wet floor in my breast-pocket, I got my head and shoulders in, and started to crawl forward, moving the lantern inch by inch as I did so.

A very nasty sensation it was, feeling these dripping black walls like a coffin about my body, throat parched with dust, lungs gasping with bad air and the candle-fumes. Had I stopped for a second I should certainly have lost heart and gone back, but physical movement kept alive the momentum of desire. The thought of unspoiled treasure so nearly within my grasp produced an anæsthesia to pain and fear, and I wormed my way along, with my knees and elbows rubbing bare on the rock, until I reached the end, and dragged my limbs out on to the slimy floor.

III.

So great was the relief at having space about me once more that I lay still for several seconds; then the thrilling significance of things charged me to action. Placing the lantern securely on a

flat stone, I lit two other candles, and with the stronger light of the torch began a rapid survey. It was no definite chamber that I saw, but a typical limestone cavern that had been adapted to the purposes of a catacomb with little alteration. There was no system in the arrangement of the 'ovens'; the holes had been hewn out wherever the rock's face was suitable, and there would be at least forty of them exposed above the débris-littered floor. Beneath the arched vault of the cave the débris rose in a tall heap, on which a distinct line marked the height of water when the tide was up. I noticed the line in a half-conscious way, for my mind was all on the 'ovens.' I hardly knew which to tackle first. Forty of them—and each a potential archæological treasure-trove. I felt like Ali Baba in the robbers' cave.

I must, at any rate, work by some plan, and I started at the first tomb of the bottom row in the right-hand wall. It contained no mummy such as I had expected, but there was a perfect adult skeleton, lying partially buried in the dust, and alongside it two beautiful glass bowls, the size and shape of those we use for goldfish. These were treasures indeed, and I carefully removed them and laid them on my spread-out tunic. Next I sifted the dust with my hands for jewellery or rings, but apart from a rude bronze brooch there was nothing. The second held but dust and a broken earthenware jar; the third was empty; the fifth, sixth, seventh, each had skeletons in a fair state of preservation, and several small pots of a simple design. The second row proved to be more fruitful, and three exquisite phials of lustre-glass, one beautiful glass bowl, a metal chain—which might have been gold—and several rings were added to the collection on the coat.

It was hard work this sifting of the tomb contents, and I began to suffer intensely from the dust that clogged my nose and throat. The heat, too, was almost unbearable. I had found sufficient, however, to keep my enthusiasm still afire, and after a brief rest I started on the third row.

This was a more difficult job, for there was no hold for my feet, and I had to get my body well into each 'oven' before I could operate with success. For want of a better tool, I used a big thigh-bone for scraping away the rubbish. The moral significance of what I was doing had not as yet dawned upon me.

I had got well on to the middle of the row, when a sudden faintness came over me, and I climbed back to the floor and sat down. My health, of course, was not too good at this time, and I had already exerted myself enough to tire a much stronger man. In addition, I had missed my dinner. I pulled out the sandwiches, and started to eat—with little zest, however, for my throat was dry and hot as a furnace. How idiotic of me to have forgotten to bring water!

It is strange how in the excitement of the moment a man will do things which with a little calm reflection he would consider the acts of a lunatic. Since seeing the mouth of the catacombs that morning and hearing of the major's finds, I had been as one possessed. Not for one second had I stopped to weigh out the adverse possibilities of my scheme. The official ban, the chance of being challenged and shot, the previous gassing of the two men, stories I had read of people being lost in labyrinthine catacombs, collapsing walls—these had spelt no more to me than the death of a Fijian prince would to a London pork-butcher. The lust of discovery, of seeing things that no modern man had seen, had blinded me to fear.

Now, however, a reaction was setting in. I began to wonder if my faintness had been caused by foul air; if there *was* any danger of the walls giving way and adding another specimen to this museum of the dead. Had my absence from the camp been noticed? Should I be able to dodge the sentry? Would the major discern in the morning that the third chamber had been looted? Looted? Ugh! It was a nasty word that. Was I really guilty of looting? I looked at my treasures, spread out on the coat, conspicuous among them a row of six skulls that I had selected with regard to their anatomical perfection. My imagination painted on each a horrid leering expression suggestive of——

'Heavens, man! pull yourself together,' I cried aloud. 'You'll be going potty if you don't get a move on. Have a cigarette.'

My voice sounded unpleasantly strange to me. Certainly it was time I returned before my nerves gave way. Lighting a cigarette at the lantern-flame, I got up and started across the cavern to have a hasty glance at the remaining tombs. The fallen débris, you will remember, was lower by the walls, and I had hardly taken a couple of strides before my foot slipped and I stumbled forward, and fell headlong into a pool of water. Apart from a small cut on my hand, and the wetting, I was no worse for the fall; but a cold shiver ran down my spine as I remembered that my first examination of the cavern had revealed no water at all. Frantically I bounded across to the doorway. *The ripples set up by my fall were lapping at its roof.* Silently, sinisterly, the sea had crept in, and made me prisoner in this ghastly chamber of the dead.

IV.

I shall never shake off the horrors of that night; they have branded themselves indelibly on my mind. Dreams that have as origin incidents of the war—fights, bombardments, bursting bombs, crashes, burning aeroplanes—are as naught compared with the dread nightmares

that devilish prison inspires. A man of normal mentality would have cursed the ill-fortune that deprived him of a meal and a bed, sat down on the dry rock, and waited with due philosophy for the tide to turn, comparatively easy in mind by reason of the clear marked line that showed the maximum height of flow. But I am cursed with a boundless imagination, and my nerves were badly strained with the stress of two years' flying. The tide-mark meant nothing. The water was rising, slowly but surely. *I had robbed the dead—the dead would avenge!* That was the thought which took entire possession of me. For several minutes I sat half-crazy with fear; then a hope led me to take the lamp and explore the cavern thoroughly for another possible outlet. Such there must be, unless the air-current came as the water came, through some unseen system of underground fissures. In one part the roof was very high, twenty feet at least, and the air was so cool and clean-smelling underneath that I concluded there must be some inlet above. Without the torch, however (the bulb of which had been smashed in the fall), I could not see. Certainly there was no passage by which I could escape, there, or anywhere else. I returned to the place (high up on the fallen débris) where I had left the coat, and abandoned myself to despair. The water was still rising. Already it was a bare two inches below the line. I watched it as a victim of the Inquisition might have watched the sword-pointed walls of his iron prison draw slowly in upon him. I dared not look at the skulls. I had a feeling that the spirits of the dead were about me, rejoicing at my approaching doom. I was feeling dreadfully ill, too; my skin was hot and dry; my head ached; my limbs were shaking.

The candle in the lantern was burning low. With an effort I staggered to my feet, and reached out for it. But as I did so something seemed to explode in my head, and then came darkness.

V.

The faint into which I had fallen must have been followed by a genuine sleep, for I awakened to find by my luminous watch that morning was well advanced. The candle had, of course, burned out, and it was with a sickening despair that I remembered that my matches were wet, the torch out of action. But the water must have sunk; certainly it was lower. I turned over and crawled down the sloping floor to the doorway, too weak to stand on my feet. *Yes*, it had receded. There was scarcely a foot left at the lowest part, and I could feel with my hands the edge of the doorway, slimy and wet with sea-mud. The floor of the tunnel was just awash. The draught was noticeable too, so the farther end was clear; the débris had not slipped back.

The thought gave me new heart, and I reached my hands along the passage, found a grip, and pulled my body in. Then, only then, did I realise that the water could not possibly be receding; it had gone back while I slept, and *now it was slowly coming in again*. Can you imagine the horror that gripped my fever-wrought senses; my absolute dismay, lying flat in that narrow pitch-black tunnel, so wet that I imagined the water already to be half-way to the roof; limbs numb with pain, head and eyes throbbing, mouth hot, lungs bursting, body and mind paralysed with fear? How long would the water take to flood the tunnel once more? Suppose that I fainted on the way—that the end *was* partially blocked, and that I could not return.

It is one of nature's kindest dispensations that the memories of suffering of mind and physical anguish are dulled as time goes by. Such things can never be produced again in their abhorrent actual detail. Otherwise could a man smile, and love, and take happiness in life who has lived through the horrors of war? Could I sit down and write of this ghastly experience, and laugh and joke with my wife as she runs into my room in the middle of it, and wheedles me away to join her in afternoon tea?

As one already dead and fit for burial, I lay stiff and stark in that coffin-like cave, until a drop of water fell from the roof and spattered on the hot, parched skin of my neck.

That drop of water saved my life. The sudden shock of it fired off that emergency mine of energy that lies latent in every man, that has cheated death a million times of a near-won victory. To a sudden and hysterical frenzy it stung me. I fought with my hands, my toes, my shoulders, my knees, to grip the slippery rock and drag my body on. I bumped my head against the roof, and the blood trickled down my forehead, but the pain I did not feel. I was moving—moving—and I was beating the sea, escaping the vengeance of the dead.

Thus at last did my fingers close round the sharp edge of the chamber wall at the tunnel's end; a final effort and my body was out on the dry floor, and the glorious feel of space, illimitable space, was about me.

There I was found by the major at nine o'clock. I was carried to hospital, and a good fortnight elapsed before I finally shook off the effects of a bad attack of malaria and my experience in the catacombs. One of my first visitors was the major. He brought me my lantern, my tunic, and the broken torch—and, all wrapped up in tissue-paper and labelled 'Strictly confidential,' a beautiful little lustre-glass phial, a gold chain, and two molar teeth.

'To an Amateur Archæologist from Another,' was the legend on the card therewith.

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SEVENTH SERIES

BETWEEN DARK AND DAWN.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY,
Author of *Johnnie Maddison, The Man Who Pulled the Strings*, &c.

I.

THE pool of the Cruach, where Jimmie Gates intended to finish his unprofitable day's fishing, lies high up the heathery slopes of Cruach Mhor, at the foot of a little waterfall. Above, the little salmon-river dashes through half a mile of rapids, between steep rocky banks, ere plunging into the Ben pool with a miniature thunder and a splashing of white spray, to run more quietly on for a further mile, before it gives itself up again to the frolicking rapids in Doorn Glen.

The pessimism of a day's blank fishing vanished from Jimmie's eyes, as he waded in at the shelving tail of the pool, and looked up the fifty yards of its length towards the deep water where the fall's force set a whirlpool spinning and gyrating under the lip of the black rocks. He noticed that the water here was of that clear brown colour beloved by all fishermen, and his practised eye noted the sheltering peak of rock that jutted above the surface of the river just where the whirlpool ended. If a salmon lay anywhere, it would be there.

He looked at his watch. It was just six o'clock. Then he examined his fly, which was a small Silver Doctor, and planned his campaign. The salmon-fisher fishes down and diagonally, letting his fly swing round with the current; but that was impossible here. Steep rocks guarded the head of the pool, falling sheer into the water to either side. He must wade up as far as he could, and trust to a long line and a bit of luck to get his fly over the quiet eddy behind the rock.

Letting his fly soak as it trailed in the water behind him, he waded up, feeling the way with the handle of his gaff, until he stood near the bank, a good twenty-eight yards below the eddy. Then he let out line, swished it expertly forward, and got out a further ten yards, when he cast again. The fly fell in the eddy, the force of a side-stream caught the line and whirled it away, but Jimmie was certain that he had seen a slight swirl in the water near the rock, and prepared to cast again.

This time there was no swirl, no movement of any kind. He grinned quietly, and, putting forth an extra effort, landed the Silver Doctor on the top of the rock. A little pull and it fell oilily into the eddy, and sank.

The response came without warning; a silver back curved over the water in a head-and-tail rise, his rod bent in a bow, and the swish of the line from the reel told him that his hook had got home.

'And some fish, too!' said Jimmie to himself.

The salmon came down-stream like a torpedo, and Jimmie was reeling in for dear life. It almost cannoned into his legs, reversed with a swish of its powerful tail, and tore out thirty yards of line before it ended its sprint with a three-foot leap clear of the water. A curved bar of silver, glittering in the sun-rays, he guessed it a twenty-five pounder, and was a little on the under side at that. For the Cruach this was a monster, and Jimmie prayed fervently that the hook would hold.

The fish hit the water with a splash like a falling dog, dived for the bottom, and began to vibrate the line with short, forceful jags. Jimmie put on pressure, found his line suddenly slack, and realised, just before it was too late, that his fish had come down to see him again. He reeled in madly, got the line taut once more, was treated to a second rush, a second spring, and a resumption of that fatal irritating jagging which too often precedes the enforced separation of the fool and his fish.

Jimmie, in desperation, put on further pressure, and his salmon went up into the whirlpool and sailed round. There were underwater rocks there with knife edges, and there comes a time in the playing of every fish when the angler must decide to make or break. Jimmie held tight to the line, and raised his rod-point. Something must give now, and it happened to be the salmon. It swung slowly out of the swirl, and disappeared under a shelving rock for a rest.

Sulkiness is not confined to the human creation. The salmon is often a prey to it. One moment he will be dashing up and down, fighting gallantly for freedom; the next he will sit down on the bottom, and refuse to work. Jimmie's salmon had reached this stage, and

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Jimmie, who knew that no salmon-rod in the world will lift twenty-five pounds of its own accord, realised that he was in for a spell of waiting. So he climbed out of the water on to a little ledge in the rock-bank, kept his line tight, set his pipe going, and settled down to await the settlement of the strike.

When an hour had passed, he began to tug a little at his fish, to throw stones, in the hope of inducing his opponent to come out and fight. It was no good. The salmon knew where he was well off, and lay like a log under his rock pent-house, refusing to be charmed into dangerous activity. By half-past seven the sun was beginning to set behind Cruach Mhor, and the stretches of heather took on a golden tint; the pool, under the shadow of its rocks, grew black and sinister; while the sky was flushed with a rosy red which, though it might presage a glorious morning, was equally a sign that night was coming on with rapid strides.

Jimmie swore under his breath, climbed down into the water once more, and was inspired to lay down the rod and take the line in his hand. In this way a fisherman can put on more pressure, while the salmon seems to be able to detect the difference in handling, just as a restive horse knows when a competent grip is on the reins. In less than thirty seconds Jimmie's fish had shot from under the ledge and was doing a terpsichorean act in the pool, varying it with splendid dashes, and going as strong as if it had been hooked only a minute before.

It is a hateful thing voluntarily to break from any fish; but when that fish promises to prove a record for the river, it becomes impossible. So the dark came down, and Jimmie was still there, thigh-deep in a black pool, fighting something which he could not see, but which appeared to be an aqueous demon, equally capable of doing the hundred in record time, or making past history of the high-jump limit.

At ten o'clock came the end. The salmon ran down to Jimmie, took him for the turning-post on the course, and doubled back again by way of his legs. Jimmie was like one of the wicked who stand upon slippery places, and suffered the fate of those. He went in with a greater splash than the salmon had ever made, and when he got to his feet again, retrieved his rod, and finished describing the situation, the fish had gone.

Jimmie took breath, then described the situation anew. After that he crawled to the bank, took off his waders, emptied from them some gallons of water, reeled up his line, and regarded the night sky.

'Fed up, and far from home,' he said bitterly to himself; 'and I wish I was sure I knew even that!'

Rather cryptically he conveyed the fact that he was not very certain of his way back to the inn where he was putting up. This was his first day on the Cruach water, he had gone up-river more than a mile farther than he had intended, and, under the cloak of what promised to be a black night, he foresaw that getting home would be a difficult and onerous task.

In the event, it proved even more difficult than he thought. To keep along the river-side would be to invite a fall which might be a drowning matter, while to set a course in the dark over a steep, heathery waste presented a stiff problem. He stood there for a few moments, dripping wet, and angry, while he strove to remember the map he had consulted that morning, so as to get a convenient line home. Then he started off.

He had often read of people being 'bushed' in the back-blocks of Australia, but it did not occur to him that one may make the same circular sweep, and arrive somewhere near one's starting-point, in the hill-country of Scotland. At twelve o'clock, however, he found himself on the river-bank at the head of the Doorn Glen, and reflected that the light of day that afternoon had exhibited to him, somewhere to his right, an ugly sheer in the side of the hill, a kind of miniature precipice which it would be unwise to traverse by night. So he turned about again on a course which should take him clear of the danger, and once more faced the rough, heathery slope.

He could hardly see a yard before him now, but he plodded on, his extinct pipe hard-bitten between his teeth, and stuck to it bravely until he put his foot in a fox-hole and went headlong. He had his disjointed salmon-rod in his hand, and the full weight of his body behind the extended arm came upon it. He staggered up, blindly, only to find that the rod was smashed. At that he spoke to himself in a low, intense voice, bent down to rub a bruised shin, and hurled the fragments of his rod far into the night. Then he went on once more.

II.

It was after two o'clock, and he was utterly tired, panting, and ravenously hungry, when he saw a little light in the distance, on a wooded slope somewhere above the level on which he was standing. This was not home, indeed, but it certainly implied shelter, and possibly food.

The light was burning in what appeared on nearer survey to be a keeper's house. The map Jimmie had consulted in the morning had shown him, somewhere north of the Doorn Glen, the boundaries of the little sporting estate of Eachen Lodge, occupied, said his host, by 'a Glasgow body,' retired in middle age from some urban industry. This house might well be one belonging to the Glasgow body in question, Mr Hobart Burns, and Jimmie advanced with relief to the window through which the light shone.

A big peat fire burned on the open hearth,

and about it sat a little group of nine or ten men, drinking spirits out of tumblers, and smoking cigarettes. They had not the appearance of keepers, or beaters, or indeed of Highlanders at all. From their suits and their cigarettes to their pinched, sallow faces they looked a great deal more like an ugly species of townsmen, who had not spent much of their lives in the open air.

Jimmie Gates was not of those imaginative persons who suspect crime where it is not, and expend on futile detective-work a great deal of energy that might be expended more usefully elsewhere. But there seemed something strange to him in the sight of these unprepossessing 'townies' sitting together in a house on the side of a Highland hill.

There is no more dangerous class in any sporting country than townsmen turned poachers. Sport does not figure in their objective, whereas the countryman poaches as much for pleasure as for profit. And in his pursuit of game or fish, the town poacher is a great deal more likely to carry weapons and use them. Gamekeepers know this to their cost, and would sooner tackle half-a-dozen rustics than a couple of these callous and brutal ruffians from the urban areas.

Jimmie did not enter, as he had originally intended. It occurred to him that the men he saw were members of a gang of poachers, and he suspected that they would be likely to deal summarily with any one who spied on them, striking first and inquiring afterwards.

What he might have done later, in the natural course of events, cannot be accurately guessed. He leaned nearer to the window to get a clearer view, and the handle of his gaff, which was slung to his side, knocked against the sill of the window, and brought four of the sitting men to their feet.

'Wha 's yon?' cried one, drawing a big clasp-knife from his pocket, and facing about.

'Oot! Oot, ye fule!' cried another, dashing for the door. 'It 's the——'

Jimmie did not hear more. He saw the flash of the clasp-knife as the man opened it quickly, and breathlessly dashed off into the wood, as the whole gang, cursing and threatening, poured like a spate from the house, and separated for the chase. If he needed any furthur spur, it was given him when he heard their venomous, excited cries.

It is a poor business running in a wood, and at night you must have the keen eyes (and ability to swerve) of a woodcock if you are to avoid bashing out your brains on the first convenient tree. Jimmie's gaff got in his way first, and tripped him up. He detached it, and charged a tree, fortunately with little damage to himself, and getting going again, went more slowly and noiselessly; while the sound of crashes and oaths somewhere behind him told him that his pursuers were not exempt from the dangers of threading woods at night. Then he heard one of them cry out, 'It 's juist yin o' they saumon-poachers, men. Here 's his cleek!'

They had found his gaff where he had thrown it, and stopped to discuss their find. Jimmie made the best of the small start it gave him, slid carefully among the trees, cut down through a thinned space on the slope, and came upon a cup-shaped hollow, almost shut in by a close growth of small silver birches. He pushed through these rapidly, and almost went headlong into a long wooden shed that stood in the birch *enceinte*.

Here, he calculated, he might find shelter from his pursuers. He encircled the building cautiously, finding windows at regular intervals, but windows with blinds drawn from within, close shut, and not negotiable. But, obviously, there was a door to the place, and he found it near the end of the farther side of the shed, and somewhat unhopefully pressed his hand against it.

To his surprise and relief, the door gave. He stole inside the building, and advanced cautiously. The shed, as he saw now, was divided into two rooms by a partition of thin wooden sheeting, pierced by a door, and also, as a small diffused beam of light gave witness, by a tiny window. Some one was there, or there would be no light. Ought he to go on and demand shelter, or was it absurd to presume that the person who was in the farther end of the shed might be an associate of the gang now quartering the wood in search of him?

That question quickly answered itself. The lamp went out, a footfall sounded in the other room, and the creak of a door suggested that some one was advancing towards him. The extinction of the light had left the whole place in darkness, and Jimmie, in entering, had closed the door behind him.

Stand in a completely darkened room, the interior unfamiliar to you, and try to get your bearings. You fix the door here, the window there; you walk forward, and collide with a wall, a corner, any spot but the right one. Jimmie made for what he conceived to be the door, put out his hand, and struck a window-blind. At that sound the footsteps were actually in the room, came padding his way, and stopped —where? He held his breath; he could hear some one breathing near him. In a momentary panic, he slid to one side, trod on a toe, and went into a grapple with a thick, stolid figure, as shouts came echoing from outside, and the crash of brushwood told him that the others had hit his trail.

He knew at once that his assailant was stronger than he; the arms that got under his compressed his chest like a vice. The face must be above somewhere, and Jimmie used his fists, twice on air; then, just missing a head,

he curled his fist inwards with a vicious short-arm stab, and landed on an eyebrow, while he gave a knee which produced a grunt and a gasp. The arms fell away from him as a rush of feet clattered across the open strip between the shed and its barrier of birch-trees.

Jimmie moved the moment he was released, slid along the wall as quietly as he could, and found the door, just as it was pushed in from without. Nipped between swinging door and wooden wall, he drew himself up and waited an opportunity to slip out.

The mob piled in solidly, just as Jimmie's assailant stopped feeling his injured eye, rushed forward with a growl in search of his assaulter, and ran into the phalanx.

'Doon wi' him!' yelled some one. 'Oot the dirrty dog!'

Jimmie heard the thud of fists, a scream, a further trample. It was obvious that the occupier of the shed was having a bad time. His own case was urgent, and he put out a hand to feel for a possible key. It was there all right, in the inside of the lock. He withdrew it, and slipped out, shutting the door softly behind him, while the members of the gang were still having a dog-fight in the dark.

The door locked, he scudded along the path round the shed, seeking an outlet from the walling birches. It was unlikely that any one would erect a large shed without making a roadway to it, and he found a ten-foot path, rutted with wheel-marks, within twenty seconds of leaving the shed. If he had been fatigued before, he forgot it now, and went down that laneway at a sprint, while the shouts from the building echoed far and wide. It almost seemed to him that he had a decent chance of safety now.

Two hundred yards up the laneway, his hopes fell again to zero. He could hear the unmistakable sounds of a motor-engine come on, then stop; a light, as if from a detached motor-lamp, appeared at a little distance, and some one came running towards him, lamp in hand.

Jimmie had been in the war, and he reacted to this ray as he would have done to a star-shell. He fell flat on his face at the side of the track, and tried to bury himself in the ground while the lamp-bearer sped by, panting hard. He was hardly out of sight in the dark when Jimmie rose again and hurried on. Somewhere beyond him stood a motor, the quickest means of conveyance elsewhere, if only he could restart it quickly.

Suddenly the dark bulk of a motor-lorry loomed up before him, a lamp burning on the off-side. He ran to the forepart of the bonnet, read a familiar name over the radiator, and felt happier. He did not yet inquire what a lorry was doing on this Highland estate in the middle of the night; his only idea was to get away as quickly as possible. Bending to the starting-handle, he threw all his weight on it, and had the satisfaction of hearing the engine start. Then he plunged for the driving-seat, thanked his stars that he had rocketed one of these old buses over the shell-holes of Artois, and letting in the gears, started to swing the lorry round.

Twice the inequalities of the ground off the track made the heavy vehicle careen, and almost threw her over, but Jimmie knew the art of night driving from A to Z, and he had carried more touchy cargoes on worse nights and over more villainous ground than this. In a minute he had brought the lorry about full circle, and was speeding down the track at a rare pace.

III.

The improvised road followed the line of least resistance, curving along little valleys, swinging round heathery bluffs, pounding heavily on her springs, but going always towards the moor road to Taggart, which lay six miles to the south. This was unknown to Jimmie, but he carried on, with the safe inference that every track has its turning and its utilitarian end. And so he came presently to the moor road, and swung on right-handed, till the dawn found him on the bit of open moor plateau, which is just two miles from Taggart itself.

Now all his accumulated fatigues, his increment of aches, began to assert themselves. He was stiff as a board; his arms ached; his eyes were red of rim, and felt like burned holes in a blanket.

He stopped the engine, got stiffly from his seat, and allowing no chance to escape him, climbed into the lorry-body in search of something to eat. Surely the driver had not come absolutely unprovided.

The search, as he might have guessed, was fruitless. There was nothing in the lorry but four big bales. If his hunger remained unsatisfied, so did his curiosity. He sat on one of the bales and looked at the others. Then he took out his knife, and felt the blade. He had committed an act of piracy on the highroad already. Taking a look at the contents of a bale would not seriously add to the crime.

He inserted his knife-point in the covering of a bale, and deliberately ripped it up. Then he sat and stared. Silk! Thick, white, sheeny silk! At the second glance he told himself that he had been a fool. This Glasgow man, this Burns fellow, was obviously starting a new Highland industry—silk-weaving. There was the shed, here the silk; the conclusion followed—or did it?

Jimmie leaned forward and felt the silk with his fingers. He was not an expert, indeed knew nothing of silk; but it seemed too fine, altogether too accomplished a product for an infant industry. And as he sat back, looking down perplexedly, he observed that his light tweed coat was marked

with stains of royal blue, where the hands of his assailant in the shed had first gripped him. Had Jimmie been properly provided for situations like this, he would have had a pocket magnifying-glass, some chemical reagents, an expert knowledge of criminology, and the deductive faculty! Having none of these things, he was merely puzzled.

'Don't know what to make of it,' he said to himself, getting back on the driver's seat; 'but I'll swear there's something wrong.'

This conviction became so strong that he pushed on to Taggart, and finding it a place of one inn and some thirty houses, stopped no longer than was necessary to snatch a scanty breakfast, and inquire from a stolid police-constable the nearest way to Perth.

The policeman vouchsafed the information that the city was twenty miles distant, and hazarded a query with regard to the lorry. 'It has a' the appairance o' Mister Burns's.'

Jimmie suppressed a start. 'So it is! Good-morning,' he said.

Eating bacon and bread on the way, he trundled into Perth an hour and a half later, and drew up at the police-station, where he asked to see an inspector, or some one in authority. After ten minutes' wait, he was shown into a neat room, where a man with a fine, thin face and very inexpressive eyes sat at a desk.

'You desired to see me, sir?' said the official precisely.

'Certainly,' said Jimmie. 'You see, I have stolen a motor-lorry, and I don't quite know what I ought to do about it.'

'Is this a confession, or an untimely jest?' demanded the other.

'Bit of both,' said Jimmie amiably. 'Meanwhile, I have it outside, and I'd like you to have a look at it, and tell me what you think.'

The official rose, nodded significantly to the waiting constable, who fell in beside Jimmie, and proceeded solemnly outside to the lorry. 'Is this the vehicle?'

'That's it. It isn't a very striking example, but its innards are unique—to me. Step inside and look.'

The official disappeared into the lorry, and came out again after a minute's examination, a new light in his cold eye. 'You say you stole this? Will you be good enough, sir, to come indoors and tell me all about it?'

Jimmie obeyed, went in again, and told exactly what had happened to him on the previous night.

'And you had a poor day's fishing before that?' he was asked.

'Blank,' said Jimmie.

'Sir,' said the official agreeably, 'I doubt, for all that, you have made a catch! Will you be good enough to tak' off your jacket?'

Jimmie stripped promptly, and stood in his shirt-sleeves while the official looked closely at his coat. 'The place belongs to Mr Hobart Burns, you say?'

'So I hear—and the lorry too.'

The official turned quickly to the policeman. 'I'm afraid we're a bit late, Macpherson; but have the car out, and this gentleman will show us the way. We'll need three others, beside yourself and me—and tell them not to forget their truncheons.'

The constable vanished. The official beat his fingers on the desk, and watched Jimmie resume his coat. 'There's a reward of a thousand pounds for the recovery o' yon silk,' he said slowly. 'The three bales you brought back are worth a matter of two thousand pounds—and there may be more there at Eachen Lodge.'

'But I don't know that this man Burns has anything to do with it,' said Jimmie.

'You will, sir, if you see him wearing a black eye! Is it likely that a lot of working-men would run up a shed on his bit of property and him not know? H'm! I'll get my hat.'

IV.

To the motoring policeman on the job the speed-limit is only a mockery. They flew towards Eachen Lodge, holding on their headgear, and only halted at last at the lodge gate, where an old woman wonderingly opened to them.

'If it's the new laird ye're speiring for, he's flitted this morn,' she said in answer to their queries. 'Him an' a'.'

'The lot of them?' cried Jimmie.

'Aye; hae I no' telt ye, man?'

'Had the laird a black eye?' said Jimmie.

She looked at him sardonically. 'I'll no say it was black preceesely, but it was gey yalla.'

The policeman at the wheel buzzed off at a nod from his chief, and three minutes later they were on the drive outside a small and somewhat dilapidated mansion in the bastard Scots-Baronial style not uncommon nowaways. And here they saw enough evidence to justify the old woman's statement that the new laird had flitted.

In a moment they had got down and dispersed through the house, searching upstairs and down, but without result. Then they emerged again, and spread out to search the neighbouring policies.

It was Jimmie who first got eyes on the plantation of silver birch, and shouted from the declivity on which he was standing, 'This way! I see it.'

The police official came alongside Jimmie, as he pushed through the thicket of trees towards the door of the long shed.

'You forgot to tell me if you saw any one at work,' he said.

'Work? Why, isn't it a store for stolen silk?'

The official looked scornful. 'And was it

white silk put that blue stain on your coat? Why, it's a dye-works, sir. This is where they dyed the silk they stole, after passing it up here from Glasgow, where they had it out of the warehouses. Did you not know that half the silk that's stolen is dyed after, before they put it on the market? Well, never mind now. We'll just go in.'

It is a regrettable fact that none of the actual silk-stealers was captured or brought to justice; but a compensation lay in the recovery from the hidden dye-house of something like seven more bales of dyed and undyed silk. Next to gold and jewels, furs and silk are the most sought-after prizes of the burglar's profession, and the underwriters were lacking in neither praise nor pudding when they learned of Jimmie's fortuitous but distinguished services.

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'Back from your fishing-trip up north?' asked a friend of Jimmie's, meeting him in the smoke-room of his Edinburgh club a week after. 'How much did you catch?'

Jimmie offered him a cigar, smiling enigmatically. 'Catch? A thousand pounds—one night's fishing, too!' said he.

WEST INDIAN FISHING ANECDOTES.

By Frank L. Pearce.

I.

WHEN I lived in Jamaica I used to spend a good deal of my leisure time in fishing the streams and the bays of that picturesque little mountain isle, which has been rightly termed a 'Land of Springs.' Its name is derived from the Arawak Indian word 'Xaymaca,' signifying an abundance of rivers. When Columbus was asked by the Spanish queen to describe the appearance of the island, he aptly responded by crumpling a sheet of paper and casting it on the table.

The mountain streams abound with fish, and especially with 'mountain mullet,' one of the famous table delicacies of the West Indies. They are readily caught with morsels of the *avocado* pear, also a table delicacy. Wading the streams armed with a six-ounce fly-rod, a fine trout-cast weighted with a couple of buck-shot, and a No. 8 hook, I have had many a tussle with these game little fish, and have caught them in weight varying from a quarter-pound to one and three-quarters. They rarely reach two pounds, although I have heard of (but have never seen) fish reputed to scale three pounds. Broiled in a plantain-leaf on the river's bank, they have a flavour that cannot be beaten.

There is a variety of other fish in the rivers; and in the bays and the harbours tarpon may be caught. These have been taken up to one hundred and forty pounds.

I was once fishing in a canoe at the mouth of the Cabaritta River, which empties its waters into the Caribbean Sea on the north-west coast of the island. We were fishing for 'snook,' which may best be described as the fresh-water shark of the island. The flesh of this large fish (they run up to fifty and sixty pounds) is rather coarse, but the young fish make a very palatable dish.

We were using as live-bait a vigorous little black fish about two inches long, with a big head, somewhat like a giant tadpole. The negroes claim that these fish live through the dry season embedded in the mud of the dried-up creeks. Anyhow, they are great bait for snook, and rejoice in the elegant name of 'Godamy!' This name naturally excited my curiosity. While waiting for bites I inquired of the negro boatman as to its origin, and he enlightened me as follows, in the native vernacular.

'Well, massa,' he began, 'dem say de ting come 'bout in dis way. W'en de Ahlmighty was putting names 'pon all de libbing creachers at de beginning ob de worl', Him really work hard, massa. Him name de bird, and de beas', and de fowl ob de air, and de fishes ob de sea and de ribbers, and Him name Adam and Ebe, and ebery libbing ting, and when ebening come, massa, de Ahlmighty tired fo' true, so Him go fo' res' Himself and to tek de cool breeze; but as Him sid down wipe de sweat off Him brow, Him see a little-little black fish a-coming swimming, swimming right up to de Ahlmighty, and de fish open him mout' and him say, "Lord, yo' don't name me!"

'And de Ahlmighty vex. Him say, "Cho! What boderation is dis? Me tink me finish done, and now dis fool-fool little fish come boder me." So Him say gruff to de fish, "Ah, who you?"

'And de fish him say, "God! ah me!"

'"Ahright," say de Ahlmighty, "take de name, and go!"

'And dat is why, young massa, de fish name is "Godamy!"'

I was permitting a smile to relax my features, but checked it on observing the gaze of the boatman fixed seriously on me as he gravely remarked, 'Yes, massa; and I well believe it is true.'

II.

I sometimes used to visit a friend who owned a sugar-plantation in the mountainous district of the island, where the famous Jamaica rum

is distilled. It was a beautiful spot, with rustling fields of green cane-plants shimmering in the tropical sun in the centre of an almost perfect amphitheatre of hills, clad with coco-palms, banana-trees, and other luxuriant tropical growth. A subterranean river emerged from the ground on one side of the valley, and was harnessed to drive the crushing-mill of the factory, disappearing in a small lake at the farther end of the property. There were no fish in its waters, but on a near-by plantation there was a mountain stream abounding with mullet, and there I used to hie me each day during the period of my visit.

I was driving back one evening through a native village which bordered the road, when a large dog rushed out of a hut and charged my car, barking furiously. He regretted his impulsiveness too late, when he found that he would furnish a repast that evening for the turkey-buzzards of the neighbourhood; but, in the words of the song, he only had himself to blame.

Next morning I was accosted on the river-bank by a stalwart negro, who civilly touched his hat and said, 'Marning, Squire.'

'Good-morning,' I answered. 'Who are you?'

'Me Peter Macfarlane, sah. I bring you some peear, sah,' producing two stunted specimens of the vegetable pear I have already alluded to. I thanked him and administered largess; but he still lingered, uneasily shuffling his bare feet.

'Well,' I inquired, 'what are you waiting for?'

'Squire,' he said hesitatingly—'Squire, a great misfartune befall me yesterday.'

'Yes,' I said; 'and what was that?'

'Squire, I lose me darg, sah!'

'Oh!' I said. 'It was your dog that ran into my car, eh?'

'Yes, Squire.'

'Well, my good man, I am very sorry, but it was not my fault, you know. The dog ran into my car.'

'Yes, Squire, so I heah. But you not gwine to compensate me, sah?'

'Not a red cent!' I informed him.

His face fell, and he went away grumbling.

A little while later his landlord, the owner of the estate, a worthy retired physician, joined me on the river's bank, and inquired, 'What is this I hear? You've killed Macfarlane's dog?'

I answered in the affirmative, and explained the circumstances.

'My dear fellow,' said the doctor, 'my wife will not be able to thank you sufficiently. She could never keep an egg in the hen-house on account of that brute. Come up to the house and have breakfast.'

Automobiles are not popular with the natives. They call them 'devilments,' and do not hesitate to cast a stone when they can do so unobserved. I was amused one morning to hear two plantation labourers outside my bedroom window discussing the nature of my car, which was being washed down by my 'boy.'

'Hi,' said one; 'how dem ting gallop widout harse, eh?'

'Cho, man!' replied the other; 'it no hab [does it not have] 'team-ingine into it?'

This explanation quite satisfied his companion's thirst for information.

III.

My favourite fishing-resort was situated in the beautiful gorge of the Rio Cobre (Snake River), which flows from the mountains, skirting the plains and passing through the ancient Spanish capital, formerly called St Jago de la Vega (St James of the Plain), but now known as Spanish Town. Here are many fine old buildings, including the oldest cathedral in the West Indies, and a marble statue, by the sculptor Bacon, of Admiral Lord Rodney, who defeated the French fleet under Count de Grasse when it was on its way to capture the island in the year 1782.

Just after the river's exit from the gorge, a great dam diverts a portion of its waters into canals which irrigate the cane-fields and banana-plantations of the surrounding plains. Below the dam is a very large and deep pool alive with a variety of fish, including *calipeva* (the Jamaica salmon), snook, hog-nosed and mountain mullet, drummer, sand-fish, and numbers of eels, which were a great nuisance in taking your line into the rocks. The negroes objected very much to take the eels off the hooks, saying, 'No, massa; me 'fraid fo' him. Him going wrap me. Him favour snake!'

The steep slope of the dam terminated in a broad ledge which shot out under the water, and it was possible, when the river was low, to wade out on this ledge and fish towards the rapids below; but it was necessary to use the utmost care, for the ledge was moss-grown and very slippery, and the rushing water made the footing most precarious. When the water was turbid it was impossible to see the end of the ledge, and one afternoon I unthinkingly walked over the edge, wearing a heavy pair of rubber thigh-boots. When I rose to the surface, I was just able to keep my head above water by gripping the slimy ledge, but my waders felt like lead each time I tried to raise my knees over the edge of the dam, and the force of the tons of water sliding down the slope was, of course, very hard to oppose. There was no one in sight, and my predicament was fast becoming serious—in fact, I was almost 'all in'—when in one of my efforts my toes encountered a narrow projection in the masonry a few feet below the edge of the dam, and from this I was able, after

resting a while, to scramble back on the ledge, pretty well exhausted and scared. I lost my favourite landing-net from my belt, but, to my surprise, I found that my rod was still tightly clutched in my left hand.

I was careful ever after to give the brink a wide berth, but I had a companion in misfortune one morning when my servant 'boy' fell in, although I had warned him to be careful to keep away from the edge, because he informed me that he could not swim, having been brought up in the mountains. However, he rolled up his trousers and followed me on to the dam barefooted. It was not long before I was into a good-sized fish, and shouted for the landing-net. The 'boy' came running eagerly behind me, and then I heard a tremendous splash, and on looking round I found he had vanished from view; but the next moment a terror-stricken black face, with staring white eyeballs and gaping mouth, broke the surface as he yelled frantically, 'Massa, I drowning; I drowning, sah!' For a moment I was in a quandary how to rescue him—if I went near the slimy edge and he should pull me in with my heavy rubber-boots on, it meant good-bye for both of us; then I thought of the rod, and quickly slacking off line, I reversed it and pushed him the butt, which he clutched like grim death as I drew him on to the dam.

On reeling up I was surprised to find the fish still on the line, and I eventually netted him—a nice sand-fish.

IV.

These fish are very voracious, and if you had a blank day otherwise, you could nearly always 'save your face' by worming for them in the depths with a heavy sinker. Even though not hooked, I have known them hold on to the bait until drawn up to the surface, when they would reluctantly open their wide jaws, and sink back into the depths. They are delicious eating, but most repulsive to look at, with an enormous head, behind which a pair of fins sprout laterally like whiskers. They give no sport, but come in like a log after a few minutes' wriggling. I once felt a bite on my line from one of these creatures, but hadn't reeled in very far when I felt a tremendous tug, and on raising my quarry to the surface found he was a large sand-fish, who calmly opened his jaws and disgorged the smaller fish of his own kind which I had originally hooked, and which he had seized like a cannibal on its way up! I got him later on, however, for there is hardly any limit to their greediness.

My best catch in this pool was a hog-nosed mullet, weighing seven and three-quarter pounds. The river was a milky colour, just clearing after flood, and I was searching out the pool with what the negroes call a silver shrimp as live-bait. This shrimp is a fresh-water crustacean, with a slender body so transparent that it can be seen through. I had worked along the breastwork of the dam to the opposite bank, when there was a rush and a gleam of silver, and almost before I realised it, the fish had flashed across to the far edge of the pool verging on the rapids. Steady pressure checked him there, and a series of short dashes towards the near bank followed. I had to treat him gingerly, for my rod was light and the leader a fine trout-cast. When, finally, I got him in the centre of the pool, he proceeded to bore down with a constant swaying motion, as if trying to plumb the depths. After fifteen or twenty minutes of steady strain, he showed symptoms of weakening, and I was able to bring him near the edge of the dam; but the force of the current made the pressure enormous, and he still had strength enough to resist being guided into the slack-water. Each time he made a rush as I timorously applied increased pressure, very fearful of my slender tackle. Just as I was despairing of ever landing him, I spied a native on the canal-bank in the distance, and a series of ear-splitting yells at last penetrated the clamour of the water and brought the man running to my help, and with his assistance the net was slipped under my silver beauty as I brought him up to the brink the next time. The flesh of this fish is most delicate. It gets its name from a projecting upper-lip with which it is supposed to dig up the mud on the river-bottom in search of its food.

The *calipeva* is another grand sporting fish. It has no teeth, and its only food is vegetable matter, chiefly a weed called 'morass' by the natives, and also moss, which it sucks from the stones. For years it was a problem to catch them, as the weed would float off the hook as you cast; but a friend of mine improvised a sliding collar of gut, by means of which you secured the moss after festooning it through the double gut above the hook, and he was very successful in catching them. They are exceedingly wary fish, and it was sometimes most tantalising to see them dashing around the pools in shoals, swarming about your bait, which the strong current kept floating on the surface. They would nose it and push against it, or flick it contemptuously with their tails—in fact, do everything but swallow it. Then occasionally you would feel a tug, and strike sharply, to find the hook stripped. I was never skilful enough to do much execution among them. The largest I caught weighed three and a half pounds.

While fishing from the dam I sometimes noticed numbers of young mullet skipping up the slope, and on one occasion I asked an old African to get me some for live-bait, when he surprised me by standing on the slope and holding a round, flat basket waist-high. 'Arlright, massa,' he said, in reply to my inquiry; 'hab patience; I soon ketch dem. Wait little.' And, sure enough, several of the little fellows soon came skipping into his basket and were captured.

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

III.

'I'D better begin at the beginning, too,' Clement said. 'I want to let you know how all this was plumped on to a defenceless man by that hardened little lawyer of yours. Only, I'm ever so glad that he was hardened, and wouldn't take "No" for an answer.'

Thereupon, and concisely, and without mentioning Mr Hartley Hard's insistence upon marriage (a matter which Clement felt he was now quite capable of dealing with himself), he told her the whole story from the moment the india-rubber solicitor had bounced into his cabin. He told her of Hartley Hard's suspicions, how they had tallied with the strange doings of Méduse and Mr Neuburg in the matter of his (Clement's) nearly missing the train and the diversion of his luggage. He told of the precious pair's attempt at keeping him at arm's length, and how he had foiled them. He told how Mr Neuburg had played the eavesdropper on the boat-deck of the *Empress* when he was warning her against dabbling in mines, and how Mr Neuburg, through Méduse, had immediately countered by producing the lawyers' letter—a letter that had been stolen from his suit-case by the rogue steward.

'And that is the explanation of that,' said Heloise. 'It seems rather a trivial incident now, but it might have had a terrible sequel.'

'It wasn't trivial; in fact, it was rather clever,' said Clement. 'You see, even if you had allowed me to explain, it would have shown that I really was, in a way, acting for Mr Hartley Hard—against whom you were in rebellion. However honest I attempted to be, I should still be a conspirator in your eyes. They counted on that. Of course, when I got my more definite and damning facts against them, there was only one thing for them to do—to keep me out of your way by force.'

Clement went on to explain how they had tried to do this. He told of the robbery on board the *Empress* of which he was accused. He told of the way he had been neatly trapped in the Sault Algonquin. He told of his escape, of his dismay at finding her gone, of his great good luck in meeting The Chief. Swiftly he gave the outline of how Heloise had been traced and followed to Cobalt, how at Cobalt his own impulsiveness again had led him astray, of the pistol-fight with Siwash, how through their automobile-driver they had picked up more information concerning Gunning. He told of the way they had lost the trail at North Bay, but how they were able to pick it up, thanks to the capture of Joe Wandersun. He told of the way they had utilised this fact to trick even the wily Neuburg, and how at Banff they were able to examine that rogue's telegrams and learn how well they had fooled him. 'There is one point, however,' he said. 'You spoke of your sending a telegram forward to Sicamous from Cobalt giving your route, and of having received one at Payne mentioning that Gunning was returning to Sicamous *viâ* Banff. We haven't seen those telegrams; they were neither here, at Banff, nor at Sicamous. I wonder how we missed them?'

'I can explain, perhaps, the one that was sent from Cobalt,' said Heloise after a moment's thought. 'I did not hand that in myself; Méduse did. It would have been easy for her to change the address. She might have sent it to Neuburg at Winnipeg or Calgary.'

'Yes, that would explain why it was not found at Banff. And the telegram you received from Payne?'

'Come to my sitting-room, Clement,' said Heloise. 'I have all the papers there.' As they went into the hotel she continued: 'From what I remember of it, Méduse also brought that to me with her own hands.' They reached the pretty room, and Heloise opened the letter-case in which she kept all her papers. A short search showed them the telegram. Its message was made up of typed strips pasted on the usual form. The strip which told the name of the place from which it had been sent was not there—it had been torn off. 'You see, I never knew where it came from. I took it for granted it had come from Sicamous, whereas it may have, and probably did, come from somewhere else—from Winnipeg or Calgary. That is why you did not find it among the telegrams at Sicamous.'

'That is obviously the reason. And now I had better tell you about Sicamous. I've explained to you enough to show you how Neuburg—or, rather, Nachbar, for that was his real name—had lured you so far west for criminal purposes of his own. I've given you some idea of the fiendish plot he had organised. I had better tell you exactly what he meant to do, how he meant to plunder you. That's what we found out at Sicamous.'

'But before you found out, something must have happened. You must tell me that.'

'It was rather an ugly business.'

Heloise touched his wounded arm. 'Yes, I see; but I must know. It was through my folly—I must know.'

'There was something of a scrimmage.'

'And Nachbar was killed in that—you said he was dead?'

'Yes; he tried to escape, and one of the men with us shot him.'

'And what else?'

'It's not easy to say, Heloise; you must be ready for something—ugly.'

'Ah,' she breathed, 'Gunning—Harry Gunning. Did something happen to him?' Her face was white.

'Yes, something happened to him.'

She looked at him with bright, frightened eyes; it was only after a first attempt that she spoke again.

'Who—who killed him?' she asked in a whisper.

'Nachbar.'

'Nachbar!' she breathed. She sat back. She was, at the moment, poignantly moved; she saw nothing in the curious fact of Nachbar killing his tool. She sat in a pitiable quietude, and, softly, she began to weep. 'Oh, to what an ugly end has this sentimental dream of mine come!' she whispered. 'Just because I was a foolish girl.'

Clement was beside her; his arm was about her shoulders. 'Don't blame yourself, Heloise,' he said quietly. 'It was because you were honourable and they dishonourable that all this happened. You were to be the victim, remember.'

'Oh, I know Harry Gunning was not a good man; I have come to understand that. But even if he was a scoundrel, to die because——'

'He didn't die like that, Heloise,' Clement said softly. 'Whatever Gunning had been in the past, his death wiped it out. He died a man; he died—white.'

'He died white?' she cried.

'You see—it was Nachbar who killed him.'

She began to realise what that meant.

'Nachbar, his own accomplice! But why?'

'He found out that Nachbar was a murderer.'

Heloise stared at him, stared at him, her eyes widened in terror. 'Clement!' she cried. 'Oh—Clement!'

She turned and buried her face in his breast; her slim shoulders quivered. She understood.

IV.

It was a long time before he could tell her what had happened, give her all the details of the character of Nachbar, the effect of the exposure of Nachbar on Gunning in that lonely shack on Shuswap Lake. Heloise sat silent, completely under control, but her white face and her frightened eyes showed him how entirely the horror of all this, of all that had threatened her, wrung her.

'Henry Gunning was a rogue; he admitted that,' said Clement. 'He admitted that he had allowed himself to be drawn into this plot to play upon your good feelings for the purpose of robbing you. He wasn't altogether vile; he had moments of rebellion against the dirty part he was playing—that's why he went on the loose, drank, and ran off to Cobalt; he wanted to drug himself against his conscience. But that clean instinct wasn't enduring, nor was it firm enough to resist Nachbar. Nachbar had him tight; his will was dominated by the arch-rogue; also, Nachbar knew enough facts to put him into prison; so, in spite of occasional moments of honesty, he threw his lot in with Nachbar. He told me this quite candidly, so I am not doing him an injustice. He was willing to go to the extreme length of the plot as disclosed to him, dirty though that was, in order to rob you. But he never dreamt he would have to go further. He never dreamt of——'

'Of murder,' said Heloise in a low voice.

'Of murder. And when I showed him what Nachbar was, what he had done, gave details of that Oregon crime I have just told you about, and proved to him that Nachbar intended to act now as he had acted then, that horrible fact touched a clean vein in Gunning's nature. He revolted against that infamy, turned on his master, as I have described, and—and, well, incidentally saved my life, for Nachbar undoubtedly meant to shoot me out of hand.'

Heloise's breath caught sharply. She put out her hand and caught Clement's. But she said nothing, and Clement began to tell her the facts of the plot against her.

'The plot against you and your money, as it was first planned, was this. Gunning, in some way, had got himself into the power of Nachbar—or Adolf Neuburg, as he called him. Nachbar, who always found use for fools of Gunning's temper, meant first to use him as a sort of stool-pigeon in a big mining deal. Gunning, in one of his Micawberish moments, had rather spread himself in mine-claims. He had claims staked out all along Shuswap Lake, and in the mountains behind.'

'The claims are there, then,' said Heloise.

'They are there, and that is about all you can say of them. Gunning had done a fair amount of mining in his vagabond life, so that, so far as I can say, there is just enough metal showing to give his claims an air of verity, and no more. I've been into the facts. Those claims have no actual value.'

'But the assay—it showed promise?'

'That was a fake. The stuff assayed was specially selected, and had no relationship to the quality of the rest, which was unworthy. These assays were a part of Neuburg's big mining swindle. He proposed to catch some unwise person with them, and dupe him into putting down a great deal of money in the hope of making an immense fortune. He was looking about for such a person when he happened on you.'

'Do you mean I was accidental, that all this wasn't prepared especially for my benefit?'

'It wasn't. Nachbar was looking for his

dupe when he happened to come across one of your letters while prying through Gunning's effects. That was the way he got the whole matter out of Gunning. Gunning had read of your father's death, and knew what that meant. He gave Nachbar an idea of your fortune, your loneliness in the world, and what you had been to him in the old days. You seemed to be created to fit into Nachbar's swindling scheme. He immediately started to plan to get your money.'

'That was when Harry Gunning began to write to me again?'

'Yes. Nachbar read your letters (there were more than one) carefully; he cross-examined Gunning about you. In his shrewdness he was able to make an uncannily accurate estimate of your character and to realise how you might be influenced. As he looked at it, it would all work out naturally and easily. His first plan was this. He and his wife—that is, Méduse Smythe—were to go to England. They were to study you, and get into as close contact with you as possible; at a signal from them, Gunning was to reopen correspondence with you. Nachbar suggested the first letters, with just that manly touch which would react on a nature like yours.

'Well, they arrived in England. They discovered they had a simple line of approach. Nachbar, according to his habit, kept in the background, but Méduse Smythe found it was easy to make up to your companion. It was learned that your companion was one of those women who, in spite of a comfortable position, are yet consumed by secret ambition. She wanted to open some sort of shop for some sort of special article—I don't know what it was. She felt she had a particular genius for this, and that if she only got her chance she would make her fortune. Well, of course, they saw that she got her chance. I don't know how they did it, but they did it cleverly, for not only was she able to leave you, but she proposed Méduse in her place, and kept grimly silent about the whole business.

'When this was decided on, Gunning got his signal to send his first letter. The rest you know. Méduse, playing her cards cleverly, both gave you the name of the agent—Wandersun—who was to confirm all that Gunning hinted at in his letters, and subtly urged you forward on this journey to Canada. At the same time she saw to it that Mr Hartley Hard was to be kept out of your confidence. So you came out here.'

'And when I came out here, what was to happen?'

'The first plan was fairly direct and simple. You were to meet Henry Gunning in the romantic wilds and under romantic circumstances, you were to be carried away by your emotions—and you were to marry him.'

'Oh—but I might not have wanted to marry him when I saw him.'

'Perhaps you would not—but I don't know. They meant to stage-manage the thing very effectively. They meant the whole thing to affect you irresistibly. They seemed to be certain that they would be successful.'

There was a pause between them. Their minds were full of unsaid things. They both saw the infinite ease with which the rogues might have had their way with her once she was in the wilds. Her name might have been compromised so that she would marry to save it—she might have been forced to do their bidding. Presently Heloise said, 'And when I had married Henry Gunning?'

'They would have got hold of your money. Nachbar did not talk over his plans, and, as I imply, they were modified later; but from what we know of his past we are certain that he would have got your money. He had his tool, Landor, at the bank at Revelstoke, where your money would be placed. Either by forgery, or by forcing you to sign cheques or write letters, and by working through Landor, he would get your money bit by bit. He had you in the wilds, you see; he could carry on such transactions without your protesting.'

'He couldn't have kept me there for ever. Sooner or later I would go to the bank and find out, if I didn't know—or protest if I did.'

Clement did not answer.

'You mean,' she cried, her breath catching—'you mean that, even if I married Gunning, I should be—I should be—murdered.' She shuddered convulsively.

'Gunning could not say that,' said Clement; 'nobody would say it, even if, unlike Gunning, they knew. But—but there's the method of that Oregon crime. Roberts of Oregon was—removed because with him out of the way it was very difficult to prove forgery and robbery and bring home the crime to Nachbar.'

Clement looked at the pale face of the girl anxiously. He could see what she was going through. Was he trying her more than her vitality could stand? She said, with a surprising feminine calmness, 'I see. If I was out of the way—thanks to some brilliant and fatal accident—nobody could prove that I had *not* drawn cheques or written letters making my money away myself, especially as I should die leaving all I possessed to my husband, Henry Gunning, by will. Yes, I can see their plan. It was fiendish and vilely clever. And they changed it? That, I take it, was because you intruded into the scheme, Clement?'

'Yes; the fact that you had somebody working on your side upset the even tenor of their crime,' smiled Clement, in an endeavour to relieve the grimness of this ugly story. 'They were determined not to give up their booty, but they had

to alter their procedure to fit the circumstances. They chopped and changed several times as the situation altered. What their between-time plans were I don't know, but their final plan was obviously this. On your way to Sicamous yesterday'——

'Yesterday!' whispered Heloise, her hands covering her face. 'It's awful to think how close I came to it all. Yesterday—if it hadn't been for you, where should I be, what should I be to-day?'

'Think of what you *are* to-day,' said Clement, touching her arm. 'Well, yesterday you were to call on the bank at Revelstoke. You would have seen Landor, who had arranged that all business should be done through him; he would have witnessed your signature; you would have signed a form authorising him, or, rather, the bank, to negotiate the sale of all your securities that are not open and easily marketable.'

'Clement,' cried the girl with indignation, 'did they take me for an idiot? I should never do such a thing without taking expert advice. I would not have signed that form.'

'You would not have known you had,' said Clement. 'Landor was to pass you over an innocuous blank form, telling you to write your signature at the foot. If you had asked the reason for this—though, as a stranger in the land, you would probably have accepted it as one of the strange, national customs—he was ready with the most plausible story of its being but the usual form for legal or banking or other purpose. They were confident you would sign it. Then, when you had left the building, Landor would fill up that form himself, authorising the bank to sell the securities. If anybody had questioned it then, or later, he would swear that he had written out the authorisation at your request, as you pleaded inexperience in such dealings, and that, when he had written it, you had read it through and added your signature.'

'There is one point I think which is against them,' said Heloise after thinking for a moment. 'All my securities are in the Montreal head-office of the Dominion Consolidated Bank, and I have only five thousand pounds at the Revelstoke branch. If Montreal received a demand for all my securities from a branch, surely suspicion would be aroused?'

Clement sat upright. 'Ah!' he breathed. 'Then it's as I thought.'

'What is as you thought, Clement?'

Clement handed her the telegram which he had received from The Chief—the telegram which told that the Montreal office of the Dominion Consolidated Bank had received authorisation in *Heloise's own handwriting* to transfer all her money—that is, one hundred and forty thousand pounds—to the Revelstoke branch. Heloise gazed at Clement in bewilderment. She cried in amazement, 'But, Clement, this is incredible.'

'It is a fact in black and white. The Chief must have obtained his information direct from the Montreal office of the bank.'

'But I mean—I never wrote such a letter.'

'No, I did not think you did. I think Nachbar wrote it.'

'A forgery, Clement!'

'Nachbar was a forger,' said Clement.

(*Continued on page 542.*)

GALEODES—A SUPER-SPIDER.

By Herbert Mace.

IMAGINE two pairs of curved steel nippers, with cruelly sharp points and a row of saw-like teeth on the inner edge of each blade, set side by side and operated by machinery which causes one pair to open while the other closes, and you have some idea of the extraordinary equipment of the bloodthirsty Galeodes.

It was away on the Macedonian hills that I made the acquaintance of this ruthless spider. I had awakened soon after the first glimmer of dawn, and, staring upwards, saw a fearsome creature running with business-like air up the mosquito-netting of my tent. Not much liking the look of it, I promptly killed it with a boot. Its body was just over two inches long, the 'cephalothorax' (which is what scientists call the curious combination of head and chest in the spider tribe) divided from the round, fat abdomen by a narrow waist. In front of the head were the extraordinary pincers I have described. Greatly swollen at the base and curving to a point, these 'cheliceræ' were nearly an inch long and arranged to work up and down. At first sight there appeared to be ten legs, but on close inspection I found that only six were really legs—long, hairy, powerful limbs; while the other appendages were feelers or 'palpi,' and these, which were even longer than the legs and quite as hairy, were continually in motion, feeling the way round, while the creature was running up the tent. The colour was the typical brownish-gray common among spiders.

Although my inspection confirmed me in my feeling that it was an unpleasant lodger, I felt sorry I had killed it, for I was curious to know what it lived upon, and to witness its meeting with some worthy adversary. My wish was gratified in a day or two, for I came across another, busily engaged in devouring a big, but ordinary, spider. It was horribly, fascinatingly uncanny to see the pincers at work, and if ever

I want to try to outdo the worst tortures of the Inquisition, I shall invent an apparatus of this sort. The spider had been seized by the leg, and it could not get away. I even doubt whether the Galeodes could have let it go had it wanted to. The pincers were working all the time, and as one pair opened when the other shut, the victim was always held firmly while being cut. One leg after another was severed and discarded, and from the end where the last limb was cut off the pincers went on remorselessly, chew, chew, chew, until the spider was absorbed in the Galeodes.

With great caution I transferred the creature to a tobacco-tin, and spent much time in finding the biggest spiders I could. Galeodes chewed them up one after the other, never hesitating, the moment one was put in the tin, to dash forward and seize it. The tin was soon littered with the rejected legs. A grasshopper much larger than the prisoner shared the same fate, the wings and the legs being first cut off, and the soft body consumed.

The climax came when another Galeodes was discovered. By this time the first was swollen and bloated with high living, and its appetite showed distinct signs of dropping off. The second specimen was, therefore, kept in a separate tin for a day, and the first had its rations cut off for the same period. With much eagerness the members of the Mess watched the introduction of the two.

There was a moment's horrified pause as they faced each other in astonishment. They then flew at each other furiously. Round and round they careered, each trying to seize the other by a leg with the terrible pincers, and cleverly turning and evading them. Over the slippery bottom of the tin and among the scattered limbs of the slain they scrambled and slithered, one or the other occasionally making a sudden and violent lunge at his adversary. At the end of ten minutes neither had gained any advantage, and time was called, both combatants being obviously tired and breathless. We might have witnessed another fight, but after waiting a few minutes and seeing no disposition to renew hostilities, we put the lid on. If only we had separated them! In a couple of hours' time some one went to inspect. Only one was left—the new arrival. The legs, the palpi, and the enormous pincers of the first lay in the bottom of the tin.

My natural instinct to kill this fearsome beast was evidently sound, for since my return I have learned that Galeodes is particularly poisonous, its bite producing temporary paralysis, headache, and fainting, in addition to severe local inflammation.

I gather that farther east there are species even larger than this, which are dreaded alike by sheep, camels, and man, to whom they sometimes prove fatal.

THE PURPOSE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART III.

IV.

ANOTHER two or three days passed. These were spent by Tommy in fulfilling an engagement, entered into some time before, to pay a visit to a friend in town. Meantime his father seized the opportunity to shut himself up and devote his thoughts to his 'Storm-music.' He loved his boy, but he loved solitude almost better, believing in it as favourable, if not actually essential, to the higher forms of musical inspiration. Behold him, then, attired in light summer garb and stretched upon a deck-chair in his conservatory, with music-paper within reach, and the perfume of a datura-plant to supply the voluptuous element that his sensuous nature demanded. He had begun by passing in lazy review the various storms he remembered in the works of his musical predecessors. There was a storm—a mountain storm—in Rossini's *William Tell*. Another, in the last act of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, he dismissed contemptuously, because of what he considered the cheapness and melodramatic savour of its chromatic treatment. Beethoven had done better in his Pastoral Symphony. But, after all, the storm there depicted was a land storm—the mere thunder-spate of a summer day. What he wanted must be grander, more elemental. And though Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* was full of superb evocations of the sea, he feared to let his mind dwell upon it lest he should fall too much under its influence. For above all things he must avoid having his music stigmatised as 'derivative.' Derivative indeed! when there were so many moments in his life (as, for instance, during his recent crossing of the common) when he felt himself simply brimming over with native melody. But, be that as it might, by the time his fifth cigarette had burned itself out it began to be fairly plain that his all-important 'Storm-music' was not going to come to him for the asking. This was vexatious—more than vexatious; for of all moods he knew that of baffled quest was probably the most humiliating. With an expression of somewhat peevish discontent upon his not unpleasing features, he closed his eyes and presently slept.

A slight movement near at hand roused him, and looking up, he beheld Guenevera Bearcroft, wearing a fresh summer frock and bearing a pink-lined sunshade. His first impulse was one of crossness, not to say fury, against his

parlour-maid for having flown in the face of his formal order that no visitor was to be admitted. But the maid was not to blame; because Guenevera, seeing the hot-house door standing open, and being in haste, had taken upon herself to enter without ringing. It took her but a moment to recognise that she had been guilty of a grave offence.

'Forgive me, Berold,' she began, with graceful diffidence. 'I ought not to have disturbed you, but the case was urgent, and I won't take up more than a moment of your precious time.' And she went on to tell that she had just received a telegram from Marianne Delatour, the Jewish contralto, proposing to lunch, and would Berold come to meet her? One o'clock sharp, as Marianne had a train to catch afterwards.

Now, this was just the sort of introduction that, in calmer moments, Berold felt he stood in need of. With his unquestioned power of favourably impressing the fair sex (especially when they saw him for the first time), and of talking in an impressive manner about music, much might be done, even in an hour and a half, to make a friend of a popular singer, who at that instant had the ball at her feet. But unfortunately this was not one of the composer's lucid moments. He was in a state of high irritation, provoked primarily by his own failure, and, in the second degree, by the apparent contravention of his orders; and so his reply to his fair neighbour's invitation was uttered with positive rudeness.

'Certainly not, Guenevera; most certainly not! Why, how on earth do you suppose that I am ever to get my opera finished if I go lunching here, there, and everywhere, to meet every third-rate cantatrice who may happen to be taking a day off? I should have thought you knew the artist-life a little better than that.'

The abashed intruder saw that she had badly 'put her foot in it'; but the effort she made to extricate herself merely plunged her deeper.

'But, Berold, what are you thinking of? Marianne is an acknowledged star, and I will ask her to sing to us after lunch.'

It is not every artist, however, who cares to form part of another artist's audience. What Guenevera ought to have said was, 'I will ask her to sing some of your compositions.'

The musician instantly mounted his high horse. 'You are very good, I'm sure. But I am far too busy to think of social engagements at present. At this very moment I've most important work upon the anvil, which will not be exactly helped by this incursion.'

He spoke sarcastically, and fortunately for the credit of his statement the visitor's eye had not happened to light on the blank music-paper. She turned instantly to the door.

'Say no more, Berold—I'm off! I can't tell you how grieved I am to have broken the thread of your thoughts' (there was no trace of irony in these words), 'but you know you did say you wanted to meet professionals, and Marianne is such a good sort, and so seldom to be captured.'

She was gone. Whether quite genuine or not, there had been distinct pathos, if not an actual hint of tears, in her voice, such as one hears in that of a disappointed child, as she spoke the last sentence, and Berold was man enough to wince at the reproach thus addressed by weakness to strength, as he was also gentleman enough to feel ashamed of his churlish behaviour. His first impulse was to follow and coax her back. But his irritability triumphed, and, after standing irresolute for a minute, he sank back upon his couch and reclined there, feeling thoroughly disgusted. He had repulsed the very overtures which he wished to encourage, had behaved like a brute—or, say, a bear—to his best friend, and this at the moment when he most desired to stand well in her good graces. And all this was due to the sheer perversity of ill-temper. Had his neighbour been an old offender, one who habitually ran in and out of his house at unseasonable hours, his rudeness might possibly have been justified. But he could not in fairness accuse her of being a nuisance, for she hardly ever crossed his threshold. No; it was he who did the visiting—did it without regard to her convenience in his choice of hours—and who yet was invariably made welcome with an unfailing grace and charm. Would there be a coldness now between him and his best friend, whom he could not possibly afford to lose? It seemed more than likely, for, notwithstanding her gentleness, her special gentleness with himself, Guenevera did not lack dignity. 'D——!' He employed an imprecation seldom heard upon his lips. He was thoroughly disgusted with himself. And the one thing that stood out clearer than any in his mind was that he need think no more of 'Storm-music' that day. His nerves had scarcely been so jangled since he had listened to a performance of Richard Strauss's *Elektra* in Berlin a year or two before.

As the day wore on, however, he regained equanimity, an hour or two's improvisation at the piano greatly helping him. Then he conceived a plan which he hoped might put things right. He would indite a penitent note to Mrs Bearcroft, humbly begging her to pardon his most unmannerly outburst of petulance, and, if she were angelic enough to do this, graciously to seal her pardon by drinking tea with him on the following day, when his hybrid roses, which he would like to show her, would be in bloom. This note written and despatched, he awaited the reply in some anxiety, for, his peculiar temperament inclining him to exaggerate most things, he thought it quite conceivable that the lady might decline to have anything more to do with him. And the mere idea of any such thing perturbed him more acutely than he would have cared to avow.

But if Guenevera was sensitive, she also forgave readily. She could make ample allowance for the irritability of the creative mind, and had besides been too sharply schooled by life ever to dream of sacrificing a friend to the gratification of a momentary pique. So she wrote back almost as if nothing had happened, making very light of Sanderson's bearishness, and replying that though she could not come to tea next day, if it was the same to him, she would be very pleased to come on the day following. Next day she had promised to go to town, to hear Miss Delatour sing at a concert, for which that artist had given her and her daughter tickets.

'It isn't the same to me,' soliloquised Berold, with some dissatisfaction, after reading the missive; 'still, I suppose I must say it is.' And he wrote to that effect. The difference consisted in this, that by the second day Tommy would have returned from London, so that he could then no longer be certain of having Guenevera to himself.

The day arrived, and at the appointed hour the expected guests duly appeared. Berold greeted Guenevera with especial gallantry, bending low to press her gloved fingers to his lips; whilst she displayed her tact by behaving as if nothing unusual had happened. Meantime the younger couple had met in less formal and more up-to-date fashion.

'Well, Tommy! Had a good time?' queried Alysa cheerily.

To which the sandy-haired youth replied laconically, 'Rath-er!'

Then they paired off together, Tommy having accounted for the movement by saying that he believed Alysa preferred fruits to flowers.

But they were scarcely out of earshot, moving in the direction of the gooseberry-bushes, before the girl exclaimed, 'I say, Tommy, how is this? Didn't you notice that your father greeted mummy even more affectionately than he generally does? Are you quite sure that he clearly understood all I told you to tell him?'

For a moment the boy looked slightly at a loss. 'You mean about your mother's debts? Well, to own the truth, Alysa, I haven't told him anything about them.'

'Oh, you tiresome boy! What! haven't you had an opportunity?'

Again he slightly hesitated. 'Well, as you know, I've been away for a couple of nights. But that wasn't the reason. No! I had quite a good opportunity of speaking out last night, when dad and I sat up later than usual, and I told him all about the plays I'd been seeing.'

'And do you mean to say that you never mentioned that mother owed a pot of money? Why, it may be too late now!' And, with unfeigned disappointment and anxiety depicted on her child-like face, Alysa glanced in the direction of the hybrids.

Then Tom took the bull by the horns. 'No, Alysa,' he blurted out, 'I never breathed a word of it; and what's more, I don't intend to!'

'Then you've changed your mind and want him to marry her?' (aggressively).

'I don't—not a little bit of me! But the fact is, I don't like the job, and I'm not going to have anything to do with it. I just hate the thought of going behind another person to spoil her game. It goes against the grain.'

Poor Alysa! There was she, at seventeen, up against all the stubborn and unreasoning prejudice which one sex must sooner or later discover in the other. It said a good deal for her self-control that she retained command of herself, and chose the weapon of expostulation rather than of recrimination.

'But, my dear Tom, didn't we agree that to prevent the marriage would really be to act in their best interests? They are not really suited to each other, and would not be happy together for any length of time. You admit that?'

Tom nodded, and then modified his nod by adding, 'That is, so far as you and I can judge.'

'And we can judge better than they can. Because we know them thoroughly—how essentially weak they both are—and our feelings don't blind us as theirs do. Well, then, admitting that the marriage would not bring them lasting happiness, but very much the reverse, oughtn't they to be very much obliged to us for spoiling their game, as you call it? I don't, of course, mean at the present moment, but when they come to see things clearer.'

Again, as once before, in the hollow on the common, Tom's admiration of the child's clearness of view and dialectic talent amounted very nearly to stupefaction. A 'Daniel come to judgment' was scarcely in it with Alysa, and to him the effect of so much wisdom speaking through such almost baby lips was irresistibly piquant. Adorable, but not convincing. For what was most essential in his manhood was up in arms against it. So, after a moment or two of rather stupid silence, he made answer doggedly, 'I don't care, Alysa! I tell you I'm not going to have anything to do with telling tales out of school!'

It was almost as though a contest of wits between Titania and Bottom should have ended in the triumph of the latter. And yet in this case, for such as took the trouble to look below the surface, the ass's head had the *beau rôle*. But, after all, Tom's successful withstanding of the temptress was in the nature of a Pyrrhic victory; for was he not conscious all the time of acting in his own despite, and of being in his heart of hearts dearly anxious to stand well with his adversary?

Mrs Bearcroft and her cavalier were meantime busy with the hybrids—he describing them from an expert's point of view, whilst she simply admired their colour, form, and fragrance; yet neither was thinking solely of the roses.

'Never before in my life have I seen so pure a scarlet in a rose!' exclaimed Guenevera, with whom enthusiasm, or even ecstasy, was apt to be a trifle facile. She did so love to give pleasure.

'That's the Penzance brier,' returned her staider host; 'it's a free flowerer, and does well here.' And he broke off a spray, and, opening his penknife, stripped off the thorns and presented it.

'For me? How sweet of you!'

She put out a hand to take the flowers, and as she did so pricked a finger and uttered a little cry; whereupon he blamed himself for having done his work so imperfectly.

'Never mind! Most sweet things have a thorn, Berold—as we who have been married know.'

She sighed. He had heard, from herself and others, that her wedded life had been miserable. Nor had his own been absolutely ideal. Possibly he had allowed her to understand as much.

Notwithstanding that her complexion had obviously been 'touched up,' she looked very graceful, tender, feminine, as she threaded her way among the rose-trees, a step or two at a time, balancing her sunshade and pausing to admire the blooms.

It was now his turn to sigh. 'Vera, I only wish you would let me try to make up to you for the past.'

She was struck by his addressing her by what she called her *petit nom*—struck, and by no means displeased, though he had never done so before. The rest of his sentence she interpreted as referring to his momentary aberration of two or three days previously. 'You have more than done so already;' and she pointed smilingly to the roses he had just given her.

He shook his head. 'No, no! that's not what I mean. I mean that I wish you would let me try to make you happy in another way—where another failed.'

He was obviously nervous, almost tremulous, and she understood him clearly now. His declaration came as a surprise, for, though she had long toyed with the notion that he cared for her, she did not expect him to tell her so at that particular moment. I fancy it often happens so. Meantime Berold fell into the error which besets most nervous men who have an object to gain—he would not let the other party get a word in, but went on talking without a pause.

'Of course, I don't wonder that you are shy of me after what you have just alluded to—what happened on Tuesday. I tell you, Guenevera, I have been miserable whenever I have thought of it since. Quite naturally, you think that I am often as I was that day. But that is unjust. I confess to irritability, but I almost always stifle it. Consult Tommy on that point, if you like.'

He spoke with almost pathetic earnestness. And yet he had no real fear that she was going to refuse him. But he instinctively knew that she was the sort of woman who loves to be urged. It was slightly old-fashioned possibly, yet he would have liked her less had she been otherwise. That was his nature—as a composer he leaned to the wood-wind and the harp-string rather than the brass or kettledrums. Had he been silent now, it had been well. But he went on: 'I suppose you feel that the children complicate the problem? I have felt that too. But you must have noticed, Guenevera, what excellent friends the youngsters are. Tommy is no more like me than Alysa is like you, but they are almost as good friends as you and I are.'

'Yes, darling?'

Coming as they did from Guenevera, these words might have been intended to assure his happiness. Unfortunately their tone was not affirmative, but interrogative. Nor were they, in fact, addressed to him, but to Alysa, who was bearing down upon them along the garden path, her naïve blue eyes filled with unfeigned interest in their proceedings.

'Yes, darling?' repeated Mrs Bearcroft, speaking in the wheedling tone which from an affectation had become a second nature with her when she addressed her child. 'Yes, darling? Did you want me? What have you done with Tom?'

'Oh, Tom's all right, mother!' replied the young lady cavalierly. (As a matter of fact, she had deserted him in displeasure, after her failure to get him to see reason—according to what her view of reason was.) 'Tom's all right, and I dare say he'll join us when he's tired of gooseberries. In the meantime, I thought I should like to see Mr Sanderson's hybrids.' Then she addressed herself to her host, in the tone of a young woman of the world saying the right thing, 'By Jove, Mr Sanderson, you have a good show this season, and no mistake! And I see mummy thinks so too, and has been robbing you. Halves, mummy!' And then, having laid her hand on the identical thorn which had just wounded Guenevera, she frankly rapped out a 'D——!'

In the circumstances poor Berold would have been glad of a similar relief to his feelings. But, like Guenevera, he was somewhat old-fashioned. And so loose was the rein with which Alysa had for years past been driven that neither of her elders even attempted to induce her to leave them to themselves. As she herself had lately remarked, they were, indeed, pitiably weak. Nor, I think, does the fact that their weakness proceeded from undisciplined kindness and affection run to seed do very much to excuse them.

(*Continued on page 534.*)

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE PACK.

A STORY OF THE WILDERNESS.

By F. ST MARS, Author of *The Wild Unmasked, Pinion and Paw, Snapshots of the Wild*, &c.

I.

LYCAON drove his fangs deep in, flung round, and was away again on the instant. There was no time for thought; pity was out of the question. He had enacted the unspeakable thing—struck down a female of his kind. It was all over in an instant, but her blood, as it spouted, was upon his shoulder even now, just where he could not lick it off. And more, he had led the pack on a 'dud' scent, while he broke back to his own selfish antelope 'kill.' Retribution would be swift, even for a land in which retribution is never slow. Dash that female's whiskers! If she had not trailed him back to his secret 'kill,' or come upon him so suddenly even—and she in whelp, too. His snap had gone home before he thought—startled; and she, with the rally-cry upon her thin lips, had gone down. Heaven help him if she lived—a she-dog always repays. Anyway, old Picta, the leader of the pack, thirty-nine strong, would have every nose to his trail inside thirty-nine breaths, and he full fed! Devoutly Lycaon cursed that greed which led to guzzling over his lone 'kill.'

Nothing that lives can outdistance the wild hunting-dog of Africa, even in Africa, the land of swiftest feet. *Nothing else.* Lycaon had leisure to ponder that fact as he scudded through the tinder-dry, crackling grass. His own kind alone could do it if some of the pack were empty and he (as he was) full. And some were empty, he knew.

Of course, he had his strength. A giant among wild dogs, a super-beast of his clan, above two and a half feet tall, weighing well over sixty-two pounds, none seemed to know why he had never claimed leadership of the pack; unless, indeed, it was the kink of his always intolerant temper that incited opposition in the others. *He* could stand off any two or three of them alone and single-fanged; but for how long? How long before the pack, encircling at full gallop in the horned Zulu *impi* formation, would have him down from behind? This, also, he had leisure to ponder as he threaded the open acacia scrub, jumping a streaking green mamba, whose bite is a ten-minute death, by the way.

Unlike many of the wild folk when hunted, Lycaon did not run in a circle, any sort of circle, even a rough one. That way lay death, with *those* hunters on his trail. How many times had he himself cut across the arc, and so reached his prey easily, when hunting antelope and ostrich? No circles for him, thank you; but he ran with a plan, all the same.

At first, at any rate, it seemed as if Lycaon had lost his head, was committing a disastrous blunder. *He was running upwind*—the interminable wind, sometimes hot, at times piercingly cold, of the *nyika*. This fact seemed to throw his life away; for the pack, with his peculiarly strong scent blowing back in their faces, had no need to drop nose and trail slowly, but could race at full speed with heads up—all the pack.

Nevertheless Lycaon held his own; at least it seemed that he did, for those wild hounds of the wilderness ran utterly mute, and there was no telling how close up or far back they were, save once, when Lycaon, stopping to look back from a sun-blistered, baboon-infested *kopje*, saw heads—black heads—grinning, strangely hyæna-like, jumping at intervals far away above the seared grass. That, however, was his sole check. There is no time for stops or dawdling when the wild dog of Africa is after you; and it was a case of full speed all the time for Lycaon, till the endless passage of the fire-stunted trees, the steady sweep-back of the rasping grass, the glimpses—seen and gone again—up long vistas of open ground, of startled antelope or zebra flying his path, or piled boulders radiating heat like an oven, became dizzying.

The sun was falling away, burning the piled and tumbled clouds in reeking, blood-red contusions of flame, and straight into the vortex of crimson Lycaon was racing, a smooth, gliding, machine-like figure, his black, tan, and white lean form coal-black in silhouette against the glare. And behind his back, night and his enemies raced after him together.

II.

Sunsets are short in those latitudes; the twilight too; but neither so short that, considering the terrific pace necessary for Lycaon

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to keep ahead of the pack running in the wind's teeth, the truth could long remain hidden. The mystic fires of sunset were becoming real flames of night. The horizon was alight, leaping, crackling, roaring dully like a hungry beast. The clouds were hurrying smoke-banks, choking and thick. What had appeared to be in the sky was now upon earth. The bush was ablaze —ay, ablaze, my friends—and Lycaon, the hyæna-like, black-faced, long-legged wild dog, was streaking straight towards it in the eye of the wind, as it towards him on the wings of the wind, at the speed o' knots.

Such sudden bush-fires Lycaon had often seen; perhaps at times had feared. They came, started by savages belike, for the sake of the new growth to feed their cattle with; started by more savage savages, to drive foes away; started, at times, by God knows what; started anyway, and hurrying athwart the distances by night, small fires and tremendous conflagrations. But mostly, if one were keen of eye and swift of foot, there were gaps to dash through, places where the flames found no food, or were mysteriously stopped. And always there were rivers —*if* one knew where, and they not dried up!

Lycaon knew all this, was breaking speed-records now to take advantage of it, aiming, unconsciously perhaps, to cut through before a gap closed and stopped the pack. Instinct, or deliberate planning, no matter what name you tag to it, the act was the same—and it failed.

But it was only when Lycaon got close—too close perhaps—that he realised the fact. No ordinary bush-fire this that confronted him, but a raging sea of flame, a roaring, crackling, racing flood of fire. The darkening horizon was alight from end to end, and night, and day, and nature, and the wild, it seemed, had all gone mad together. Zebra, hartebeest, wildebeest, gazelle; buffalo and rhinoceros; ostrich and jackal; even lion; snakes, lizards, and interminable insects—the air seemed as full of these, and others, as it was of choking smoke and flying ash.

If Lycaon survived being trampled into the earth by the stampeding, stare-eyed, maddened wild folk, it was not for want of narrow escapes. A score of zebra, thundering like a cavalry charge, missed him by inches. Fifty red-eyed wildebeests, tails and manes flying, at racing-speed, all but swept him to eternity. He slipped between a rhinoceros's legs, and felt the ground shake a moment later as he rolled over, barely clear of the horns of a heaving herd of buffalo. Then he relaxed, spring fashion, and shot into the air, letting by beneath a fifteen-foot python, all painted and glistening. Minute sparks were beginning to glimpse past—one burned his coat. The rolling smoke burned too, almost as much, and—Lycaon discovered himself alone with these things and the intolerable glare.

The wild dog, without checking, flung around right-pawed, so to say, and raced, as a greyhound might, along the wall of advancing flame, seeking a let-through. No such thing was possible, however, to anything without wings. So he again turned, bending back, his pied coat already scorched, and at last, flinging up the white tip of his bushy tail before the angry glare of the flames, did the thing that had been in his head at the first, before the fire came. He tore back *downwind*, on a line parallel with his own trail, the trail he had come by; and this time, straining, wild-eyed, foam-flecked, putting out the uttermost last ounce of speed that was in him. He almost flew—and that after already so long a race! 'Twas a white light upon the terror the slouching, lean, big-eared, short-muzzled wild dog wields in the wild. Who could face such a fury of speed at the climax of so many miles?

So far and cleverly had the canine brain of this animal—who was at the very end, as it were, of the dogs, and more hyæna-like than any—worked: two distinct plans of escape evolved in swiftest motion. But the canine brain stopped there; it could not know that the fire quickly raced over the spot where he had turned back; that the pack, also, had been checked by the fire before reaching the turn in his trail, and were now galloping furiously back by the way they had come, no longer hunting him, but hunted by packs of flames. He had calculated they would follow his trail as it turned now downwind. His scent being no longer blown towards, but from, them, they must drop their noses to puzzle his line out. This meant slower hunting, and if he could only go fast enough, his scent might 'stale out' before they could pick it up. He did not, could not, guess that the pack were at that moment actually tearing back almost level with him, and only a few hundred yards away, gradually converging towards him, as the speed of the flames increased, and compelled them to head, as he was doing, towards the only sanctuary from bush-fire they knew of—the river.

III.

Thus it happened that the pack fell in with Lycaon's trail again by accident, and followed it, since it went their own way, all the more swiftly now because of the scorch and the dry, roaring glare, increasing every moment, behind them. If they had been any other associates of the great Dog Tribe, hound, or wolf, or jackal even, they must have given tongue upon hitting the perfectly fresh trail again, and so Lycaon would have heard, and known what had happened. But they were not. They were the slope-backed, mottled, gnome-faced, mysterious hyæna-dog of the land of the Sphinx, and ran absolutely mute when hunting from start to finish, at all times, as now. Thus, therefore, the first hint Lycaon got of them was when, checked for a moment to let by a stream of mixed antelope

and zebra, demented with terror, he jumped above the grass, terrier-in-hay fashion, to look back, and found that his jump coincided almost exactly with that of old Picta, the leader of the pack, not two hundred yards away. Recognition was mutual and instant. Those sharpest of sharp, intelligent canine eyes could not have missed one another half a mile away even, let alone two hundred yards.

If, however, Lycaon's giant size gave him strength beyond that of the average full-grown dog of his species, it had another advantage too; it gave him speed. Those long, loose legs seemed tireless; those lungs in that deep chest proof against a burst. The beast's stamina was amazing; even a Derby winner could never have held before him. One beheld him as a streak threading the open bush, an intermittent flicker of black-and-tan, a something you saw, and did not know what you saw. Terror of being burnt alive lent the naturally fleetest antelope wings; Lycaon passed them—and the ostrich, holder of all records, also. It was his boast, the boast of all adult male African wild hunting-dogs, that nothing that ran lived that he could not tire out in the end.

Lycaon came to the fourfold avenue of doum-palms that flanked the river, with one hundred yards to spare—not a foot more, I swear it! He had no time to search up or down stream for a shallow, ford, or half-way island. He glanced back with his intelligent eyes for just one second, took in the pack gnashing after him, the flames gnashing after the pack, and slipped in. Once in, he swam, boldly and at top strain, straight across.

It was noticeable—his silent entry; noticeable, too, his hurry and straight course. Any fairly broad, deep stream will normally stop a wild-dog pack. The reason is obvious—the crocodiles. And the antelope know that: the hunted buck makes almost invariably riverwards.

The lurking, invisible crocodiles noted him, of course, as they notice everything. Only, the horror of their name normally leads them not to expect any beast less in bulk than buffalo to cross a deep river boldly. Thus, instant as they are, their slow brains tricked them. Before they realised, before horny, green-scummed eyelids had ceased blinking, and scaly bodies, sunk stern first, had gathered for attack, Lycaon was shaking showers of red diamonds in the red glare off his short, dappled coat upon the sandy shore of the far bank. And that coat, oddly enough, was on end. He had never run a risk like that before. Terror of 'crocs' had been sucked in by him at the breast, so to speak, but not terror of his own kind, or of fire.

Then he spun about, grinning, gibbering, chattering obscene things at the opposite bank. In that hell's illumination his black, short, huge-eared countenance looked diabolical—he more nearly resembled a gnome than ever. And the pack danced, and grinned, and gibbered back at him.

Lycaon turned again, and the chatter of defiance, the gibber of hate, the bark of anger dried up and died upon his lips. Facing him, not a yard away, was the bitch, *the* she wild dog, the gleam of the wound on her shoulder as red as the angry glare of the flames.

She was staring straight into Lycaon's face, and through it. Her eyes were alight—peculiarly lit with something almost uncanny, as if in that hour, and that hour alone, she had revealed almost the glimmerings of a soul. She seemed to see Heaven, as a lost pet dog sees through the door of a luxurious room. Then she spurned upon her heel, and vanished into the black gloom of an ant-bear hole, enlarged—secretly—for her own very private and urgent purposes.

As for Lycaon and his pursuing pack, and the pack's pursuing flames, they might have been off the earth—and yet she had seen him, *and* recognised him. Even *he* knew that. And Lycaon, the giant, was grovelling before her as a puppy grovels before a mastiff. Afraid? Of her? No, by thunder! Afraid of the hand of God that had touched her, and the light of the knowledge of it that shone out of her cruel eyes in that hour.

And for all those about to become mothers.

Lycaon whipped around upon his hind-legs, and returned to the bank of the river, *and* waited, rigid as a statue cut in red.

IV.

Old Picta was coming across, the pack behind him. He had long waited a chance, with the pack behind him, to get Lycaon down. Otherwise, he knew, Lycaon might one day usurp leadership, and get *him* down—without the pack behind him. Moreover, they, hating the act as they did, knowing the risk as they did, and exaggerating it with all the nervous, high-strung glimmer of imagination possessed of all dogs—they *had* to cross. The fire was behind them.

But there were swirls, slighter and other than the swirls made by the wild dogs, and farther off. The crocodiles had got over surprise; gathered their horrible cold-blooded wits; were beginning to move. And when crocodiles move, and choose to move, they *can* move—things happen with electric rapidity, usually awful things, then.

What followed was not idyllic; but that was the crocodiles' fault, not mine.

Old Picta got across—no thanks to the crocodiles. The pack did not—get across.

Old Picta, the leader of the wild dogs, swam. My word! but that old reprobate swam, a good many times faster than he ever knew he could swim, crazily. And as he swam, his big round

ears, turned back—of course, back—heard—there was absolutely no need to see—as it were, a moan of terror, broken by a single canine cry, rise just behind him, above the tremendous, elemental, dry 'Ar-r-r-r-gh!' of the flames—rise, and fall, and die.

And that was the pack dying; the pack going under; the pack being pulled down; the pack flinging up its head, pawing wildly at empty air, as it were in supplication to Heaven, and sinking from sight, tail first and struggling horribly. No, crocodiles are not nice. For one thing, you practically never see them, as these were never seen. For another, they gather too quickly. Not all the dogs died thus. Some turned back in time to land on the flaming bank, and drop, one by one, in the reek of the smoke, so that for them, too, death came all the same.

Old Picta nearly lifted himself out of the water in his anxiety to get ashore clear of the *débâcle*. He did not know it, perhaps, but the pack owed its fate to the passage of Lycaon and himself that had set the horrible horny saurians awake, alert and assembled.

In spite of the wet, old Picta's neck-ruff was sitting up on end when he landed. That was fear. Then it was rage. The lean beast—almost entirely black he was, except for his white tail-tip, for wild dogs vary extraordinarily in colour, within limits—waited no more than to shake himself, before getting to work. If he had got out of the fire and the frying-pan, he was now certainly 'in the soup.' And he knew it. That red-lit, lean statue, Lycaon, waiting for him within five yards on the lip of the bank, must be wiped out utterly, so that there was no strip of him left, before Picta could clear his own life from bond, so to speak.

From that moment things moved too quickly to take in. There was an impression of old Picta on his hind-legs, raging in at Lycaon with his jaws open; of the latter's gaunt form reared to meet him; of the white snicker of fangs, as it might have been steel blades; of fur here and there, some of it flying; of scarlet tongues and jaws, and something else a more angry red, or was it the red light of the raging flames from the opposite bank? Bodies, inextricably mixed, seemed as if caught in a whirlwind. Then a sound like the snapping of a stick on an iron rail. Then a peculiar whimpering sound. Then Picta standing alone on three legs, his tongue licking a broken fourth—the 'off fore.' *That*, as the pack well knew, was Lycaon's trade-mark. Taller than his fellows, when he reared to fight he kept his throat out of the way, and chopped downwards, the terrible chop of the wild dogs—at the leg.

Circling rapidly and lithely skirmishing, as he loved to fight, Lycaon watched his chance. His countenance, hyæna-like, black and by no means sweet at any time, was now diabolical with a terrible gash. He must repay it. He did. He was in, quick almost as a snake, flinging himself at the foe almost bodily. Chop—and he was out again. Thus wild dogs slay their prey; their foes also, if they wait.

Old Picta could do nought else but wait. To turn and run with a broken leg and Lycaon at the back of one were madness indeed. Nor could he chop back; Lycaon had the outer circle, the manœuvring advantage. Old Picta could only pivot and meet each lightning rush. Some he did not meet, and they proved fatal in the end. At last he nodded—'twas just as if he drowsed—from loss of blood. In a second he was on his back, with Lycaon at his throat. One wrench, and—the end.

v.

Lycaon moved slowly down to the river, all aglare like a mirror, in red streaks. He, too, was red in streaks, and in need of drink. He chose a sandy shallow this time, and even there a crocodile scented the blood on the stream, and grounded in trying to get at him.

Then he lay down in a thorn-bush, terrified at the heavy tread of a lion. His pack had, in the daytime, more than once chivied a lion, decrepit and weak from hunger; but on dark nights they huddled together in the thickets, fearing the mighty leonine death they could not see.

At the first streak of dawn, while yet the strange bush-cuckoos were calling 'Hoo-hoo!' one to the other, Lycaon stretched himself, and, from sheer force of habit, gave the lone, long rally-cry of the wild dogs, itself like the second syllable of a cuckoo's call—'Hoo-hoo!'

None answered. None was left alive to answer.

The pack had been wiped out, and there was no other pack. Wild dogs hunt in a round over an immense area—fifty miles, this one—and take months to do it. No other pack shares their 'county' with them. At most, they overlap semi-occasionally.

Lycaon slouched away through the dank burnt-out dawn. He knew where to look, and surprised the herd of graceful lyre-horned impala antelope coming down to drink—on his side of the river, of course; the other side was a blackened waste after the fire.

The impala went off almost like a covey of frightened birds, leaping high over one another's backs—wonderful. To follow their streaking retreat through the stabbing thorn-bush seemed a task past the hopeless. Lycaon followed it. Nay, he did more. He picked out the finest buck, lord of the herd, and ran him down by fair heel-and-toe tracking. Even after the buck swam the river, too, for Lycaon knew of a ford half a mile farther down, he followed.

He spurted up to his quarry, chopped, and fell back. He repeated the process again, and yet once more. 'Twas villainous work, but the only way he knew.

In the end the grand chestnut buck—the most beautiful of all antelopes—came to bay, but too late. He was already weak from loss of blood, and was soon down.

Again, from force of habit, that rally-cry rang out upon the downwind, hurrying to unbar the gates of day and let in the impatient sun. 'Hoo-hoo!' The desolate, deep call poured out upon the immemorial wilderness calm, and again there was no answer.

Then Lycaon fed—fed, as he always did, like a famished beast, bolting his food furiously, as one that had not tasted food for days. Like hyænas, wild dogs must be cursed with a terrible, insatiable, gnawing hunger that will not be still.

Robed and radiant, gold and splendid, the sun met Lycaon slouching back by the path he had come, lugging along an enormous lump of venison that dripped by the way. He was not a sweet sight, but he was, for once, doing right. He returned to the den of the female wild dog.

He met her, crawling down for a drink, tongue lolling, weak, famished, fever in her evil eyes. He dropped the meat, and watched her drink; and in the silence, broken only by her steady lap-lap-lap-lap, he heard—and hearing, stiffened from head to foot—a faint, faintest of faint, weak, puny whimpering from the den.

Then the female crawled back, snatched up the meat, made a face at him, and passed down into the dark, where the whimperings greeted her.

And Lycaon, after watching for a long breath, turned away slowly. Slowly, in the warm sun, choosing a soft bed, he lay down. He stretched his long limbs. He sighed as dogs do when well content. He fell asleep. His work was done. He had founded a new pack. One day, if Allah willed, he would be that pack's leader.

SWORDS FOR THE ARMY.

THE fact that the Army Council have decided that the sword—the wearing of which was discontinued during the war—is to be reintroduced as an integral part of an officer's equipment directs attention to this weapon.

In the whole of our somewhat considerable military armament, the sword is, and ever has been (except for the interregnum occurring during the late war), the principal symbol of dignity and authority. It did not, however, come into general use until man had first learned how to cast and work in bronze. Originally the common pattern was light and short. With the gradual improvement in the armour against which it was pitted, it necessarily became heavier and longer. Thus was evolved the ponderous two-handed weapon which Bruce and Wallace swung with such effect. As nobody but a superman could have used this and a shield at the same time, the latter protection was dispensed with, and its place taken by the familiar basket-hilt, which is still adopted in Highland regiments. The basket-hilt, however, is really Italian in origin, and grew out of the *schiavone* of Venetian swashbucklers.

Asiatic nations have always offered a great variety of swords. Nearly all of them are intended for cutting, rather than stabbing or thrusting. The Persian scimitar and the Indian talwar are still the natural weapons of the Eastern warrior. Among the Asiatic patterns one of the best known is the yataghan. It was originally imported from Africa, and with its double curve it bears a marked resemblance to the Gurkha kukri.

At one time the swords carried by eminent Indian chieftains were of great value, the scabbards being of pure gold and the hilts set with gems. After the battle of Meeanee, Sir Charles Napier said that if he had kept the swords of the Baluch chieftains who made submission to him he would have acquired a considerable fortune. Each was worth over one hundred pounds sterling, and there were upwards of four hundred deposited in his tent. Of one of these which he gave his brother in 1843, Sir Charles remarked: 'This is one of the finest blades taken. I have another sword, bought at auction; it has a finer hilt than yours, but the blades are equally fine. I was going to send it to you, but it is likely to be more curious than any one else's, as it belonged to Moorad Ali Talpoor, one of the Char Yar or four brothers who conquered Scinde. He was the father of Nusseer Khan, to whom the sword belonged, and he, as you know, commanded at Meeanee above the other Ameers! I gave him back his sword, but that was another weapon; so, in truth, I have his sword after all: I suppose he did not like to take his father's sword into danger. I took my father's sword into battle. Your sword had no scabbard, the one with it I bought; the real scabbard was all covered with gold, and plundered, of course. The hilts are iron, washed or rather plated with gold, but the mountings of the scabbards are pure gold, and the camp-followers purloined them while the fight was going on. Ali Acbar has Nadir Scha's sword, the hilt of iron. The Ameers offered him five thousand rupees for it, but he refused. All these fine swords have a history, and I will endeavour to find out that of yours. I am glad to have got it, as my having it adds to its history. McPherson got one which belonged to the Persian kings, with double waving edges. But the sword of all was the sword of the Kalloras, a short straight sword, which we can nowhere find; the Ameers

probably hid it. All this country and the neighbouring countries firmly believe that if drawn in the presence of a camel the sight of it cuts him in two! It is the sharpest and most highly charmed sword ever wielded by man. Woe to him it strikes!'

The present pattern of swords used in the British Army can be traced from the East. That adopted by cavalry officers measures thirty-five inches from point to hilt, and weighs two pounds without scabbard. The infantry officer's weapon is two and a half inches shorter, and three ounces heavier. A general's sword is distinguished from the other types, in that it has an ivory handle and a curved blade. It is also a very light weapon, since it weighs only one pound twelve ounces.

Officers' swords are usually manufactured by private firms, but those for the rank and file of cavalry regiments are made under Government supervision at the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield. The various processes consist of rolling, heating, hammering, cutting, stamping, grinding, and polishing. When first removed from the oil-bath, after being heated, the blade is so brittle that a very slight blow is enough to shatter it. Accordingly it is then tempered in a bath of molten lead. With a view to ensuring that it has been properly tempered, the edges and the flat are then tested on an oak block for strength and elasticity. No blade is passed if it does not recover itself when bearing a weight of thirty-five pounds and withstand a heavy blow or powerful thrust.

THE PURPOSE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART IV.

V.

IN due course Alysa and her mother returned home, where, having changed their dresses, they set about spending the evening according to their usual quiet routine. The elder lady seemed at first just a trifle absent-minded, but presently she inquired if her daughter was not going to play her something; whereupon the girl obediently set up her music-stand and discharged her duty by playing Schumann's 'Träumerei,' and one or two other more or less stock pieces. She went through this performance in a somewhat perfunctory, and yet not quite tasteless, manner, her mother listening dreamily, with an occasional criticism, to which the performer gave no more attention than courtesy demanded.

'That will do now, dear,' said Mrs Bearcroft at length, 'for I want to have a little talk with you;' and when the child had put her music away and seated herself, she added, 'Tell me, Alysa *mia*, how would you like to have a—father?'

The words had been spoken coaxingly, but if the speaker looked for sympathy she was disappointed.

'A step-father, you mean. I should not like it at all. I should hate it!' There was a short silence before Alysa added, 'And least of all should I like it if he were old Sanderson!'

The cooing tones resumed, 'Ah! then you have guessed?'

But to this the girl deigned no reply save a slight, dry smile, which might have meant, 'Am I a fool, or blind?'

Then for a few long moments there was no sound in the dainty drawing-room save the ticking of a Swiss clock.

'Mr Sanderson is so fond of you, Alysa,' urged the widow presently. 'Look at that huge bouquet of roses he gave you this evening! And, as a rule, he hates cutting his flowers.'

To which the girl answered, 'Yes, that bunch of flowers was all right, and very nice of him. And, in fact, I haven't a word to say against Berold Sanderson as a neighbour. He is apt to be rather limp, of course; but there are people who think that interesting. No, so long as Berold stays where he is and you stay here, I have no fault to find with him. But, mummy, let me tell you this—you'll be making the biggest mistake of your life if you marry him.'

And with so much conviction did the young oracle deliver herself that Mrs Bearcroft was not impressed merely—she was cowed. She had at first thought of replying, 'Alysa, you have no right to take that tone with your mother!' But, conscious possibly of weak points in her own position, she decided in favour of a less aggressive tone, and contented herself with asking, 'What is your reason for thinking so?'

Without betraying the least surprise or gratification at thus finding herself treated as an equal, Alysa answered with a question, 'Why, what have you in common with him? Mr Sanderson is wrapt up in music—it is the air he breathes. And though you say that you have the root of the matter in you, you know as well as I do that you are not musical. Why, when you asked me to play the Serenata over again just now, I played something perfectly different, and at the end you said you had enjoyed it even more the second time. Braga, too; think of that!'

'But, dear, my thoughts were pre-engaged—is that to be wondered at?'

'No, no, mummy, that won't wash! You're a very clever woman—quite an adept in the art

of making yourself out to be what you are not; if it hadn't been for that, old Berold must have caught you out long ago. And don't think I blame you—it is only what we all do more or less. But think of the risk of carrying on such a game as that day-in, day-out, and sixteen hours out of the twenty-four! And then think of the shock it would be to old Berold to learn the truth!'

Never, perhaps, did fond mother or attached old governess plead more movingly with unregenerate child than did Alysa now with her refractory parent. Nor did she argue in vain, for Mrs Bearcroft as good as conceded the point when she lamely replied, 'Surely, without being musical, I might yet make him a good wife!'

'A good wife? I don't say no; but, mummy dear, is he the sort of man to be content with a good wife? Ask yourself—you know him better than I do, and you know he has no relish for the ordinary good things of life, only for its delicacies. And, then, think of your debts.'

The elder lady sighed. 'Do I ever cease to think of them? But, Alysa, Mr Sanderson is well off: what are a few hundreds to him?'

The young Solomon shook her head. 'Has he told you that he is well off?'

'Of course not. I infer it from the style in which he lives.'

'Perhaps he infers the same about us, and on as good grounds. Still, I don't deny that he may have enough to live comfortably as a bachelor—I doubt if he has more. I know as a fact that he keeps Tommy precious short. But even supposing that he's as well off as you imagine, do you think he will be pleased to discover that he has his wife's debts to pay to the tune of a cool thousand?'

'A few hundreds!'

'Nearer "a thou"! Remember Gorringe, and the account for the furniture that we didn't really need; though we might perhaps get the people to take some of that back—at a ruinous discount.'

Here Mrs Bearcroft deliberately got out her handkerchief. 'Alysa, you are a very cruel child to the poor mother who is so devoted to you!' And with the same deliberation with which a clock strikes she began to shed tears.

Her daughter was not much impressed. And yet it was in a perceptibly softer tone that she replied, 'Cruel? Not at all, mummy! I am really acting the part of your best friend, and if I have to give you disagreeable advice, it is entirely for your own good, just as you used to say to me, years and years ago, when I was a little thing and you had to give me powders.'

From behind her laced handkerchief Mrs Bearcroft replied with a sob, which was perhaps not wholly automatic or involuntary.

But her daughter, retaining her composure, went on speaking in the same quiet, even tones. 'You see, mother, the way I have been brought up has taught me a lot that you don't know, and never had an opportunity of learning. You see, as a girl you were always kept in cotton-wool—you have often told me so—and never allowed to see anything of life as it really is. I haven't been kept back like that. I have learnt what life is—for if you really want to know that to any purpose, you have to learn it young. In that respect it's like learning music.'

Hard as she had appeared a moment or two before, there was now an entirely unconscious, and yet none the less poignant, pathos about this young person, which I think would have sufficed to bring over the sympathy of any unbiased spectator to her side. Possibly it may have touched the elder lady, who at that moment began to weep louder than before, whilst murmuring, 'Cruel, cruel girl! Ah, you don't know what a woman's feelings are—how should you, at your age?'

To which the girl replied, 'Well, perhaps I don't—at any rate I'm not what you call impressionable.' And then, as her mother still went on crying, she went over and, sitting down beside her upon the luxurious sofa, put an arm about her and kissed her, saying, 'There, don't cry any more, dear, but just go upstairs to bed and sleep on what I've said. There—that's enough! You know it isn't good for you to get kohl into your eyes.'

VI.

Next morning Alysa was up early and out in the garden, where, happening to glance over the wall, she caught sight of Tommy walking on the common. It was considerably earlier than the hour at which they had once met by appointment, so that there was not necessarily any connection between the former meeting and the present one. Tommy just happened to be hovering in the neighbourhood of his friend's domicile, as she, for her part, happened to be glancing at the spot which had previously served for their rendezvous.

And it has to be acknowledged that, whether she fully realised it or not, since their tiff of the night before, and mainly because of it, Tommy had greatly risen in her estimation. Yet this result was not due, as it probably ought to have been, to the manly sense of fair-play which the boy had then exhibited. No; it was attributable rather to the discovery she had then made that he was not one whom she could twist round her finger as she chose—that he had principles and ideals of his own, and was prepared to stand up for them, even at the cost of forfeiting her favour, which she knew he prized. In a word, Alysa, accustomed to deal with persons weaker than herself, had been brought face to face with one who was stronger than she; and, young as she was, she was woman enough to admire the man who had stood out against her, though it had been to her own discomfiture.

Sighting each other simultaneously, the two young people at once drew together, the girl having, of course, to clamber over the wall to accomplish her part of the joint purpose. And, as they met, the recent tiff was as though it had not been. Surely the spirits proper to youth are indomitable! Or it may be that the sight of one another had sufficed to banish care.

'What cheer, Alysa?'

'What cheer, Tom?'

It was not long, however, before they turned to discuss the subject which was uppermost in both their minds.

'What have you to report, Tom?'

'Oh, nothing particularly satisfactory, Alysa—you may bet your bottom dollar as to that! Things have gone even further than we suspected. The guv. and I had quite a scene together last night—a "painful scene."' And he went on to tell how his father had called him into the music-room after dinner, and after a good deal of humming and hawing and beating about the bush, had as good as acknowledged his intention of making Mrs Bearcroft his wife.

'That's it, Tom—there's no longer any doubt about it. And how did you take the announcement?'

'Why, to own the truth, Alysa, none too pleasantly. I'm afraid I cut up rough, and gave the old man a piece of my mind. I dare say I went too far. But, you see, it's barely three years since we lost the mater, and you know what she was to me, though you never saw her, and I just can't bear the idea of seeing another woman in her place, more particularly—no, I don't mean that.'

'Don't apologise. My mother has a lot of good points you don't know of, but your feelings are quite natural.'

'It is good of you to take it that way. Well, Alysa, to cut a long story short, I made it quite clear to guv. that the day Mrs Bearcroft walks in at one door of his house, meaning to stay, I walk out at the other. And that was to be final. What does a man of his age want with marrying again, anyway?' (That question was not even meant to be answered.)

'How did he take it?'

'Better than I had expected.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that he climbed down?'

'No, that's just what he didn't do. I should have respected him less if he had. No; he just snivelled a little at first, and appealed to me as his only child, and reproached me for failing in my duty; and then, when he saw that I was firm and not to be shaken, he became firm too, and said that if things must be so, why then they must. That ended it, and we wished each other good-night just as usual. Poor old guv.!'

Then there was silence between these two undutiful but not unnatural 'children,' as they stood confronting one another upon the lone, wide common, oblivious of everything but their own interests. The girl spoke first. 'Then it's a break-up! Ain't you sorry, Tom?'

'Not altogether. Tell you, Alysa, I've hung about here far too long as it is.'

'What do you intend to do?'

'I shall go up to town to-day by the midday train and try to see Lord Tilbury, the great shipping magnate. His son Ted and I were pals at Malvern. Poor Ted went down in the *Orinoko*, and when his father came to the school to see the memorial tablet, he had me introduced to him, and told me that if ever I wanted a job I was to come to him. Perhaps he spoke only half-seriously, but I intend to hold him to his word.'

There was fine determination in his tone, and, notwithstanding the stress of the situation, Alysa noticed that his smooth brow had developed a vertical pleat.

'What a practical boy you are!—or, I suppose I ought to say *man* now. I should hardly have guessed it of you, though we've seen so much of each other since your father settled here. Well, old boy, I can only say that, if you're not sorry, I am. I shall have an uphill fight of it, I expect, when the old ones fairly start in double harness.' And she sighed with the world-weariness of seventeen. Except for very faint and distant sounds, there was silence all around them.

'Alysa!'

'Well?'

'Promise me this—that whatever comes between me and the guv., nothing shall come between you and me.'

His voice had an unaccustomed strain about it, for the events of the last few days had served to develop Tom's manhood in more directions than one.

She answered, 'Of course not—we have been the best of pals, haven't we? I shall write to you——'

'Whatever quarter of the globe I may be in?'

'Provided you let me know your address.'

But to Tom, in his present overmastering mood, correspondence seemed but a poor thing. He wanted more than that—ever so much more.

'Alysa, writing's not enough! Can't there be an understanding between us, like there is just now between my father and your mother—like that, only ever so different, of course—that we belong to one another? Why not?'

The girl had described herself as 'not impressionable,' and up to that moment the description had been true. Any coquetry which she had hitherto shown had been pure badinage, and might have come as well from a boy as from a girl. And even now, when in the act of receiving her first declaration, so new and dimly

realised was the situation that her demeanour still retained a considerable portion of its habitual phlegm. As a matter of fact, Tom had taken her as much by surprise as she had once taken him. 'Why, Tom, you're making love!'

'That's what I mean to be doing. Don't chaff me, old girl! You see, you and I have nobody but each other now. Won't you belong to me, and let me belong to you, and let us be independent of the old folk? It'll have to be a year or two, of course, before we can think of marrying, but I'll promise you never to look at another girl, and I'll trust you never to look at another fellow. I know you are to be trusted——'

'And so are you—I know that.'

'Well, then, let us make a bargain of it.'

One sometimes hears of people, especially in books, who in a few moments have lived through years. The expression is at best an exaggeration, and yet within the last few moments something of the kind had happened to Alysa. For the perception of love in a woman is intuitive, requiring no elaboration, and the rapidity with which she grows habituated to it is nothing short of miraculous. Writers sometimes speak of it as a dropping of scales from before the eyes, and it is indeed less of a novel fact than a revelation of what has long, perhaps always, existed. So it was with Tom and Alysa. His wooing was not very eloquent, and, had she been more sophisticated, would have revealed the serious fault of jumping to a conclusion and taking overmuch for granted. But she had no standard of criticism, and was content with it, and so in a few minutes they were old lovers.

'Are we to say anything about this at home?' queried Alysa shortly afterwards, as the pair slowly wended their way along the sunken track formerly traversed by Berold.

'By all means—I insist on that!' was Tom's prompt reply. It was noticeable that she already deferred to him, who had formerly deferred to her, and that domination seemed to come to him now as a matter of course. 'I shall tell my dad when I get inside, and you must do the same to your mother.'

'Are you sure that is best?'

'Quite sure. There may be opposition—in fact, there is bound to be; you must be prepared for that. But I want our course to be clear and open from the first. Give them to understand that we'll do nothing rashly, but that our minds are made up, and not all the parents in Surrey could alter them.'

Alysa smiled her swift, spontaneous smile, which was so very unlike her mother's. 'They will say it is very sudden.'

'Let them say what they like!' was the boy's reply. 'We have one another to look to now.'

Accordingly, upon getting indoors, Alysa lost no time in taking her mother into her confidence, which she did without in any degree departing from her habitual composure of manner.

But where she might seem to fall short in the emotion due to the occasion, Mrs Bearcroft more than supplied the deficiency. She was indignant, joyful, tender, in as many minutes; whilst Alysa allowed herself to be stormed at, wept over, and kissed, with one equal impassivity. She was careful, however, that her mother's knowledge of the facts should be accurate. A somewhat spiteful accusation of clandestine love-making she met with what might almost be described as a lofty air.

'How could that have been,' she pertinently asked, 'considering that there was no question of love between us till this morning?'

'In that case you can't possibly know your own minds yet.'

'Perhaps not, mother,' was the tolerant reply; 'but as we've no intention of rushing into marriage, surely time may be left to show them.'

Her coolness and decision might have exasperated a less high-flown nature than Mrs Bearcroft's. But the fact was that, the first shock over, Guenevera was beginning to realise that she asked nothing better than to be allowed to sympathise with her daughter in this crisis of her life. And that Alysa neither sought nor seemed to expect sympathy from her was what hurt her most of all—far, far more than the humiliating discovery of that daughter's complete independence of herself in mapping out her future. This it was, then, that formed the true and genuine ground of her reproaches, under whatever guise those reproaches might choose to masquerade. After all, it was not for nothing that she was a mother. Blood *was* thicker than water, and elemental feeling a deeper thing than the hankering after admiration, or the desire of finding a way out of financial complications. By degrees Mrs Bearcroft regained her calm, so that a friendly talk became possible, during the course of which Alysa informed her of the present state of the relations between Tommy and his father, and of Tommy's plans for the future.

Though still slightly tearful on the one side, the talk between mother and daughter had developed along quite pleasant lines, when it was interrupted by Alysa's discovery that it was time to betake herself to her violin-master's. No, she preferred not to remit her lesson even on this most critical day of her young life, seeing that the lessons were expensive and had to be paid for in any case. So the two women separated till lunch-time. And scarcely was the daughter clear of the house when the mother began to bestir herself with an unwonted activity, suggesting the execution of some plan of prime importance.

(*Continued on page 549.*)

LA FONTAINE AND HIS FABLES.

By J. LIDDELL GEDDIE, M.A. (Ancien Lecteur at the Sorbonne).

I.

BY Americans the name Château-Thierry will ever be associated with the beginning of Foch's historic counter-drive of three years ago which drew the Great War to an end. The last desperate German 'push' had brought the invaders within some fifty miles of Paris, when the United States army proper was for the first time thrown into the fray in this danger-zone about Château-Thierry (July 1918), and the tide of battle once more rolled back from the Marne across the blood-soaked fields of Champagne. By French people and by all lovers of French literature Château-Thierry—what is left of it—will always be cherished as the birthplace of La Fontaine, of all France's great poets the most popular at home and abroad.

On 8th July this year the 300th anniversary of the 'Bonhomme's' birth claimed celebration, and under the circumstances it is not unfitting that the auspicious date should fall betwixt American Independence Day and the Fête Nationale of France. How La Fontaine's gentle heart would have bled could he have seen the Hunnish havoc wrought in Reims and his native province! Paris he loved and made his home, but Reims was the crowning glory of his calf-country, and your French provincial in Paris ever keeps a holy of holies in his heart for the province of his youth. Witness La Fontaine's tribute:

> Il n'est cité que je préfère à Reims;
> C'est l'ornement et l'honneur de la France.

True, with the prophetic gift of the inspired dreamer, he had himself foretold what would happen should the Germans ever invade France. *À propos* of Louis XIV.'s incendiary savagery in the Palatinate, he once declared:

> Rarement voit-on, ce me semble,
> Guerre et pitié loger ensemble.
> Aurions-nous des hôtes plus doux
> Si l'Allemagne entrait chez nous?
> J'aime mieux les Turcs en campagne
> Que de voir nos vins de Champagne
> Profanés par des Allemands.*

Dire was the penalty which the Germans paid for their profanity when, in their march on Paris in the autumn of 1914, they laid lustful fingers on the wine-bottles of Champagne—and were sent reeling back from the Marne. Paris, the prize they had so arrogantly counted theirs, was snatched from their grasp, and they were taught, in the words of La Fontaine:

> . . . qu'il ne faut jamais
> Vendre la peau de l'ours qu'on ne l'ait mis par terre.

Or, as we might say: First kill your bear, if you its skin would wear.

There are few happenings in life, in whatever realm, in whatever century, to which La Fontaine's fables do not offer an apposite commentary. The explanation of the durability and the universal appeal of the *Fables* lies in the fact that they are never purely political or personal in their application. Types, not particular individuals, are what he satirises; general human failings, not ephemeral local abuses. To savour La Fontaine's fables a historical knowledge of the age of the Grand Monarque is in no wise essential. Apologues directed against particular personages, or hinging on passing events, quickly become obsolete—obscure or unintelligible to the ordinary reader even in the land of their composition—and rarely secure an audience beyond the bounds of their author's native country.

How different is La Fontaine's case! 'I hardly know a book,' says Voltaire, 'which more abounds with charms adapted to the people and at the same time to persons of refined taste. I believe that, of all authors, La Fontaine is the most universally read. He is for all minds and all ages.' On the other side of the Channel, in the same century, Addison bore similar testimony: 'La Fontaine is come more into vogue than any other author of our times' (*Spectator*, No. 183, September 1711). The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have in no way undermined the popularity of the 'Bonhomme.' They have given us other fabulists of high merit—Chandler Harris and Rudyard Kipling, to mention no others—but their medium was prose; their stage was not set, like his, for

> Une ample comédie à cent actes divers,
> Et dont la scène est l'univers.

In the whole range of literature where can we find such another poet who, combining greatness with popularity, allying culture with nature, captivates young and old alike, gentle and simple, scholar and peasant, readers of every race and religion, successive generations and centuries?

II.

If it be true that all the world loves a lover, no wonder La Fontaine is popular. With him, throughout his seventy-four years of life, love

* Or, to venture a rough English rendering:

> Seldom find we, truth to tell,
> War with Pity wont to dwell.
> Should *we* have gentler guests withal,
> If Germans came on us to call?
> I'd liefer 'gainst the Turk campaign
> Than see our wines of rare Champagne
> By swilling German lips profaned.

was chronic, all-embracing. 'Polyphile,' his own name for himself, was an apt pseudonym; he loved everything, as he himself confessed:

> J'aime le jeu, l'amour, les livres, la musique,
> La ville et la campagne, enfin tout. . . .

He is hail-fellow-well-met with all—men of high or humble estate; his titled patrons and patronesses, and the woodcutters and cobblers of his fables; the ancients and the moderns; the lower creation—animals, trees, and flowers; abstract qualities and classical deities; with love ('Amour, ce tyran de ma vie'); ay, with death itself. La Fontaine is at home everywhere—even in Olympus, as Taine remarks. An amiable Epicurean, he had a strong distaste for all responsibility; on the cares and worries of life, its tedious duties, he consistently turned his back. Like the wolf in his fable, he could not bear a collar; but, like the sleek house-dog, he relished good cheer and petting. A loyal friend, La Fontaine was yet a faithless husband, a neglectful father. That he could not—or would not—live with his wife (his father's choice) may have been her fault as well as his; still, it is a strange anomaly that he who had so big a place in his heart for all things both great and small should have taken so little interest in his one and only child that when he met him he did not recognise him! Strangely enough, he who has given so much delight to so many young folks of different lands shows little patience or sympathy with children in his fables. Family life he found irksome; children, apparently, he found a nuisance. 'Père de famille,' he exclaims, 'there 's an honour for you I have never envied.'

Friendship, on the other hand, La Fontaine idolised, and some of his finest fables are, in a sense, hymns to friendship. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed' was one of the fabulist's favourite adages; 'En ce monde il se faut l'un l'autre secourir,' as he reminds us in *Le Cheval et l'Âne* (*Fables*, vi. 16). True, La Fontaine was in practice almost invariably *l'autre*—that is, the succoured friend—but that made him all the more sincerely convinced of the worldly wisdom of helping one another. Like other poets before and since his day, he was fortunate in finding no lack of wealthy and appreciative friends to relieve him of material troubles. Fouquet and the Duchesse de Bouillon, Madame de la Sablière and the D'Hervarts, in turn gave their protégé the wherewithal and the wherein to live. If he took their help almost for granted, La Fontaine at all events never showed himself ungrateful, never proved a viper in the bosom, as is too often the way with parasites. Nor can it be said that he gave nothing in return. He gave the loyal and sincere affection of a frank and captivating nature.

La Bruyère, that sharp-tongued character-drawer, depicts the fabulist as 'a man appearing heavy, dull, and stupid; who does not know how to talk, or to narrate what he has recently seen. But let him begin to write, and we have a model of good story-telling.' Gauche and tongue-tied La Fontaine may have been at times, but this did not prevent his being popular wherever he went, as was that other irresponsible grown-up child, Oliver Goldsmith, who 'wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll.' Such natures have a Heaven-sent gift of attaching to themselves men greater than themselves, men who may (or may not) be more admirable, but are certainly less lovable. La Fontaine was the friend of Molière, the friend of Racine, the friend of Boileau, those shining lights of the Grand Monarque's reign; and the man who could win—and, what is more, *keep*—the friendship of three such geniuses must have been, with all his faults, a friend worth having.

It is significant that John Gay, greatest of English verse fabulists, like La Fontaine, possessed this art of making friends greater (but less likeable) than himself—in his case Pope and Swift; like La Fontaine enjoyed great popularity despite his many failings; like La Fontaine was given to indolence and irresponsibility; like La Fontaine was offered the post of a gentleman-in-waiting, and while a confirmed courtier invariably inveighed against courts; like La Fontaine was of a clinging, dependent nature, utterly unable to fight the battle of life 'on his own.'

La Fontaine the man was a weakling; he was an egoist, a hedonist, a parasite, an idler, who shamelessly shirked his duties and responsibilities—but none the less he is a taking fellow is this 'Bonhomme,' who disarms criticism by his naïveté and his frankness. Rate him as you will, you but waste your breath. He knows his weaknesses better than you, and, confound him, prides himself on them, trades on them without compunction. He flaunts his failings in our faces; calls himself a 'child of sleep and idleness,' a 'butterfly of Parnassus,' 'flighty in verse as in love,' 'a gray-bearded child who a dupe has been, and ever a dupe will be.' As for his life, he tells us in his own famous epitaph on himself, which one translator has rendered thus:

> And as to his time, be it frankly confessed,
> Devoted it daily as suited him best,
> Gave a part to his sleep and to nothing the rest.

By playfully exaggerating in this way his own laziness, his own frivolity and frailty, the poet drives us perforce to take up the cudgels in his defence, obliges us to protest that if he had the vices of his age, he had virtues by no means so common in the reign of Louis XIV.; that with all his faults we love him still. It was the real good-heartedness of the man, and not his conversion and disavowal of his licentious *Contes*, in his old age, that made his nurse exclaim to

his confessor at his death-bed, 'God would never dare to damn him!' We, at all events, who owe him so much, can well afford to forgive Jean de la Fontaine his trespasses.

III.

If La Fontaine the man was amiable rather than admirable in character, La Fontaine the moralist was homely and sensible rather than lofty and ideal. Otherwise he would have been a hypocrite. As it was, he did not practise what he preached—but he himself was the first to admit it. It is this oft-confessed consciousness of his own shortcomings, doubtless, that keeps the French fabulist from pitching too high the key of his morality; that deters him from a pharisaical denunciation of others' wickedness; that makes him satirise humanity in the mass rather than his neighbour, common types, not actual individuals. Knowing from sad experience how human it is to err, he does not demand too much of his fellow-men. He imposes, therefore, no rigorous, no exalted, code of morality. A pithy proverb, not a philosophic abstraction, is what La Fontaine seeks to bring home to us; by dramatic art, not by dogmatic assertion; by illustrated practice, not by unsupported precept. And if the moral is often *terre-à-terre*, if his morality is too near akin to expediency, it is at least not bitter and unattainable like the grapes in the fable. As Saint-Marc Girardin says in one of the most illuminating of his lectures on La Fontaine, his morality is one of 'experience rather than principle, of resignation rather than resistance, of prudence rather than firmness, such as makes wise worldlings rather than heroes or saints.'

We must not be too exacting, La Fontaine continually cautions us; we must make allowances; we must be thankful for small mercies. His motive, indeed, for virtue is often of the 'honesty is the best policy' order. Our easy-going philosopher does not believe in meeting trouble half-roads. If misfortunes come our way—and who can escape them?—well, better cry than die, is his consoling creed. 'Plutôt souffrir que mourir.' The *Fables* have been called the Frenchman's Bible. Certainly, no one ever gave pithier expression than La Fontaine to the ineradicable caution of the French peasant. His works bristle with home-made proverbs inculcating 'canniness.' Among the lines of La Fontaine which have been household words in France for the last two and a half centuries, we find innumerable texts from the gospel of caution.

La Fontaine's own disposition and his predilection for the classics gave him a horror of excess. He believed that more could be done by kindness than by kicks—'plus fait douceur que violence.' The poet does not scourge vice, therefore; he pokes fun at it. In his fables, as he himself says, he tries to hold up vice to ridicule. And the vices that he thus chastises with laughter are just those to which all flesh is prone—national vices, universal vices, instead of those of particular individuals or insignificant sections of the human race. We are all in the same boat, so far as La Fontaine is concerned.

> Tout parle en mon ouvrage, et même les poissons.
> Ce qu'ils disent s'adresse à tous, tant que nous sommes,

he tells us right away in his Dedication to the Dauphin. 'All of us, such as we are'—there you have La Fontaine all over. Nothing smug or self-righteous about his moralising; no superior tone. He speaks to us as one sinner to another, not expecting more of others than he would like them to expect of him. The mote-finder in his brother's eye will get no encouragement in La Fontaine's pages. No one can escape his morals. In his mirror we see ourselves as others see us. As you read his lines you constantly realise that 'mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.'

This gentle yet effective mentor invariably makes it easy for us to take his moral to heart and apply it to ourselves. A good sport and no humbug, he is ever ready to include himself among the offenders; in common decency we must follow suit. Besides, he gives you no opening to confine to So-and-So what is meant for mankind *en masse*, yourself among the lave o' them. And how cunningly he sugar-coats the pill! We swallow the moral without blinking. 'Le conte fait passer la morale avec lui.' The story serves as delicious jam to cover and camouflage the salutary, if unpalatable, powder. Since the earliest days the parable has been one of the most effective implements of the *censor morum*, the reformer. It is a world-wide as well as a primæval tendency of man to resort to extended metaphor, to allegory—above all, the animal fable—as a vehicle for satire or exhortation. Human weaknesses portrayed by beasts have a way of appearing at one and the same time more absurd and less painful, more striking and less embarrassingly personal, than the same weaknesses illustrated by men and women. Moreover, they expose the satirist to less danger than does a direct attack. In the attribution of human failings to the lower animals La Fontaine had (and has) no equal. 'I make use of beasts to instruct mankind,' he tells us. And such is his genius that his animals survive the process of humanisation to which he subjects them. We are interested in them as real beasts, not as four-footed things obviously masquerading as men. Inevitably we ourselves draw the right lesson from the tale, and, to make sure that we don't forget it, La Fontaine crystallises it for us in a single line or a couplet. But invariably it is the little story the poet tells, the

little comedy or tragedy he unfolds, and not the metrical aphorism, that sends the moral home.

And that is why La Fontaine is a greater moralist than many who expound far loftier morals. He hits the target every time; he drives into the hearts of all kinds and conditions of men the barbed truths which can never more be extracted. Others may propound learned philosophies; he dispenses homely proverbs. Others may make the nation's laws; let him make its saws. Well was this poet named, for La Fontaine is indeed a perpetual and refreshing *fountain* of common-sense.

IV.

Just as La Fontaine the man is lovable though licentious, just as La Fontaine the moralist is powerful though pedestrian, so La Fontaine the poet is superlatively great though not sublime. Some leading French critics, like Taine and Faguet, are inclined to rank him as France's greatest poet. It is not for us to challenge their judgment. Of course, if you look in La Fontaine for lyric ecstasy, for epic grandeur, for tragic exaltation, for rapturous word-music, for sheer beauty in any form, you will look in vain. But you will find instead unfailing grace and charm, ease and variety, wit and polish, ingeniousness and life, exquisite dramatic and narratory art. If he shamefully neglected his own son, La Fontaine was a tender and loving father to the children of his brain—his vast family of fables, over two hundred of them. If La Fontaine in other respects was lazy and indolent, no pains were too great for him to bestow upon his literary offspring.

His patroness, the Duchesse de Bouillon, Mazarin's beautiful niece, called him a *fablier* who bore fables as easily as a tree bears fruit. But it would be a grave injustice to the 'Bonhomme' to fancy that his fables just 'came' to him; that they sprang from his head in all their perfection as Athene from the head of Jupiter; that he was spared all labour pangs; that he tossed off with insouciant ease those lines which read so easily. The fable, indeed, is a deceptive form of art. The better it is, the simpler does it seem. 'Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy,' wrote Gay just before his death, 'I find it the most difficult of any that I undertake.' So, too, La Fontaine had to work exceeding hard (though by fits and starts) to cut to the best advantage and polish to perfection those brilliant gems that are our eternal delight. How many hours of seeming idleness or boorish silence this inspired Commissioner of Waters and Forests must have spent in quest of the happy phrases, the apt rhymes, which charm us by their freshness and naturalness! Brevity, according to Shakespeare, is the soul of wit; brevity, according to La Fontaine, is 'the soul of the story.' If true wit, to take Pope's hackneyed definition, is 'nature to advantage dressed, what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,' never was there truer wit than La Fontaine's. No one ever *dressed* nature to more advantage than he, or expressed so well what had so often been thought since the days of Æsop. For La Fontaine, like Shakespeare, did not invent the stories he told; he borrowed his subject-matter right and left, and by the magic of his genius transmuted it. Not only does he make everything speak—gods, men, dumb animals, trees, plants, mountains, rivers; he makes everything live—even Death. He wields a wonderful vivifying wand that animates all it touches. He holds a matchless mirror up to nature and to mankind. Potent as Circe, yet benign withal, he can convert men into beasts. A full century before Jean Jacques Rousseau he discovered Nature.

A born story-teller, La Fontaine was an artist to his finger-tips. He sees with the master's eye—and likewise with the lover's. With La Fontaine form was almost a fetish. His matter can easily be reproduced—his manner baffles the most gifted translator. How do justice to one whose pages teem with newly minted proverbs, are packed with pawky wit, with gracefully turned thoughts? How render the endless variety of metre and rhythm, the ingenious rhymes? To readers of English poetry French verse is apt to seem monotonous and magniloquent, sing-song and stilted. La Fontaine is one of the few who do not produce this impression, who never weary with regular cæsuras, feminine rhymes, and stereotyped metric forms. No two fables scan alike. This metric fertility makes the translator's task more hopeless still. By his supreme mastery of his art, by his unique perfection as a fable-writer, this child of Château-Thierry will ever defy adequate translation.

La Fontaine knew his limitations—but he knew as well as any, better indeed than his contemporaries, the immortality of his lines. Some may lightly dismiss his works as 'half-a-dozen baby stories,' but he himself seems to have known with the clairvoyance of genius that his verses would go down to posterity and would win him fame world-wide.

Three hundred years have come and gone since La Fontaine was born into the world which gave him, and got from him in return, so much delight: other three hundred years may take their course and La Fontaine will be living still, for he is of those who cannot die. The great Fénelon was never so inspired, never so sincere, as when, on hearing of the master-fabulist's death (13th April 1695), he solemnly proclaimed (in the Latin elegy he composed for the benefit of his royal pupil, the Duke of Burgundy): 'La Fontaine lives, and live he shall for aye.'

THE MOUNTAINOUS MR NEUBURG.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

V.

HELOISE spent a full minute staring at Clement in her anger and astonishment. Then she said, 'I see; all my money was already transferred to Revelstoke, ready for plundering. And in Revelstoke I was to lay the foundation for my own plundering. Well, what next?'

'From Revelstoke you would have gone on to Sicamous. At Sicamous you would have been met by a young, slim half-caste with his arm in a sling. He would have handed you a letter that would have given you a shock. It would have told you that Henry Gunning was dangerously ill, dying.'

'But——'

'Of course he wasn't. It was a ruse. It was a plan to stampede you. It was a scheme to have the maximum effect on you in the minimum time, for though, thanks to our tricking them, they thought I was safely interned in Montreal, they still felt I might at any moment start hot-foot after them. So you were to be carried into the presence of a dangerously sick man. He would be alone. Mrs Wandersun would be the only one with him; Nachbar, of course, would never appear; the absence of Joe Wandersun would be explained. He would be alone, in the wilds; he would be sick, handicapped by lack of comforts. He would be dying. That was the thing they had planned, and they calculated it would play havoc with your emotions. And—and I'm afraid Gunning would have made the most of his faked delirium—he would have raved about you, called your name.'

'Yes,' said Heloise, 'I can see what effect it would have had upon me. Still, if I was tied to the bedside of a sick man, if Gunning and I were tied down for days to that shack, how could they——'

'That was their first point. You were to be pinned down in the wilds. You would not be able to get to Revelstoke and find out what was happening at the bank. Then they meant you to sign some sort of cheque which would enable them—with the aid of Landor—to get hold of all your available cash at the bank.'

'Could they possibly expect me to sign such a cheque?' asked the girl.

'They had a very plausible plan. You would have found that one of the things that were on the mind of the semi-delirious man, that were delaying his recovery, was the fact that he hadn't the money to pay for claim options or fees, or whatever they are, which were just expiring. These fees were to amount to a fairly large sum. A crisis was to be arranged. Gunning was to take a turn for the worse; the reason for his condition would be found in his worry about this payment. He was going to rave about the ruin of all his hopes that had come about because he could not pay those fees at once. He would lose his claims. He would become so excited and wild that you would be at your wits' end to know how to quieten him. Then, in the midst of the excitement, Mrs Wandersun would tell you there wasn't any hope of quietening him. The only way to do that would be to pay the fees to the authorities at Revelstoke and give Gunning the receipt. Until his mind was settled on that point he'd simply be wrung by anxiety. She would tell you that the thing couldn't be helped, sad though it was, because there wasn't enough money in the shack to pay. What money Gunning had collected for this end at Cobalt had gone in buying medicines, foods, and so on. You, of course, would immediately offer to provide the money.'

'Yes, naturally,' agreed Heloise. 'But admitting that the sum required exceeded the large amount I carry in my note-case, I wouldn't in any case draw a cheque for the whole of my deposit at the bank.'

'They had arranged for that,' said Clement. 'They felt certain that they could get you to sign a cheque, leaving Méduse Smythe to make it out.'

'They seem to have planned everything,' cried Heloise in a startled voice. 'That is exactly the sort of thing I would do. I have, in fact, got into the habit of doing it. I suppose, in her cunning, Méduse Smythe has been training me to be so careless. I often tell her to make out the cheques for me to sign. Now and then, too, when in a hurry, I have signed cheques, leaving her to write in the amounts and details. Yes, I see how they would have made the signing away of the whole of my deposit easy and possible.'

'They had, of course, left nothing to chance,' said Clement. 'They would see to it that you were busy with Gunning—he would be clinging to you in his anxiety. Méduse would have placed the cheque-book before you, and, a fountain-pen in your hand, you would have soothed Gunning by pointing out that you were signing a cheque to cover the payment. Méduse would have sat down away from you, at the table, and made out the cheque for the whole of your deposit.'

'Yes, yes,' said Heloise. 'They have me gauged to a fraction. But would the bank pay out such a large sum?'

'It would, because Landor would see to it. The cheque would be made out to Mr Arthur

Newman of Revelstoke, and the transaction would be put through with astonishing rapidity, I can assure you. As a matter of fact, Siwash—the half-breed with his arm in a sling—was to go off at once to pay the money to Newman—who was, as you know, Neuburg or Nachbar—at Revelstoke, and bring back a receipt, faked, of course, which was to calm Gunning.'

'But such a big amount—as you show me, they had seen to it that I had at least twenty-five thousand pounds in the bank at Revelstoke—would any bank pay such a sum on my first cheque without question?'

'Landor, again, had seen to that. He would already have explained to those above him that such a big cheque was to be expected. He would tell them that you had discussed this matter with him when you had come into the bank to give your signature. He would, in fact, support his statement with your authorisation to sell out securities. He would say that you were selling out because you had come along to Sicamous to undertake very big deals, and you wanted a great sum of money in hand. The bank, of course, knows how rich you are, and that such transactions, though they appeared large, are not really large in relation to your total income. When the cheque came along, therefore, it would already have been expected, and no comment would have been raised.'

'How completely they had thought the whole thing out!' said the girl. 'And what followed?'

'That depended largely on me—I mean, on the length of my supposed inaction in Montreal. All that followed depended on the time they had at their disposal. They would have secured that twenty-five thousand pounds at least. They would then steadily have gone after the remaining hundred and twenty thousand pounds by means of forged cheques, letters, and so on, gradually transferring all of it to various firms and business corporations all over Canada and the United States—these firms, naturally, being but *aliases* for Albrecht Nachbar. Everything depended upon the time it took for me to catch up the trail again and come after them. The longer time they had, the more you would lose.'

'And I should be tied to Henry Gunning's side in the wilds—quite unconscious of all that was happening to my banking-account.' She was silent, thinking deeply. 'But having me—that is, a million pounds—in their power, would they be content with a hundred and forty-five thousand pounds? I mean, wouldn't they make an effort to get the lot?'

'They couldn't very well help themselves. Their hands were tied by me, you see. They meant to get what they could in the time at their disposal — though they were prepared, should I remain indefinitely at Montreal, to make the effort to get the whole million.'

'Through marriage and a will?'

'Through marriage and a will. If they had the time, Gunning was to get better. Not very much better, but well enough to manage love-making. Your affections would be played upon with all their powers of cunning. You would fall in love with Gunning; you would come to feel that you must stand by his side and see him through—through his sickness and through his efforts to make a fortune from his mine-claims. Méduse would fall ill——'

'Heavens!' gasped Heloise. 'Why? What devilish idea is behind that?'

'She was to be got away from the shack. She would go to hospital, and you would be alone—alone with Gunning.'

'Mrs Wandersun?——'

'She would go too, after Méduse, of course. She would say that her duty was in her own home. She would give invincible reasons for not staying. There would be protests from Gunning and you; you could not be compromised by being alone with a man in the wilds. Mrs Wandersun would be all sympathy; but, kind as she was, there was her home. Gradually you would come to see that the only way out was marriage. After all, you had come out to Canada with some such idea in your head. And they didn't dream of your being suspicious, you understand. The idea of marriage would be developed until it became the only natural thing. A quite honest parson would be brought along, with quite honest witnesses, and the thing would be fixed up legally and cleanly. Some time after that you would make a will—and——'

'And some time after that there would be an accident to me,' said Heloise evenly.

'It is only fair to Gunning to say that he did not dream of that *dénouement*, though the rest was part of the project.'

'But it would have happened?'

'I fear so. At the same time, remember that this marriage plan was merely a speculation. It depended entirely upon my giving up the chase altogether, or being delayed for a great length of time. That was a contingency which was unlikely.'

'Yet, even if you had not given up the chase—remembering you were supposed to be at Montreal—and came along to Sicamous to my aid before or even after they had robbed me of that hundred and forty-five thousand pounds, there would have been an accident, Clement. To remove me, murder me, would be to cover up their trail. Isn't that so?'

'As it didn't have a chance of happening, we need not go into it, Heloise.'

'I think I ought to know.'

'My dear girl, why go into so ugly a business?'

'I think I must know; I must see to what end my folly was to lead me. How was I to be murdered, Clement?'

Clement made a gesture of deprecation. He

looked at her, but her eyes were unflinching. He put his hand into his pocket, produced a pocket-book, and opened it at a marked page. She bent her eyes and read:

'*Motor-boat takes 1 hour 25 minutes between shack and Sicamous landing-stage. For 35 minutes it is well in sight of landing. Time explosion for 1 hour 10 minutes.*'

Heloise read, affrighted and yet puzzled. She glanced up at Clement Seadon. 'What does that mean, Clement?'

'You remember we found Nachbar and Siwash tinkering with the motor-boat. We found out why. They were placing a time-bomb near the petrol-tank—beautifully fixed and hidden, of course. When the moment came for—for——'

'For getting rid of me,' said Heloise in a pale calm.

'Yes, when that moment came you were to go to Sicamous in that motor-boat. All other craft would be away; Siwash would be away. A crisis would arise. Gunning would have a relapse, and the doctor have to be fetched. Mrs Wandersun would be occupied with the sick Gunning (this, of course, was what was to have happened early, before the plan for your marrying Gunning had had a chance to fructify); Méduse is incapable of handling a motor-boat—they knew you could handle one.'

'Yes, they knew it. Méduse saw me handle one—all part of the plan, I suppose?'

'All part of the plan. Well, you being the only one, you would enter that motor-boat and dash towards Sicamous for the doctor. When you had gone one hour ten minutes—that is, when you were well in sight of Sicamous landing, when people there could see that a motor-boat occupied by one woman, and one woman only, was coming towards them—well, then the bomb would explode.'

'A bomb explosion hasn't the look of an accident, Clement.'

Clement looked at her; he could see she was determined on a full explanation, but that explanation was horrible. He clenched his fists.

'This would look like an accident. You see, it would explode under the petrol-tank. It would appear to the onlookers to be the explosion of that tank. And the tank would catch fire, and the boat would burn, hiding all traces. And the people on the landing would see with their own eyes that—that quite a commonplace accident had happened. Petrol had exploded and burnt up the boat—before they had a chance of effecting a rescue.'

He watched Heloise carefully. She was as pale as death. She swayed backwards in her chair, shutting her eyes. Her lips were trembling. He thought she was about to faint. He made a step towards her. She opened her eyes, and said with an astonishing calm, 'Absolutely convincing. The only verdict a jury could return would be, "Death from Accidental Causes." And I should have been dead, and all the false and forged transactions would have been covered up by my death. Oh, Clement—Clement, from how much have you saved a stupid little idiot of a girl!'

Then she closed her eyes, and Clement, leaping across the room, frantically pressed a bell. This time, indeed, she had fainted.

VI.

Two days later Heloise Reys and Clement Seadon, habited for travel—indeed, they were waiting then for a car to take them to the railway depot—stood upon the beautiful terrace of the hotel, looking at the glory of the view. Heloise had recovered both her nerve and her happiness, and with them her slim, vital, pliant beauty.

'It is wonderful,' she said, smiling at Clement. 'What a pity one has to leave it!'

'One can come back, Heloise,' Clement laughed at her. 'After you have settled up all this Nachbar business in Montreal, you can come back.'

She looked at the view. 'Would I dare trust myself again to travel in Canada? As the little lawyer, Hartley Hard, was aware, Clement, I——'

'Ah, Hartley Hard!' smiled Clement. 'That bouncy, little fellow! But, if I remember rightly, Hartley Hard had a way of looking after you in spite of yourself.'

Heloise blushed.

'He won't always be able to find some one willing to run after me and protect me at a moment's notice.'

'Oh, but, yes. I forgot to tell you that Hartley Hard suggested a permanent solution of the difficulty of—you.'

'Oh,' she said softly.

'It fell under two headings. The first was quite a simple matter, I found'——

'It was?'

'That I should fall in love with you.'

'Oh,' she said again, and it was a mere soft breath of an 'Oh.'

'The second may be difficult.'

She turned to him, her face bright, her little, delicious chin up, her eyes shining, glowing. 'Go on, Clement,' she breathed softly.

'It was that I should marry you.'

She looked at him, smiling, blushing. She looked away over the splendid austerity of the view. A step sounded behind them. Some one said, 'The car is here, Mr Seadon.'

Clement found that her hand was tight in his, that she was kissing her free hand to the view, that she was smiling, saying with a trembling note in her voice, '*Au revoir*, you beautiful valley. It *is* only *au revoir*.'

THE END.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

A FREQUENT and agreeable effect of the practice of photography by amateurs—who for obvious reasons indulge therein more in summer days than at other seasons—is the self-discovery and cultivation of some vein of artistic sense in the subject who is thus engaged. Every human being has a varying measure of this sense within him; appreciation of beauty, realisation of the spiritual, is that which most distinguishes the humans from their lowers, so that even the meanest of the kind have such a quality, and, unconsciously gaining pleasure from it, might be better gainers were they but fairly conscious of their natural possession. But in what, for convenience, may be called the lower grades of culture, the vein is rarely touched by consciousness that quickens it from inactive, inefficient latency; so it is wasted, lost. Yet, as we know, many of the most gifted artists have arisen from those lower grades; but this has happened oftenest in other lands where sunlight and colourings are more generous than ours, and life in the piece is taken a little more for its ease and simple happiness, and a little less for material profits, than in other and more opulent countries. Still, it may be fairly urged that if, as a people, we are closely attached to systems and habits of materialism, or business, as it is called, there has been in recent years a certain justification for us and the power we have achieved. The note for the moment, however, is that there is a fine line of division drawn between those who are definitely educated in art, being active or passive artists, and those who are not, the latter for the most part being quite unconscious of their artistic selves, whatever their grade may be. Contemplation of splendid pictures in public galleries does not awaken them, since it is undirected, impersonal, and blankly vague. It happens in result that in no other country is it possible for the cheapest periodicals to make a pretence of generosity to their readers by the 'free' presentation of a 'coloured plate' with a certain issue, declaring it to be a work of art and 'suitable for framing'—the very crudest thing, as it commonly is upon such occasions. It is an exploitation of the people's unconsciousness of their true but undiscovered artistic values, and it is a very vulgar enterprise. Now, the practice of photography, when seriously undertaken and pursued beyond the snapping stage, will often awaken some artistic sense. An enthusiast is peculiarly pleased by something he has done; then he begins to select more carefully what are to his mind attractive subjects for his photographic attention, to search for them in odd or distant places. About the same time he may be enticed by a short treatise on the application of some of the simple principles of art to his camera-work, to the end that his work may have something of the appearance of pictures. With innocence and desire he may mistake suggestions for rules, abandon freedom, and, when possible, set about the business of shaping Nature, or somehow tricking her, so that she may assist his endeavour in the fulfilment of the supposed rules. Then, if by enterprise and effort, with ingenuity and good fortune, he can so arrange his point of attack that he might draw some sort of an imaginary line along his picture from a high object in a top corner towards the opposite corner at the bottom; if, again, near but not quite at this bottom corner there is an object of importance, and if, the sun being willing, there is a certain massing of light and shade there, he finds on examination that the rules he has perused have been obeyed, and a picture comes! A work of art! It is, as he may realise some time later, a somewhat stupid and very vulgar procedure this, a crudely mechanical application, and a pitiful want of understanding. But yet this hapless enterprise has the appreciable value that it turns the new enthusiast, for perhaps the first time, to thought on matters of composition, effects of light and shade, the balancing thereof, and the subordination of minor to greater features, the part of the former in the promotion of the latter, and many other things. Now he may think a little on good pictures when he sees them, as he never did before; he is to be discovered seeking for the best camera points in his outdoor enterprises, arranging as may be his foregrounds, middle distances, and distances, and studying the possibilities, as they may exist, of varying lighting effects. From this he is led speedily to an improvement upon his own earlier ideas of photographic art; his better artistic sense is

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touched, and calls for more intelligent employment; and there seems somehow to be a general change in things, something of a change in life perhaps, as he may reflect at times.

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If now this person truly possesses a fair degree of artistic sense, is intelligent and humble, and appreciates the difference between art and vulgarity, which is a test for him at this stage, there is promise in the case. He will pass through the stage of fancying that the difference between real art and common photography lies in the surface of the paper upon which the photographic print is made, the tone that by chemicals is applied to it, and the way in which it is mounted, perceiving in due course the sadly vulgar abuse of that word 'artistic' in advertisements and common talk. When he who was but a snapper, a presser of a button, and next became a photographic enthusiast, reaches this degree, he has made something of himself. He awakens a little now to truths of art and beauty; the value of his spiritual, emotional life is rising, even if by very little, and may rise the more and the faster in proportion as he recognises, in sincere humility, his abysmal ignorance, his weakness, and constant error. The humblest and most stupid pupil of his mistress Nature, he, like others, may yet improve. As an artist he may for long be something for a laugh, but he should improve continually, thanks to his humility and a sense of constant deficiency and limitation. He must realise that he is always mechanical, chemical, and optical, and that his artistic soul, if it had an inspiration and an object, is not free to exert itself as is the painter's with brushes and colours and his farther, freer vision. Yet he is brought gratefully to perceive that if he cannot be liberally constructive, he may often avoid the perpetration of the grosser artistic offences in his camera-work. He may, for example, escape a straight line that would cut his picture through the middle from top to bottom or from one side to the other; he may avoid also the inclusion of a part of something near the edge of his print such as would excite unsatisfied curiosity upon the unphotographed remainder and be of itself a disappointing remnant; he may break his skyline if it were better broken; he may refuse a wide expanse of plain unbroken foreground; and he can be brought to perceive the general badness of placing his chief object precisely and largely in the centre of his plate. These things are a little less than the first letters of the new alphabet he learns, and, rules for him, and good ones, their full value is not gathered until at last they cease to be as rules for him, and, his artistic sense awake, working nicely in discrimination, he needs no thought of rules, and may upon occasion even defy what were considered such. From this an education will proceed apace; a desire for effects, certain semi-creative experiments, may force it somewhat. At the beginning, at the snapper stage, there was a passion for finest detail in most marvellous sharpness. It was as an achievement if the hairs on a portrait subject's head might be counted, or little birds perceived on topmost boughs, and, more—so sad it was—the smallest stops or diaphragms were applied to the lens, so that many different planes might be brought into equally sharp focus. With *f*/32, as it was optically stated, the boy with the barrow twenty feet away, the cow with the calves at a hundred yards, the blue hills with the trees at two or three miles, might all be so sharp as to seem to prick and cut the picture at a thousand needle-points; but, for *f*/32 the sun must be shining brightly, and the slide should hold a lightning plate. So cruel circumstance and deficiency might force a worker to a lens so open as *f*/8 or *f*/11, and then farewell to universal sharpness. There must be selection for priority in this needle business, the foreground as a custom having it. A long period may elapse ere the great lessons are absorbed that human eyes look not on Nature at any time as though, poor beauty, she lay stretched before a microscope, but rather do they dwell easily and softly upon a pleasant scene, in sweet content, a little listlessly, disinclined for any such exacting scrutiny of a point as might savour of surveying. Upon this realisation he will come to understand why for the most part, pictorially, the small quarter-plate prints are impossible. The forced intensive examination is necessary here, and so fine detail is excusable; but often an enlargement to four or five times the size, and the softening that comes therewith, makes something of a picture by the very circumstance of such softening and the ease of visual comprehension. Here now is apparently a general invitation to be a little out of focus, as is the term, to make something of what some would call a general blur, to soften, to induce to ease. There is truth in this—with a warning to avoid the photographer's common fault of making a rule of it, and exaggerating. And also he must understand that lenses have certain native knowledge and instincts of their own, which we find exerted towards truth when they are least interfered with. Given the large opening or diaphragm, and they will focus one point sharply for you, whichever it is that may be chosen, and the rest may fade away in graduating softness. In this the lens, piece of glass as it is merely, and employed in the way of science, so to say, displays its affinities with Nature and its own artistic sense better, maybe, than its manipulator. In this regulation of focus the person with a camera has some means for self-expression, for wise employment and with heart and sense, and not in the way of novelty, variety, and making all different.

Most workers with a camera, pursuing hopefully and timidly a little art, fail by their foregrounds. They appear afraid of foregrounds always; sometimes they attempt an odd acquaintance with them, as by the insertion of a motor-car or other clumsy article in the front of a scene that in its expanse and distances, its natural simplicity and beauty—a lovely landscape somewhere, a wild spot amid the lakes perhaps—whispers of the Creator of the grandest and most majestic things. A tree, a bush, an animal, might with fair handling, and given size enough, save a blank foreground from utter desolation; but there are photographers who would probably prefer the petrol-carriage—it looks so much alive and is so much up to date. It may be placed conspicuously, and is sharply focused; the peak of Helvellyn is left to place itself anyhow and anywhere, and the picture—alas! the picture—is shot at! So is handicraft of Birmingham mechanics favoured to the neglect of achievements of the Creator. The camera multitude also incline to another general principle of dealing with foregrounds when they have courage to deal with them at all, and do not merely avoid or neglect them. They impart life, as they would say, to their pictures by the insertion of human figures, such as may be convenient. These persons may be members of the photographer's party, or, better to his regard, they may be natives, especially rustic women or children. Thus far it may be well enough; but the worker usually fails, if he knew it, in his intention to make these poor people appear natural. Left to themselves they would face the camera boldly, bravely, yet with a certain shyness, a meekness, as if their country modesty were unsuited to such publicity. So they would look towards the machine, droop their gaze, let arms hang limply by their sides, and present the appearance of captured slaves, as in effect they are. Taken at this, the result would be better, more truly interesting, and far more natural than any other. It would tell a little story of country innocence and other things. But the zealous camerist feels that this is not artistic, and so forthwith the peasants are made to look the other way, to 'do something,' if it is only the shaking of hands. Thus something is focused and photographed that will never be seen in this place again, as it never had been before. In the absence of the petrol-carriage and the peasants, the camerist determines upon some other makeshift foreground, and, sure that something is better than nothing, may search about for an article of substance. A box, a few tin cans, a broken bough, or anything might do; the demands of foreground would be satisfied. So does he dispose of the most prominent, most forceful, part of his picture, that which in size and space and clarity overrules nearly all the rest. Were it not better to have left it undisturbed and empty, and perhaps cut it off in the printing afterwards? The truth is that the photographers are afraid of foregrounds. They have never understood them, never tried so to do—just avoided them, and, practically, when it has been a matter of landscapes, have mostly begun their pictures at the middle distance. There is some mystery in this. That it represents an extraordinary truth of amateur photographic practice any operator may realise if he reflects upon his own tendencies and works, and examines the photographs made by friends. It will be discovered on a consideration of most landscape photographs prepared by amateurs that something may be cut away from the lower part, the foreground, with great advantage to general pictorial quality—often something also from the top and perhaps a little from the sides, but nearly always from the blank and wasted monotonous foreground. If at first contemplation of the possibilities when the lens is bearing on this scene the foreground difficulties are apprehended, and for some reason are considered insuperable, it is too often forgotten (or not known) that a means of reducing foreground space and something of the middle distance too, throwing emphasis on the distance and the skyline, is by lowering the tripod and the camera, and thus the point of vision. The effect is manifest. It is a useful expedient at times, but it is yet almost as a trick against Nature, and to be sparingly employed, for the human eyes do not regard the scene so low. But when foregrounds of any size and kind and lighting, as we may say, may be selected at will, as when landscape effects are sought in a varied and wooded country, let the worker be courageous with them and make them bold, not fearing that in their strength the dainty scenes of the middle and farther distances will be overcome. Yet he must remember the rules of sense—merely sense—in the selection of the strong foreground. A wheelbarrow, or a nursemaid, or a cow might serve the purpose badly, having no meaning, no proper relation to the scene, striking no keynote for the rest. And it might be suggested that houses and cottages of the modern order, with their stiff shapes and angles, their straight lines and exact rectangles, their smug smoothness, are often murderous.

* * *

There is one commonly available feature for foregrounds that seldom fails, can scarcely do so. It is a thing of pure nature, is beautiful, wondrous, and infinitely variable. It is a tree. Raise the trees gigantically in foregrounds, and your pictures will generally be better for it, for the trees are pictures in themselves. This is the simplest, most appealing truth of nature. 'What a great thought of God was that when He thought a tree!' exclaimed Ruskin, and the artists of all ages have been inspired by trees, have marvelled at their varied beauty, been held in awe by their majesty. One notes the domin-

ance of the tree in the landscapes of Claude Lorrain and Poussin; and even at the beginning of faint appreciation of the works of French painters a neophyte in art is attracted to the soft, filmy, dreamy trees resting in the dawn and the twilight, that Corot painted with an individuality all his own, so that at the flash of a distant glance such neophyte can pick a Corot from a hundred others. Turner gave himself specially to the study of trees, and, understanding them, loved them and portrayed their individualities and something of their moods. Is there any other thing in still nature showing such moods as we can understand and sympathise with? Have you ever felt the peace of existence better than on a sunny day upon a country-road with big leafy trees behind the hedges, the breath of summer playing gently through the foliage, making that sweet music that seems as a sigh of happiness? And have you heard the roar of a storm in a forest? Most people do not think enough about trees; like so much else that is common and very good, trees are taken for granted, more acute attention being directed towards some vulgar man-made stuff, perhaps an item in machinery, instead. If a person in the height of summer can rest at early morning on a bank of Windermere, and, gazing toward the other side, watch the mists dissolving and giving to the view again that matchless green of the lakeside trees, fresher, greener, lovelier than ever for being so newly liquid, because of the dews of the night, and if such person does not glory in this vision, it were better he should spend holidays in a manufacturing town, where he might gather much instruction to make appeal to his mind and temperament and be of advantage to him in business. Townspeople derive happiness from trees when barely conscious of their doing so. They know they love the country and are happy in it, but have not discovered that most of their happiness comes from a spell woven by the trees, such their grandeur, such their nobility, emblems of nature that was here and constant a thousand years ago. They will remain a thousand more when man has gone on killing in more wars and wars again, and has condemned himself for coarseness and unfitness by his treatment of the trees, the devastation he has wrought among them, the terrible monuments of his savagery that the stricken trunks now make upon the silent battle-fields of Europe. There is scarcely anything more pathetic there. To enjoy the companionship of trees is one of the best reliefs from the straining life of London. The trees of the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens, the trees of Richmond and Kew, the trees of Epping Forest, are joys to us. To become conscious of trees and notice them, to study them a little and to love them, is to add something good and worthy to a life. In such a sphere the serious camera worker has his finest opportunity. He will never approach even to the outermost defences of the far-flung lines of art until he ceases his careless snapping and begins to specialise with thought and some new learning, and with a certain intensity; and there is hardly any subject he may with such success, justification, and with such pleasure and advantage specialise upon as trees. He finds them everywhere. He takes joy in the new discoveries. He may have them in every garb of season, in every mood, in every lighting, for he may choose his lighting with them as not with all other subjects. See too how, with fairness, he may dabble in his effects with focus, how he can sharpen, or soften like unto a Corot, according to the time and the circumstance. He may make a collection of trees of all kinds in all seasons and in many conditions, and it will be a collection vastly more worth making than most others, and better will be the worker and something nearer God for making it. In one form or another specialisation must come and be taken thoroughly if the photographer has sense and sensibility, is persistent, and appreciates the stupidity of indiscriminate snapping. Trees are the best for it, and, upon all consideration, it is perhaps here—great as is the loss—we can with least difficulty dispense with the colour.

* * *

One who thus pursues the possibilities, fairly and with honesty, recognising the limitations, may find other subjects for great and successful specialisation, and nearly any is better than none, even if it is only as an influence against the careless indiscriminate snapping. One or two great photographers have specialised in animals, and they have brought a semblance of art to their pictures. One knows of another who specialised in wild-birds' nests, but there was more adventure than art in that. There was much adventure, this being sport indeed. It is another story that photography is one of the greatest of all sports; one may not kill with it, yet certainly one may be killed! But at the end of these thoughts, let the hopeful from the beginning determine that, so far as in his effort lies, he will always be sincere, and that he will not be vulgar. Insincerity and vulgarity are two of the commonest and saddest faults of photographic people who catch up thoughts on art. Photography is by nature such a thing of truth that insincerity, in its practice, the compelling of lens and plate to tell a lie, is as an offence against nature, a mean and contemptible trick. Such a one is that wherein 'moonlight' effects are indicated by the expedient of facing the camera to the sun, and making a fast exposure, thus throwing the scene into black shadow. This is the worst insincerity; it is pitiable. There are other ways in which it is practised, and they are poor devices. The lens and the camera are marvellous things; one should be fair with them and with one's self. In the matter of the prevailing vulgarity of stupid pretension let a

camera worker, desiring to be earnest, avoid the placing of a figure against a strong light, the edges of the features just being touched by it, and calling the result a 'Rembrandt effect.' That the name and style of Rembrandt should be taken thus vainly and absurdly! Nor let him go hunting for a tree with a branch so bent as to be deformed, and then, with a little out-of-focus, declare that this is something in the way of Corot! The great artists are too high for this; there must be fear for the artistic sense of any person with a camera who is capable of it. But by simplicity and sincerity, one who makes pictures by the sun may be led along the outer paths of art into a more beautiful country than had been imagined.

THE PURPOSE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

PART V.

VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the painful scene of the previous evening, it was in no unpleasant frame of mind that Berold Sanderson had awakened from sleep that morning. It was not that Tommy's conduct was forgotten. No! Tommy and his affairs were still filling a prominent place in the background of the father's mind. And accustomed as the musician was to find in the life of one of the great composers a parallel for anything that happened to himself, it now afforded him considerable consolation to recall that Beethoven, too, had been sorely plagued by an ungrateful young man whom he had tenderly loved, and for whom he had made great sacrifices. In Beethoven's case this was a nephew, not a son; but the difference was in Berold's favour, and gave him the advantage over Beethoven.

It is not to be supposed, however, that this parallel did more than contribute in a slight degree to his present complacency, which was primarily due to something much more important. In a word, the motive of his 'Storm-music' had come to him unsought during the night; whereupon, with true artistic resource, he had instantly struck a light and committed a rough note of it to paper, lest it should vanish as it had come. His first impulse on waking had been to revise it, and it was with the keenest satisfaction that he recognised that daylight ratified the judgment of the night. For here was a melodic formula, as simple as it was original, which, when once subjected to thematic elaboration, would yield him all he was in search of. That what was so obvious, yet so forcible, should have eluded his predecessors, should have been reserved (so to speak) for himself, seemed to him almost incomprehensible. Yet so it was. And, after all, in music as in the other arts, there is nothing that counts, in the ultimate resort, save the artist's personality. 'They say that music is touching on her dotage!' he exclaimed contemptuously. 'Pish! she has scarcely yet laid aside her swaddling-clothes.'

Humming he rose from bed, humming tubbed, and humming attired himself and descended to the breakfast-room. It was late. Tommy had already breakfasted, and a note directed in his handwriting lay beside his father's plate. 'That can very well wait,' remarked Sanderson, slipping it aside unopened. He was in no mood to begin the day with unpleasantness. An interesting task which would last several days lay before him, and he wished to approach it unperturbed. And he had every prospect of doing so, for years of insistence upon little things had ensured the perfection of his coffee, his fried bacon, and his toast, and he was now reaping the reward of many a tiresome interview with his cook, bravely faced, though at the time he would fain have shirked it. Neither for him had the morning paper, as a rule, much news, save what was doing at Covent Garden and in the concert-halls. Or if a noted musician, especially a composer, happened to die, he would read what was said about him—less in the spirit of a mourner, however, than of a rival.

He had finished breakfast, and was lounging, in no hurry to begin his work (for he had a comfortable sense of having already broken the back of it), when he caught sight of Guenevera in the garden. Knowing his habits as she did, he felt that at that hour she could only have called to leave a note, but so capricious is the artist's temperament that he felt quite disposed to have a chat with her, provided that she did not stay too long.

So, advancing to the open French window, he attracted her attention by waving his newspaper, whilst shouting enthusiastically, 'Eureka! I say, Eureka!'

She did not catch his words; nor, had she done so, would she have grasped their bearing. For she was thinking of anything rather than the 'Storm-music.' But she understood that he was beckoning her, and she obeyed his summons.

'Come in, my dear Guenevera; come inside!'

The genial cordiality of his present manner contrasted strangely with his incivility of a few days before.

'Oh, Berold, I did want to see you,' was the diffident reply; 'but are you sure, quite sure, that you can spare me a few minutes?'

'The whole day, if you like, and to-morrow! I am no longer a poor, perplexed, and nightmare-ridden man—I have entered into my own!

Look here, Guenevera!' And he handed her the sheet of music-paper, upon which, in scarcely legible writing, he had dashed down his conception. 'I wouldn't for a thousand quid let Henry Baxter see that!' he added facetiously, mentioning the name of a brother-composer whose reputation stood much higher than his own.

Poor Guenevera received the paper, adjusted her pince-nez, and began to wag her head as if to mark the rhythm of an unheard melody which was passing through her brain, though, in truth, the scrawl conveyed about as much to her as an Ogham inscription might to the present writer.

'Like it?' inquired its author laconically. 'Think it will anything like do?'

'Do? I should just say it would do! Why, Berold, it is one of your freshest and charmingest inspirations. Pom, pom, popop, pom . . .' and she audaciously hummed a few vague notes which were certainly not upon the score.

But Berold was occupied in realising a fact which until now he had but loosely grasped. It was that his visitor wore an old garden-hat and a shabby gown, and presented altogether a very dowdy appearance. This in the always elegant Guenevera could only be the result of deliberate intention. And so, indeed, it was. For, after parting from Alysa that morning, Mrs Bearcroft had gone upstairs to her own room, and had there changed her tasteful summer frock for the ugliest and most out-of-fashion costume that her wardrobe contained. And, wearing this garb, she had then set out to visit the man who only yesterday had more than half proposed that she should marry him. If she wished to accept an offer for which she had certainly angled, such an act was simply suicidal. For Berold's love was essentially of the kind which attaches itself to the surface. But it must not be supposed that she was acting in ignorance. The step she was now taking was the direct result of that intuition which in a woman takes the place of calculation. And if anything were required to fortify her present resolution, Berold's present behaviour supplied it. For what could she think of a man who met the woman he cared for with 'Pom, pom, pom!' and that at a moment when the son of his bosom was about to be torn from him? Berold might be artist to the finger-tips; if so, his standard was beyond her attainment. She could not live up to it. She required something a little less artistic and more human. With quiet dignity and with more of self-assertion than she was accustomed to show in his presence, she began, 'I have come to talk about Tommy and Alysa.'

'What of them?'

He had not heard; but when she told him, he recollected that he had a note from Tommy unopened in his pocket. He glanced at its contents, which were brief and matter-of-fact, simply informing him of his son's engagement and plan for launching himself in life.

'Rubbish!' exclaimed the composer impatiently when he had run his eye over the lines. 'Utter rubbish, at their age, isn't it, Guenevera? As it is, I have a bone to pick with Master Tom.'

But, with a firmness that surprised herself, Guenevera interrupted him, asking to be allowed to see Tom's letter, and, after reading it, continuing, 'No, Berold. I do not think that this note can be dismissed as mere rubbish. It is temperately and respectfully worded; indeed, I doubt if a man of more than Tom's age could have expressed it better. And, remember, it concerns my daughter's happiness as well as your son's.'

'Two young idiots!'

'That is hardly fair. Though we speak of them as children, Tom is twenty and Alysa seventeen. And they are exceptionally sensible young people. My dear Alysa has never given me an hour's uneasiness.' Here the tears came into Mrs Bearcroft's eyes.

'Nor, for that matter, has Tom ever seriously threatened to kick over the traces until last night. But why should he? He has had all he wants.' ('Fifty pounds a year!' thought Alysa's confidante, but she was too wise to speak her thought.) 'He has had all he could possibly want. Why, my dear Guenevera, what can you be thinking of? They are too young to dream of marrying.'

'But not too young to dream of being engaged. And that is all I venture to suggest. The love of young people is such a beautiful thing, Berold! It is so different from the love of older people.'

'Ah! there you hit me pretty hard, Guenevera.'

'I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be personal. But, Berold, since you have alluded to it—what you said to me in the rose-garden—wouldn't it be better that we should have our romance, as people say, vicariously—I mean, in their lives rather than our own?'

'Oh, of course, if that's enough for you, I can have no more to say.' And Berold rose somewhat abruptly from his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, and went over to the window, whither, after a moment's silence, she followed him.

'Without your friendship, it would not be enough for me; but with your friendship, I believe it would.'

She spoke very softly, almost tenderly, and laid a hand upon his shoulder. The petted child within him would have liked to shake that hand off. To be offered friendship in the place of love is a humiliation which a man of his type finds it difficult to forgive.

At that moment, however, his attention was diverted by the appearance of Tom and Alysa in the garden. Had their demeanour betrayed lover-like relations it would doubtless have

angered him. But there was nothing whatever about it to suggest 'spooning.' They were merely walking side by side, conversing earnestly, and evidently entirely unconscious that they were being overlooked.

'Two young fools!' muttered Berold.

'Is that how they strike you? I was just going to say what a pretty pair they make.'

'Ah! now you are talking rank sentiment! Alysa has lovely colouring, certainly; perhaps something more. But Tom! Why, even the fact of my fatherhood can't blind me to his ugliness!'

'I don't see it. Tom has the good looks that go with health and budding manhood and perfect honesty. No sensible woman asks for more, and my Alysa is sensible.'

'Rather too sensible for my taste! But, Guenevera, what has come over you—you, who used to hold forth by the half-hour on the Hermes and the Meleager?'

To which Mrs Bearcroft answered, 'All very well in a gallery, Berold! In real life I prefer that group.' And she pointed towards the young couple, who had by this time discontinued their walk, and stood gravely confronting each other, still absorbed in their conversation.

'Wouldn't it be a pity to spoil that? Wouldn't it be worse than the worst depredations of the Vandals at Rome?'

'I've no wish to spoil it,' replied Sanderson, somewhat impatiently, 'but the fact is, these young people have shown themselves so independent of us that I scarcely fancy they will thank us for interfering now.'

But she pleaded, 'I know better—and you know better too. There's a touch of bravado in their parade of independence, and you know that, in his heart of hearts, Tom asks nothing better than to be reconciled to you.'

'Possibly—on his own conditions—the young upstart!'

'And are those conditions impossible? Remember that if you can't decide within a very few minutes, Tom will be off—and Heaven only knows when we shall see him again!'

Berold shifted his position, uneasily, hesitating. Then he said, 'That's for you, not me, to answer, Guenevera.'

'Then I answer—let us surrender at discretion. Let *us* make way for *them*.'

The musician's handsome face bore a look of extreme discomposure. Yet he was bothered, rather than distressed. He hated to be called upon to play unsympathetic parts, and longed to end the present scene.

'Is that final, Guenevera?'

'Isn't it the best way out of the difficulty—the wisest and simplest solution?'

She paused for a moment, and then added with a little sigh, 'You know you don't really want to marry me! I'm an old woman—look at me!'

And at that moment, in her shabby garb, without adventitious aids, she did look old. But she looked sweet and kind no less. Berold dimly perceived the change in her, but his mind was preoccupied. In less than a minute she had regained her customary sprightliness.

'Authorise me to open negotiations, and I'll engage that all will be well.'

Her aged expression of a moment before had already given way to one of positive girlishness, for an eager and affectionate impulse has strange power to light up a face. But the musician took small account of it, as he turned towards the piano, uttering the somewhat ungracious form of assent, 'You know your own business best.'

Unimpeded by her somewhat cumbrous skirts, Guenevera positively tripped across the lawn to where 'the children' stood. And there a colloquy took place, which lasted a good half-hour. For the youngsters were a little 'stiff,' and, truth to tell, Tom showed little of the chivalrous disposition which leaps to meet one concession with another and declines to be outdone in generosity.

What arguments Guenevera used I scarcely know, but she first won Alysa over to her side, and then a compromise was agreed to. Tom should go up to town to see Lord Tilbury, as before arranged, but, instead of a sea-going job, he should ask for one which would not take him out of the country, so that he could continue to live at home, or at least spend his week-ends there. And so, as Mrs Bearcroft kept repeating at intervals, as though it had been the refrain of a song, they would all live on together just as happily as they had done before.

At last the laggard Tom rose to the occasion. 'Much more happily!' he exclaimed, with a proprietary glance at Alysa, who, for a moment, forgot her customary undemonstrativeness.

When all was finally settled, Berold heaved a deep sigh of relief and returned to his work, which had begun to weigh upon his mind. For, as he explained to whoso would hear him, he was conscious of a defect in his musical organisation—a defect which had also characterised Schubert. This failing was, that great natural melodic fertility sometimes betrayed him into the neglect of due elaboration, and he must be specially on his guard against this in developing his 'Storm-music.'

Guenevera returned to her villa, to change her dress and indulge in that obsolete feminine luxury, a good cry. And, notwithstanding that a suspicious-looking document had arrived during her absence, her heart was light and she was happy in Alysa's happiness. For the doctrine of the immorality of self-sacrifice was unknown to her generation. And as for Berold, she knew that he had already found consolation.

THE END.

JEWEL THIEVES.

By JOHN C. GOODWIN.

NOT so many years ago the jewel thief was, to the popular mind, a being who entered by force a jeweller's shop or a private boudoir, knocked the occupant senseless, helped himself to his valuables, and amid universal consternation and clatter decamped with his booty, pursued by half the neighbourhood, led by excited policemen!

The jewel thief of to-day, however, works swiftly, skilfully, and silently. He is an expert, a specialist, and, nine times out of ten, the last person in the world who would be suspected of doing such a thing.

A man of the world, of polished manners, faultless attire, and suave address, he ingratiates himself into fashionable circles, and is present at every social function of note, where, combining business with pleasure, he takes stock of the jewellery worn and notes the identity of its wearers. On the proceeds of his misdeeds he maintains a luxurious flat and lives the leisured life of a man about town. Ascertaining the addresses of his intended victims, he watches, or employs another to watch, their comings and goings, and learns where their valuables are kept.

Domestic servants are frequently unconscious accessories of the swell-mobsman, for, under pretext of ardent love-making, he worms his way into their confidence, and in a short time knows as much of the topography of the employer's house and of the hiding-place of his wife's jewels as the worthy couple themselves. Some cracksmen make a point of carefully studying the newspaper accounts of weddings. Putting two and two together, they decide to save the young couple the trouble of looking after all their wedding presents by selecting the pick of them for themselves!

Immediately after a big jewel robbery detectives may be seen watching the doors of safe-deposit companies, for of recent years some crooks have taken to hiding their booty there until the affair shall have blown over. Pending this happy moment, the crook may elect to lie in hiding in one or another of certain apartment-houses in the provinces, where the landlady asks no questions, though he may mix with the usual fashionable gatherings in the hope that suspicion may be avoided by his very daring. A case is on record of a jewel thief who walked about London for many weeks, whilst awaiting his opportunity of bolting to a Continental port, with many thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds hidden in a specially constructed recess (familiar to conjurers) in the heel of his boot.

The late Gaby Deslys, on being asked on one occasion how she kept her magnificent pearls safe when travelling about, bade her maid undo the neck of her blouse, when the gems were disclosed coiled round the maid's neck. Another much-travelled lady invariably inserts her loose diamonds into a tube of tooth-paste.

A really clever criminal is nearly always a specialist; a forger, for example, would never dream of stealing, any more than a coiner would think of blackmail. Even in their own branches of crime, crooks divide themselves again into various sub-branches; a jewel thief, for instance, would not think of stealing a motor-car. When, therefore, a theft is committed of a definite type, the detectives engaged on the case find their field of inquiry narrowed down to those thieves only who are known to make a speciality of that particular kind of theft. It behoves the crook, therefore, never to repeat his methods.

A few incidents may serve to illustrate the versatility of jewel thieves. A certain jewel thief, who was also a highly skilled metal-worker, prepared, in brass and paste, duplicates of certain gold and diamond rings which he coveted. Entering the shop of the jeweller in question, he asked to see these rings, when he deftly substituted the fakes for the real articles, bought a cheap match-box to cover the true purpose of his visit, and decamped!

Two other robberies, both picturesque and daring, deserve mention. In the one case, two jewel thieves, dressed as workmen, clad in aprons and with shirt-sleeves rolled up, detached from its fastenings in a jeweller's shop doorway, at midday, a large show-case of jewellery, and drove off with it in a taxi under the noses of scores of passers-by. In the other case, a jeweller's traveller, who was in the habit of carrying his bulky jewel-cases with him in a cab, once left the cab and its contents unguarded while he and the coachman adjourned to a public-house. Two jewel thieves, who had had the traveller and his cab under observation for many weeks, came up, one dressed as a coachman. The latter mounted the box and drove away, with his confederate and the jewellery in the cab.

An equally dramatic (one might almost say pantomimic) subterfuge was employed in yet another instance. A pair of jewel thieves had for some time contemplated rifling a certain jeweller's shop, but had almost given up the project in despair, the place being very closely guarded. They noticed, however, that a large box, presumably containing silver plate, arrived periodically. They accordingly constructed a duplicate, and sent a message to the railway goods-office requesting that the original box be not delivered for a few days. On the usual day

of the week the duplicate box was delivered at the shop, containing not silver plate, but one of the thieves, his colleague being the driver of the van on which the box was brought. The box was made to open from the inside: the rest of the story can be guessed.

A case is on record in which a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman entered a jeweller's shop, and, leaning over the counter, questioned the proprietor concerning some loose gems, from which, he said, he wished to choose a number to be fashioned into a pendant for his wife. He said he would call on the morrow, bringing his wife with him. On the next day he duly appeared, but alone, saying that his wife was ill, and that he had been authorised by her to choose on her behalf. He selected the gems he wanted, and left them with the jeweller to be made up. The jeweller then missed a large diamond. The customer, greatly distressed, offered to allow himself to be searched, which was done, but without success, and he withdrew to the accompaniment of the proprietor's apologies. A few minutes later another old gentleman entered the shop, and left a brooch to be repaired.

The robbery was thus accomplished. On his first visit the first man left a lump of soft wax sticking to the under-side of the ledge of the counter when leaning over it. On his second visit he stole the diamond, which he embedded in the wax. The second man, his confederate, removed the wax containing the diamond on the occasion of his visit with the brooch.

Jewels are, of course, very easily concealed, owing to their small size, and this fact, coupled with the resource of the average jewel thief and his employment of up-to-date methods, goes far to explain why so small a proportion of jewel thefts ever result in a conviction

THE CURR.

By IAN DOUGLAS.

I.

SOLITARY walks among the hills have for me a fascination that not the passing years nor married life have ever dulled. On occasion I have been warned against my long, lone tramps. Suppose—as sometimes do my anxious relatives—suppose I were to break an arm or a leg when ten miles of empty moorland lay between me and human aid! In fact, of course, the inconveniences I risk are rarely more formidable than those incidental to all open-air life—fatigue and a ravenous hunger. Only once, indeed, has mishap befallen me, and even then I was compensated for the resulting physical injury by a curious adventure, or vision, or delirious dream: the precise term I shall leave as an open question, and submit the facts.

Six miles from Yetholm, the gypsy village in the Borders, there rises among the Cheviots a rounded massive hill, 1849 feet high, named The Curr, and to this summit I climbed one warm July evening of last year. The ascent was nothing: a mile or two of diminishing cart-track that forded and reforded the chattering Curr Burn; a shepherd's cottage; a crooked sheep-path, penetrating the quiet green valley under the bulky shoulder of The Curr; then, after half-an-hour of sheer hard work, I was lying on the stunted heather at the broad summit, breathing deeply the pure air of the heights. To the south I could see the high continuous wall of the Great Cheviot and his fellows stretching for miles on either hand, like some big vitrified tidal wave; and in the foreground lay mile on mile of deserted moors.

The sun was well to the west as I descended again towards the upper source of the Curr Burn. I reached the water at a point where it makes a detour, being turned from its course by a low, flat spur of the hill that tapers outwards for a hundred yards from the main mass. By assiduous licking the burn has eroded away the nose of this projection, leaving a little overhanging bluff, and I stood for some minutes on this headland lazily choosing an easy crossing over the stream. As I turned away at last a stone at the edge gave way under my foot, so that I fell backwards down to the water below.

The shock must have stunned me for a minute, and when I picked myself up from the burn's stony bed I felt very shaken. My head throbbed disagreeably, and bright sheets of light seemed to come and go before my eyes. Worst of all was a peculiar feeling of strangeness about everything, that perturbed me considerably, and made me overhaul myself, limb by limb, in search of serious damage. I was thankful to find that I had escaped whole, but the uneasy symptoms determined me to make for home at once.

From the deep bed of the stream I could see only a few yards in any direction, and my first thought was to climb up the far bank to the footpath. With the aid of convenient tufts of grass, I managed the scramble fairly easily, and in a minute I came out of the little canyon and straightened myself to look about me.

I could scarcely refrain from screaming. Five minutes previously I had been trudging down a treeless Cheviot valley; now the same valley was there, and the hills, but from burn-margin to lofty skyline the slopes were clothed with dense forest of firs and alders, among which I stood in a small natural clearing.

I was frightened, terrified at this miracle that had come to pass. . . . Yet it was impossible, I assured myself; this must be a mirage, an illusion. I would stare it out; I would walk up to it, and laugh as it dissolved before me. So, resolutely, though my body trembled, I walked towards the encircling trees, and stood still beneath a great pine. The dry ground below the wide outspread of branches was deep in pine-needles, whose scent rose to my nostrils as my boots turned them up; I could hear the breeze rustling in the high boughs. Fighting against the evidence of my senses, I reached out my hand and made to pass it through the moss-trimmed trunk. It was solid, real.

I cannot express how the thing affected me. Matter, the basic foundation of our mundane philosophy, was proved illusion. When one has lived unquestioning for forty years under conditions so cast-iron and changeless that they seemed to be a sacred code of nature's law; when in a moment they have been proved less durable than a wreath of mist, it is as if one's memory and whole life-experience have been snatched away, leaving the conscious soul naked and isolated in the universe. Had not my overwrought nerves found relief in a sudden burst of tears, I believe my sanity would have been in danger.

II.

When I recovered, I stood quite undecided what to do. Return to Yetholm? But could I expect that a portent which had clad a mountain-side with trees would leave unchanged a little village? Well, I could but see. And walking slowly forward, I plunged into a tangle of undergrowth along the valley. Despite my fears, a certain exhilaration came to me, inspired by the strange beauty of this new world that had captured me. Unknown aromatic scents, altogether fresh and delightful, fanned me. Many of the shrubs, too, I noticed, were unfamiliar, tall bracken and a thick, soft red moss spreading at the foot of plants whose tubular fleshy stems were quite different from any I knew. Under the trees the twilight was already come, for not a shaft from the setting sun was able to pierce the dense interlacing of the branches.

The most impressive feature was the universal hush. Several times I stopped to catch, if possible, some distant sound; but, save for the soughing of the wind in the topmost leaves, there was nothing—not a whir of wings, not a scurry among the leaves, nor the hum of an insect. My own steps, trampling over fallen cones and dry twigs, crackled out like pistol-shots and seemed to insult the silence.

I was following a line, as I judged it, parallel to the burn, but some distance above it, on the hillside, when my notion of solitude was rudely shattered. Suddenly, a few yards ahead of me, the bushes rustled and were thrust aside, and across my path a creature bounded swiftly down the slope. I had a momentary vision of a short, brown-skinned human being, with brutish features and long ravelled hair, and naked save for a strip of skin. From his right hand swung a weapon, whether spear or club or axe I could not be sure as he shot across and was instantly swallowed up by the trees. My breath had scarcely returned to me when another fellow of similar appearance almost brushed me as he hurried in pursuit.

My surprise and alarm at the sight of these savages were considerable, although my anxiety was much relieved as I realised the significance of one fact; for, conspicuous as I must have been blundering through the woods, neither man, I remembered, had betrayed the least knowledge of my presence. This much security, then, was given me in this new life, that if the savages were unreal to me, I was doubly so to them; for I was invisible!

Dead silence had fallen again on the forest, and peer and listen as I might, I could not learn whither the men had disappeared. Emboldened by curiosity, I advanced cautiously down the slope in the direction I supposed they had taken, glancing apprehensively behind each tree and into every thicket where an ambush might be lurking. When I reached the floor of the valley I broke suddenly from the brushwood into a long artificial clearing some thirty feet across, which, keeping close to the banks of the little stream, ran up and down the valley. Its course was strewn with trees and bushes snapped rudely off or trampled heavily into the mud, and these indications, more suggestive of some powerful quadruped than of man, made me halt and throw uneasy glances in both directions. A patch of mud in a hollow of the track caught my eye, and, treading as softly as I could, I made towards it. A tiny spring of water, trickling across the hollow, was patiently smoothing off the mire, but, stooping, I could distinguish the print of a hoof whose measurement was more than fifteen inches across. And unless my poor tracking skill was useless, a bare quarter of an hour had elapsed since the hoof's gigantic owner, before whom the fir-trees had snapped like matches, had passed that way.

Even as I was looking in dismay at the impression, I heard behind me a terrific bellow of rage, and wheeling round, I saw that along the clearing, barely a hundred yards from where I stood, a great animal was charging. In appearance it was like a gigantic ox, with massive bull-like head armed with horns not less than fourteen feet from tip to tip; in height the brute stood over a dozen feet. Accurate measurement, of course, did not trouble me at the moment, for, though doubtless a phlegmatic scientist would have jotted down the details, I admit that, standing in the monster's track, I was conscious only of a cold oppressive fog in my brain that would neither let me think nor move. In a moment,

it seemed, the beast was towering above me, and I said a swift farewell to life.

Suddenly a dozen naked men leaped out from the high bracken, and a dozen spears quivered in the great bull's side. The brute stumbled, but was up in an instant to do battle with its assailants, who were scrambling for life up the nearest trees. Again and again the monster crashed its formidable head against the stout trunks, which would sway, crack, and heel over; lucky for the human tenant who could hurl himself monkey-wise to the boughs of another tree! As the least opening was given, one daring savage or another would drop sheer from the high branches, snatch at a trailing spear, and plunge it more deeply into the wounded flank before the maddened ox could turn. Then came a frantic spring to safety; once or twice a man misjudged his leap, and falling back, was instantly trampled—a terrible death, to which the human survivors appeared quite indifferent.

The primitive drama was played with speed, for in a few minutes a wide clearing had been flattened in the forest, and the quarry was sinking slowly to its knees, to lurch over sideways with a crash. Before the death-struggle was over the wild victors were dancing, shouting incoherently round the carcass, hacking at the mountainous haunches with axes of stone, and ravenously tearing at the warm flesh.

Fascinated by the battle, I had drawn closer, presuming on my invisibility, and, to my relief, none of the savages seemed aware of my presence. In the exultation that this security gave me, and willing to try still further my exemption from normal laws, I walked behind one gore-bedaubed ruffian and clapped him on the shoulder. My temerity came near swift punishment, for, quick as thought, the fellow turned, and, even before his head was round, his rude lance, thrown backward, hummed past, not an inch from my cheek. When the man saw no one behind him he scowled uneasily for a little, but was soon dancing carelessly with his fellows.

III.

During these bloody orgies the sun had set, and down in the valley darkness came quickly. The savages, realising that night had almost surprised them, hurriedly heaped together wood from the broken trees, and kindled a roaring fire, sufficient, during the short summer night, to protect the kill from the wolves whose eerie howlings were beginning to shudder through the woods. No sooner was the blaze firmly established than the hunters, staggering beneath loads of meat, made from the clearing, and, in single file, plunged up the wooded side of The Curr, leaving me alone. Already the wolves in the surrounding thickets were growing bolder. Not far off, I could hear some larger animal moving, with occasional stops, as if the brute were glaring sullenly at the flames. A great longing for humankind came over me, even for those rude specimens whose degraded rites I had been watching, and taking to my heels, I climbed desperately after the naked men. Behind me, or following a parallel track, a score of eyes gleamed threateningly among the trees, and I fancied I heard a yawning snapping of jaws, for my invisibility, it seemed, was ineffective against the hungry instincts of the wolves. I was thankful when I could hear ahead of me the cracking and whipping of branches, where the heavily burdened savages were forcing their way uphill.

Farther up—three parts to the summit, I imagine—where the slope grew so steep that even the forest could barely find a footing, we reached the base of a precipice, that formed the retaining wall for a projecting buttress of the hill. Moving now to the left, the hunters skirted the foot of this cliff for about a furlong, and then, turning its flank by a scramble up a stony gully, doubled back on to a long, treeless plateau on which lay their camp.

Quite breathless with my chase after the muscular savages, I found myself on a long ledge about fifty yards in breadth; on the right the ground fell sheer over the cliff, while a steep acclivity on the other side cut off access from The Curr's summit; the far end of the shelf tapered, I think, much in the same way as that by which I had passed. The plateau was strewn with heaps of unhewn boulders piled together with no very evident plan; what might once have been a rampart was, indeed, thrown across the narrow entrance, but in many places its component stones had been knocked down. There were no roofed buildings.

Among the heaps a dozen fires were flickering, and round the flames human beings, young and old, of both sexes, crouched or sprawled. As our party came in a short-lived excitement ran through the tribe, but the shouting quickly died away, and the hunters, without troubling to cleanse themselves, sat unconcernedly down, each by the fire he fancied. Among the stay-at-homes, not a creature expressed either welcome to the returning men, or yet anxiety or grief for the wretches lying crushed beneath the great ox in the valley. The sole family greeting that I saw, given by one ruffian to his son who stood in his path, was a clout from his mighty fist that stretched the lad senseless. At the blow, a female of unparalleled ugliness sprang up, snarling in a brutish way, but without venturing nearer. Snarls such as she gave, and meaningless shouts, constituted the sum total of the tribal speech; so, at least, I estimated, not allowing sufficiently, it may be, for the bewildering effect on the ear of an utterly strange tongue. The savages' sole clothing was the rough skin that I had remarked before, but even that scanty garb was not regarded as essential, for I noticed that several owners had laid it aside; perhaps it was merely a fashion!

Disembodied spirit that I was, I wandered unnoticed among the people through the encampment, tripping in the shadows over scattered middens, domestic utensils, and boulders. One man, lazily chipping an axe, I observed, and, caught by a familiar something about him, stopped to watch. His great shock of hair shaded his features from the light, but as I looked a gust fanned the glowing logs to a blaze, and the savage, raising his head for a moment, let me see—my own face. The forehead receded a trifle more, perhaps, than mine; the nose was flatter, the chin slightly less developed. It was a caricature rather than a facsimile; and yet it *was* a caricature, and no chance resemblance.

A mist of doubt seemed to clear from my brain as I stood before him, and the meaning of my whole adventure grew plain. Time, that mysterious factor man thinks he understands, had moved backward for me that day. How far into the ages had it carried me? How many centuries or millenniums? I could fix no limit. All around me was primitive man struggling upward from his kinship with the brutes; all around were primitive animals yielding inch by inch to the power of the puny tool-maker. And from this savage at my feet, my ancestor, life had come to me unbroken across perhaps a thousand generations. I threw my hands to my temples to try to realise.

IV.

My puzzling was rudely broken off when suddenly my ancestor bounded to his feet, and after him, in like alarm, his fellow-tribesmen. Each face became haggard with instinctive terror for an unknown danger. This way and that they glanced, seeking whence came the menace and where lay safety. Then, with wild, insensate cries, they began to run, some towards the hillside, up whose steep face they would have clawed their way, others for the plateau's narrow entrance. I could hear the shrieks of women and children crushed to death in the panic or crowded over the edge of the precipice.

The swiftest and strongest only could have reached safety before the catastrophe happened. There was a low rumbling from the ground, and a cracking as of many ropes parting, one by one, in a storm. Beneath my feet the ground quivered, and between plateau and hillside great cracks appeared and grew wider. For a few seconds the long shelf seemed to slip in a solid mass towards the valley; then it began to crumble into dust, great clouds of which spread over the hillside as from an explosion, dust in which I sank to my knees. Close to me a stricken fir-tree raised its head from below the surface of the falling débris, and, clutching its trunk, I shot downwards on this precarious raft. I was choked, blinded, dazed by the onrush and by the merciless batter of stones and earth; but above the uproar I could hear around me the cries of the wretched savages. Through an eddy in the dust I saw a terrified woman not a dozen feet from me, but even as I stretched my hand towards her a following wave of earth broke high over her head and she was gone. Then, at the valley foot, some obstruction caught my own fir-tree's buried branches and I stopped with a cruel jar. Behind and above me I saw the falling mountain-side pile up to an overhanging wall that seemed to pause in the air; then the coping of the wall broke over me, and with it came blackness. . . .

V.

Ay, that's better noo,' I heard a voice say, very far off, as the light came slowly back. Wearily opening my eyes, I looked up to the weather-tanned face of an oldish man.

'What—where am I?' I asked confusedly, trying to sit up, for my head was spinning and I felt giddy. 'When is it?'

'Eh? When is it?' repeated the man. 'What 'll he be meaning, Tam?'

'Maybe he wants to ken the time, faither,' suggested some one outside my zone of vision. I turned weakly, and saw a lad dressed in a rough country homespun, at sight of which I could have wept for joy.

'It is *Now*, then,' I exclaimed. 'I see it is. You—you are modern. Who are you? Where have you come from?'

'I 'm George Anderson, shepherd of Fairliehope,' replied the elder man. 'We saw ye fa' into the watter as we were coming ower frae the College Burn yonder, and, when we ran doon, foond ye unconscious, and like to have slippit below the watter gin ye had moved an inch. See noo, tak haud of ma airm and we 'll tak ye doon to the cottage—it 's but a step—and then ye can rest a bittie, for ye 're no juist richt yet.'

And so, pulled gently to my feet and propped between the sturdy hillsmen, I was led homewards down the valley. My adventure, then, was simply a dream as I lay stunned at the foot of the cliff: a simple explanation surely. Yet—can I accept it unquestioned?

I wonder how that quiet Cheviot valley really looked ten thousand years ago; thick-forested, the haunt of great beasts and savage men? Did an ancestor of mine ever live up The Curr, on some long-vanished ledge? Was he killed in its destruction, or did he perhaps leap across to safety in time? If so, how do I *know*? May it be that the forgotten victims still haunt that great burial-mound where the landslip stopped; unsubstantial spectres who can tell their story only when one's active brain is subdued in insensibility? Or is it rather that somewhere in one's own self lies hid an unsuspected memory handed along the unbroken chain of lives, to be revived only by some peculiar stimulus of circumstances. Who can say?

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SMALL HOT-WATER BOILER.

IT is often a convenience at sinks and lavatory basins to have small quantities of hot water available at any time. In the winter, with a hot-water system in connection with the kitchen-range, this requirement is easily met; but during the summer months, when the range is out of action, some other plan must be adopted. A small gas-heated boiler is now available, which can be mounted on a wall above the spot where hot water is required. It is semi-cylindrical in form, and the flat side has lugs with holes through which nails may be driven for fixing the apparatus in position. An atmospheric gas-burner is fitted at the bottom, the heat passing through a cylindrical flue in the boiler, while the burnt gases escape by a pipe at the top. A thermostat controls the burner, automatically turning down the gas when the water is hot, and turning it up again should the temperature be reduced by the withdrawal of hot water and the introduction of a fresh supply of cold. The hot-water spout is movable to suit any position. Made of thick copper and finished in art bronze, the boiler forms a handsome addition to the equipment of any kitchen or lavatory.

A WALL PETROL LIGHTER.

In view of the long period during which the pocket petrol lighter has been in use, it is surprising that until recently this valuable device had not been adapted for fixing to walls. A type is now obtainable which can be attached to any vertical surface; it is, therefore, suitable for fixing in almost any place where matches are required. The appliance consists of a rectangular petrol-container with a broad flange having four holes for nails or screws. A perforated tube up the middle of the container terminates in a hole at the top, in which a brass rod makes an air-tight fit. This rod, which has a handle at the top and an annular cavity at the bottom filled with asbestos, is also fitted at the lower end with a striker having the form of a hardened steel pin. The flint consists of a strip of special material, set in a vertical groove running down the middle of the front of the container. As the sides of the container converge inwards towards the flint, no difficulty is experienced in using the striker even in the dark. With only a comparatively light rub on the flint, a brilliant, hot spark is produced which ignites the petrol absorbed by the asbestos. A spring-hinged flap over the hole at the top of the container automatically shuts when the striker is withdrawn for use, and prevents the evaporation of the petrol, which requires to be renewed at intervals.

A REVOLVING SERVICE HATCH.

Where the kitchen of a house adjoins the dining-room, a hatchway between the two is a great convenience, and such an arrangement is not infrequently adopted. The ordinary service hatch, however, possesses the disadvantages that those in one room can see directly into the other when the hatchway is open, conversation can be overheard, and the smell of cooking is apt to pass from the kitchen into the dining-room. These drawbacks have been entirely overcome by a hatch fitted with a revolving cylinder. The periphery of this cylinder is divided roughly into four equal parts, and it revolves in a cylindrical casing which is open for about 90 degrees on each side of the wall. Two parts opposite each other in the revolving cylinder are also open, while the other two opposite parts are closed, the consequence being that it is impossible to see from one room to the other with the hatch in any position, although a small trap-door can be opened for communication when desired. Each open part of the revolving cylinder is fitted with a shelf about two-thirds of the way up from the bottom, the upper division being for small articles, and the lower for large dishes or bottles. The two opposite compartments can be filled and emptied simultaneously. Thus, after the first course of a meal, the next course is being put in on the kitchen side while the used plates, &c., are being piled up in the opposite division. The hatch is constructed of polished zinc, with polished three-ply wood for the outer casing to the revolving cylinder; the shelves are covered with felt to minimise the sound of inserting the dishes, and the revolving part runs upon ball-bearings. On the dining-room side the hatch projects only to the extent of the open part, or about 90 degrees of the complete circle, the remainder being in the wall or projecting into the kitchen. The inside cylinder can be removed for cleaning or oiling purposes.

A SMALL MOTOR LAWN-MOWER.

Although the motor lawn-mower is by no means a novelty, the example we are about to describe is unique in that it is much smaller than the machines to which motors are usually applied, the strip mown being only 22 inches in width. The lawn-mower itself differs little from the ordinary type handled by a couple of men, but a light framework is mounted above it to carry the motor. Of the air-cooled type, the motor is capable of developing $2\frac{3}{4}$ horse-power, and as it runs at a high speed, reduction gear is necessary. The motor, therefore, drives a countershaft by a roller-chain from a small pinion on the motor to a large chain wheel on the shaft, thereby sub-

stantially reducing the speed. A further big reduction is similarly made between the countershaft and the roller-shaft of the mower. Between the engine and the countershaft is a clutch for starting and stopping the mower, the lever for controlling it being arranged close to the left hand of the operator, while near his right hand are Bowden controls for the motor. Over the engine is mounted a five-pint petrol-tank. Ignition is by magneto. The exhaust, after passing through an effective silencer, is discharged on one side of the machine. Except in the motor itself, ball-bearings are fitted throughout. An interesting feature is the division of the main roller upon which the complete outfit runs into three parts, only the centre one of which is driven. With this arrangement the machine can be much more easily manœuvred than if the roller were in one piece. The area of the surface mown by this machine is said to be from 1000 to 1200 square yards in twenty minutes, at a cost of less than 2d. for petrol and oil. At a recent test it mowed a bowling-green in less than an hour, at a cost (exclusive of the man's time) of 6d., against an estimated cost of 30s. if the work had been done by hand.

A HUGE TIPPER FOR EMPTYING WHEAT-CARS.

That the enormous quantities of wheat exported from the American continent involve colossal grain-handling machines is well known to many. The wheat is delivered to granaries at the shipping ports in huge railway cars, and one of the problems which have had to be solved is the emptying of these cars in the least possible time and at a minimum cost for labour. At the colossal granary of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Baltimore, which can store five million bushels, the cars are tipped bodily, both sideways and endways, until all the grain has run out, four of these 'unloaders,' as they are called, being in use. As each can deal with from six to eight cars an hour, the total unloading capacity is enormous. The unloaders are worked entirely by electricity, no fewer than five motors being required for the various operations. These are controlled by a man in a glazed box at the side of the machine. Railway lines are laid along each unloader, and the cars are pushed into position, one by one, by what is known as a 'barney'—a pusher, worked by wire ropes, which runs on a track between the rails. When the car has been placed centrally on the unloader, the first motor causes clamps to rise up at each end and engage with the couplings, which are firmly held throughout the tipping operations. Motor No. 2 now comes into operation, and projects side supports which press against the car-frame on the tipping side. The third motor opens what is called the grain-door. This is a temporarily-built-up door inside the sliding-door of the car. When the car is unloaded by hand, this door is burst in by axes and crowbars. The grain-door opener first descends until its lower edge rests upon the sill of the car door. Two upright bars with small spikes on their faces then engage the grain-door, pushing it inwards for about six inches, and raising it by a like amount. The side-tipping motor is now started, and tips the car over to an angle of about 30 degrees, the door-opening being greatly increased during the process as the grain-door is held stationary on the opener. No. 5 motor next comes into play, and tips the car endways to an angle of 45 degrees, the side angle of tip being meantime retained. By reversing No. 5 motor the opposite end of the car is tipped up. The car being now completely emptied, all the motors are reversed in regular sequence. The car is first restored to the upright position, and the door-opener is withdrawn, leaving the door undamaged on the floor of the car. Next the side supports retire, and, finally, the coupling-clamps release the car, which is pushed clear of the unloader by the barney. These four unloaders are said to reduce the labour costs by the wages of some sixty-eight men; while the doors, the cost of which is eleven dollars each, can be used again instead of being destroyed.

A SITTING-ROOM KITCHENER.

The combination of living-room and kitchen, now so popular in small modern houses, calls for a type of fireplace that, while having the appearance of a sitting-room grate, is provided with all the necessary accessories for cooking and for maintaining a supply of hot water. A fireplace of this kind was described some months ago in these notes. Another made its advent at the Building Exhibition recently held in London. This grate, although differing to some extent from the ordinary sitting-room fireplace, has a handsome appearance, while the fire is of the barless economical type. An interesting innovation is the provision of a hob on each side of the fire, which may be fitted with gas specially intended for use in summer when the fire is not lighted, one hob having a ring for boiling, and the other a griller for cooking. This arrangement avoids entirely any need for a separate gas cooker, while the gas-fumes are carried off up the chimney instead of being discharged into the room. Each hob is covered by a square iron plate, pivoted at the front corner next the fire, so that when swung round the two plates meet in a line and project in front of the fire. At the back of the fire is a hinged hot-plate which can be pulled down over it. In this position the hot-plate adjoins the hob plates, giving a total surface equal to that of a small kitchener. The cooking arrangements are completed, so far as the fire is concerned, by tipping up into a vertical position a set of bars which serve as a trivet at ordinary times, but

which, on being tipped up, prevent hot coal from falling out when the fire is made up for cooking. An oven is arranged well above the fire, at a much more convenient height than that in the ordinary kitchener. The door is hinged at the bottom, and when pulled down into a horizontal position, forms a very useful platform upon which to rest dishes or baking-tins. To clean the flues, two knobs on the side of the oven are pulled in and out together once or twice. When the chimney needs sweeping, the whole oven is taken out after undoing one screw. A supply of hot water is maintained by a boiler at the back, the front of which slopes up the flue the full width of the fire.

A VARIABLE COMBINATION-LOCK.

An invention which bids fair to revolutionise lock-making has recently been placed on the market in the form of a brass lock which opens, when set, to a combination of figures. So far, the invention is by no means novel, locks which open on this principle having been in use for a great many years. The revolutionary feature consists of a provision for changing the combination in a few seconds. These locks will eventually be obtainable for all kinds of purposes for which locks are used, but at present the form being sold is a padlock with a round body about two inches in diameter by three-eighths of an inch in thickness. At one side of the periphery is a ∩-shaped brass shackle, one leg of which is permanently held in the body of the padlock, while the other enters a hole and cannot be pulled out when the padlock is locked. On setting the lock to the correct combination, the ∩-piece can be drawn out until one leg clears the body, when it can be swivelled round on the other. On the front face of the body is a knurled knob, which can be turned by the finger and thumb. As it turns, the internal mechanism springs round a toothed pinion with a clicking sound, each tooth being felt. When the lock is to be opened with, for example, the combination 576, the knob is turned clockwise until it will not go any farther. It is then twisted to the left (anti-clockwise) for five clicks, followed by seven clicks to the right, and finally by six clicks to the left. The lock now opens easily. One might suppose that the knob having being turned clockwise to a stop, and then turned back five clicks, it would not turn seven clicks clockwise, as this would take it beyond the stop. Such, however, is not the case. At present the locks are made for any combination of from three to nine figures, which gives nearly a million variations in all, but they can be made for a greater number if thought desirable. To change the combination, which can be done only when the padlock is in the unlocked position, insert a pointed peg in a small hole at the back of the padlock, turn the knob to the right until it will go no farther, and then go through the new combination by moving the knob to the left and the right alternately for the requisite numbers of clicks. These steps having been taken, and the pointed peg removed, the lock will now open only to this new combination. The padlock is locked by giving the knob a complete turn clockwise.

A NOVEL HOT-WATER PLATE.

A novel form of hot-water plate which we have recently tested has proved itself eminently satisfactory. It consists of a container, made of highly polished metal, into which boiling water is poured. The plate containing the food which it is desired to keep hot is then placed on top of the container, and is held in position by four adaptable spring clips. A rubber ring fitting into a recess at the top of the container prevents leakage of the water and loss of heat by radiation. A second plate inverted over the first naturally leads to increased efficiency. The appliance is easily cleaned, and is therefore quite sanitary; the container is practically indestructible, and may be used with any dinner-plate of the ordinary size. It is also made in sizes suitable for breakfast-plates and muffin-dishes. The device may be obtained in either nickel or silver plate, and oval shapes are made to accommodate dishes of that form. It is equally efficient for keeping things cool if a little crushed ice, instead of hot water, is used in the container.

A LINE-THROWING GUN FOR LIFEBOATS.

When a lifeboat is approaching a ship in distress, the rescue of those on board would often be greatly facilitated if a line could be passed between the two vessels. This operation, however, is generally impossible, as the lifeboat usually comes up on the leeward side of a sinking ship, in order that the larger vessel may to some extent act as a breakwater for the smaller. The wind thus blowing from the ship to the lifeboat, it is only when the latter is close up that it is possible to heave a line on board. In the case of a wreck on a lee-shore, also, when the lifeboat anchors to windward it is seldom safe for her to come near enough to the wreck to pass a line between them. This difficulty has now been overcome by a line-throwing gun which is being tested by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The barrel of the gun has a smooth-bore, down which passes a rod forming the projectile. Surrounding the barrel is a chamber containing a recoil spring, and mounted on trunnions which are carried on a swivel, so that the gun can be elevated and trained as required. The projectile is thrown by firing a cartridge in the breech, the trigger being operated by a Bowden wire. Two sizes of line may be thrown, one, having a diameter of $\frac{1}{16}$ inch and a breaking-strain of one hundred and twenty-five pounds, which can be pro-

jected for 200 yards; the other, of $\frac{3}{16}$ inch diameter, having a range of 100 yards and a breaking-strain of four hundred pounds. When either of these lines is thrown over a wreck, it is used to pass the necessary gear for rescuing those on board by means of the breeches buoy, the equipment for which is found in all the Institution's lifeboats. The line is wound into a ball and carried in a canister on the outside of the gun-barrel. It runs out from the middle as in the case of a ball of string. The projectile consists of the rod already mentioned as passing down the barrel, with a head which carries a device for attaching the line.

A POCKET TYPEWRITER.

Many people use a typewriter for their private correspondence, and this practice would quickly become popular if it were not for the high cost of the machines and their quite appreciable bulk and weight. The last-named features almost put them out of court as items in one's travelling equipment; and even if they are included, they cannot be used during journeys. In these days the busy man or woman cannot afford to do nothing during long trips from one place to another, and where it is possible the time is sometimes utilised in writing letters. These can now be typed on a miniature machine which may be carried in the pocket. This typewriter can be used on the knee, or while held in the hand without any other support. In typing, the letters are selected by a pointer which is directed to each in turn by means of a knob, the knob being then pressed down. With practice, this operation can be done very quickly, although, of course, high speed has been sacrificed to portability, the machine weighing only eighteen ounces. A full alphabet of small and capital letters, numerals, punctuation-marks, and commercial signs is provided, and the typing is visible. Stiff card can be used in the machine, if desired, and it will take widths up to $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One advantageous feature is the elimination of the usual ribbon in favour of automatic inking rollers. The machine is carried in a neat leather case which fits into a coat-pocket. Two desk patterns of this machine are also made, the largest of which will take paper $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width. As an additional recommendation, we may add that the prices bring these typewriters within the reach of every one.

FLEA-SEEDS.

In our June number, in an article entitled 'Curious Forms of Vegetation,' we referred to certain 'freaks of nature.' Equally interesting with the examples there given are what are known as flea-seeds. Flea-seeds do not grow up into young fleas. Look up at the leaves of the next oak-tree you happen to see in the month of August. You will probably notice that many of them have their under surfaces thickly studded with purplish spots. Look at one of them closely, and you will see that each spot is a little, round, hairy cushion. Each one contains either the egg or the young grub of a sort of gall-fly. The laying of the egg and the growth of the gall-grub cause the oak-leaf to sprout out in this curious way. A little later in the year these 'spangles,' as they are called, will fall off the oak-leaf, and may be seen thickly carpeting the ground beneath. They absorb moisture, and grow as the grubs inside also increase in size and feed on them. Presently the grubs pass into the chrysalis state, and in due time flies emerge. In California a similar growth on an oak-tree falls off in the same way. The spasmodic movements of the grubs inside cause these little galls to jump erratically about. Hence their name of 'flea-seeds.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

A TEST.

If, where the beech-leaves thickly lie
In golden autumn weather,
You walk sedately, stepping high
Lest you should dim shoe-leather;
Or if you pass an orchard wall
Where apples red invite you,
And never hear the tempter's call
To steal 'just one' incite you;
Or if you bridge a country stream,
Nor lean to look and wonder
If shadowy trout with scaly gleam
Are quivering thereunder;
Or if you hear the night-owl's cry
The woods with echoes filling,
And feel no sense of mystery
Within your bosom thrilling;
Then, by these faded leaves of gold,
Ripe fruit, chill waters falling,
You 'll know, poor heart, that you are old,
And owls your dirge are calling.

HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

MOLLY ON A MONDAY.

By FREDERICK TILSLEY, Author of *Cheerio*, &c.

PART I.

I.

MOLLY MARLOW felt Mondayish! For some unknown reason, the first day in the week has a peculiar psychological effect upon the temper of most business people, and Molly was no exception to the general rule. She was a tall, slim girl, with dark eyes set wide apart, dark hair which held a suggestion of red where the sun caught it, and a little chin that was both dimpled and determined. Molly hated Mondays. They always made her bad-tempered, and bad temper always made her nose red. She was pinning price-tickets to the very latest thing in gents' half-hose (special sale line, very cheap), with a vigour which suggested that she might have derived a great deal of satisfaction from her occupation had the half-hose been full of feet, for at this moment Miss Marlow hated all men.

She hated the manager of Cohen & Bell's, who stood watching her furtively from behind a highly polished show-case, a tall, bald, young man of thirty-five, with vague blue eyes, a ridiculous little moustache, and an air of not quite knowing what to do with his hands when he was not working. Molly caught his glance, and wondered how long it would be before he attempted to kiss her. That he would make the attempt eventually she had not the slightest doubt in the world. She had seen it in his eye a long time now. She also wondered how it was that the managers of third-rate outfitting-shops were always tall, bald, young men of thirty-five, with vague blue eyes and an air of not quite knowing what to do with their hands when not working, and decided that if ever he *did* attempt to kiss her, she would risk the consequences and box his ears.

Glancing through the open doorway, she saw the butcher from next door sweeping the front of his shop with a heavy broom. Like all butchers, he was big, red-faced, and good-natured. He wore a blue-and-white-striped jacket and a spotless white apron, and catching sight of the girl, he stopped sweeping long enough to wave one red hand and wish her a boisterous 'Good-morning.' Molly and the butcher were the best of friends in the ordinary way, but this morning she saw him with a jaundiced eye. She was suspicious of him. Very likely his boisterous good-nature was merely a cloak, and the simple friendliness in his eyes, when he looked at you, a mask to hide his real nature. Her lip curled; she knew now that all men were just naturally bad. She had proved it to her own satisfaction, so she saw in the friendly butcher a monument of hypocrisy, a living lie, a blue-and-whited sepulchre; and she felt quite sure that he ill-treated his wife. She gave him a brief, cold nod, and then averted her eyes.

The butcher smiled sadly. 'Some trouble with her boy, I s'pose,' he muttered, and, shaking the sawdust from his broom, began to sweep again.

A few moments later a young policeman sauntered slowly past the open door, and tried vainly to catch her eye. He had been doing exactly the same thing ever since he had been on that beat. Molly wasn't looking at him, but she saw him just the same. Always before, she had acknowledged his shy salute with a little smile, but this morning she ignored him completely, for the policeman, in spite of the fact that he was distinctly good-looking in a heavy, stolid way, was not exempt from the general hatred. He paused for a moment and glanced at the contents of the window. Molly sniffed, and told herself that he was only hanging about on the off-chance of catching unfortunate small boys playing football in places where football was forbidden, or of being able to make a case out of a smoking chimney. All of which was very unjust; but, as has already been explained, Molly felt Mondayish.

To Molly life seldom seemed worth the trouble of living on Monday, but to-day she felt even more Mondayish than usual. The trouble dated from the previous evening, when a young man—a strange young man—had almost kissed her.

Because of a step-father with whom she was unable to get along comfortably, Molly had lived in lodgings for nearly two years, and was, to all intents and purposes, alone in the world. It was not that her step-father ill-treated her, or

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even went out of his way to make himself unpleasant; on the contrary, he was quite a decent, if rather narrow-minded, man. But Molly's memories of her own father were still vivid and tender, and comparison between the two men—the comparison she had honestly striven not to draw—at times made her want to scream aloud. Also, with the harsh judgment of youth, she had looked upon her mother's genuine affection for her second husband as something very like treachery.

After a more than usually violent quarrel, in which she had been so hopelessly in the wrong, and her step-father so manifestly in the right, that she felt she could never forgive him, she left home in a towering rage, bought a ticket (third, single) for the nearest large town, and went into lodgings. For the first few days she experienced some difficulty in obtaining employment, but eventually found herself behind the cash-desk of one of Messrs Cohen & Bell's numerous outfitting establishments.

II.

One day, after she had been at this work about six months, some cardboard boxes in the cellar caught fire. It took the manager and an assistant exactly three minutes to extinguish the flames, which were not very serious, and little more to remove all traces of the fray from their persons, but by that time Molly had served three persons, and taken five pounds. The manager looked at her with new interest, and gave her a lordly pat of encouragement.

'You're a bright girl,' he said patronisingly—'very bright girl indeed; and as Mr—ah—ah' (the manager was always careful to forget the names of his assistants)—'is "leaving us" at the end of the week, I will ask the super. to let you leave the cash-desk and come behind the counter.'

There being a great shortage of salesmen at this period, the superintendent had agreed to this arrangement, and, in spite of the fact that she disliked some of the things expected of her, particularly the 'business lies' she was obliged to tell (as has already been explained, Messrs Cohen & Bell's carry on a third-rate trade), Molly met with considerable success.

Molly had no girl-friends, and the few men with whom she was acquainted were regular customers at the shop; consequently most of her meagre spare time was spent alone. On the previous evening she had attended church service, and then, it being a bright, cold evening, she had decided to go for a short walk before returning to her lodgings.

Now Molly was an attractive girl at any time, but on this particular Sunday evening she looked even prettier and neater than usual, for she was wearing a new tailor-made costume and one of those plain, glossy, black hats which seem to suit all girls. The bill for the costume had caused her heart to miss a beat, but no trace of this worry showed in her dark eyes at the moment. When a normal, healthy girl of nineteen looks well dressed, feels well dressed, and is quite sure that her hair is just as it should be, there is no room in her mind for any feeling other than intense satisfaction.

She moved in the direction of the principal street of the suburb. This thoroughfare was always well lighted and cheerfully crowded on Sunday evenings. Molly had no intention of parading! She despised girls who paraded, but—well, anyhow, what is the use of a new tailor-made costume that fits like a glove, if one is going to waste it upon the select, but gloomy, avenues, where there is no one to appreciate it but an occasional policeman?

Reaching the nearest point of her destination, she hesitated for a moment, and then, stepping resolutely off the pavement, made for the other side of the road, where the crowd was thickest, and where, had she but known it, Henry Wellington Winthrop was waiting for her.

Henry, who did not as yet know that he was awaiting the coming of Molly—being at that moment unaware of her very existence even—stood at the edge of the pavement, gently tapping the side of his leg with a gold-tipped walking-stick, and gazing sadly into the roadway. He was thinking of the tragedy of loneliness, and wondering how it was that, of all the fellows in that crowded street, he seemed to be the only one without a single girl-friend to raise his hat to. He was also wondering what had become of all those thousands of surplus women he had read so much about lately, and whether they were old or young, plain or ugly, or just assorted—mixed up anyhow.

He had decided that they must be assorted, when he caught sight of Molly coming straight towards him. She glanced quickly to the right, and Henry had one brief glimpse of her face in the light of a street-lamp; then her head was averted again, and the beauty that caused Henry to rub his eyes in wonderment was momentarily lost in the shadow of that becoming, glossy, black hat.

'Some trick of the light,' muttered Henry in a dazed voice; 'I don't believe they make girls as beautiful as that, but I'm going to find out.' When Molly stepped on to the pavement a moment later, Henry, hat in hand, was waiting for her. Henry's second name wasn't 'Wellington' for nothing. 'Good-evening,' he greeted her diffidently. 'I am quite sure we have never met before.'

Now, had such a thing as this happened to Molly's mother at the age of nineteen, that good lady would have probably called a policeman, and then fainted. Molly, being a modern business girl, did nothing of the sort. She merely treated Henry to one long, comprehending look, saw that he had a pleasant face, friendly gray eyes, and was so well dressed that

his clothes were the least noticeable thing about him, and decided that he was a very nice boy indeed, so she smiled back at him. Molly wanted all the nice boy-friends she could possibly get. As has already been explained, she was alone in the world, and this is a poor world to be alone in. If she had had even the faintest of doubts as to the advisability of accepting the proffered friendship, the fact that Henry wore socks that were not too noticeable would have decided her. Taste in little matters of dress counted for a great deal with Molly, and she particularly disliked men with delirious ankles.

'Most boys,' she said, with an air of great wisdom, 'insist that they *do* know one—that they have met one at a dance or a party, you know.'

Henry nodded. 'Yes,' he answered cheerfully; 'but I'm original. When I see a girl I feel I'd like to know, I don't pretend to mistake her for a Miss Brown I was introduced to four years ago at Margate. I admit the truth at once, which so startles her that she forgets to cry for help until she has had time to notice that I don't wear horns and a tail.'

'And I suppose you always finish up the best of friends?' suggested Molly coldly.

'Well, you see,' admitted Henry, 'I—I've only tried it once.'

'Was the experiment successful?' Molly's voice was still cold.

'That remains to be seen,' answered Henry simply. 'Most remarkable thing——' he went on, and then ceased abruptly.

'What's a most remarkable thing?' she inquired politely.

But Henry had not intended to say that out aloud. He was thinking what a remarkable thing it was that a closer inspection had more than justified his first impression of her remarkable prettiness; but, of course, it wouldn't do to say so. He blushed. 'I—I meant to say that it's a remarkably fine night.'

She nodded. 'Yes; isn't it?'

'Seems—seems a shame to waste it, don't you think?' He was staring fixedly over her head now.

'Yes, I suppose so.'

'Well, don't let's waste it, then,' he suggested daringly. 'Let's go for a walk somewhere.'

For a moment she neither spoke nor moved.

Henry held his breath.

Then she inclined her head almost imperceptibly, and Henry breathed again.

III.

When, some three-quarters of an hour later, Henry took advantage of a particularly dark part of the particularly dark lane along which they were slowly strolling, and attempted to snatch a kiss, Molly boxed his ears—more in sorrow than in anger, for she had enjoyed his company immensely, and, in spite of her indignation, the prospect of having to end a friendship which a few moments before had promised so much filled her with dismay.

'You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself,' she cried, trembling with anger.

Henry was. For the life of him he could not explain the sudden impulse which had forced him to do such a foolish and ill-mannered thing. But, at the moment, he had no intention of admitting that he was ashamed and disgusted with his own conduct; for, in spite of the sorrow, there had been quite enough of anger in her blow to make it sting.

'I think you are making a great deal of fuss about a very trivial thing,' he answered sullenly.

'You are a cad—a horrible cad.'

'Nothing of the sort,' answered Henry, with as much dignity as it is possible for a man who is tenderly massaging one ear to attain. 'I'm not a cad; I don't admit responsibility for what has happened. Lips like yours are sure to get kissed sooner or later—it's inevitable. I simply couldn't help myself—wasn't a free agent.'

Molly sniffed. 'Don't say anything more,' she advised him contemptuously. 'It wasn't what you did so much as the mean, paltry thought which inspired the action. Because I permitted you to speak to me in the street without a formal introduction, you jumped to the conclusion that I must be lacking in self-respect. Well, you are mistaken. I spoke to you because I thought you might be lonely, and—and because I know something about loneliness.' There was a little gaspy catch in her voice now, and tears welled into her eyes. Henry couldn't see them, but he felt quite sure they were there.

He squirmed. 'Call me anything you like, but you are mistaken. I'm very sure that your self-respect equals my respect for you. I shouldn't want to kiss you if I didn't respect you, should I? Do be reasonable, Miss——'

With a proud shake of the head she turned on her heel.

'At any rate, give a fellow time to apologise,' pleaded Henry.

'After your recent behaviour, I should find it difficult to believe in your apologies,' and, holding her head very high, Molly resolutely set off in the direction of home.

For the first hundred yards she walked very rapidly, and then, her indignation beginning to cool a little, her pace slackened a little. It was a perfect evening for walking. The thin ribbon of path winding through the well-kept fields was hard and firm to the feet, and, in that moonlit silence, it seemed incredible that fifteen minutes' brisk walk would bring her to the dreary suburbs again. Molly began to wish she had been a little less hasty. No night for quarrelling, this.

In her heart of hearts, Molly felt quite sure that Henry, in spite of his reprehensible behaviour, was a nice boy, and would make a very good friend. There was something about Henry she liked. Certainly it was very wrong

of him to try to kiss her—without the least warning, too; but—but, well, she could easily imagine much more unpleasant experiences than being kissed by Henry. Quite suddenly she became very anxious to make it up with Henry, if, of course, she could do so without any loss of dignity. Impulsively she stopped and turned. Henry, an unlighted cigarette between his lips, was only a few yards away. He had followed her more closely than she thought, and Molly experienced a little thrill of satisfaction at the determined set of his shoulders. Silently she waited for him to come up.

'You were following me!' said Molly coldly. 'Why?'

Henry removed his hat with one hand, and the cigarette with the other. His chin had a dogged look about it. 'It's—it's very lonely about these fields, and you are unaccompanied.'

'I'm quite capable of taking care of myself,' declared the girl.

Henry drew a deep breath. 'I am aware of that,' he answered, with feeling; 'but, all the same, I think I'd better keep you in sight for a time, in case some cad attempts to speak to you.'

(*Continued on page 586.*)

TYPES OF HUMANITY.

III.—THE WELL-BALANCED TYPE.

By P. Roualeyn Gordon.

IN studying human nature we find that some people are better balanced than others, not only mentally, but physically as well. They have a harmonious temperament, never changing very much throughout their lives. Such people are said to be neutral in type; that is to say, they are neither too masculine nor effeminate, neither very positive nor too negative; in short, they are well balanced. A person of this type has a much wider sphere of activity, and has greater influence, than other people. The strongly masculine man is often disliked; he has many enemies. The woman whose disposition is masculine is not usually a favourite with her own sex; she is often domineering and autocratic. The effeminate man is usually more popular with the opposite sex than with his own sex. But the well-balanced individual of an isogenic constitution is generally popular with all classes of both sexes. An isogenic man may not be a greater individual success, but he is a greater relative success; that is, he can do most things equally well; he has a larger sphere of operation than people of other constitutions.

Isogenic people are always medium in size, always relatively short, never very tall. They are heavy in build, well proportioned, and well nourished. The average height is about five feet six inches; but isogenic people sometimes measure five feet nine inches, never more. The face is large, long, being especially long from the lips to the eyes; the cheek-bones are large; the jaw is well developed, and the face is rather lean. In fact, most isogenic people, particularly men, look more lean in face than in body. The isogenic man is usually bald-headed. He loses his hair early in life. The hands are never very long, but are large, square, and thick, and well cushioned with flesh. The fingers are evenly developed from the roots of the fingers to the tips. A characteristic feature of isogenic men is their seeming 'bigness' physically. An isogenic man appears to be larger than he really is; that is, he looks large when he is seated, but is short when he stands up. Isogenic men might be called small big men.

People of this constitution are very numerous as compared with people of other constitutions. Thousands of women are of this type. It may be said that men and women both are of this constitution almost to an equal degree. Isogenic people are numerous among the white races, but not among the black races.

Few men are more sturdy and enduring than men of this constitution. They are hardly ever ill. They are hardy and vigorous up to the age of forty-five. From that time onwards, however, many of them suffer from health disturbances, many of them being predisposed to stomach troubles, liver diseases, and very often diabetes. The isogenic man is a half-brother to the atrophic man. He has greater physical strength, greater endurance, greater vitality, and more mental energy than the atrophic man; hence he accomplishes more in his lifetime than the atrophic man.

Isogenic people appear more sociable than they really are. There is a seeming self-repose and an inherent feeling of strength in them; hence others are attracted to them. Isogenic people seem to have personal magnetism, which in reality they do not have. They are not social magnets, but they appear magnetic and interesting. Indiscriminating people very often misjudge them, thinking they are weak, easy-going, and easily imposed upon. They are not so, however. There is something hard, unyielding, steel-like in their nature, although they appear sentimental and phlegmatic. Storms are slumbering in isogenic people—storms that slumber, so long as they are left alone. Isogenic people are not easily roused; but once they are roused, they never forget the mental commotion, or the person who caused it. They

may not say anything, for they have great repressive power; but they do not forget. They may forgive, but they never forget. The injustice, the quarrel, the slander, or whatever else it may be, sinks into their very bones and soul, so that they simply cannot forget. It is wise to let isogenic people sleep their sleep of peace.

The isogenic man does not change very much in his habits. He is like the atrophic man in this respect. There is continuity and persistence in his very bones, so to speak. He is a brother to eternity and ceaseless action. Once an isogenic man starts on something, he never stops until he has accomplished his object, or until it has proved to be impracticable. The isogenic man is pre-eminently a practical man. He is an experimentalist along practical lines in every instance. He builds his system on results. Results are the only things that count with him. He is neither a materialist nor an idealist, neither a rationalist nor a mystic; he is a combination of everything, but has no specially strong sides, except that he builds everything upon a solid foundation—results. This is his motto, standard, system. The isogenic man often makes great blunders by trusting people; but if he misplaces his confidence once, he never misplaces it in the same quarter again. Although he appears to believe, he is at heart a sceptic. He believes only when everything has been proved to him.

This type of man is one of the greatest workers there are. He can work long hours at sedentary brain labour without tiring. He is a human elephant so far as work is concerned. He believes in work, loves work, hates lazy people. He has no use for lazy people, dreamers, unpractical people, or people who fritter away their time and energy in pleasure-seeking. If the isogenic man becomes interested in any special movement, he remains interested in spite of everything. He is much subject to criticism as a rule; but he cares nothing for criticism. People may say what they like about him; they may traduce him, vilify him, hate him, flatter him—it is all the same to him. He moves steadily forward, ever striving to reach his goal. He is a strong man in every sense of the word.

The isogenic man is usually a very honest man, and a man of accomplishment. He is as a rule a self-made man, like the late Andrew Carnegie and all other prominent people of the same constitution. He learns lessons from the past, and applies them to the future. He lives in the past with his thoughts; but he is progressive in action. He is a man of the 'now,' of results, when it is a question of action. The isogenic man is timid, yet enterprising; hesitating, yet bold. Other people talk; he acts. He is a man of action rather than of words.

The isogenic man goes to extremes in many things. When he buys, for instance, he buys more than he can use. He buys either too much or too little. If he gives a gift, he gives a valuable one. There are no half-measures with him. He is a liberal giver when he does give, which, however, does not happen very often. He is very outspoken as a rule. He fears neither kings, ministers, nor public opinion; nor does he care whether his doctrines are orthodox or not.

The great outdoors appeals very strongly to isogenic people. They are keen lovers of nature. Nature has a charm for them. The greatest naturalists the world has seen have been of this constitution. It is strange, but true, that fleshy people are always more interested in all that lives and grows than are lean, bony people. The isogenic man is interested in life in all its phases, in all its stages and growth. The woods, the fields, the streams, birds, animals, insects, men, women, and children—all have a charm and a poetry to the isogenic man.

The isogenic man is skilful in many different spheres of activity; but he is more of a manager of affairs, an originator of systems in manufacturing industries, politics, business, science, and learning. His systems are always more successful and result-bringing than the systems of the tall, philosophical man, with an incurved face, who is, by nature and tendencies, the greatest originator of plans, systems, and inventions, although his apparently feasible plans often fail.

There is a difference between one isogenic man and another, although certain characteristics are common to all. One has more ability, more training, more education, more experience than another, and one shoulders responsibility more readily than another. Many isogenic men engage in public life, for which they are eminently fitted. Many of the prominent politicians, eminent divines, leaders in all branches of industry, science, medicine, and learning of the day, are isogenic in type.

The isogenic man has no use for petty details. He is a man of broad comprehension, of wide outlook. He plans on a large scale, and has the ability to carry those plans to a successful conclusion. But he is not unduly depressed should they come to naught. He is unlike the oxypheric man in this respect. The oxypheric business man or executive feels the weight of failure very keenly, probably more so than a man of any other constitution. The isogenic man, however, cares little whether he fails or succeeds. If he does not succeed he does not worry much, but turns his mind to something else. There is much practical philosophy in his make-up. The isogenic man is a high type in the world of practicality. He is the industrialist, the scientist, and the mover of the wheels of business.

THE LONG ISLAND.

By Seton Gordon.

I.

WEST of the mainland of Scotland, west of the Inner Hebrides—Rum, Skye, and Mull; Coll, Tiree—there lies a chain of storm-swept islands, the Outer Hebrides.

The ancient name for this island group, stretching from the Butt of Lewis in the north to Barra Head in the south, is the Long Island, for, so it is said, the islands were not always separate. The old people relate how a Norwegian princess, who was also a witch, being desirous of moving the Long Island to Norway, attached a rope—one of the stoutest procurable, as may be imagined—to what is now Lewis. But although the rope held, the island could not stand the strain. First of all, Bernera, or Barra Head, broke away from the mass, and was left behind, closely followed by Mingulay.

Pabbay, Sandray, and Vatersay did not long remain; nor did Barra Island. The load, now considerably lightened, was dragged a little farther, when South Uist succumbed to the tension. Thus the damage continued, until only the Isle of Lewis remained; and, to make matters worse, that part—Cleite Gille—to which the rope was attached gave way, and thus the attempt to remove the Long Island failed miserably.

The first mention of the Hebrides in history is in Ptolemy's map, the isles being here referred to as Ebudæ. The Norse were in the Long Island from very early times—some authorities say before the eighth century—and their record is found in the place-names of the island group, which are very largely Norse, and not Gaelic, as might be expected. Probably the first mention in history of the Norse occupation of the Hebrides was at the time of the battle of Clontarf, near Dublin, in 1014, when the Norsemen from Lewis fought against the native Irish. Magnus Bare-leg, the only Norse king who, so it is said, ever wore the kilt, plundered Lewis in 1098, incidentally introducing the Highland dress to Norway on his return.

The Long Island was a part of the kingdom of Man during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and in 1266 the Hebrides were definitely ceded by Norway to Scotland. At this time the MacLeods of Lewis inhabited Lewis Castle. This family descended from Leod, son of Olave the Black, a Norse King of Man. Late in the thirteenth century the Hebrides were given to the Earl of Ross, in recognition of his services in quelling the Norse disturbances which were prevalent after the cession of the Long Island to Scotland, the Norse element being, naturally, averse to the change.

In 1335 the islands passed into the possession of the Lord of the Isles. The founder of this noble race was undoubtedly Somerled of Argyll, who lived in the twelfth century, but the actual title, 'Lord of the Islands,' seems to have been used first only in 1354. The lordship of the Isles included the territories of the MacDonalds of Isla, the MacRuaries of the North Isles, with a great part of those of the MacDougalls of Lorne, the last-mentioned family being descendants of Dougall, one of the sons of Somerled.

II.

Crossing to the Long Island from Skye on a clear summer day, with a fresh northerly breeze ruffling the waters of the Minch, is an experience not easily forgotten.

In the distance, and on the horizon, rise the sharp peaks of the Harris hills, which gradually become clearer as the small mail-steamer moves steadily, if leisurely, forward.

As she approaches Harris a group of green grassy islands is seen on the starboard bow. These are the Shiant Isles, or, in the Gaelic, Na h-Eileanan Sianta ('the bespelled islands'). I believe that the name has its origin from the fact that their sea-girt slopes sheltered one of the followers of Saint Columba, or Callum Cille—to give the saint his Gaelic name—in early times. Now the islands are uninhabited, save for the multitude of sea-fowl that have their home here, and the sturdy sheep that find pasture on their green slopes. On the islands, too, there lived, it is said, an old bull seal, of incredible age and of magical origin.

A bleak and wild coast has the Long Island, even when seen for the first time on a mid-summer day, the brilliant sunshine seeming, indeed, to accentuate the barrenness of the rocky ground, where houses are almost invisible against the stony hillsides, and where the small crofters' dwellings, with their diminutive, yet thriving, fields of young oats, seem like oases in a desert.

At Tarbert Harris, the first port of call of the steamer from Loch Alsh, only a few hundred yards of land separate the waters of the Minch from those of the main Atlantic. Here one can walk these few hundred yards, leaving full tide on the west, and on the east bay finding little more than half-flood—an experience which must be almost, if not quite, unique in the British Isles.

On the Atlantic seaboard of Harris, on West Loch Tarbert, is the whaling-station of Bunavoneador, on which, during the summer months, a fleet of sturdy whalers is based, working far out into the Atlantic—north of the Hebrides in late spring and early summer, and west of St Kilda during the latter part of the season.

The hill of Clisham, in height just over two thousand six hundred feet, overlooks the whaling-station. It is the highest hill in the Outer Hebrides, and also the only one where ptarmigan —a few pairs at the most—are now to be found, and where the golden eagle is still at times to be seen. From here, on a clear summer day, the whole of the Long Island can be viewed, and even the lonely island group of St Kilda, sixty miles to the westward. Within a few yards of the hill-top are the well-preserved ruins of a bothy where surveyors lived during the greater part of a summer. This was more than fifty years ago, and in those peaceful and far-off days an islander was found who did not grudge carrying daily to the hill-top a heavy sackful of peats for the modest payment of one pound per week. On the summit of Clisham moss grows luxuriantly; and *Salix herbacea* and *Silene acaulis* are also found, but more sparingly than on the high hills of central Scotland.

The raven is abundant in Harris, and remarkably tame. Whereas in Mull, and farther eastward in the Lochaber country, these dark birds are wary and rarely approach the villages, in the Long Island one sees them flying low over the crofters' dwellings in the same manner as rooks, allowing of a near approach and showing great confidence. Their croak is often heard.

On one occasion I saw a fierce onslaught by a pair of merlins on a passing raven. The merlins had probably young in the neighbourhood, and stooped repeatedly on the larger bird, which continued on its way, seemingly indifferent to these attacks.

From West Loch Tarbert, where sea-trout leap of a summer evening and solans fish gracefully, a fine view lies westward. On the horizon one sees the remote island of Gaisgeir and the Taransay Glorigs, dark rocks, many of them submerged at high-tide, about which the long Atlantic swell breaks heavily even in fine, calm weather. On the hilly isle of Taransay the sands are wide and golden, and a pleasant contrast to all the wild and rocky coast about them. This coast, with its many cliffs, would, one would have thought, have been the home of many buzzards; but I did not see a single one of these birds during the whole of the time I was in the Long Island, although in the Inner Hebrides they are plentiful.

From Tarbert to the little port of Obbe, on the Sound of Harris, one travels past many lochans, on which blossom water-lilies in profusion, their snow-white flowers in striking contrast to the peat-stained waters. Across the Sound of Harris, studded with many grassy islets, lies North Uist. In fine summer weather it is possible to cross the sound in a small boat; but on the Atlantic the weather is rarely settled, and the crossing of the Sound of Harris is always an uncertain undertaking.

III.

It is not generally known that one can drive from North Uist, through Benbecula, to South Uist by crossing the fords at the right state of the tide. Crossing North Uist, one is impressed by the enormous number of lochs, both great and small, that are everywhere throughout the island. The moorland is wild, and stretches on either hand as far as the eye can see. Red-deer feed near the road, and ravens soar around, their deep croak carrying far.

The day on which a companion and I made the journey was a brilliantly fine one, the sun shining from an almost cloudless sky, and the lochs reflecting in their waters, ruffled by a northerly breeze, the deep blue of the sky above them.

Behind us stood the high hills of Harris, and ahead the conical hill of Eaval, eleven hundred and thirty-eight feet above sea-level, the highest hill in North Uist, which is not a hilly isle.

Away to the west, and out into the Atlantic, lay the Monach Isles. So low are these islands that with a very high spring-tide the water reaches almost to the houses. At the New Year of 1920 a west wind of exceptional strength coincided with a high spring-tide, and for over an hour the inhabitants of the islands lived in great suspense, fearing lest the great tide and the heavy seas would entirely submerge them. This catastrophe did not come to pass, however. So unnerved were the islanders that they decided to leave the Monach Isles and live on the more hospitable shores of North Uist. But with the coming of longer days and fine steady weather, as they say in the west, the nightmare of winter was forgotten, and the inhabitants still people the wild and remote island group.

The North Ford, connecting North Uist with Benbecula, is some four miles long as the track goes, and a driver with much local knowledge is necessary, for the tide flows quickly here, and the crossing has to be judged nicely. The ford is mostly quite dry at low water, and the surface of the track firm enough; but there are always present one or two narrow channels holding perhaps a foot of water which have to be negotiated, and close to the track are treacherous quicksands.

Across the island of Benbecula is a distance of not more than five miles, so that the ford, known as the South Ford, between that island and South Uist can be crossed at the same low-tide as the North Ford. It is not long —a distance of less than a mile—and, being shallower than the North Ford, can be crossed at about half-tide.

There is no doctor on Benbecula, and one wild and stormy night during the past winter a boy, who was crossing to South Uist to fetch medical assistance, lost the track in the darkness, and perished in the flowing tide.

But the weather is not always wild here. From Iochdar, on South Uist, on the south shore of the ford, I have heard a piper, of a still summer evening, tuning up his *piob mhor*, or great pipe, as the bagpipe is known to the Gael, on the Benbecula shore, and playing some ancient *piobaireachd*, with the distant boom of the Atlantic surf as an accompaniment.

During fine summer weather there can be no more romantic spot than the little inn at the south shore of the ford. From the door one can see, of a clear July evening, the serrated peaks of the Coolin Hills in Skye, many miles distant, across the blue waters of the Minch. At times, before rain, these hills are extraordinarily clear, each jagged summit silhouetted against the sky on the horizon. On the distant waters of the Minch there trails, maybe, the smoke of a steamer; the ship herself so far off as to be hidden by the curve of the sea. Then closer at hand, and near the centre of South Uist, there shows, on quiet summer nights, the sharp outline of Ben Mor, of a deep-blue colour, and with that soft, warm appearance so characteristic of the western hills. In the light of the sinking sun the larks sing, and terns cry sharply. There is no darkness these days of early July. The last of the sunset moves gradually round the horizon from north to north-east, the glow increasing a little after the midnight hour, and toward sunrise sending out fiery streamers towards the zenith.

A wonderful stillness lies over the land. It is as though it were cast, for a few short hours, beneath a fairy spell. The charm of the West, that intangible charm which is present amongst the Atlantic isles, and which no other district can give, pervades hill and sea and brown moorland.

IV.

A wild country of lochs and misty moorland is South Uist, even in summer, when the south-west wind brings in the soft vapours from the great sea. No tree stands in all this country, save a single araucaria or monkey-puzzle—how incongruous that tree!—growing erect, and defiant to the storms, on a small island in the midst of a peaty loch.

The highest hill of South Uist is Ben Mor, and beside it stands Hecla, only a few feet lower. Commenting on the view to be had from Ben Mor of a clear summer day, a South Uist woman remarked, speaking of the multitude of tarns on the island, how that from the hill-top, so abounding in lochs did the country beneath appear, 'it would be difficult to find a place to put your feet for water.' A quaint expression, but one holding in it much truth. At the extreme southern end of South Uist is the inn of Pollachar. Built just above high-tide mark, the inn is often deluged in spray from the Atlantic rollers, even during the summer months. The great gale of mid-November 1920, when the tide, in some parts of the Hebrides, was higher even than in that famous year of ill-repute, 1879—when the Tay Bridge collapsed—brought in such heavy seas that every window of the inn was broken, while a large steam-trawler was wrecked within a stone's-throw of the house.

Near Pollachar is the little hill of Easaval. Though its summit is not an imposing one, there is to be had here a wide and varied view. Sixty miles north-west the St Kilda group of islands may be seen faintly on the horizon. East, there lies that great and fertile island Mull, with its many hills. I have even made out the lighthouse on Ardnamurchan Point, on the Scottish mainland, by the aid of a powerful glass; but the days when it may be seen from here are few and far between. Almost at one's feet lies the island of Eriska, where Prince Charles Edward landed in 1745 on his arrival in the Outer Hebrides from France, and where the first plans for the rising were made.

The Sound of Barra, lying between South Uist and Barra, and immediately beneath Easaval, is dotted with low, grassy islands. A dangerous sea quickly rises here, for the sound is shallow, and full open to the Atlantic. During a recent summer a skiff was capsized by a heavy wave, its occupants narrowly escaping with their lives.

The popular belief is that no swallow nests in all the Long Island. It was, therefore, with interest that I noticed, shortly after landing on Barra—having sailed across the Sound of Barra from Pollachar on a calm and sunny July day—a swallow hawking for flies, and subsequently making its way to a ruined mill standing by itself on the moors. Inside the building was a family of young swallows, fully fledged, so that, even if this were the exception that proves the rule, the discovery was of considerable interest in view of the accepted belief.

During fine summer weather the Barra islanders are busy gathering and stacking their dried peats, and at times such as these the lonely moorland bogs are the scenes of much animation. Men and women, with their famous Barra ponies, are actively engaged in collecting the peats from the outlying parts of the moss, and building them into great stacks at the roadside, whence they can be carted at leisure to the villages below.

Of a July afternoon over the rough moorland there rises the blue smoke from many fires, for a fragrant cup of tea is being brewed and drunk, along with excellent oat-cakes and girdle scones, while those who eat talk animatedly among themselves 'in the Gaelic,' as they say.

Near Castlebay, in Barra, is the loch of St Clair, and on it is often seen a swan, swimming near a small gray island. St Clair, so it is said, was a fisherman, of the M'Donnells of north

Ireland. Falling in love with the chief of the clan's daughter, he was banished from his native country, and landed from his curragh on the white sands of western Barra. On the island of the loch he built himself a cell, and set about converting the people of the Long Island to Christianity. His lover in time crossed the Atlantic seas to search for him in Barra. She found the loch, and even the island where he dwelt; but St Clair was away on one of his journeys, and the lady, leaving a ring behind her to make it known to him that she had discovered his dwelling-place, returned to Ireland, where she not long afterwards died of a broken heart. From the day of her death, more than a thousand years ago, there has almost constantly, so it is said, been a swan swimming about the small island, and it is supposed that this is the chief's daughter, drawn to the loch where her lover lived. Near Loch St Clair stands, on a tiny island in Castle Bay, the ancient and now ruined castle of Kissimul, the seat of the MacNeills of Barra. This powerful family of ancient times has now lost all its possessions in the Long Island; but the line still exists.

The island of Barra, when approached from the east, appears of a bleak and inhospitable nature; but along its western seaboard there stretches a fertile 'machair,' with long expanses of white sand, against which the Atlantic surf breaks with a deep roar. One of the wildest promontories of the island is Greian Head, and even at midsummer a very heavy sea often breaks around its dark rocks, the spray from the rollers being drifted far inland over the rocky coast, where gulls scream and wheel.

V.

South of Barra are the two smaller islands, Vatersay and Sandray, with the uninhabited isle of Muldoanich near to them. Muldoanich, until comparatively recent years, was the home of the sea or white-tailed eagle, now on the verge of extinction in Britain.

Beyond them, again, the two most southerly of the Long Island group are Mingulay and Bernera, or, as it is more commonly named, Barra Head. On Mingulay, until recent years, a small community of crofters lived; but the island is now deserted, the former inhabitants having migrated to Vatersay.

On Mingulay a companion and I spent the first week of August. From Castlebay a small motor-boat—a precarious craft for the stormy Atlantic—brought us to within a mile of our destination; but here the motor failed, and in a contrary and freshening breeze, with a sail of doubtful age and strength, it was not easy to make the landing-stage. There is no harbour, or real shelter of any kind, on Mingulay, and one has to jump ashore on to precipitous rocks. The landing of our provisions and camping-gear was, therefore, not an easy matter, and would have been impossible had any swell prevailed at the time.

A week on this wild and precipitous island, deserted save for the thousands of sea-birds that people its awe-inspiring precipices, brings one very near to the heart of nature. The peregrine-falcon nests on the island, and puffins burrow in the soft ground. On the seven-hundred-foot cliffs guillemots and razorbills nest in clusters, and above the rushing of the wind one hears the harsh cries of the guillemot tribe as they quarrel angrily among themselves.

During our stay on the island varied weather prevailed. There were days of mist and gloom, when the clouds reached to within a few feet of the sea, all the precipices being blotted out in dense gray vapours. One day, at least, was of the finest. From the highest hill of the island one saw far. Tiree—that isle of the Inner Hebrides—lay, so it seemed, almost at one's feet. Beyond it, and a little to the west, a needle-like object rose from the Atlantic, the lonely lighthouse of Skerryvore. On the horizon rose the hills of Mull, their chief, Ben Mor, as is so often the case, mist-capped. Even the hills of far-distant Jura could be made out, with white misty clouds lying about their slopes; their summits clear and sharp-cut. Across the sound we could, through the glass, see the fishermen of Bernera put to sea and visit their creels. Their home is on the island of Vatersay, but they fish lobsters from Bernera during the summer months, living in a bothy near the shore.

Like Mingulay, Bernera was formerly inhabited, but now is deserted except for the lighthouse-keepers and their families. One of the last natives of Bernera was of exceptional stature, and was known as the giant of Bernera, the tallest man of the neighbouring islands being, as the natives said, 'but a toy beside him.'

Even on the finest summer days the Atlantic swell is never entirely absent from the western precipices of Bernera, and before a storm the deep boom of the waves as they beat ponderously against the dark cliffs is audible from afar.

The inhabitants of the Long Island have, as they say, 'little English,' and to gain their confidence one must be a Gaelic speaker. Their houses are mostly thatched, and for this purpose they make use largely of the leaves of the yellow iris, or *seilisdeir*, as it is known in the Gaelic language. One frequently sees very old women carrying great bundles of these flags on their backs, bent by age and rheumatism. The floors of the houses are unpaved, and fine sand from the seashore is carried up on the ponies' backs to spread over the earthen floors, so that the interior of the dwellings has a clean and well-cared-for appearance. In the open hearth a peat-fire glows, and is rarely allowed to die out, even through the night, for wood—except drift-wood—and coals are almost unknown, and peat

by itself is difficult to kindle. In some of the more primitive crofters' dwellings no chimney is present, and the peat-smoke escapes through the diminutive windows—or only escapes partially, so that the room is filled with thick, pungent smoke that causes the eyes of a stranger considerable discomfort.

The spinning, weaving, and dyeing of wool is perhaps the most widely known industry in the Long Island. It is in North Uist and Harris that the industry is most thriving; in Barra it has almost died out, but as the price of tweed has risen 300 per cent. since 1914, the industry is a very profitable one.

During the long winter nights, when the wind shrieks and howls through the clachan, the natives of the Long Island sit round their peat-fires. Often the village holds a *ceilidh*, or social gathering, where some of the old traditions are related—of the fairy people, or the dreadful monster known as the *each uisge*, or water-horse, that in the form of a beautiful steed enticed the unwary on to his back, and straightway galloped with its victim to the depths of a gloomy loch.

Winter and summer come round in turn to the Hebrides; but even in the heart of winter frost and snow are uncommon and of brief duration, so that by the shores of the tireless Atlantic there is always life and the spirit of motion of the restless sea.

A land of rare charm, this; and one can understand whence comes that deep-rooted affection of the inhabitants for their sea-girt islands, where is '*Tir nam beann s'nan gleann s'nan gaisgeach*'—'The land of the hills and the glens and the heroes.'

HEMLOCKS.

By A. Carlton Steele.

Of all the divisions of flowering plants, that to which the hemlocks belong is the most easily recognised, but it is the most difficult to divide into well-defined genera and species. All the plants have their flowers growing in the form of an umbrella, bearing them on stalks which spread out from each other like the ribs of an umbrella. The leaves and the flowers, and to some extent the plants themselves, are very similar throughout a large number of genera and species. So that it is rather upon the characters of the mature fruit than on those of the other parts of the plant that the specific descriptions are based. The seeds of almost all of them are harmless. Those of the caraway and the coriander, both native species, are eaten all over the world. Several of the plants of this order are used as esculent vegetables, like the carrot and celery, the parsnip and parsley; while others are the most virulent poisons, and numerous instances are on record of fatal effects having followed the eating of them. A frequent and inexcusable accident is that arising from one species being mistaken for another and swallowed in its stead. Country-people are in the habit of calling by the name of hemlock almost all the umbelliferous plants, but botanists confine them to about half-a-dozen species.

The common hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), peculiar to Europe, is a tall plant, sometimes upwards of six feet in height, and its hollow shining stem is marked with purplish-red spots. Its beautiful leaves are finely divided, and grow on long stalks; its clusters of white flowers are very numerous, expanding in June and July. It is a common plant found in abundance on roadsides. When bruised, the plant has a strong, unpleasant smell, resembling that of mice, and the root has a scent exactly like that of parsnips. The plant is a fatal poison, and is more poisonous according to the heat of the climate in which it grows. It is the only short-fruited umbelliferous plant with a smooth, spotted stem, and is easily recognised, yet cases of accidental poisoning by this hemlock are not unfrequent from its being mistaken for other species. Accounts are recorded of persons eating some of the leaves in mistake for parsley, and dying a few hours later. This mistake is an extraordinary one, for in taste and smell the two plants are entirely dissimilar. This hemlock is much employed in modern medicine. It was brought into repute as a medicine in 1760, and since then has been gradually admitted into the list of medicinal poisons and remedies. It is a medicine of great power and unquestionable value. The poisonous principle of the plant resides in the leaves and the root, and is known to chemists under the name of conine or conia, three drops of which will kill a cat in a few minutes. The action of the plant, however, varies greatly in different animals. Birds feed on the seeds and goats eat the leaves without harm.

The water hemlock (*Cicuta virosa*) is another of the most virulent of our vegetable poisons. It grows by streams and ponds, but is not frequent in Scotland. It has a furrowed, branched, and hollow stem about four feet in height. The leaves have the scent of celery, and the root is composed of hollow knobs full of a yellow juice, which burns and blisters the skin. The roots have been eaten in mistake for parsnips, and intense suffering and death have followed. The whole plant is a fatal poison, especially to cows, and is popularly known as cowbane; yet horses have been known to eat it with impunity. This plant was also at one time used for medicinal purposes, but has been

superseded by other remedies. The root of hemlock put into the witches' cauldron, as described by Shakespeare, was probably gathered from the common hemlock; but both hemlocks have been declared to be the plant used to poison Socrates. The action, however, of the Greek poison, as described by Plato, does not agree with the known properties of the cowbane; and the usual poison given to those sentenced to death by the Greeks agrees better with what is known as the common hemlock than with any other.

The water dropwort (*Œnanthe crocata*) is another very dangerous and poisonous hemlock It is a tall plant, growing in ditches and by the side of streams, especially near the sea. It has a thick, hollow stem, sometimes five feet high, with leaves formed of many leaflets. In its early stages of growth the leaves have a strong resemblance to celery. In July it bears its clusters of yellowish-white little flowers. The roots are often mistaken for parsnips, and are somewhat tempting in appearance. Both root and stem contain a yellow juice, a spoonful of which will cause death more quickly than aconite. It is responsible for more cases of accidental death than any other native plant. Cattle have frequently been poisoned by eating the roots. In the month of March, when the farm ditches are cleaned out, the white fleshy roots are often thrown up with the mud on the sides. Farm-labourers do not know that the roots belong to a dangerous plant, and cattle are frequently poisoned by eating them. As a rule, cattle never touch the plant when in leaf or in flower, but, not being familiar with the root, are tempted by its appearance. Cases of human beings being poisoned usually occur in April, when the young leaves are just appearing above the ground, and resemble celery somewhat in general appearance. There are several authentic instances of poisoning through mistaking this plant for celery or the roots of parsnips. Yet celery has a tuft of small fibrous roots, while those of this hemlock form a cluster. Several of the hemlock-roots are thick and white like those of parsnips, but they differ therefrom in tapering at the upper and lower ends and being more spindle-shaped. If any one finds in spring-time, in the soft mud by the side of ditches or streams near the sea, an umbelliferous plant which has leaves like celery, he may be sure that this is a highly poisonous plant. When it is in flower, however, the leaves are less like celery in appearance, the much smaller wedge-shaped leaflets becoming more widely separated. So extremely deleterious is the plant that its scent alone causes dizziness. Ebret, the celebrated botanic painter, says that while drawing the plant the smell rendered him so giddy that he was several times obliged to quit the room and walk out in the fresh air to recover himself; but, recollecting at last what might probably be the cause of his repeated illness, he opened the door and the windows of the room, and the free air then enabled him to finish his work without any return of giddiness. The symptoms produced by this plant seem to vary somewhat according to the amount taken, but they always come on quite suddenly and are attended by acute suffering. In cases of children poisoned by the root the symptoms observed have been thirst and dryness of tongue and nausea, followed by vomiting; and death takes place from heart failure in a few hours. No antidote to its poison has been discovered; even the active principle of the plant is as yet undetermined. Goats eat both leaves and roots with impunity.

The remaining hemlocks, though abundant in England, are rare in Scotland. The parsley water dropwort cannot be confounded with any other native hemlock, as it grows only in salt marshes. The fine-leaved water dropwort grows to a height of four feet, either in running streams or by stagnant waters. The stem is thick, and the clusters of flowers, which open in June or July, have a flat, uniform surface. Stem and root are alike. It is known to be poisonous, and among country-people in England is called horsebane, because it has been fatal to horses which have eaten it. Linnæus says that horses in Sweden are seized with a kind of palsy after eating it, which he thought was brought upon them not by any noxious qualities in the plant, but by a certain insect which breeds in its stalks. The roots of the callous fruited water dropwort are eaten in France as a wholesome article of food. It is difficult to communicate the information necessary to prevent people from eating poisonous plants by mistake; but such accidents could not occur if it were the custom to taste every article of supposed food before swallowing it. In almost every case this should be a sufficient distinction, for, generally speaking, there is no accordance between the flavour of a poisonous and that of an edible plant.

LOCH GARVE. ROSS-SHIRE, SEPT. 1920.

MORNING.

No sound disturbs the golden autumn dawn,
No breath of wind whispers through lambent air;
Upon gay garden beds and soft green lawn
Bright dewdrops gleam like jewels rich and rare.

Loch Garve lies placid as a mirror clear,
Blue skies, dark bens upon its bosom cold
Reflected; leaves, by autumn's touch made sere,
Flutter to earth in noiseless showers of gold.

EVENING.

At even the scene is changed—a fragrant breeze
Ruffles the bosom of Loch Garve so fair;
From golden birches, flame-tinged rowan-trees,
Bright leaves in showers whirl gaily through the air.

We view the beauteous scene in memory still,
We hear again sweet Redbreast's joyous trill.

B. DUNBAR DEY.

LIGHT OPERA.

By Edmund Snell.

I.

IT was hot in the palm-girt Piazza Garibaldi, equally tropical in the Via Vittorio Emanuele which led to the sea; while the statue of Cristoforo Colombo, gazing sorrowfully over a rippling bay of lapis-lazuli into the infinite possibilities of the great ocean beyond, seemed positively to perspire.

And because it was hot, because he was uncommonly 'dry,' and because, moreover, he had just begun to realise that he was the only human being to expose himself to the merciless rays of a July sun at the ungodly hour of three in the afternoon, the tall Englishman in white drill crossed to where inviting porticoes run parallel to the Italian sea, and entered the comparative coolness of the Caffè Luna.

A diminutive waiter, clad in an evening-dress suit of which the nether portions had been carefully adapted from those of a full-grown man, while the coat had been allowed to retain its original form, rose languidly from his perusal of the sporting columns of the *Avanti*, and, doing so, disturbed a buzzing cloud of hungry flies. The Englishman beat a hasty retreat through the door, and selected a seat at one of the little tables under the porticoes. The little waiter followed him.

'Signore?'

He ordered a *carpano* and soda, and, as a sudden afterthought, ice.

The waiter, his absurd coat-tails flapping at his heels, disappeared into the mysterious recesses of the bar.

The Englishman took a cigarette from his case and tapped it idly on his thumb-nail. As he felt for the matches, he became aware that from somewhere close at hand some one with a singularly unmusical voice was addressing him. He looked back over his shoulder. The remaining tables were unoccupied. Suddenly, as he turned, his glance fell upon a bronzed ruffian, with arms folded, leaning truculently against one of the columns almost in front of him. He was still clad in the *grigio-verde* of the trenches; his tunic, open at the throat, revealed a loose collar that in forgotten centuries had been white, and was now held together by a carelessly knotted black tie. His trousers were baggy, and broken boots covered the extremities of frayed green putties. His chin bore a week's growth of beard; his enormous mouth, stretched to its utmost limits in a highly successful attempt at an alluring smile, displayed to perfection the whiteness of perfect teeth; on his head the black fez of the Ardito perched jauntily.

'*Illustrissimo signore—Americano?*'

'Try again,' laughed the Briton, striking a match.

'*Signore Inglese. Scusi! Una sigaretta?*' An eloquent action of the hands emphasised the request.

The Englishman laughed, produced a yellow packet from a pocket, and held it aloft between finger and thumb. The ruffian straightened himself and stepped eagerly forward, expostulating, now that success was assured, at the unnecessarily lavish generosity of the illustrious foreigner.

'*Ma!—Signore! Troppo gentile! Grazie! —Grazie mille!*' He grabbed the little packet and held it to his heart, inhaling, as he did so, a deep breath as a parched pilgrim in a desert of sand, stumbling unawares upon an uncharted oasis, might reasonably be expected to do.

His benefactor gracefully indicated a chair. The brigand hesitated, apologised, and finally did what he had intended to do all along—*sat down!* The movement could not have been more accurately timed, for the little waiter had that moment emerged from the Hall of Flies with a wet tray and a cool glass of *carpano*.

The Englishman threw an inquiring glance in the direction of his disreputable guest. The gentleman in question selected an 'Americano,' and the waiter withdrew.

A cool breeze, blowing suddenly from the sea, rustled the leaves of the exotic plants which grew in irregular profusion beyond the columns. The Ardito, humming softly, produced an odd wax match from a mysterious pocket and struck it on the side of his boot. He lit a cigarette from the yellow packet, and, expiring a wreath of blue smoke, watched it curling gracefully ceilingward. The 'Americano,' in which floated several chunks of not too clean ice, arrived after some delay.

'*Salute, signore.*' The Ardito held his glass aloft.

'*Salute, amico mio.*'

The Italian gulped down a third of his drink, set his glass firmly on the table, and gazed at the Englishman in astonishment.

'You speak Italian, signore?'

'A little.'

'Madonna!—but you speak it well!'

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders and laughed pleasantly. 'It was my excellent fortune to fight in your country.'

The Ardito leant forward and gripped the other by the hand.

'Permit me, signore,' he said—and the look of beggarly gratitude changed instantly to one of undisguised admiration and good-fellowship. He withdrew his hand and waved it eloquently

in the direction of the bay. 'And what, signore, do you think of my beautiful country?'

'Need you ask, when, as you see, I have returned to it so soon?'

The scarecrow beamed. And then, as one speaks of a dearly loved child, 'And our music—our opera? Puccini? You have heard *Tosca*, *Butterfly*?'

His host was tapping a pipe on the heel of his boot. 'I know them all,' he said, 'and I admire them immensely.' He pressed home a fill of tobacco from the oilskin pouch which lay in his lap. 'I am conceited enough to imagine that I am beginning to understand opera,' he continued thoughtfully. 'The music of most of them is like a tonic to me, a perfect wine. Sometimes, though, I find the libretto exaggerated, unreal, improbable——'

'The libretto, signore? Pardon me if I do not quite understand.'

'Yes. Sometimes I detect in your older operas too much of what we term "blood and thunder"—too much of the melodramatic spirit. I know Italy pretty well, you see. I don't find it a land of bloodshed, vendetta, and—and, well, flourishing of knives!'

The Ardito was sitting very erect in his chair. His broad chest rose and fell to the tune of suppressed emotion. His nostrils dilated like those of a war-horse scenting approaching conflict.

'Signore,' he replied slowly, 'you do not know the soul of Italy. You do not understand the spirit which lies hidden in the heart of every one of my countrymen. "Bloodshed, vendetta, flourishing of knives!" You shall have them all! If you will meet me here to-night, I will tell you a story of myself. A story of Italian love, passion, infidelity, revenge! *Per Bacco*, signore! I will write you a libretto for a new opera.'

The Englishman laughed. 'This evening, then. At eight-thirty? Will that be convenient? Another "Americano"? No? This evening, then. *Addio*.'

'*Addio*, signore; and a thousand thanks for your hospitality.' He caught the Englishman by the arm and drew him towards him. 'And if I tell you my story—the story of Giacomo Scardovi the Ardito—you will swear to me by the head of the Madonna never to divulge what I shall tell you—to a living soul!' The scarecrow saluted, and vanished suddenly beyond the porticoes.

II.

'Oh! Mr Farrar!'

'Hullo! Yes?' The Englishman paused at the lift door and turned.

The contessina—beautiful and impetuous—was surveying him curiously, her dark head poised slightly to one side.

'Must you go out to-night—in such a hurry?'

It had occurred to him before that she was tantalisingly beautiful. The diamonds on her perfect fingers and at her throat sparkled alluringly in the blaze of light from the elaborate candelabra which swung from the gilded ceiling. He became aware of the presence of a faint, but devilishly attractive, perfume.

'I'm afraid I must, contessina. I'm sorry if I have disappointed you. I've an appointment which I simply must keep. Was there anything special on?'

She pouted, and in her tone, as she replied, he thought he could detect a subtle change, just the faintest suggestion of coldness.

'Oh, if you have an appointment—it doesn't matter. I thought you might care to come with us to the opera to-night—at Genoa. Mother ordered the car for eight-fifteen.' She shrugged her shoulders. 'But Signor Zelaschi will escort us, you know.'

Ronald Farrar crimsoned. The dainty shaft had gone home. 'I'm awfully sorry, Contessina Isabella,' he said. 'You know—with us Englishmen—a promise is a promise, never mind to whom it is made. Now, *I* have an appointment with an Ardito——'

'An Ardito, Mr Farrar?'

'He has promised to tell me a story which I must divulge to nobody, and it sounds fearfully thrilling, you know. Am I excused—just for to-night?'

'Well—perhaps. But, Mr Farrar, be very careful. The Arditi are the cut-throats of Italy. Good-night, and *buon divertimento*.'

'Thanks awfully. Good-night. I hope the opera's top-hole.' He stepped into the lift. As his head neared the level of the floor, she called to him.

'Mr Farrar!'

'Yes?'

'I'm really fearfully angry with you, you know—*and* your wretched Ardito.'

The lift stopped at the ground floor. Farrar passed swiftly through the swing-doors and between the two rows of shops which fringed the main entrance to the Royal Casino Hotel. He descended the short flight of marble steps, and turning abruptly to the left, plunged into the darkness of the lane which led towards the little Caffè Luna, where he knew that Giacomo Scardovi, the Ardito, would be waiting.

III.

'*Illustrissimo signore!*'

'*Amico mio, buona sera!*'

He sat down at the secluded table at which the Ardito had thoughtfully turned down a chair. The Hall of Flies was no longer deserted. From within came the harsh notes of a mechanical organ, and every now and then dancing couples hopped into view at the open doorway, only to disappear again into the whirling maze within. Under the porticoes two fat gentlemen, with very emphatic moustaches, were playing a game

of cards, which appeared to involve considerable argument. Outside, in the little piazzetta by the sea, laughing, chattering girls, hatless and wearing shawls, paraded under a violet dome dotted with brilliant stars. Fire-flies flitted, sparkling like gold-dust, under the palms and the pampas-grass by the roadside.

Ronald Farrar beckoned to the impossibly clad waiter, and ordered the necessary lubrication. He held his open cigarette-case under the nose of his new friend.

The Ardito grinned and shook his hand eloquently in front of his face. 'This evening —*no*, signore—I smoke the "Toscano." You have tried them?'

'I find them good, but just a trifle too strong. Well, Signor Scardovi, shall we commence our libretto?'

'The story of Giacomo Scardovi, the Ardito,' began the Italian in a dreamy voice that seemed to lose gradually its native harshness. 'Signore, I am an Ardito. There is no other regiment in Italy to compare with us. We are the storm-troops—those who are sent for when all others fail. Times without number we have saved our beloved country from almost certain disaster.' His voice sank to a whisper. 'It was the Arditi who stopped the rot at Caporetto.' And then, more loudly, 'You have heard what we did on the Carso, the Piave, the Altipiano? The Austrians trembled at the sound of our very name! And I, Giacomo Scardovi, was an Ardito! And now, signore, for the libretto.

'It was when we were fighting on the Piave that I met the most beautiful girl I have ever known. She was *cameriera* in the *trattoria* which faces the little station at Monte Nessuno —a waitress only, truly, but *good*. *Madre mia!* I believed her to be good. I loved her from the time we met. She seemed to me like a queen, behind that bar, and the drinks, served by her hands, tasted to me—poor fool!—like nectar from heaven. When I came down the line, signore, I would run to her, my arms loaded with souvenirs; and in that little back-room she would kiss me and call me "her hero." And why not? I was strong and young and brave—and I had already two silver medals for valour and a *Croce di Guerra*. There were not many other customers who could say that. Her hero! And I, Giacomo Scardovi, would have licked the very dust of the roads from her little shoes; for she had the smallest of feet, signore, and her hands were not too rough in spite of the work she had to do. Strangely enough, my beloved was *fair*. You find many girls like that in Venetia, but few, if any, so beautiful as this girl for whom a poor Ardito would have sacrificed everything. In winter I would wipe the glasses for her whenever I could be there, and not a man of all her customers dared laugh, and no man dared step into my place. Love, signore! Happiness! We swore to be true to each other through everything; and I promised, should the enemy ever menace Monte Nessuno, to come to her help, even if my life should pay for it afterwards. Her hero!

'And then, one morning in May it was, I found *him* in the bar. He was standing at the far end of the counter, just where I used to stand, and there was no one else in the place—but Maria. They did not see me, for the Arditi walk softly—like cats. He was holding her hand and pretending to admire her rings—*my* rings!—and she was laughing. My blood boiled in my veins! My hand fell instinctively upon the handle of my knife! Suddenly they both saw me, and he let go her hand. I saw the blush mounting to the very roots of her lovely fair hair. She tried to smile towards me as she had always done—I don't think she realised that I had seen; but she was not clever enough to hide her confusion. She picked up a glass and polished it, then looked at herself in the big mirror behind the bar, and pretended to tidy her hair. And all the while *he* stood there —*my captain!* He was regarding me insolently. (He was a bad officer, signore.) Presently he came towards me. "What is your name?" he asked.

'I choked! To ask me—*me*—my name! As if there could be found in his whole company another with two silver medals for valour! "Answer me. Your name?" he demanded again. I told him, sullenly. "You have leave of absence from your camp?" he demanded. I shook my head. "Then get back, you animal, before I order your arrest!" All this before *her*!

'They say in Italy, signore, that the Arditi never salute. That is very nearly true; but I saluted my captain that morning in May; I saluted like a soldier of the Holy Father's Body-guard, and burst from that little *trattoria*, my pulses throbbing, and murder—black, shrieking murder—in my heart! I staggered up the road which led to the camp, staggered like a drunken man; but nobody stopped me. Even the Carabinieri (*Capronis* we called them, because of their hats) feared to get in the way of an Ardito, especially when he was drunk. Presently I flung myself down by a hedge in a field—and wept—not from grief, signore, but from impotent rage. Jealousy, signore! Jealousy—and hate!

'As I lay there, tearing at the very roots of the weeds till my fingers bled, I heard something which made me start; something which thrilled every nerve in my body; something which pierced the very cloud-bank of my hopeless fury with a bright shaft of sunlight. Two officers had passed, going in the direction of the camp. I had heard them talking. They were breathless, and seemed to have been running. "It is perfectly true," I had heard one of them say. "The Austrians crossed the Piave this

morning. I have been rounding up the men." My heart stood still. Something told me that my captain would not come back from this attack alive. Impulsively I drew my knife and pressed it to my lips. After a few moments I rose to my feet and hastened to camp. Everything was confusion. My regiment was falling-in on the parade-ground, and already the little "Fiat" camions were purring outside. The Austrians were on the Montello; the infantry had fallen back. The general had sent for the Arditi—my regiment! I fell-in with my company. We drew our bombs and our *grappa*, and soon we were whirling mid clouds of white dust to the attack. Ah, signore! The thrill of it! Fired with spirit, we chanted our war-song and strained like dogs at the leash, for the Arditi were born for battle. And I, as I sat in my corner, thought all the while of the soiled portrait of my Maria, once so clear and pure in my mind, and nursed my hatred and the vengeance that was to fall so soon. A roar of cheering and mad shouting. The camions had stopped. We were out in the road. Shells were bursting all around us. We did not heed them. Ahead, on the higher slopes of the Montello, I could hear the roar of closer conflict—the rattle of machine-guns. More *grappa*—and, Holy Mother! we were off.

'Heavens! what a charge! We leap-frogged over the faltering infantry, poor, timid creatures! Some relate that we cut their throats with our knives as we passed; I do not remember. The Austrians were there—in front of us—and there was nothing between. Even at the very sight of us they paused. With a blood-curdling yell we were upon them—and all was bombs, blood, knives—chaos.'

IV.

The speaker paused. He emptied his glass wearily, as if once more he had undergone the strain of superhuman effort, and signalled to the waiter to replenish both. The Englishman had ceased smoking, and was sitting back in his chair, both hands in his pockets, obviously enthralled. Outside, the piazzetta had grown quiet, save for the murmur of the waves on the shore and the hoarse croaking of the frogs in some neighbouring pond. The mechanical organ had providentially stopped, possibly for lack of pennies; the argumentative card-players had long since departed, continuing their dispute out in the night.

'With *your* aeroplanes roaring overhead, signore, bombing their bridges, scattering their massed formations, we, the Arditi, drove the enemy with knife and hand-grenade to the very banks of the Piave; and I tell you, *amico mio*, *that* day the river ran *red*! And most of the time I was there. Most of the time, I say, signore, because *some* of the time Giacomo Scardovi was absent from his post. Quite early in the attack I had been shot through this hand, luckily the left; and later I received a gash from an Austrian bayonet in my right side. Neither of these wounds did I feel: I was looking for my *real* enemy, the villain who was robbing me of my love. High and low I sought him. Whenever I tripped over a body of a fallen officer I would turn it over with my foot, fearing to find that it was my enemy, that an Austrian bullet had robbed me of my revenge. Signore, I found him not. You will remember, signore, what a very small sector of a battlefield one unit can know anything of. Our company, for example, had its objective. We may have diverged from our path for perhaps a hundred or so metres, not more. Of our right we knew nothing; of our left—still less. It chanced that, in my feverish search for my sworn enemy, I encountered a corporal of an infantry regiment, who told me that, whereas *we* had driven the Austrians into the river on *our* portion of the front, to the westward they had pierced our lines, and that they were reported even now to be on the outskirts of Monte Nessuno! My heart stood still. Forgotten was my desire for revenge. Forgotten was my wild jealousy, suspicions, everything. The enemy were on the very threshold of my loved one's home—*and I had a promise to fulfil.* I, an Ardito, left my post. I fled away, cunningly, secretly, to fulfil my pledge. I cast reason to the winds—and stole from the battlefield to find my betrothed. Half-way there I regained my senses. I saw groups of prisoners straggling to the cages prepared for them—*and I appropriated one!*

'I appropriated a prisoner! Why? Why? I ask you, signore. True, an Ardito is not often seen with a prisoner; but I was wounded—and I could now be seen by all the world wounded, but still carrying out the duties of a soldier. I had not come to the rear empty-handed. And so, bleeding and escorting my prisoner, I arrived outside the little *trattoria* in the square. *Dio grazia!* There were no Austrians in Monte Nessuno! There had never been any Austrians in the town! Rumour had lied, as it too often does; but the square was empty, and I walked, unchallenged, into the bar. The bar was deserted too. I tapped on the counter with an empty glass; but there was no response. My heart rose in my throat. Could she have fled? I would not believe it.

'I fetched my prisoner in from the street and sat him down at a table. He was a poor specimen, and when I threatened to slit his throat should he dare to move, he shuddered and tried to speak to me. I gave him a cigarette and poured him out a glass of vermouth (God knows why I did it), and vaulted the counter. I pushed open the little glass door and peered into the room beyond, the room where I had passed many a happy evening with my beloved

in my arms. It was empty. I could not understand.

'There was another room beyond, and in front of the intervening door a kitten was playing with the fringe of a curtain. I pushed it aside with my foot and stooped. With my eye to the key-hole, every fibre alert, I waited perhaps a couple of seconds. I could see nothing, but I could hear —what? Picture to yourself the scene, signore. I heard—*the muffled sobbing of a woman; and some one else was moving in the room.*

'I drew my knife and placed the keen blade between my teeth. I rose noiselessly to my feet, and in a second I had flung the door wide open. He was there—my enemy. His tunic hung half on a chair, half on the floor. He was stooping down, one hand on a small table, pulling on a boot. On a couch in a corner lay the figure of a girl. She had her back to me, and the room was very dark, but I could see her fair hair flowing in glorious tresses over her neck and shoulders. Once again that day—I saw red! The tall captain rose from his stooping position—and saw me!

'Have you ever seen an Ardito fling his knife, *amico mio*? It is a pretty sight. In a hundredth part of a second it was in my hand again, and then—well, *then*, signore, he was struggling to pluck it from his throat. And I was standing by the door, my hands on my hips, looking on; *for I knew that he could never succeed!* Revenge, signore; glorious revenge! Presently he stopped that infernal rattling in his throat, and fell to the floor in an awkward heap. And then—I crossed to the couch. I crossed the room mechanically, for I had not yet taken my eyes from his corpse. When I turned them towards the couch, Mother of Heaven!—was I mad? For they looked into the horrified depths of the eyes of a stranger—*a woman I had never seen before in my life!*

'When I had recovered from my astonishment, I caught her roughly by the arm. "Who are you?" I cried hoarsely. "Where is Maria?"

'She looked wildly from the body of my enemy to the open door, and then to myself, all bloody and stained with the marks of battle.

'"Maria? *Maria?*" I repeated, shaking her, for I tell you, signore, I felt I was fast going mad.

'"She has gone home," she whispered. "It is Sunday. She always goes home at noon—on Sundays."

'The room reeled about me. In the excitement of rage, jealousy, the excitement of the attack, I had forgotten. This was the day I had always met her on the Padova Road; perhaps she had waited there that very afternoon. I sank into a chair, exhausted, and tried to think. I believe I told you, signore, that there are many fair-haired girls in Venetia.

'Presently I grew calm. The girl on the couch was still sobbing, but I was thinking of Maria. This poor creature, betrayed by the scoundrel whose body lay bleeding at my feet, was nothing to me. I rose and shook her. "Listen," I said sternly; "we must act, and act swiftly. I cannot think if you keep on making that noise. What are you crying for? He is dead. He cannot harm you further." *Per Bacco! that* only started her off afresh. I took her in my arms and carried her bodily to the street door. I placed her on her feet, cautioned her to say nothing of what she had seen, and watched her reeling down the street towards the back of the town. Back in the little room again, I found and lit the lamp, for darkness had fallen. I had seen that my prisoner was fast asleep across the table at which I had left him. I stood in the middle of the room, lamp in hand, gazing down at the body of my late captain. And then an idea came to me. Hastily I stripped him of what remained of his uniform; his belt, hat, and tunic still lay where he had placed them. Feverishly I hauled him into the bar. I kicked my prisoner till he woke, and signed to him to remove his clothes. You can guess the rest, signore. The body, dressed as an Austrian, I dragged to the other side of the square. One *has* known prisoners killed in cold blood by those who are too lazy to accompany them farther.

'And the Austrian? I am rather sorry about that poor fellow, now that it is all over and finished. But you will recollect, signore, I had to account somehow for my absence from my company. I reported with my weary masquerader to my *colonnello* at his headquarters that night. "Signor Colonnello," I said, saluting, "I have brought to you a spy, caught wandering in our lines."'

The hero stopped suddenly and looked pensively at an empty glass. 'And that is how I won my third silver medal,' he added naïvely. He rose and drew round his broad shoulders a rather skimpy cloak, that added considerably to his villainous appearance.

'There, signore,' he laughed, gazing out over the bay. 'You have your libretto!'

The Englishman rose too. 'But surely that is not quite the end? What about Maria? What——?'

'Maria!' interrupted the Ardito.

As if in answer to his call, a dishevelled woman pushed suddenly through the pillars, brushed unceremoniously past the Englishman, and caught the hero of the Piave by his sleeve. To her tattered shawl clung a pair of tiny, grimy beings.

The Ardito shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands abroad, and looked resignedly heavenward. He suffered himself to be dragged to where a couple of steps led down to the road. Ere he left the circle of light shed by the many lamps of the *caffè*, Ronald Farrar's eye met *his*. The Englishman's raised brow meant 'Maria?'—and the brigand's wicked wink signified assent.

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SEVENTH SERIES

MOVING A RIVER BAR.

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE, Author of *The Luck-Penny*, &c.

I.

TO the custodians of our ports the river bar is a creature of stupendous majesty, the mightiest atom in all the far-flung realm over which their rule is cast. It ever looms before them as a relentless and indestructible foe, a crafty and subtle intriguer, one that only sleepless vigilance, coupled with unceasing warfare, can keep in subjection; and that not even these, though backed by the most powerful mechanical devices, may hope to annihilate. A rare opportunity has thus been offered to those comrade wizards, Imagination and Romance, and they have made the most of it. Round all the bars they have spun a web of wonderfully magnetic attraction.

Tested by popular fancy, indeed, the bar would appear to be greater than the source, immeasurably more alluring than all the pools and rapids, shoals and deeps, which lie between the river's entrance and its exit. Here we have once more that glamour of mystery which ever enfolds the unseen, the dominance of the bar being finally established by its prodigious power. Upon most of our navigable rivers it imposes a definite limitation; for the passage of ships no river is deeper than the ridge of sand piled up by ebb and flow across its mouth. Seldom at any other point, moreover, is the rule so convincingly demonstrated, though we have to recognise that in tidal streams the banks which form elsewhere along the track are often enough deeply influenced by the barrier at the seaward end. It is also a disturbing force. This you may prove at any time on that stretch of the Mersey lying between the restless hulls of the bar and the north-west lightships. For myself, memory recalls a whole bunch of days whereon the unseen threshold of the Mersey has uncomfortably demonstrated its presence. In the flap of a fly's wing I have known it change a tranquil passage out to sea into a vicious roll, and never does the voyager face it at the meeting of ebb and flood without witnessing its passion, sometimes sullen, often frantic.

Beyond this the bar has other peculiar distinctions. For the traveller, it marks the real departure. 'We have crossed the bar,' he says, and feels that now the actual adventure has begun. Though buried fathoms deep from his sight, it represents his last point of contact with the land; now he is fairly launched on the highway of the sea. And so with the home-coming wanderer, the passage of the bar means the entrance to his desired haven.

Among that fraternity of bars which punctuate the coast-line of the British Isles, there is one we are compelled to regard as a veritable anachronism. Presumably the Ribble is quite as ancient as any of the rivers that twist and twine their way from the hills to the sea, yet its bar is a mere infant, not yet a dozen years old—just as old, indeed, as the new mouth which the Ribble has been beguiled into making for itself. Within the last twenty years a sweeping transformation has been worked in the configuration of the lower reaches of the stream lying between the town of Preston and the sea; here it has been charmed out of all recognition; men have challenged its rule, have engaged in a titanic battle of conquest, and of all the wonders wrought, there is nothing more wonderful than its own terrific resistance—unless it be its unexpected submission. The acute phase of the struggle was reached about three decades ago, when the citizens of Preston, fired for generations by maritime ambition, constructed a dock whose water surface of forty acres in a single unbroken sheet makes it one of the largest in the kingdom. There is also a half-tide basin of four and three-quarter acres, with the usual equipment of locks, warehouses, lairage, and a fine installation of hydraulic machinery. But the sixteen-mile highway along which ships must travel from the sea to the town is still in the making. To-day, when the tides are all right, a steamer of five thousand tons might dare the entrance, and there is machinery for dealing with eighteen big cargoes at a time; but Preston wants the first-class tramp, the eight and ten thousand tonner, and to that end the task of river-making, so badly interrupted by the war, is being resolutely pushed forward. It is a gigantic task—by comparison the building of the dock was child's play; all the time men are waging relentless war with colossal sandbanks, with subtle water-flood, and incidentally with that bar, for which they have decreed as its ultimate end that it shall be hurled into the depths of the sea.

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For its encouragement, Preston has steadily kept the triumph of Glasgow before it as an example of what is possible to those intent on the foundation of a port. 'Compare the Clyde of one hundred years ago with the Clyde of to-day' has been their argument, and certainly for a matter of five miles or so from the dock-entrance to the line of the estuary at Naze Point the parallel holds, but after this the Lancashire river has little in common with its Scottish model. Down to the Naze the Ribble has all the characteristics of a river, its man-made banks flanked on either hand by rich alluvial plains; but here it suddenly plunges out into a monstrous kingdom of sand, and for ten miles farther bores through a tawny wilderness until it crosses the bar a little over fifteen miles from Preston town.

Now, before the building of the dock the course of the Ribble was one of bewildering waywardness. It wandered whithersoever it listed, and its waters in their freedom made a channel of tempting breadth, but little navigable depth. It scooped out hollows and filled them up; it played all manner of maddening tricks with prodigious sandbanks; and its flood, except in times of inland deluge, being swifter than its ebb, it was for ever bearing in from the sea vast masses of sand and dumping them in its bed. As for its course, about a mile below Lytham Pier it turned away to the south-west at an awkwardly acute angle, and running down the Pinfold Channel, it found the sea hard by the big hollow off the Southport shore known as the Bog Hole, the place where the larger ships had to lie and be lightened before entering on the final stage of the voyage.

To-day, so well has it been mastered, it runs almost straight as a die from Preston to the sea. The Pinfold has gone, its track dotted by a chain of shallow pools; the Bog Hole is fast filling up; and the river itself is now confined between two lines of stout training-walls, twelve feet wide at the top, broad and substantial enough to carry the heaviest of motor-wagons and leave plenty of spare room. Commercial enterprise on the part of the citizens, linked with engineering skill and courage as represented in the person of Mr James Barron, M.Inst.C.E., the man in charge of the operations, has wrought a positive miracle; and the fact that the rebellious river has actually been induced to take a leading part in its own subjugation will rank with those who have an eye for the dramatic as the most amazing miracle of all.

II.

In the early days of the venture the channel down to the Pinfold gap was scooped out by powerful marine machines, the hard material of its bed torn up by a fleet of bucket-dredgers, the loose stuff sucked up by sand-pumps, thousands of tons per hour. Out of this material the river-men built their training-walls, steadily thrusting them out in the direction of the sea; and they believed that they would have to keep on scooping until they reached the outermost limit of the bay. But, to their intense surprise and gratification, once the stream in the upper estuary had been sufficiently confined, it ranged itself as an ally, and proceeded to bore for itself that new channel at the elbow of the angle where the engineers were preparing to hack through three miles of solid sandbank. The plans up to this point included the blocking of the old Pinfold course and the dredging of a new one, known now as the Gut Channel, whereby the entire track would be straightened out and the ships be given a clean run in for a stretch of fourteen miles from sea to dock without any twists and corners. But the Ribble refused to wait for the dredgers. Eighteen months before the contemplated blocking up of the Pinfold the newly compressed flood launched itself against the ramparts of Salters Bank and smashed clean through, and Mr James Cochrane, a dredging-master of high degree, who now has charge of the vast dredging operations on the Thames, discovered one morning, to his profound astonishment, that the work of the machinery had been brilliantly forestalled. All that remained to be done was to allow the Ribble to finish the job of carving the bank in two, then to deepen the cut thus begun, and shore up the banks by training-walls out to the twelfth mile as sanctioned by Act of Parliament.

A new seaward entrance, of course, demanded a new bar. No self-respecting river could be expected to exist without that adjunct, and the Ribble, without any delay, proceeded to manufacture one, piling up the usual sandy ridge about a quarter of a mile beyond the end of the new length of walls. Eventually, as the depth required for the larger class of ocean-going ships had not yet been assured, it was decided to add another long span to each of those huge barriers, isolated in the heart of the bay, both of them at their extremities a league and more away from the land, and now they have reached a point between fourteen and fifteen miles to seaward of the dock gates. And no longer does the bar lie where it did. As an alternative to destruction it has chosen retreat. As the walls have advanced, it has steadily crept away still farther out to sea, and now it is quite three miles from its original bed. But not even yet has it finished its pilgrimage. To complete the conquest of the sands a further extension of the walls to the sixteenth mile from the dock at Preston is contemplated, and so by-and-by that harried bar will have been driven away another mile and a half or thereabouts to a spot whereon it is at last proposed to allow it to rest. With this difference, however. To-day, at drain of ebb, providing the weather be fairly good, its crest lies exposed to sight under a thin coverlet of water, and the river-surveyor, Mr James

Cochrane, a son of the old dredging chief, maintains a never-relaxing watch upon it. Not one of its furrows can it alter, not one of its spurs can it shift, without his detection; whereupon he makes a new set of exquisitely accurate measurements, and enters them all down upon his constantly changing charts. Progress, moreover, is not only outward, but downward. The bar is ever sliding down the ocean-slope into the depths, and when at last the final thrust has been given, the last anchorage reached, it will be buried out of sight, while the richly laden galleons for which Preston is hoping will have ample room for their passage over the loftiest point.

Imagination would naturally endow an engineering enterprise of such magnitude with hurricane sound, with fury of movement; but here imagination would be grossly at fault. Day by day the work goes on without fuss or flurry. Some of its silences are almost uncanny. Except for the grinding rumble of the bucket-dredgers, the mingled clash of rock, of gravel, and of mud as the huge scoops cast their medley down the shoots, the hollow cough of the sand-pumps, the chorus of the waters sucked up from the river, only to be again cast forth, there is no discordant passion. But the work is not without colour, nor yet without its poetry. Always, except in the hour of flood-tide, there are subdued monochromes—men yellow as clay picking about with shovel and rake on the fringe of the sandy waste, the engineer landed from his launch to inspect the growth of the walls, the surveyor away out in the wilderness testing the new pitched level of the banks. On occasions, too, the colours flame up, and the spectacle becomes vividly Dantesque. Though not often can the year be expected to repeat such a night and such a scene as the one in which it was my luck to share at Lytham a little while ago. The setting was one of bewitching beauty, the pageant of dying day and new-born night being deftly blended by the Master-Magician. Inland there hung a ponderous pall, purple, brown, and black; the estuary was patched with shields of amber, copper, and gold; far away out on the horizon-line the sea ran like a silver thread. And thus enshrouded, hard by the North Hollow, that deep which now measures thirty feet at ebb where a few years ago there was little more than inches, I watched the passage of the river-making fleet. First of all the dusky east was stabbed by a triangle of lights, a dull green and red at the base, and a lustier gleam of white aloft; then close astern another triangle, and another, until the count ranged up to seven, and I knew that the squadron of sand-pumps was bound for the sea, where presently, at the touch of a lever, the giant doors in each hull would swing open, and away there would glide back to the place whence at the beginning of things it had come that mass of sand, thousands of tons of it. But this was not the whole. Other lights emerged from the pall, and in the core of the gloom there drifted by those leviathan hoppers into which the bucket-dredgers had poured their load of marl and shingle, delved by irresistible teeth from the river-bed. For these the sea had no call. The river had need of them. Steaming over the training-walls on the top of the tide, they would dump their burden, and in the time of ebb, with the dumps exposed, men would descend the ladders of the big house built on piles in the heart of the estuary, and, rowing to the scene, build with the rock the apron of the walls and spread the rest upon the surface. Thus day by day are a few more inches added to the river's depth, and a few to the height of those ever-growing walls. Sixteen thousand tons, that in figures is the measure of the day's work—fourteen thousand tons of sand, two thousand tons of the harder stuff. When, in the course of only a few more years, the task of river-making is complete, Preston expects to have a fixed channel 1540 feet wide at its seaward entrance, a tidal rise at the bar of twenty-seven feet, ordinary spring-tides, which, added to the anticipated low-water level of eighteen feet, gives a depth of forty-five feet at flood, while the bed of the river from bar to dock will be nowhere less than the low-water spring-tide level. Also, the bar will have ceased its travelling.

WHERE THE DEEP RIVER FLOWS.

GIVE me a little, old, palm-roofed house,
And a garden so sweet, though so small;
And riding on high, in the deep-blue sky,
God's sun that shines for us all.
And give me a friend who can frankly smile,
Or a book at the even's close—
So my whole life was sweet, and with rapture replete,
As fresh as the morning rose,
At Catani, at Catani,
At Catani, on the Niger, where the deep, deep river flows!

Give me a heart that I fondly love,
That I love, as it dearly loves me;
I need little more from the gods in store,
In earth, or in air, or in sea!
Was it but yesterday, or a little old age,
Where the flaming red orchid grows,
That we sought out the shade of a deep forest glade,
In a haunt that the cuckoo knows,
At Catani, at Catani,
At Catani, on the Niger, where the deep, deep river flows!

O, I'll get me gone to the tiny town
I dream of the whole livelong day;
It is weary to wait for the call of fate
When my heart seems so far away!
If I send just one word, like a home-sick bird,
To the one whom my glad youth chose,
She will watch on for me, with a soul proud and free,
Forgetful of sorrow's throes,
At Catani, at Catani,
At Catani, on the Niger, where the deep, deep river flows!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

A FOWL STORY.

By Captain F. G. HARDEN.

PART I.

I.

THE Frontier Brigade were out again. There was trouble brewing up in the Mandori country. Since March raids on friendly villages had been frequent, and a fortnight ago a large force of Mandoris under that old firebrand, Manzai Mullah, had attacked the militia post on the Aku River. The tribesmen were altogether above themselves, and punitive measures necessary. That is why the Frontier Brigade were out here in 'Perimeter Camp' on the border-line. They had been here nearly a fortnight—one battalion of British infantry, two of Indian infantry, and an Indian mountain battery. Four marches behind, at the big cantonment, a reserve brigade—and perhaps aircraft—were assembling. As soon as the supply-dump was complete the Frontier Brigade would push across the border for Hamid Kor, the Mandori capital.

Up to date none of the enemy had been seen, though a friendly village behind the lines was raided one night, the whole affair taking only half-an-hour, during which time the raiders had got away with nearly one hundred head of cattle, sheep, and goats, and a Hindoo *bunnia*.

Twice the camp had been suddenly sniped after dark, and one sepoy and several mules had been hit.

On another occasion a camel-man and four camels that had been out grazing did not come in at night. The camels were never seen again, but the *sarwan* was found by one of the patrols some two miles away. He was buried up to the armpits in the bed of a dry stream, and apparently in the last stages of agony. His face was considerably mutilated. As the patrol-men extracted him he expired, and they found that he had been disembowelled.

The tribesman of the frontier has delicate ideas.

II.

Private Roche was a good specimen of the old Regular soldier. He was at present standing outside his little blanket-shelter watching his platoon improving the 'perimeter.' He had come off guard that morning, so was exempt from work.

He had twelve years' service in the West Lancashires, mostly in India, and the last five had been on the frontier. This was his fourth 'show,' and he knew as much as most old hands about hill-warfare. Looking at him now, one would hardly recognise the smart soldier of cantonments, with his well-starched tunic and nicely pressed trousers, his immaculate buttons and belt, and jauntily set forage-cap.

His boots were now rough and dusty, his shorts were frayed at the edge, and frequent sitting on rocks had begun to wear the seat through. The sleeves of his gray shirt were cut off short at the elbow, showing a fine pair of bronzed arms, tattooed with innumerable snakes, initials, hearts, and circus ladies. Around his left wrist was tied a tin identity-disc. Into his ragged putties he had thrust his spoon and fork. His clean-shaved face and bare knees were burnt copper-colour by the sun, and he was surmounted by one of those hideous banana-pith hats now issued to troops in India.

He was an excellent athlete, played a good game of football, and was one of the best cross-country runners in the regiment. For this reason, and the fact that he spoke very fair Pushtu (Pathan language), he had been selected as one of the company scouts.

A rather imposing conduct-sheet had spoilt his chances of promotion, but when he had recovered his second 'badge' he intended to approach his captain on this subject. If he could only keep clear of mischief for the next three days, he was due for the second badge.

Anyhow, out here on field service it should not be difficult—unless he had bad luck, of course, like his pal, Charlie Bond of the Lewis-gun section.

Bond, a couple of days previous to this, had accidentally discharged his rifle while cleaning it, and was still undergoing field-punishment for his carelessness. It was a nuisance altogether, as it prevented his leaving the camp.

There were strict orders against any men wandering more than two hundred yards from the camp, but Roche and Bond were wily old dodgers, and knew how to look after themselves on these occasions.

The troops had now been on a diet of bully and biscuit for fifteen days, and were finding it monotonous. Rum rations in this part of the world were very few and far between. Plum-and-apple was not greeted with disgust, for no jam in any form was issued.

However, trust an old soldier! Bond and Roche had discovered that at the friendly village (out of bounds), some eight hundred yards away, eggs might sometimes be bought, and indeed they had on one occasion acquired a fowl for a rupee. These delicacies made soldiering much more agreeable.

Roche slung his rifle over his shoulder, and taking his towel, sauntered off to the portion of the river reserved for washing. There were very few men there at this time, for most platoons were working, and by the time Roche

had finished his ablutions he found himself alone. Realising that this was his opportunity, he slipped along the river-bank to the village.

Here he soon found a man with whom he had done business before, and after a short haggle exchanged his last two annas for four eggs.

'Will the sahib buy a fowl?' asked the Pathan, diving into a house and producing a big white fowl, the sight of which made Roche's mouth water.

'*Roopya nishta*,' replied Roche, tapping his pockets sadly.

'Well, exchange it for a clip of ammunition,' said the Pathan. 'It is a good, fat bird.'

'No damn fear,' said our friend; 'a nice sort of fool I should look this evening at rifle and ammunition inspection with five rounds deficient. Probably get Field Punishment No. 1, and good-bye to badge and lance stripe, and everything—not much.'

But it was a pity—such a fine bird, and he was sick of bully. If only they had been in action he could easily do it, as there would be lots of ammunition about, and he could always show empties; but the regiment had not fired a round yet, and it could not possibly be done. At least—*could* it not? Roche's brain was now working very hard; an idea had come to him. Every man had to show his rifle and lay out his ammunition, twenty chargers full, for inspection at sunset. Woe to him who was deficient of a single round!

Now, as I mentioned before, Roche's pal, Charlie Bond, was in the Lewis-gun section. The Lewis-gun ammunition was also checked at "retreat," but Roche had seen only that morning, in the box of components, several 'dummy cartridges' used for training men to rectify stoppages and jams.

They are just like full rounds, except that there is no cordite inside, and to distinguish them they have no caps and have a hole bored laterally through them. They have thick rims and other minute blemishes to make them jam. By practising with these, men become familiar with stoppages in fire, and learn to rectify them at once.

Now it occurred to Roche that if three of these dummies were placed cunningly in a charger and a full round at each end, they could not fail to pass inspection—at any rate until he got into action and could explain the deficiency.

Unslinging his rifle, Roche extracted three rounds from the breech, gave them to the Pathan, and wringing the hapless fowl's neck, wrapped it in his towel, and returned to camp undetected.

He at once sought out Bond and explained the situation to his delighted friend. In five minutes he had made good the missing rounds in his magazine, and a charger composed of three dummies between two live rounds was buttoned up in his pouch.

That evening, at arms inspection, neither the platoon sergeant nor the officer noticed anything amiss with the ammunition.

A couple of hours afterwards our two old scamps and one of the company cooks might have been seen sitting in a 'funk-hole' thoroughly enjoying their apparently monotonous ration.

III.

The Frontier Brigade were now halted, at the end of their second march into the enemy's country. The camp itself was in a good situation for this type of warfare, and consisted of a rectangle with sides of two hundred and three hundred yards. It was flat, though stony, ground, and twelve hundred yards from anything in the shape of a high hill. The country around was rolling and broken by nullahs; a few thorny trees here and there and a few tussocks of brown grass completed the vegetation.

Dust was rising from the edge of the camp, where the infantry were busy digging a ditch and parapet; for this was a 'perimeter camp.'

Frontier troops, like the old Roman legionaries, place their hospitals, supplies, and transport animals in the centre of the camp, and the infantry dig themselves in around these.

This gives the maximum protection from a rush by night of fanatical tribesmen. Sniping in such a camp is, of course, unpleasant, but must be put up with, and is seldom responsible for many casualties.

An hour before sunset each battalion sent out a platoon to work over a section of ground, and return to camp by nightfall. This was to prevent small parties or individual tribesmen from sniping the camp before dark.

Private Roche's platoon had been detailed for this evening, and were working along in 'diamond formation' about a couple of miles east of camp.

Half a mile south of them, across a big, dry nullah-bed, was a platoon of the 68th Punjabis on their own section.

Roche was walking behind the subaltern, his right upper arm decorated with the red 'runner's badge,' and they had just topped a long, low ridge, when—whiz!—whiz!—whop!—bin-gup!—bullets came whistling over and smacking amongst them. The platoon had intercepted a sniping-party on their way to entertain the camp.

The subaltern hastily scribbled in his note-book.

'Here, Roche,' said he; 'nip off with this to that patrol of the 68th. We may round up these blighters between us!'

The runner put the message in his pocket, and made off towards the platoon of Punjabis.

He had barely reached the nullah when a bullet struck his water-bottle, and another the

ground at his feet. He had just time to throw himself behind a rock as more whizzed past.

Evidently another party of tribesmen making for camp! There was not much use his trying to get to the 68th, or even back to his own platoon, for the enemy were barely a hundred yards off, and making pretty close shooting, almost hidden though he was. The firing, anyway, would soon bring some one along to extract him. In the meanwhile he would 'out' one or two himself.

He soon got in a shot at a brown head and beard behind a rock, and then let drive at another couple of men working round behind him. Bullets were whistling past him, and flying off the rock in perilous proximity.

So far as Roche could see, his opponents were only four in number, and as there was a big bare circle round him, he reckoned on shooting two or three if they rushed him, and dealing with the rest with his bayonet.

He had emptied his magazine twice, and on reloading after a snap-shot at a man leaping from one rock to another, found that he could not force the bolt home. Then he tried tugging, but it was no use—neither would it open! Trembling with disgust and excitement, he squatted under his stone for protection from the bullets, and forced and forced at the bolt, placing his heel on the bolt-head and exerting all his strength.

What had happened to the damn thing? He had never had it behave like this before.

Suddenly, like a shock, came the reason. He had, of course, got one of the Lewis-gun dummies firmly jammed in the breech!

'What a blinking——'

It was over in a second.

'Take him alive,' shouted the leader, as he drove his carbine-butt against Roche's forehead.

IV.

Roche regained consciousness to find himself being carried along at a good pace by two burly tribesmen. As soon as they noticed the fact, they dumped him on the ground and called out. A third man who had been leading, and who carried Roche's rifle, joined them, and a fourth came up from behind.

After a short, grim survey, and a short discourse, one man removed the leather thong that served him as a rifle-sling. Swiftly and securely they tied the runner's arms behind him; then, urging him on, the little procession proceeded. The sun had now set somewhere behind them, and from the same direction occasional shots were heard in the distance.

Fifteen minutes later, as darkness was falling, they rounded a small hill, and right before them, in a hollow, was a small village. It was a very typical frontier village, with flat mud houses, and a high mud tower at one corner. What, however, struck Roche at once was the number of men in the vicinity. Hundreds of little fires twinkled on every piece of ground within, and for a considerable area without, the village. There must have been several thousand men preparing or eating their evening meal.

By the time that the party had reached the first of these the news that a captive was being brought in had spread, and hundreds of excited, eager-visaged men crowded round them, laughing, staring, and reviling at the prisoner.

'Whom have you got here?' asked one, rather better garbed than his fellows, and with apparent authority.

'A filthy *ghora* whom we have caught,' replied the leader of the party.

'Whither shall we take him, O Malik?'

'Take him,' said the headman, 'to the courtyard by the tower, and guard him with your life. Any moment the great Manzai Mullah—whom may God praise—may arrive, and he shall decide this dog's destiny.'

Fortunate it was that they were near the village, and that the Malik supervised in person, for elsewise Roche could never have entered it. The crowd of tribesmen were anything but friendly. Every sort of expression and threat was hurled at him, also a considerable quantity of mud, stones, and shoes; but his escort hustled him into a confined alleyway, and through narrow lanes, between mud huts, till the courtyard was reached.

Here he was at once stripped of his entire outfit, his captors wrangling and fighting over the various articles.

Roche hoped that in the squabble he might get his chance to slip off, but his luck was out. The four ruffians had soon made their distribution. One donned his gray shirt, another appropriated his putties and socks, while the third, kicking off his worn-out *chaplis*, put on the boots. The leader had already, apparently by right, taken possession of the rifle and equipment.

With a grunt, one of them kicked the ragged shorts at Roche, who regained them with alacrity, for the night was none too warm. He was then fastened to a tree by a camel-rope. One man went into the night, and presently returned with an armful of wood and dried dung, and proceeded to make a fire; while a second poured several handfuls of *atta* from a goatskin into a concave iron plate, and adding water from an earthenware vessel, prepared the evening meal—*chupatis*.

Roche had a good opportunity of studying these men, and noted what big, muscular devils they were, lean and hard as steel to look at. They wore gray or khaki shirts to their knees, and short voluminous trousers, dirty-white or black in colour. No wonder they were so hard to see amongst the rocks. Two of them wore skull-caps, the other two black turbans. All had beards, and their hair was cropped close.

Two were armed with carbines, probably locally made; a third had a regulation rifle, and the fourth some obsolete foreign weapon. Their ammunition was in bandoliers, and each had in his waistcloth one of those long triangular knives which the tribesman uses with such terrible skill.

The very sight of these weapons made poor Roche feel as cold as ice. What would they do with him? Why had they not killed him in the nullah?

He suddenly remembered the camel-man who had got lost. He also remembered a Gurkha on a previous expedition. His company had found this man, who had been 'missing' for two days. The greater part of him was still missing, but they had buried the rest. And those wounded men the 118th had left behind last year! The poor fellow felt anything but comfortable, and several remarks from his captors were the reverse of reassuring.

What a damnable rifle to jam! At least, what a fool he had been to bring those dummy cartridges! It looked as if it was going to be a most expensive fowl, paid for by a most unpleasant death.

If he could only escape! But there was no freeing his arms. If he could only swallow some poison, or even jump over a precipice! What could he do?

One can imagine the thoughts that ran through the poor man's brain.

Not much of a night for him—what?

(*Continued on page 604.*)

THE PALACE OF THE SKY.

By Reginald B. Span.

I.

DURING my wanderings about the world I have always been a 'star-gazer,' a passionate lover of the sky, with all its wonders (seen and unseen), and its sublime beauty. The great dome of the heavens, with its purple immensity, lighted by myriads of glittering stars on a clear night in the tropics, always seemed like some magnificent palace, and so I have always called the sky 'my Palace,' a spectacle of splendour, of which no adversity of fortune can rob one. I have watched the sky at all times and seasons, in all climates and countries, and never tire of its ever-changing beauty.

Many a night, in warm, dry climates, I have slept out under the stars with no roof but that of the 'Palace of the Sky,' and

> Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

On the parched, waterless deserts of Arizona, with a night temperature of 80°, I have lain on the soft sand all night beneath the starlit splendour of the heavens, and gazed on stars and planets before dropping off to sleep, and watched the moon rise out of the vast immensity of the deserts into the vaster immensity of the sky—a great golden-red disc, which, as it ascended the heavens, was a signal for the unseen life of the desert to make itself manifest by sounds: the shrill and discordant yelping of the coyotes, the mournful cries of whip-poor-wills, the hooting of owls, with the occasional whir-whir and cluck-cluck of aroused Californian quail. For weeks at a time I have slept thus beneath the Palace of the Sky, with the great glittering vault overhead unmarred by a single cloud, and never a drop of rain or moisture of any kind to necessitate a covering. The air, warm, dry, and fragrant, was a delight to breathe—a healing balsam to delicate lungs. I always witnessed the exquisite beauty of the dawn; the first fiery rays of the sun, as it appeared above the level horizon, generally caught my closed eyes and aroused full consciousness, and then I lay and watched the gorgeous splendour of the East gradually overspread the sky—such colouring as no artist could depict and language is powerless to express. But splendid as the dawns were, the sunsets were still more so. A sunset amid the deserts of Arizona is a scene one can never forget—a joy unspeakable. The strange fantastic formations of rock and sand, which rise abruptly out of the level sandy plains in all directions, are painted every imaginable colour by the great fiery orb as it descends below the horizon. It is like beholding some weird and wonderful picture—some magnificent transformation-scene, painted by wizards of the sky.

From many a camping-place amid the Rocky Mountains have I watched the changing glories of the skies—from the first delicate tints of early dawn, when the mighty snow-clad peaks were coloured with melting hues of opal, rose, and gold, to the gorgeous afterglow of the fiery sunsets; and often far into the starlit splendour of the nights, which were always calm, clear, and cold, the air being keen enough to necessitate a blazing fire of pine-logs, which I generally kept up all night.

To realise the true joy of living one should camp in the 'Rockies,' and be a lover of the beauties of nature, especially of the sky. In no part of the world can one see the sky—sun, moon, planets, and stars—to such advantage. The atmosphere is extremely clear, rarefied, and

dry; the heavens are unsullied by a cloud, the days bathed in glorious sunshine, and the nights always starlit. I have camped on pine-clad ridges with a roaring river a thousand feet below, and great peaks towering thousands of feet above, their gleaming white spires sharply outlined against the blue or purple of the sky. After a supper of bacon, coffee, and 'slap-jack'—often supplemented with wild raspberries, which grow in abundance on the mountain-slopes—I have lighted my pipe, wrapped myself in the thick blankets, and lain beside the fire of fragrant pine-wood, indulging in the 'long, long thoughts of youth.'

How intensely still were those nights!—not a sound but the faint roar of the river far, far below, the crackling of the fire, and the occasional sighing of a breeze through the pines. Where there was no moisture of any kind a tent was unnecessary, so I could lie and watch the planets and the stars with uninterrupted view till I fell asleep. No dweller in houses can imagine the invigorating effects of sleeping under the stars, in a fine dry climate such as that of Colorado, where the air is like champagne. It is sleep indeed—deep, sound, and invigorating; and one awoke 'like a giant refreshed with wine,' to behold with ecstatic gaze:

> Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
> Came furrowing all the Orient into gold.

Sometimes I camped at the bottom of a deep cañon on a grassy flat beside the still, clear waters of some full-brimmed river slowly wending its way to the plains. At such places there was plenty of rich, green grass for the horses, a good bathing-place for myself, and a chance of fresh fish for breakfast. There I viewed the heavens through the opening in the vast mountain-walls rising, precipice above precipice, for thousands of feet, until they seemed to meet the sky. Often I lay at full length on the grass basking in the sunshine while:

> Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
> Under my eye,

and

> Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing
> Over the sky.

Those were lazy days, when I was giving myself and my horses a rest after periods of arduous toil amongst the mountain-heights, where the horses, indeed, had nothing to eat but the withered grass and other scanty herbage the higher altitudes afforded. I had more leisure at such times for living in the Palace of the Sky and the world of dreams. My library consisted of two books—Emerson's *Essays* and Tennyson's Poems, which I never tired of reading. The commissariat demanded excursions up the cañon and the river with gun or rod in quest of quail, duck, or trout, and with a basket up the mountain-slopes to gather any wild fruits to be found in their season. In such fashion was the day spent, and then,

> When young night divine
> Crowned dying day with stars,

I repaired to my sleeping-place on a rocky plateau well above the river, and indulged in my usual evening observation of the starry spheres,

> While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way,
> All the planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

II.

During many months spent in the 'bush' of New Zealand I found an additional splendour in my Palace of the Sky when gazing upwards through the giant trunks of the mighty trees of the primeval forest; for in the skies of that southern hemisphere lies the constellation known as the Southern Cross, the brightest star-group in the antipodean heavens, the four principal stars of which form a rough cross. (The Southern Cross was added to the list of constellations by Roger in 1679.) The Australians and the New Zealanders are very proud and fond of their starry cross, which gleams, a silent and bright sentinel, above their beloved countries. How rejoiced were the returning heroes from the battlefields of Europe at again beholding this glory of the sky as they neared their native lands over the vast Pacific! The Australians see a great deal more of the Southern Cross than do their island neighbours, as their warm climate enables them to sleep out under the stars to a much greater extent. I remember once losing my way in the New Zealand 'bush,' and night coming on found me miles away from anywhere in the heart of the dense primeval forest. For hours I wandered, miserably cold and very hungry, up and down various tracks, trying to find a way out, but in vain, and constantly looking up at the Southern Cross through the tree-tops as the only light I had, and the only companionship. At last it seemed that the stars only mocked my distress, and, in Tennyson's words, appeared

> Innumerable pitiless, passionless eyes,
> Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
> His nothingness into man.

R. L. Stevenson, in one of his delightful novels, *The Ebb-Tide*, describes a vivid scene on a lonely Pacific island beneath the tropic stars, which opens up another vista in the Palace of the Sky—a fresh train of thought regarding the vast immensity of space around us, apparently so empty and devoid of life.

Attwater, the aristocratic pearl-fisher (a 'Varsity man and an adventurer in the South Seas), is entertaining three men to dinner at his bungalow—adventurers who by chance had drifted to that lonely island in a stolen schooner, and whose intention there was to murder the

sole white occupant, and seize his great treasure of pearls. Attwater divines this purpose; but, nevertheless, it does not detract from his geniality as host, and he also provides an excellent repast. Afterwards, as they sit out on the lighted veranda sipping liqueurs and coffee, and smoking and talking (the one bright spot of light in the vast desolation of the sea), one of the guests remarks on the extreme loneliness of such a place and life, adding that he would prefer the vicinity of 'Bow Bells' in London.

'Talking of the sound of bells,' said Attwater, 'kindly follow a little experiment of mine in silence.'

Leaning forward, he struck with force a silver bell on the table, and 'the note rose clear and strong; it rang out clear and far into the night and over the deserted island; it died into the distance, until there only lingered in the porches of the ear a vibration that was sound no longer.

'"Empty houses, empty sea, solitary beaches!" said Attwater. "And yet God hears the bell! And yet we sit in this veranda on a lighted stage, with all heaven for spectators! And you call that solitude?"'

There have been few greater artists in words than that most lovable personality, Robert Louis Stevenson, and there have been few books in which scenes are more graphically described than in *The Ebb-Tide*. The vast star-garden of Infinity may be teeming with invisible beings, not only afar in the heavens, around the distant planets and stars, but close around this earth—in fact, at our very doors. It is highly probable that we are never alone, though we may be in the wildest solitudes, with no human being within many miles; for, as Milton wrote, 'millions of spiritual beings walk this earth, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

Many a night I have sat on a lonely beach on the Pacific coast beneath the tropic stars, with miles of gleaming white surf to right and left, and not a living soul within an hour's journey. Before me lay the vast Pacific, calm as a mill-pool beyond the roaring line of breakers, reflecting the lights of planets and stars on its tranquil surface, and catching somewhat the solemn majesty of the desolate heavens. Often I pictured to myself what lay beyond that seeming void, and then I felt—ay, *knew* that I was not alone, and the vast solitude of land, sea, and sky was no longer loneliness. There were living, conscious, invisible beings in close proximity, whose presence I could feel by a kind of sixth sense.

To appreciate the full beauty of the night one should visit the tropics, where it is intensely calm, clear, and still, and the skies are entirely unclouded. One can then realise the spirit of Longfellow's beautiful lines:

> I heard the trailing garments of the night
> Sweep through her marble halls,
> I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
> From the celestial walls.
>
> I felt her presence by its power of might
> Stoop o'er me from above,
> The calm, majestic presence of the night,
> As of one I love.

Then, when troubles and cares assail one, what is more soothing than the calm beauty of the night, with its suggestions of infinite peace and happier spheres?

> I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
> The manifold soft chimes
> That fill the haunted chambers of the night
> Like some old poet's rhymes.
>
> From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
> My spirit drank repose,
> The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
> From those deep cisterns flows.

III.

From the roar of the Pacific surf to the roar of London, with its very different skies (the journey from the Pacific coast in California can be accomplished in eleven days by the fastest trains and steamers), and what a transformation! However, even in London one can see something of the Palace of the Sky in summer, especially from places like Kew Gardens or Richmond Park, where one has quietness and the beauties of nature on all sides to enhance the scene. A summer evening by the silvery Thames is not to be despised, though I prefer the Terrace at Monte Carlo, with its exquisite view over the Mediterranean and the Maritime Alps, and its unrivalled sea and sky colouring; or spots I know of amid the Alps of Switzerland, above Lucerne; or Montreux; or along the palm-fringed coast of the Italian Riviera.

I remember one warm evening in June, sitting on the brilliantly lit Terrace at Monte Carlo, gazing on a scene that was too beautiful for words to describe adequately. There was not a breath of wind, and the sea looked like a great mirror, reflecting not only the numerous lights of the gorgeous Casino, but the brilliant lights from the Palace of the Sky, so that everywhere, above and below, the soft purple of the darkness was splashed and punctuated with vivid light. Behind me towered the gleaming white walls, domes, and minarets of the Temple of Fortune, embowered in the finest gardens in the world, and in front lay the starlit expanse of the Mediterranean, with Monte Carlo Bay lying under the shadow of the mountains, and sheltered from the open sea by the rocky pine-clad promontory of Cap Martin. The air was soft, warm, and dry, and full of fragrance, and not a sound broke the deep silence and tranquillity of the scene but the monotonous voices of the croupiers floating through the open windows of the far-famed 'Rooms,' where play was still in full swing though it was nearly midnight. Occasionally came the clink of coin and the whirring of the roulette-wheels. The excellent band which had been 'discoursing sweet music'

on the Terraces had long since departed, and with it the large crowd who had assembled to listen; and very few people were about. Suddenly, from below, a shot rang out sharp and clear, followed by a cry—then silence. Instantly all was animation; blue-coated Casino guards and gendarmes seemed to spring from nowhere, and hurried along the Terraces towards the spot, with stealthy steps, calling softly to each other. I and others essayed to follow, but were at once stopped by officials, and informed that admission to the Terrace at that part was prohibited for the time being.

It was not difficult to conjecture what had occurred—one of those Monte Carlo tragedies, which are at once hushed up by the astute officials, and the particulars of which seldom find their way into the papers. And a moment before I had been thinking of the scene in Stevenson's book (which I have previously referred to), and saying to myself that we all of us sat 'on a lighted stage, with all heaven for spectators!'

Would the actor in that tragedy have paused to consider before plunging so recklessly into the Unknown had he realised that he had all heaven as spectators? Who can say? A brain tortured by adversity of fortune and suffering is capable of any folly or madness. I have heard of people who have deliberately gone to Monte Carlo to commit suicide should fortune not prove propitious; so the 'fatal tables' are not always to blame.

We all of us will some day be inhabitants of the celestial courts of the Palace of the Sky. Perchance we shall flit from star to star, and visit other planets besides this one. What wonderful and beautiful things shall we not behold in the 'many mansions' which comprise the celestial Palace?

The 'king of terrors' can avail nothing against those whose eyes are *ad astra*, and whose feet are already on the 'Jacob's ladder' which leads to the interior region of the Palace of the Sky. 'How near to God and what is fair!'—and what is fairer than the spectacle of the sky at all seasons, when not obscured? It is in the Palace of the Sky, and amid the beautiful works of nature, that we find the Invisible King.

> I found Him in the shining of the stars,
> I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
> But in His ways with men I find Him not.

The 'world of dreams' is probably the *real* world, and dreamers, poets, and 'star-gazers' are more practical than they appear; at any rate, they know the way to *happiness*, which, after all, is the *summum bonum* of life, both here and hereafter.

> And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
> Sees alike in stars and flowers a part
> Of the self-same universal being
> Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

'Behold the dreamer cometh, and his way is through the Palace of the Sky!'

MOLLY ON A MONDAY.

PART II.

IV.

THAT is the reason Molly felt more Monday-ish than usual on this particular Monday morning.

'I wonder,' she reflected, 'if I shall ever see him again. Not that it matters, of course; but I—I wonder.' With a vicious jab she fixed the last price-ticket in the last sock, and suddenly became aware of the manager standing at her side.

He laughed nervously. 'You—you seem strangely agitated this morning, Miss—er—— Is anything the matter? Are you unwell?'

Molly laughed shortly. 'Oh no, Mr Simpson; but it's Monday, you know.'

The manager rubbed his hands together. 'Ah yes, of course, Monday—beastly day Monday,' he answered vaguely. 'I thought perhaps you were unwell.'

Molly eyed him suspiciously. 'I've often thought,' he went on in a low voice, his yellowish-white face colouring dully, 'that it must be very lonely for a girl who is living away from her own people, and it occurred to me that perhaps you would'—he drew a step nearer—'perhaps you would'—she felt his arm around her waist—'perhaps you would like to spend an evening with me at some picture-theatre or music-hall?' His watery eyes were watching the doorway, and Molly felt the grip around her waist tighten.

'Thank you, Mr Simpson, but—no,' she gasped, and pushed him violently away.

For a moment he looked at her with eyes that were filled with a mean anger; then he turned on his heel, and went to the other side of the counter. Molly watched him with apprehension in her heart. She knew that from that moment the manager was her enemy, and she knew also that the subordinate who incurred the enmity of Mr Simpson would very soon be seeking a new position.

'To-day will always live in my memory as "Black Monday,"' thought Molly bitterly. 'Things are just about as black as they can be; but, whatever happens, I'll never go home—*never*!'

It was at that moment that the figure of Henry Wellington Winthrop darkened the doorway. Molly turned pink and white by turns; but Henry during the day-time was a very self-possessed young man. He touched the brim of his hat with neat gloves, advanced to the counter, and wished her a cool 'Good-morning.'

'Get home all right last night?' he inquired with perfunctory politeness.

Molly nodded, speechless with indignation; and then fear clutched at her heart again as she met a brief venomous glance from Mr Simpson, who, from his position near the show-case, had overheard Henry's indiscreet words.

'I really am awfully sorry about last night,' murmured Henry, leaning comfortably against the counter; 'and catching sight of you through the open doorway just now, I thought I 'd seize the opportunity to tell you so, you see.'

'Do please tell me what you want,' the girl interrupted anxiously.

Henry looked surprised.

'Why, I want you to forgive me, of course,' he answered.

In an agony of apprehension, she glanced again at the manager, and Henry, following her look, saw Mr Simpson for the first time.

'Oh!' he muttered. 'I see—er—please show me some—some socks,' he added in a loud voice.

The counter was strewn with newly ticketed half-hose, but Molly thankfully brought out still more socks. If Henry would only buy two or three pairs, the situation might even yet be saved.

Henry inspected the entire stock without enthusiasm. There was a peculiar, hard light in his eyes that filled Molly with a vague dread. The possibility that Henry might not buy even one single pair of socks occurred to her for the first time.

'They—they are very cheap,' she whispered, carefully avoiding his eyes.

Henry laughed—rather unpleasantly, she thought.

'They are,' he answered, 'in every sense of the word.'

'We guarantee them to wear well.'

'Oh, they 'll wear all right, because there 's more cotton than wool in them; but think of the effect of cotton socks on tender feet.' He shuddered.

Molly bit her lip. She knew that Henry's criticism was just; but she felt, somehow, that she had a right to expect more than bare justice from Henry. Before the quarrel of the previous evening, he had spoken eloquently and at great length upon the subject of friendship. Henry's ideals of friendship had seemed very high and fine. He had declared that no sacrifice was too great to make for a dear friend, and she had agreed with him—with Henry, who now stood hesitating with a pair of cheap socks in his hand—hesitating to buy them, because of their inferior quality.

There could be no doubt that he realised how much depended upon the purchase of those socks. Her tone and manner must have made that plain to him. Without saying as much in so many words, she had thrown herself on his mercy, and he meant to fail her in the moment of her need. She had humbled herself to no purpose. Molly felt very much alone in the world at that moment.

'I—I don't think I like any of these,' muttered Henry awkwardly.

The girl inclined her head, partly by way of answer, and partly to hide the tears in her eyes.

For a moment he hesitated, as though about to speak again. Then, raising his hat, he wished her an abrupt 'Good-morning,' and went quickly from the shop.

Molly stared after him with unseeing eyes.

'If only it had been some one else,' she reflected miserably; 'I shouldn't have cared so much then.' She bit her lip, and the colour left her face as the manager came towards her. She knew, from the set of Mr Simpson's mouth, that she was about to pay the penalty of Henry's fastidiousness.

'Miss—er—er—the gentleman who has just gone out made no purchase. Why?'

'Well, he wanted half-hose, Mr Simpson, but did not see anything he liked.'

'Did not see anything he liked!' repeated the manager, his voice hoarse with genuine indignation. 'Did not see anything he liked! You should have shown him something he *would* like—something he could not *help* liking—something—something—why, good heavens! you know perfectly well that a man came here for a collar-stud last week, and I sold him a six-guinea raincoat. Two days ago——' Only indignation prevented Mr Simpson from citing numerous instances of his business acumen. 'I cannot let this pass, Miss—er—er—I simply cannot. I shall report the matter to the superintendent without delay.'

Molly's head went back defiantly.

'While you are about it, report also that I have left—without notice,' she answered calmly. 'I 'm sick of this horrible third-rate business. I 'm sick of wheedling people into buying things they don't want—nasty, shoddy things, for the most part. I 'm——'

'Now, look here, Miss—er—er,' interrupted Mr Simpson, with unexpected kindness—'please don't do anything hastily. You are not feeling well—Monday, you know. Just go home and rest until to-morrow. You 'll feel better then. Don't think anything more about the super. *I* was speaking hastily *then*.'

But Molly's mind was made up, and a few moments later she left Messrs Cohen & Bell's service for good and all.

She and Mr Simpson, however, parted on the best of terms.

V.

It was characteristic of Molly that her first action, after becoming a member of the unemployed, was to call at the tailor's and pay for her new costume. This was a liability she had not intended to meet for a few weeks; but the fact that she might not be able to meet it at all in a few weeks was, from her point of view, an imperative reason for settling the debt at once. This left her with very little money, but, strangely enough, in much better spirits.

Tossing restlessly in bed that night, she made many mental calculations, and decided that, by exercising the strictest economy, she would be able to manage without work for about a month, and then . . . She had not as yet explained to her landlady what had happened, but decided to do so first thing on Tuesday morning. To keep that lady in ignorance of the true state of affairs for very long would be both impossible and unfair. The thought of the coming interview added nothing to the girl's peace of mind. She and Mrs Webster, a slatternly, easy-going woman, with no children of her own, had been on the best of terms; but Mollie was shrewd enough to realise that the sudden change in her position would quite possibly effect an equally sudden and unpleasant change in her relations with Mrs Webster. Henry's behaviour had not left her much faith in human nature. The air of philosophical amusement with which Mrs Webster received her news the following morning, therefore, came as a pleasant surprise. That good lady laughed, and then gave the girl a damp kiss.

'That 's all right, my dear,' she said comfortingly; 'don't go worrying yourself. You 'll soon get work, a smart girl like you; and if you don't —well, a rest will do you good! You 've never been mean with me; I 'm sure the house is a lot tidier since you came, and if money gets a bit scarce, at least you 'll be sure of your food and somewhere to sleep—unless, of course, the Motor Works come out on strike, like they 've been threatening, and then I don't know what 'd happen, with Jim out of work. However, there 's no use in crossing bridges until we come to them. You 've nothing much to worry about for some time to come, at all events, and that 's something to be thankful for.'

Molly expressed her gratitude in suitable terms, and with many happy tears. 'Don't be afraid I shall take advantage of your kindness, Mrs Webster. When I find I am becoming a burden to you I shall go,' she declared.

'None of that,' cried the good lady in sudden alarm. 'No young girl leaves my house until she 's got another place to go to—I know the world I live in. Promise me that, whatever happens, you won't go away without a few days' notice. Come, my dear, promise.'

Molly hesitated for a few moments, and then gave the required promise, although she strongly suspected that, if ever it was kept, Mrs Webster intended to find some means of communicating with her mother.

Molly had come out of work at a very bad time. Trade was slack in every industry, and a long succession of strikes had done nothing to improve things. The Government scheme for lightening to some extent the worst terrors of unemployment had not yet matured, and the only touch of silver in the girl's dark cloud was the cheery friendliness of the untidy but good-natured Mrs Webster. Molly spent half the day working about the house, and the other half seeking employment. She answered many advertisements, and walked many miles, but all to no purpose, and the end of the first week found her as far from remunerative work as ever. Saturday brought one little ray of comfort, however; by the noon post she received a brief but friendly note from Mr Simpson. The envelope also contained one week's wages. Instead of informing the superintendent of Cohen & Bell's shops that she had left without notice, Mr Simpson had given the dreaded autocrat to understand that the girl had been taken ill, and, fearing that the work was proving too heavy for her, had given a week's notice in the ordinary way, thus gaining for her a week's pay which she had not expected.

Molly wrote to Mr Simpson immediately, thanking him for his kindness; also, he received a prominent place in her prayers that night.

During the dismal period of her fruitless search for work Molly often thought of Henry, and wondered what he was doing. No confidences of an intimate nature had passed between them on the occasion of their first meeting. She did not know where he worked, or the nature of his business. She was unaware even that his name was Henry, and, so far as she knew, Henry did not know her as Molly Marlow. She wondered, rather wistfully, if he ever thought of her, or ever considered the consequences of his meanness that Monday morning at the shop. Molly decided that it was extremely unlikely that a young man as selfish as Henry had proved himself to be would permit unpleasant reflections of this nature to disturb his mind. She wondered if he would recognise her again if they should happen to meet, and thought it exceedingly unlikely that he would; in all probability he had by this time forgotten her very existence. Not that these things mattered, of course; but still, she could not help wondering sometimes.

For two weeks Molly sought hopefully for some sort—any sort—of remunerative employment. She wrote scores of answers in reply to advertisements which appear daily in the newspapers, under the heading of 'Clerks and Assistants Wanted.' At first hope ran high as she carefully penned these answers, for she seemed

to be exactly the sort of person required by the advertiser. But as the days passed, and the postman—usually without even a glance at Mrs Webster's door—also passed, she began to realise that for every situation advertised as vacant, there must be scores of perfectly suitable applicants eager to grasp the opening. To her written efforts she received not a single reply, and on the Monday of the third week she made her usual journey to town in an unenviable frame of mind. She told herself, in desperation, that all the world was against her; that she would never obtain employment if she lived to be a hundred; that the situations advertised in the papers were invented by the editors in order to fill space, and give their readers a false impression of prosperity and of prestige amongst business people. 'There are no vacant situations in all the world,' she told herself with great bitterness, 'and I wish I'd swallowed my silly pride and remained with Cohen & Bell's.'

It must be remembered that once again it was Monday morning.

(*Continued on page 598.*)

HOTEL THIEVES.

By JOHN C. GOODWIN.

THE hotel thief is generally a handsome scoundrel, well tailored, sociable, suave, and of good address, who usually confines his attention to jewellery, cash, or negotiable securities. He does not, as a rule, patronise a hotel on the off-chance of finding a likely victim, though at lunch-time, both in London and in the large provincial towns, the hotels are frequented by 'touts,' who are there for the purpose of acquiring information of value to their employer, the hotel thief proper.

The real crook supplements the information furnished by his 'tout' by an assiduous daily perusal of the society columns of the press, and occasionally through waiters and other hotel employees in his pay. From the information derived from these varying sources he decides upon his quarry, who may be a banker, an American millionaire, or a lady of title who is known to possess valuable jewellery and to travel with a portion of it worthy of his attention.

Having made certain that his quarry will be staying at his or her hotel for a few days at least, the cracksman decides to try his luck. His next step is to ascertain the precise situation of his intended victim's room. If he cannot discover this through the medium of one of the hotel servants—and these are, for obvious reasons, usually loath to link their fortunes with those of a crook—he is forced to adopt the best subterfuge which suggests itself to him at the moment.

A ruse frequently employed is the following. He obtains some envelopes of a distinctive colour, which he cannot fail to recognise from some distance away. In this he places a tradesman's circular or other printed matter unlikely to arouse suspicion, and addresses it to his prospective quarry, in a disguised hand. Choosing a time when he knows that the booking-clerk will be busy, he saunters among the knot of visitors signing the arrival-book, asking for their letters, keys, &c., and quietly lays the missive on the table. He then moves away a few paces and watches the clerk, who notices the letter, glances at the name on the envelope, and places it in the pigeon-hole allotted to the room occupied by the addressee. The crook notices the number of the room on the pigeon-hole, and saunters quietly away, now in possession of the number of the room occupied by his quarry.

The following day he drives up to the hotel, carrying a small bag and a travelling-rug, as though he had recently arrived by train. He then asks for the room above, opposite, or next to the room occupied by the object of his professional attention, explaining that he once occupied the room before, and prefers it to any other.

The precise situation of his room depends upon his plan of campaign. He may decide to attack from outside the hotel or from the inside. In some hotels all the windows of the bedrooms of each floor open on to a veranda common to all. In this case the thief may endeavour to occupy the room above that which he intends to burgle by night, and his method of procedure may be as follows. He first takes a pliant rope from his bag, and ties one end of it to the veranda of his own window. In his stockinged feet, and armed with a small square of newspaper smeared in the centre of one side with gum, he slides down to the veranda below. On arriving there he fastens the other end of the rope to the lower veranda. He presses the gummed paper against the glass close to the window-catch, and with a diamond cuts out that portion of the pane, which, in response to a gentle pull, comes out.

He then inserts his hand, and quietly unfastens the catch. Having thus effected an entry, he rifles the room of its valuables, which, not being bulky, are easily stowed away in his pockets, when he returns by the way he came. On reaching his own veranda he unties his end of the rope, and lets it fall to the ground. The other end remains fastened to the lower veranda, and suggests that the room has been burgled from the ground. Readers will remember that the inimitable 'Raffles' once employed this method.

Should the cracksman decide to burgle a room from the inside of the hotel, he would engage a

room on the same floor, and as near to it as possible. There would be open to him several methods of gaining access to the room of his quarry. If the latter has locked his or her door, and left the key inside, the cracksman grips the barrel of the key with a pair of fine steel nippers, and turns it slowly round until he has unlocked the door. If, however, the occupant of the room has removed the key himself, he can use a 'twirler,' or skeleton-key, or—though this is less likely—utilise a duplicate key made from a wax impression of the real key, to which he has previously gained access.

But before the crook can enter the room, he must needs satisfy himself on three points—firstly, that no one is approaching; secondly, that his intended victim is still asleep; and, thirdly, that the door is not bolted as well as locked. If he is satisfied that he is still free from interruption, he gently turns the knob and pushes the door. He can thus discover the position of the bolt, which in the case of hotel doors is, foolishly enough, generally near to the keyhole. He therefore uses the keyhole as a means of access to the bolt.

Should the key be in the lock, he has no alternative but to push it boldly out into the bedroom, using a slender pencil or some equally effective ally. Other means of ejecting the key have been tried, such as that of attaching a thread to the end of the barrel by one of the well-known patent 'quick-action' glues, and gently lowering the key to the floor by slowly paying out the thread. In this case, however, there is the risk of the key tapping on the inner face of the door in its descent, and thus rousing the sleeper. Moreover, the key would reach the floor at a point about an inch away from the door, and thus tend to act as a wedge barring ingress; and any attempt to tease it farther into the room might cause a noise and, what is as serious, further loss of time, which in this case is money—and liberty!

Having now gained access to the bolt, the crook must negotiate it. This is done by inserting through the keyhole a piece of looped steel wire welded to the end of a gimlet. This home-made instrument must be gently manipulated until contact is established with the knob of the bolt, which may be pointing either upwards or downwards. Vertical leverage then turns the knob, and lateral leverage slides the bolt.

Should the bolt be some distance from the keyhole—e.g. at the top or the bottom of the door—different tactics must be employed. Our 'magsman' locates the position of the bolt, and with his bradawl bores a small hole through the door until he reaches the bolt. Into this hole he inserts the nozzle of a glass syringe loaded with an acid. The acid quickly burns its way into the metal, and eats out a hole. By giving the hole in the door a bell-mouth with the aid of a penknife or a small brace-and-bit, the thief is able not only to engage the bolt with his bradawl, but to work that instrument about until he has both turned the barrel and drawn the bolt. He then enters the room and enriches himself, defeating the finger-print experts by donning rubber gloves.

Even the formidable chain-bolt can be successfully manipulated by means of a short length of twine and a nail or a match.

HINTS ON PRAWNING FOR SALMON.

By Major G. L. Ashley Dodd.

PRAWNING for salmon is looked down upon by many as being almost a form of poaching, and numerous are the adverse comments I've heard on the prawn fisherman and his ways. It seems a pity that this should be the case, as, in its own way, prawning requires a great deal of skill and knowledge of the habits of salmon. It should never be a rival to fly-fishing.

Of course, there *are* times when and places where a salmon can be caught on either a fly or a prawn, and then I consider that the former method is certainly more sporting. But often, when a prawner can persuade a salmon, a fly-fisherman would have no chance. Similarly, in different conditions, a fly-fisherman will catch a salmon in water where prawning would be hopeless.

To my own mind, both methods are equally fair and sporting in their own way; though, personally, I should always give the fly my preference when choice was possible. But take as an instance a bright, hot day and a deep, sluggish pool, overhung by rocks, the water dead low—what earthly chance would the fly-fisherman have? None. He *might*, with luck, move a fresh-run fish in the very early morning or the late evening; but his chances would be practically *nil*. Is he, therefore, to abstain from fishing at all? It would seem to me to be far better for him to try with a prawn, with some chance of success—especially if he has paid the usual stiff rent for a beat on a salmon-river.

Last season I had a beat on the Dee for a month, during which time there was fresh water in the river only one single day. Though a keen fisherman, during that month I got only two fish on the fly to thirteen on the prawn. I fished religiously every early morning and every late evening with a fly, in every possible place where a salmon might be moved, and with a prawn during the day. If I had been a fly-purist and had scorned the prawn, my bag for a month on one of the best rivers in Scotland

would have been two fish; as it was, it was bad enough.

A few hints on prawning may be acceptable. I don't like arrays of triangles, such as what, I believe, is called the 'Dee tackle.' A single large hook run through the prawn is much preferable, if used in fairly still water. But I like even better two large hooks, brazed at right angles to each other, one covering the head of the prawn, and the other its middle. Certainly, for general use, I am inclined to the latter tackle, as the prawn is more protected, lying between the two hooks, and is less likely to get knocked about in casting.

As the prawn should swing steadily, it is a great mistake to have a swivelled cast, which will make it swim like a minnow; though one swivel at the junction between cast and line is quite good to get rid of any kinks.

As the prawn should practically travel along the bottom, leads must be used, according to the strength of the stream; but these leads should not be attached direct to the cast. The most frequent trouble is getting hung up on the bottom, and the leads are usually responsible for this. Fasten the leads into a short length of weak or semi-rotten gut, about two feet above the prawn, attaching the weak gut to the cast, like a dropper. If your leads then catch up, you lose the leads only, instead of the whole tackle. This method also tends to keep the prawn just clear of the bottom.

Remember that a salmon nearly always follows the prawn before taking it, and the time he is most likely to take a hold is when you are drawing it up at the end of your swim; so draw, towards the finish, very slowly and steadily. If he just noses it, or twitches it, don't strike, and, above all, don't stop the prawn. Keep bringing it up steadily, and, when he eventually does grip it, strike with a will, as the big barbs take some driving home.

Never throw a prawn out with an overhand cast, as some people do. The prawn will come heavily on the water, and, apart from the splash caused, the delicate tail, legs, and whiskers of the prawn will be broken. Salmon appear to be interested only in the most undamaged specimens.

The prawn should be swung out underhand as lightly as possible, the line running through the rings from the hand.

Use as short a line as ever you can; though, once the prawn is in the water, you can pay out as much as you like.

Use plenty of fine copper wire in putting the prawn on to the tackle, especially round the tail, where the play of the gut is apt to snap off the 'wings' of the tail. See that the scales on the prawn's body are all whipped in; the wire has a tendency to slip between them, thus cutting the prawn and loosening the scales.

A word as to the prawns themselves. I, personally, don't like them to be either small or big. A medium size is best, provided they are a good colour; they should be red, not a pale, pinky brown.

The best prawns to handle are those which have been newly boiled in brine, and then packed in layers of salt. These keep their colour best, and are also very tough; but those supplied in bottles by the leading tackle-makers are very good if you cannot get your own.

Prawns should be washed in ordinary water just before putting on the hook, as they will then bend more readily, and can be straightened out without risk of breaking.

One of the beauties of prawning is that you can get your prawn right to a salmon in a place where you could never get a fly, or where the salmon would never look at it. Such places are under ledges of rock where the water is deep and there is a strong undercurrent, or where trees come right out over the stream and the salmon are lying under a hollow bank.

To sum up, my advice is this. Fish with a fly, if you can; but when you can't, don't despise the humble prawn.

It will surprise the new convert to find out how much art there is in prawning, and what pleasure can be derived from it. Besides, a salmon *is* a salmon in these days.

'MY LITTLE GIRL.'

By Herbert L. Vahey.

I.

BECAUSE Dame Fortune had smiled on him, after nearly ten years of sullenness, Dan Burrows grinned, and got ready for his trip 'home.'

Brazil is no sort of a place to live in when one holds wealth in the hollow of one's hand, so to speak. In the twilight of his little hut, up among the hills at the back of Parhanjo, on the last night before he started on his journey to the coast, Dan gave 'my little girl' a very loving glance.

'Three hundred odd carats is my guess at your weight, dearie,' he said, turning the glittering diamond over. 'Ought to cut somewhere about one hundred carats. Anyway, my beauty, you 're going to make me snug and happy, I reckon.'

He replaced the gem in a leather bag attached to a cord round his neck, and pushed it inside his shirt.

There are few places in the world where every

action is viewed with greater suspicion than a diamond-prospecting area. Consequently, when Honk Wall saw Burrows packing up for home, he knew that his companion's lucky star was in the ascendant. He never mentioned the subject to Dan; and Dan, like a wise man, gave no reason for his departure.

That night Honk 'borrowed' a handy black mare, and started for Bahia, the nearest steamer port for England.

Burrows got going just before sunrise on the following day, and by noon had reached the São Todosa Cañon. He was merrily singing a snatch of an old song, when, without warning, Honk stepped from behind a boulder into the roadway, holding a revolver at the 'ready.'

'Say, Dan,' he said, with a wry smile, 'I'm not wanting to be awkward; but an unlucky man has sometimes to put polite "boodle" on one side. You've got a chunk of happiness somewhere on your carcass, and I guess no one needs it more'n me! Part up!'

Not being a cinema-actor, Dan realised that he was about as good as dead while he kept the jewel, for there are no police on point-duty in Todosa Cañon. He smiled about as merrily as a French aristocrat on his way to the guillotine, and thrust his horny hand inside his shirt.

'Here you are, Honk,' he said, handing the bag. 'I guess I'm not pleased all to bits; but you must be far through to pull on a pal like this. It isn't anyways friendly.'

'I'm as far through as any man can be who doesn't blow his brains out!' snapped Wall, examining, then pocketing, the gem.

'Much good may it do you, then, mate,' was all that Dan said. He sat down at the roadside, and started to eat a hard-boiled egg which he had taken from his knapsack. 'Sorry I can't share lunch,' he observed, after a moment, leering.

Honk nodded, mounted his mare, and rode off towards Bahia. When he was safely out of sight Burrows put the half-eaten egg back in his bag, and started back to Parhanjo. To be philosophic under all circumstances is a thing that every man learns when he lives on the raw edge of things, surrounded by half the adventurers and cut-throats on the globe.

But although there is a lot of scoundrelism in a diamond-mining district, there is also a creditable amount of chivalry among those who have missed an excellent opportunity to commit a profitable crime. To these men, that evening, Burrows appealed.

'Say, boys,' he said, in the parlour of Hogan's saloon, 'Honk Wall has pinched my bit o' luck. He was waiting for me in Todosa Cañon, and asked me for my little girl.'

'And seein' as how it was Honk Wall, you parted up good and quick?' said a weather-beaten miner, with a grim chuckle.

'I handed over quiet,' answered Dan slowly. 'He'd got a gun.'

Ten minutes later eight men were spurring madly for the coast, hoping to get Wall before he boarded the New York packet.

II.

Two days later Honk Wall, a bit shamefaced and sour-like, was led up before the magistrate, and charged with stealing Jess Hegarty's black mare, and Dan Burrows's marvellous diamond.

Wall felt his position keenly; he never had any use for men who got caught.

After the eternal parleying, argument, and undignified haggling which characterises the procedure of a Spanish South American court of justice, the first charge was proved, and for it Wall received six years' misery in the ill-reputed jail up at São Mendez. The second charge, however, failed entirely, because, on expert examination of the stone which Honk had stolen, it was found to be a flawed and rather poor white sapphire, which, years previously, Burrows had bought from a Lascar as a mascot.

Now, by all the rules of the game, Burrows should have been either prosecutor or principal witness for the State in these proceedings. In point of fact, he never showed up at all. Court emissaries who were despatched to his lonely hut learned from a half-breed servant that he had gone 'way back along of Monte Rosario' to buy new tools. Hither, hotfoot, went the minions of the law.

For two days they diligently, but vainly, searched the little mountain-town for tidings of Dan. Then, after a wild and joyous night in the local dancing-halls, they returned to Parhanjo to report—blank!

The explanation, however, was quite simple. Immediately Dan had heard that Honk had been rounded up, and stood a very small dog's chance of retaining his oft-abused freedom, he again set out for the coast-town, which, without comic-opera interlude, he reached in due course.

Ironically enough, at the very moment when the predatory Wall had received sentence, and was wrapt in gloomy contemplation of the unalluring prospect which stretched out six years before him, Burrows was seated on the edge of his bunk, aboard the s.s. *Amazon*, laughing fit to kill himself. In the intervals between the paroxysms he glanced slyly at a half-consumed, hard-boiled egg which he held between the podgy fingers of his grimy hand.

At length, taking a jack-knife from his pocket, he extracted the consolidated yolk, which he promptly swallowed, and inverted the little cup formed of the 'white' upon his coverlet.

'Come along, my little girl,' he said, with an unrestrained grin; 'it will take a smarter man than Honk Wall to part you and me—till we see London town, at any rate. You see, little lady, I want you to make my fortune!'

The stone tumbled over and flashed back its answer.

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SEVENTH SERIES

RUBBER BANDS.

By E. Burgess.

PART I.

I.

'ONE more turn of the road,' said Everett, pointing ahead with his whip, 'one more hill to climb, and we're there; and very glad you'll be, madam, eh?'

Hester sat up with a little gasp. 'Well, it *is* hot,' she replied, evading his question. 'I don't think I could stand much more of it;' and she pushed back her blue veil impatiently, and drew a long breath.

Everett jerked the reins, and the pony broke into a trot—a trot which caused Hester convulsively to grasp the rail of the buggy, for good estate roads are scarce. They had been driving for hours—years it seemed to her—along an endless succession of rutted lanes in the fierce noonday heat. In reality, only about eighteen miles had been left behind them since the train deposited them at the wayside clearing, known as a station; but, in point of discomfort, it appeared more like eighty.

Hester's head ached; she was tired and thirsty, but received no commiseration from her husband, who took the proceedings as a matter of course, and, in fact, saw no cause for either commiseration or complaint.

'You must admit it's a pretty drive,' said he, steering carefully between a laden bullock-cart and a deep ditch; 'different from anything you've seen before?'

'Oh yes,' said Hester, rather pettishly; 'it's pretty enough, but I'm so hot and dusty, I can't think about scenery;' and she glanced resentfully at the red road overhung with tropical foliage, and the unwinking blue above, as though nature were spitefully conscious of her misery.

'You'll be all right after a rest and a change,' said Everett easily. 'By Jove! it's good to be back in the old jungle. I was getting fed-up with idling.'

'I thought you enjoyed the honeymoon,' she said, hurt.

'So I did,' he rejoined heartily; 'but I'm glad to be at work again; and there's lots to do, I've no doubt, after eight months' absence. Lord! how those trees have grown!' He looked about with interest as they entered the estate boundary. 'Now, here we are, my Rubber Princess.'

He pulled up the pony before a whitewashed palisade. 'Take a good look at your future home;' and Hester looked.

Before her a roughly built bungalow, raised from the ground on pillars, with a flight of stone steps and a deep veranda with overhanging eaves of *attap*, like shaggy eyebrows. A clump of wind-blown coco-nut palms, a sandy waste of so-called garden, with ragged marigolds, some native shrubs, and a few long-legged fowls scratching among the stones.

At the sound of wheels a *syce* came running from somewhere at the back to hold the horse.

Everett sprang joyously out, returning the man's salutation in fluent Malay. Hester said not a word.

He helped her down, questioning the servant as to various happenings, and then, like a schoolboy, ran eagerly up the steps.

'Hullo!' A stout young man with a round red face appeared in the veranda, blinking nervously behind his spectacles as they approached. 'Why, Everett! I didn't expect you till to-morrow. Hardly finished turning out yet—all in a muddle still,' he began.

Everett gave him a vigorous clap on the shoulder. 'That's all right! How are you, old chap? The mail got in a day early, so we came straight along.—Dear'—he turned to Hester—'this is Mr Crawford, who's been carrying on for me.'

Hester received a damp hand-shake and a perspiring bow.

'Now, Crawford, what's the news, and where's the whisky?—Hester, you'd like some lime-juice.—Hi, "boy"!'

'It's no good calling the "boy,"' said Crawford, flustered. 'Your servants have gone to the other bungalow with my togs. I'll get you some drinks. Sorry; but you must excuse these deficiencies, Mrs Everett.'

'Of course she will,' cried Everett cheerily, for Hester seemed stricken dumb. 'It's only a bit of a picnic, after all. Well, how's everything doing here?'

Crawford was busy opening soda-water and

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knocking over glasses in his short-sighted endeavour in the inner room. Everett went to help him. Hester could hear them laughing together.

She drew a long breath, and subsided into a cane chair among the litter of packing.

II.

So this was her future home!

Bare white-washed walls; bare boarded floors; a teak table scattered with papers and pipes, and ornamented with many rings where wet tumblers had stood; several lounge-chairs more or less dilapidated; a rack of battered sun topees; a half-opened case of whisky; and red dust everywhere.

Hester was not of the stuff of which emigrants or heroines are made. Life on an Eastern estate, from a Kensington standpoint, signified waving palms and gorgeous colouring, legions of attentive, white-draped servants, luxurious hammocks, and herself the centre of an admiring throng of romantic young planters.

Instead—this.

A wave of anger surged over her; she felt she had been deceived, grossly taken in. Never once had Everett described surroundings such as these. True, he had spoken enthusiastically of the jungle, of the estate, of the many acres planted, the many yet to be felled and burnt. He had called Crawford a rattling good chap, and the bungalow airy and cool. She would not have believed it possible that he could have endured such squalor—yes, squalor was the word.

An open door on her right revealed an equally untidy bedroom; an unmade bed, with a soiled mosquito-net slung on strings from the ceiling; muddy boots and clothing flung in all directions; while across the compound she caught a glimpse of a deserted cookhouse, where unwashed saucepans were huddled round an earthen water-jar, and a draggled cock was pecking in a choked drain.

She made no allowance for a hasty packing—no allowance for a bachelor establishment. Her anger grew, and she had much ado to prevent herself from bursting into passionate tears.

Everett saved the situation by returning with a tray of tumblers and a freshly opened tin of biscuits.

'Here you are! All the luxuries of the season,' he cried cheerfully. 'Crawford's mixing you a lime-juice. Fortunate we arrived now, or he might have been at the other bungalow as well as the servants. Well, here's luck and success to the new home!'

Hester found speech. 'It doesn't look much of a home at present,' she said, struggling to hide her annoyance. 'I must say Mr Crawford might have got it clean and tidy.'

'Hush!' cried Everett, alarmed; 'he'll hear you. We have to be careful what we say in these open-work houses. What's the matter with the bungalow? Looks all right to me. Well, a bit unsettled, perhaps,' glancing round; 'but wait till you've got out your books and photographs.—Come on, Crawford, and join me in a *stengah*. How's the factory doing, and the new coolie lines? I had a look at Field D as we drove by; the trees seem flourishing.'

They were off, deep in estate matters, with no reference to Hester at all.

As she sipped her lime-juice and crumbled a biscuit, she listened with growing disgust.

What did she care about weeding contracts and monthly pay-sheets, the price of raw rubber or the failure of catch crops? She had expected something totally different; had expected to find herself—the bride of a month—the centre of attraction; had looked forward to being mistress of a pretty, elegant home, and ruling as a little queen among the bachelor assistants; whereas she found a dirty, unkempt house, and one fat, clumsy young man on whom to exercise her fascination.

She looked at him with irritation as he sat uncomfortably perched on the whisky-case, his face shining with perspiration, minus a collar, his canvas boots red with dust. She did not know that he had been up since dawn, poor wretch, and that, instead of taking his midday siesta and bath as usual, he had postponed both till he had finished wrestling with the packing. No doubt he had equal cause for irritation at their untimely arrival; but to this Hester gave no thought. She was not accustomed to spend much thought on others; all her pity was for herself.

'Can I see my room?' she asked at last, resentfully, breaking in abruptly upon their discussion.

'Why, of course.' Everett rose obediently. 'I dare say you'd like to rest a bit while I go round the factory with Crawford. Our luggage will be along presently in a bullock-cart, and then you can amuse yourself unpacking. This will be our room now—it's larger and cooler.'

He threw open a screen-door on the right, and ushered her in.

The room had been used as an office and store cupboard, and still bore traces of its occupation in various torn papers, tins, and siphons.

'We'll get it fixed up nicely when the "boy" comes back,' said Everett happily. 'You won't mind being left for a little? I dare say the cook will turn up for tiffin.'

'And am I to be quite alone in the bungalow?' exclaimed Hester, her eyes dilating. 'If the servants do return, I can't understand a word of Malay. And suppose a *tiger* should come!' Her voice broke.

Everett threw back his head and laughed heartily. 'In that case no one would be more surprised than the tiger,' he replied. 'Come, Crawford;' and they were gone.

Hester took off her sun-hat and veil, and flung them angrily on the hard bed under its dingy rolled-up net; then, not even stopping for a hasty glance in the glass—a sure sign of perturbation in a woman—sank into a broken rattan chair, and looked tragically round: at the cobwebs hanging in festoons from the rafters; at an army of ants marching in a long trail from the sugar-bin to the veranda; at the general neglect visible everywhere.

'The bride, her home-coming!' she said to herself sarcastically. 'Well——!'

III.

A month had passed. To Hester it had seemed interminable. Not that she was idle; in spite of her resentment and disappointment, she had vigorously set to work, and the bungalow reaped the benefit.

With the aid of a couple of coolies and a good deal of dumb show she had resolutely exorcised the demon Dirt. The 'boys' might grumble, but she was obdurate. 'I am not going to live in a pig-sty,' was the daily refrain of her scornful thoughts; and with British obstinacy she achieved the desired result.

The heavy baggage from the steamer had by this time arrived, and cushions, pictures, art cretonne, and a lamp-shade worked wonders.

Many hot tears fell on the various wedding-presents as she unpacked, and home-sickness shook her soul. She had not valued half enough all the care and tenderness of the home people. How lightly she had sailed away, secure in an ardent lover-husband's affection! How gaily she had waved good-bye from the P. & O. deck, encircled by his arm!

The life ahead had promised romance and excitement, interest of every sort. And, behold, it was narrowed down to this!

Everett looked upon her toil with amusement. The estate occupied all his time; earnest and energetic, he laboured early and late, and the appearance of the bungalow mattered little to him. Provided the cook sent up a good dinner, and his papers were undisturbed, it was all he required. He viewed Hester's efforts much in the same light as those of a little girl putting a doll's house to rights.

Once he had got a firm grip of the estate again, he would buy her a pony, and take her down to the nearest town, forty miles away, for a little gaiety; but for the present he must grind hard to get affairs in hand and send satisfactory reports home. The work interested him; the life suited him. He whistled gaily as he rode off at dawn, and slept happily in his long chair all the evening. He had enjoyed his leave. Now it was over, and with sound common-sense he took up the daily round again.

And Hester? She regarded her husband with astonishment. He appeared to her a totally changed being. No longer the adoring lover of idle days, the plantation occupied Everett's every thought. He slept and woke and ate to an accompaniment of rubber. She had known, of course, that there was work to be done, but in her thoughts it had formed a mere background to herself. Now she found the estate paramount, and herself in the background. It was not a pleasant sensation; to the spoilt, town-bred girl the realisation was bitter.

'Aren't there any other planters about?' she asked listlessly one evening, as they sat in the veranda over their coffee. The velvet-like darkness beyond was spangled with fire-flies, and a faint stirring in the palms told of a wandering breeze abroad. The night was the pleasantest time, if it were not for the mosquitoes, and almost reconciled her to the heat and discomfort of the day.

Everett was consulting a check-roll, and replied absently, 'Eh, what? Oh, well, there's Crawford.'

'Crawford, indeed!' said Hester petulantly. 'He might be an owl with his blinking and his spectacles; I don't count him. Aren't there any amusing people—any women?'

Everett pulled at his pipe. 'There's Mrs Millar,' he said ruminatingly.

Hester sat up. 'Is she nice? Is she young? Where does she live? Can't I meet her?' she cried eagerly.

'Well, she lives about fifteen miles off, but she's in India at present. I don't think you'd care for her—she's Eurasian.'

Hester's interest dropped. 'Nobody else?' she queried, waving off in disgust the flying ants that lay 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa' about the lamp. 'At home you spoke as if there were quite a little society, but I haven't seen a soul.'

'This is a young estate,' explained Everett. 'The older ones are more up-to-date—several assistants, married; usually there's a tennis-court and a motor, and sometimes a club—but, you see, we're so isolated here. Those things will come in time. By the way, we must see more of Crawford, Hetty. Ask him to dinner to-morrow, and put him up; there's no moon to ride back by.'

'Mr Crawford's so dull,' said Hester, pouting. 'And you'll talk rubber the whole evening; it's worse for me than having nobody.'

Everett laughed. 'You haven't yet mastered the fact that the estate is not here for us; we are here for the good of the estate,' he said, leaning over to pat her hand. 'Get that into your little head, and it will make all the difference. You'll get quite fond of it in time, and be as excited as I am over big yields and successful output.'

'*Never!*' said Hester to herself.

IV.

Nevertheless she did invite Crawford to dinner in a prettily worded note—which he forgot to

answer—and dressed herself carefully in one of her trousseau frocks. She decorated the table with jungle ferns, and supplemented the eternal dish of chicken with various tinned delicacies.

Sitting with the lamp-light falling on her fair face, her cheeks becomingly flushed from her exertions, she made quite a charming picture as Crawford, in his short-sighted way, came blundering up the steps.

'Hot evening, Mrs Everett.' He greeted her with his usual embarrassment.

Hester put down her book. 'All the evenings are hot,' she said with a sigh. 'So are the mornings, and the afternoons, and every bit of the day.'

'You 'll get used to it in time,' he responded encouragingly. 'What do you think of estate life, now you 've seen more of it?'

'It seems all estate and no life,' she replied dryly. 'Philip has been out since 5 A.M., and I 've exchanged two words with the "boy" in Malay—that 's all I know.'

'You must study the language,' said Crawford hopefully. 'I 'll bring you over a dictionary.'

Hester raised a protesting hand. 'Please, don't—I hate the language! Bring me some novels, if you like; I 've read everything here.'

'You should play patience,' he suggested.

She shot a mocking glance at him. 'I do,' she said ironically, 'and solitaire, too. Oh dear! how late Philip is!'

She rose and went languidly to the veranda steps, leaning her elbows on the rail and gazing out into the darkness.

Crawford studied her with a vague disquiet.

He had been glad when he heard of Everett's marriage. A pretty, lively girl would cheer them both up, be a pleasing distraction after the day's work. He had never contemplated the possibility of her being bored and dissatisfied. He looked at her uneasily.

'Do you play bridge?' asked Hester, turning suddenly. 'We might have a three-handed game after dinner. No? Whist, then—beggar-my-neighbour—anything to keep rubber at bay! Sometimes I feel desperate, Mr Crawford, as if I could scream, when you and Philip go on hour after hour about rubber. Till I came out here I never gave the wretched stuff a thought, and now my whole life seems bounded by it—stifled by it.' She looked scornfully at her left hand. 'I wonder I wasn't married with a rubber ring,' she said derisively.

'Oh, come, Mrs Everett, it 's not so bad as that,' began Crawford, confused.

'It is,' said Hester decidedly. 'It 's worse. Ah, here is Philip!' She ran down the steps. 'Well, are all your precious trees in order, seeds growing, latex flowing, chunkels hoeing?'

Everett smiled complacently, missing the gibe. 'All serene,' he agreed; 'and I 'm hungry. Crawford here? That 's good; and after supper we 'll have a go at the accounts.'

'No, we won't,' cried Hester, stamping her foot. 'Mr Crawford 's going to show us some card-tricks, so hurry and get ready.'

'But I don't know a single card-trick,' stammered Crawford, dismayed.

'Don't you?' said Hester indifferently. 'We 'll play cat's cradle, then;' and she looked at him, laughing, but contemptuous.

But after dinner, in spite of the young man's clumsy efforts to prevent it, the conversation turned inevitably to the forbidden topic, and, with a shrug of resignation, Hester subsided into the shadow.

Everett could not see, and Crawford could not fathom, the smile with which she listened.

(*Continued on page 616.*)

EXPECTATION OF LIFE.

WHEN I am at a loose end for interesting reading, as often happens on a wet evening, I very often take down my old friend *Whitaker's Almanack*, and invariably find something of living interest.

Once more have I made this great discovery to-night. I pulled down the book from the shelf, and, opening it at random, lighted upon the page containing details of the 'Present Value of a Lease, Freehold Estate, or Annuity;' but as I have no leases, and my freehold 'castle in Spain' has merely a sentimental value, I promptly turned over a new leaf, proceeding to the next page, which gives statistics as to the 'Expectation of Life.'

Now, indeed, did I begin to sit up and take notice, for here was a matter of practical interest. Though I am landless, and well-nigh moneyless, I am, in fact, the lessee of my own life, which, after all, is of far greater value to me than mere property.

Life is my asset—almost my only asset. What is the present value of this great annuity? Of course, I ought to know that my individual life is an asset of desperately uncertain value; but, like most men, I try my hardest to shut my eyes to obvious facts. I do not wish to die yet awhile, for, on the whole, this world, bad as it is, has behaved very well to me. But I am sixty years of age, and this year my illustrious name appeared in the official census for the seventh time.

At my time of life I ought to recognise that the inevitable end is drawing nearer and nearer; but, as a matter of fact, I live out my life as if I were absolutely ignorant of this unpleasant

truism, and act just as if it were an absolute freehold rather than a short lease of uncertain length. For the longer I live the farther removed appears to be the great climax.

When I was a child at Sunday-school I was taught to sing 'I Want to be an Angel,' and I did sing that hymn most enthusiastically, with a voice that merited my immediate excommunication from a choir of self-respecting crows; though, as a matter of fact, I did not want to be an angel then, and am not especially anxious to be an angel just yet awhile. I do want to live a little longer, and hope that until the end of the chapter I shall want to live just a little longer; for though kind friends try to cheer me up by assuring me to my face that I am a 'grumpy old fossil,' and hint, *sotto voce*, that I am 'breaking fast,' yet I absolutely refuse to believe them.

I am not deaf; people do not now speak as distinctly as they did some years ago—their elocution is defective. My sight is not dim; the gas of the present day does not give as much light as it did before the war. I am not getting feeble; but what on earth is the good of walking far when trams and omnibuses and tubes are so cheap, even in these hard times? I am merely saving boot-leather. I am not grumpy; but other people, more especially younger people, will persist in contradicting me. And I absolutely hate to have young people stand up to give me a seat in the tram or the tube, for I am still able to stand as well as the youngest of them, and I will stand if I so wish.

This is why I like the almanack of Mr Whitaker. It does cheer up 'old fogies' like myself. Before my bespectacled eyes it dangles the hope of living a little longer, just as the disingenuous coster dangles the carrot in front of the nose of his innocent and unsophisticated quadruped.

Mr Whitaker bids me hope. Now that I am sixty years of age, he assures me that I may expect to live until the age of seventy-three—a further lease of thirteen years. But that does not end the matter, for when I am seventy-three he assures me that I may expect to live another seven years, which carries me on to the age of eighty.

Even at eighty 'hope springs eternal in the human breast'; I am then given the expectation of living until the age of eighty-five. At eighty-five I may hope to live until eighty-eight or nine; and so on, stage by stage, until the time arrives when, as a giddy youth of one hundred and five, I am told that I may still expect to live for another twelve months. Thus there is always the hope of another year of life; as Cicero tells us, 'there is no man so old but that he expects to live another year.'

There can be no possible fallacy in my argument from ascertained facts, because it is based upon statistics, and, as we know, statistics are like George Washington; they cannot lie, however hard they may try. But I must honestly confess that I have no very keen desire to live until the age of one hundred and six; I only want to live a little longer.

Up to the present I have been looking only on the bright side of the shield. But there is another side, which requires to be polished up by the energetic use of some effective 'elbow-grease.' On going further into the statistics I find that the bright star of Hope is somewhat eclipsed by the dark cloud of sadness.

Out of every hundred boys who were born in England and Wales in the illustrious year 1860 there are now only forty-one survivors, and it strikes me that by 1940 there will be only eight of us alive to praise the good old times of the eighties and to complain of the present high cost of living.

In 1925 the original band of one hundred will have dwindled to thirty-three; and in 1930 three of us will be able to draw an old age pension, two of us will be in the workhouse, and (if we are lucky enough not to be found out) not a single one among us will be in jail, however great may be our deserts. And all of us who are then alive will be probably telling lies as to the great deeds performed by us in the days of our youth, and querulously complaining that the young men of the present day are not worth their salt.

Looking back over the years, we men of sixty years of age are brought face to face with the fact that upon the onward march of our awkward squad we have lost the greater part of our comrades. In 1860 we formed a 'half company' of infants, 'mewling and puking in our nurses' arms'; but seventeen of our number fell out of the ranks in the very first year of the campaign. Only seventy-three of us were able to start work at ages varying from twelve to sixteen; for most of us had to start work fairly early in those days before the School Board had got into full swing, and long before the days of free education. When we reached the age of twenty-five, and seriously considered the question of marriage, our number had been reduced to sixty-nine, of whom eighteen decided to remain bachelors for a little while longer. Twelve of the eighteen found that the man who hesitates is lost; they either decided (or were compelled) to remain bachelors until the end of the chapter.

Upon the critical age of forty being reached, our dwindling ranks had been reduced from the original one hundred to sixty-one, and five of our number had died, leaving widows and young children. Thus we steadily but surely diminished, losing at least one comrade every year, until now the surviving men of sixty years of age form a minority, of whom ten are widowers. The casualties must now necessarily be greater in each successive year, so that in

thirty years' time there will remain only one single veteran of ninety years of age to totter along the King's highway

Who will he be? Will it be I?

Of course, the chances are that I may be the one man who will fall out of the ranks in the next twelve months. We never know our luck. The thought is not consoling. So I will steadfastly refuse to look upon that side of the shield, and will continue to put reliance in the hopeful assurance of my true friend Mr Whitaker that there may be still thirteen years of life ahead, and that at the end of that time the question of granting me a further extension of the lease may be reconsidered.

While there 's life there 's hope. And there is life in the old dog yet.

I know full well that this subject has been far more ably and eloquently dealt with in the 'Vision of Mirza,' and trust that this article may induce some one at least to take down his *Spectator* and read the 'Vision' once again.

MOLLY ON A MONDAY.

PART III.

VI.

MOLLY did not feel too well. For the last week she had slept badly, or not at all, and the noise of the traffic gave her a splitting headache. Without any very definite purpose, she wandered about the better-class shopping quarters for an hour. She caught glimpses of neat, intelligent-looking girls behind the counters of splendid shops, and envied them their good fortune. Work in this part of the town had been her one ambition for a long time.

Towards lunch-time her headache grew worse, and she would have given much for a cup of tea in the quietest corner of one of the many cafés near at hand; but she had formed the habit of walking to town without her purse, for fear the temptation of squandering pennies on tram-fares might become too strong for her. False economy, no doubt; but to the unemployed the immediate, visible penny is of more importance than the less visible wear-and-tear of shoe-leather. At this moment, however, the thought of the three-mile walk back to her lodgings sickened the girl. She felt that if she did not rest soon she would lose control of herself completely. Suddenly she stumbled forward; her right hand, feeling instinctively for support, kept her from losing balance altogether. Molly remained perfectly motionless for a few moments, and then her head cleared a little. She became aware that her hand was pressed against the smooth, cold surface of glass, and trembled with horror at the thought that she might have broken the expensive plate-glass window against which she found herself leaning.

She remained looking in at the window for a few moments, in order to gain something like control over herself. It was a tastefully dressed window, and belonged to that most famous and select of all gentlemen's outfitters, the Mascot Company. Molly sometimes dreamed that she was working for the Mascot Company, and this dream always made her ridiculously happy, for the Mascot Company did not expect one to badger unfortunate customers into buying articles they did not want, or bully one unmercifully for losing a sale, or address one as 'Miss—er—er.' One could work for the Mascot Company and still retain one's self-respect. Regretfully she moved away from the window, and was just turning to go, when, through the open doorway, she saw Henry—Henry in his shirt-sleeves, behind a glass-topped counter, *with a bundle of socks in his hands*.

For the second time Molly almost lost her balance. Then she was filled with a burning indignation that gave her strength. In her heart of hearts she had never really ceased to hope that ignorance rather than selfishness had been the cause of his refusing to make a purchase that Monday morning three weeks ago; but it appeared now that Henry was a salesman himself, and must know, therefore, the consequences of his meanness. It was no use attempting to disguise the truth any longer. Henry's motive had been revenge—the revenge of a cad. Molly was very near to tears just then. This was the most bitter moment of three bitter weeks. Her indignation gave place to dull misery. With drooping head she turned, and then a new thought occurred to her. Why not give Henry a taste of his own medicine? Her eyes began to glint with a hard light. She looked into the shop again. A little beyond Henry stood a thick-set, middle-aged man, with hard, alert eyes, and a bristling, close-cropped moustache. Molly felt sure he was the manager. So much the better, she thought vindictively. Henry was still folding socks, the rapt look of the genuine artist in his eyes. It seemed to the girl that the thick-set man was eyeing Henry with strong disapproval.

Seizing her umbrella firmly, Molly marched unsteadily into the shop. She reached Henry's counter, and noting a vacant chair, sank into it with a little gasp of relief.

Henry looked up with a start. 'G-g-good-morning,' he greeted, his voice thick with conflicting emotions. 'W-w——'

The girl's eyes blazed triumphantly. 'Please show me some socks—gentlemen's socks,' she

requested coldly. Then she wriggled herself into a more comfortable position, and patted her skirt. From the corner of her eye she saw that the thick-set man was looking at Henry with a fixed and sombre glare.

VII.

When she glanced again at Henry, she saw with amazement that he was laughing. A soft, pleasant laugh, which went well with a quiet satisfaction in his gray eyes.

'No, you don't,' he said calmly. 'What you want is not socks, but a cup of tea, and, if you 'll excuse me for one moment, we 'll go out together and get one. Please don't run away again.' Henry was as good as his word. He disappeared for a moment, and then returned, dressed for the street.

Without quite knowing how it all happened, Molly soon found herself seated in the quietest corner of a quiet little café, with a cup of stimulating tea in front of her, and on the other side of the table, regarding her with a mingled expression of awe and admiration, was the masterful Henry.

She was about to speak, but he stopped her with a gesture.

'After the tea,' he said firmly. 'You look as if you need it.'

'I—I—do, but——'

'Plenty of time for explanations,' declared Henry.

She submitted meekly, and for the next few moments Henry sat in silence, watching her drink tea, and wondering if the tea fully appreciated the honour that was being done to it in being permitted to touch those lips.

'Won't you get into trouble, leaving the shop this way?' she asked at last, trying hard to keep her tone at the conversational level, and to hide the anxiety she could not help feeling. 'The manager looked awfully——'

'The manager?'

'That short, stout man who stood near you.'

Henry smiled. 'He isn't the manager,' he said calmly. 'He 's the owner, and, incidentally, my father. He doesn't seem able to keep away, somehow. I 'm the manager.'

Molly gasped feebly.

'I 'm awfully glad you turned up just when you did,' declared Henry, breaking a long silence. 'You 've probably saved me from going to prison.'

'Prison!'

He nodded. 'Um—for assault and battery. You remember that Monday morning I didn't buy a pair of socks from you?'

'Yes,' she answered, with a touch of bitterness which escaped him. 'I remember.'

'Well,' continued Henry, 'I returned to Cohen & Bell's the same evening, in the hope of seeing you again. I hung about for more than half-an-hour; but not catching a single glimpse of you in all that time, I decided to do the obvious thing. Imagine my feelings when I was told that you had left suddenly—never was so dropped on in all my life. I asked the manager where you lived. He looked at me as if he would like to bite me, and said he didn't know. That, of course, was untrue, and I told him so; but he was as stubborn as a mule, and, apart from informing me that Cohen & Bell's were very sorry to lose you, refused to utter another word. I went away feeling pretty rotten, I can tell you. You see, I thought that perhaps I had had something to do with your sudden disappearance; that you were afraid I—I might become a perpetual source of annoyance, and I was anxious to assure you that you had nothing to fear from me; that, if you wished it, I would go right away and never see you again—even if it killed me. The following evening I called round again, but with no better result! Since then I have interviewed that Simpson person regularly every other evening for about three weeks. The last time I saw him was last Friday, and I 'm afraid I rather lost my temper. I promised that if he didn't supply the required information by Monday—to-night, you know—I 'd knock his thick head off, and—well, I suppose he 'll have the police waiting for me. He could tell by the look on my face that I meant what I said. But won't you have some more tea?'

'Yes,' answered Molly meekly. 'Thank you.'

Henry passed the teapot, and then began to laugh, without apparent reason.

She stared at him in amazement.

'You might not believe it,' he said apologetically, 'but I very nearly bought a pair of those socks.'

The girl drew a deep breath. 'Why didn't you?' she asked anxiously.

'Oh, I remembered in time your opinion of men who affect hectic hosiery—we went into the subject very thoroughly that Sunday evening, and you were most emphatic about it. The socks you showed me were pretty lurid. I was irresistibly attracted by a pair of light-green ones with a sort of rattlesnake crawling up the sides. They positively fascinated me for a moment, and then you gave me a look that warned me in time. But I shall never forget those socks; they were a brilliant patch of colour in an otherwise drab existence.'

A little sigh of thankfulness escaped Molly. 'I don't remember giving you a warning look, but I 'm glad you didn't buy those socks—now.'

A silence fell between them.

'Are you going out of business for good?' Henry asked at last.

'Oh no,' she answered simply. 'I 've already lost more time than I can afford, but I positively couldn't stand Cohen & Bell's any longer. I—I shall be glad to start work again.'

'Thank goodness!' murmured Henry, with a sigh of relief. 'I thought perhaps you were going to get married, like our Miss De Smythe.'

'Miss who?' asked Molly, with a sharpness which surprised herself almost as much as it did Henry.

'Miss De Smythe, who looks after the ladies' counter. We don't do a very extensive ladies' business—gloves and wraps, and—er—well, gloves and wraps, you know. I've been thinking that if you could start straight away, and get into our ways before Miss De Smythe leaves, it would be very useful indeed.'

Molly did not answer; she could not.

Henry, watching her anxiously, misunderstood her silence. 'I—I hope you are not afraid of a repetition of—of—oh, well, you know what I mean. I must have been mad that night; but I'm not such a rotter as——'

The girl looked straight at him. 'I don't think you are a rotter at all,' she said quietly.

There was another long silence.

'Then I can consider myself forgiven, and you will come to the Mascot?'

She nodded.

'I'm glad of that,' he answered gravely, 'for I'm not without hope that, when you've grown used to me, it's just possible that—I mean to say, it is not altogether impossible that——' He broke off in utter confusion.

Molly regarded him thoughtfully. 'I should think,' she said, in an impersonal tone, 'that to such a determined young man as yourself nothing is altogether impossible.'

Henry looked at her doubtfully for a moment, and then a great light shone in his eyes. 'Monday is my lucky day,' he declared, almost reverently. 'I was born on a Monday.'

Molly laughed softly. 'I was born on a Sunday myself. I think Sunday is as good as Monday any day in the week.'

THE END.

TIMBUCTOO.

By C. D. PRIEST.

I.

MANY people have asked me if Timbuctoo is an island; others said they thought it was a myth; so I think a slight geographical explanation would be advisable before describing this famous old-time city.

Timbuctoo is in Haut-Sénégal-Niger, a colony belonging to the French in West Africa. The town is situated about fourteen kilometres from the most northerly point of the river Niger, and in the rainy season is reached by a canal from Kabara, the so-called port. In the dry season, when the river is very low, a canoe can be got only to Koryiamo, and from there one rides a pony across the dry marsh-land and sand-dunes to this mysterious city.

I shall never forget the morning I arrived. I knew that I had at last come to my Mecca, and eagerly scanned the horizon for a glimpse of what I had longed to see since my earliest childhood days. I was not disappointed. From my pony I could descry what appeared to be huge buildings in the far distance, enshrouded in a haze, and it was only after passing through a thick wood of thorn-trees and scrub that I realised how close I was to the town, and how the buildings stood out against the blue sky and the yellow sand of the desert.

It was the Governor's palace that had chiefly attracted my attention, but other well-built offices and houses of solid stone added to the view, and I marvelled how such edifices could have sprung up in the desert. But I had not come all that long way to study modern desert architecture; I had come to see the natives in their houses of a thousand years ago, and to study their mode of life in those old times—the same as it is to-day, in point of fact.

In spite of my hatred of modern buildings, I had to make use of one in order to see the panorama. It was from the flat roof of the Governor's palace that I saw an indescribably wonderful sight.

It was 8 A.M. The sun had not got too high to make things uncomfortable, but shed a warm glow all over the city, causing shadows, reflections, and the sand to harmonise with the general colour-scheme of the morning. The first thing that attracted my attention was a mosque—a mud dome some fifty feet high—at the far corner of the city, its isolated position making it conspicuous amidst the irregular and curiously shaped house-tops. From my point of vantage I could see Arabs, Moors, and Tuaregs wandering along the narrow streets; camels with riders, camels with loads, donkeys with packs; pedestrians shuffling along with their sandals clattering against their heels; I could hear women and boys calling out their market wares; and here and there I noticed the red fez cap of the French Tirailleurs. This wonderful moving picture filled me with the desire to get nearer to the natives.

It was now getting warm, in fact hot, so at the invitation of one of the French officers I went to his house near the North Fort. It was a charming place, built of mud in a true Arabic style, with such doors and windows as one sees in Morocco. Divans and cushions were in great evidence, and I presently found myself comfortably settled down, with a cool

drink brought to me by orderly. The morning was passed in exchanging hunting experiences, and discussing how the British lived in Nigeria compared with the French in Senegal. Soon it was eleven o'clock, when an excellent *déjeuner* was served in this unique little house.

In the evening I was taken round the market, visited the famous old mosque, saw where the slave-market used to be, and the present-day settlement of the freed slaves. Deep sand was everywhere—roads or paths do not exist, and unless one rides a pony one gets very undesirably hot.

At seven o'clock I dined on the roof of a house in the South Fort. It was one of those still African nights, with a bright moon. The chanting of the Arab dancers could be heard in the distance, and the steady beat of the tom-tom went on all night. The air was cool and fresh, but the night was never quiet, as is always the case in Africa.

II.

The next day was very different in appearance. A brisk wind had sprung up during the night, and I was unable to see half a mile from my veranda owing to the fine sand which hung over the desert and the city like a mantle of fog, and blew into the house in a most objectionable manner. However, I had promised to visit the chief 'Marabout,' or priest, during the morning, so rode off with an officer as my guide.

The 'Marabout' was sitting on a mat outside his house, a dear old man of some sixty Timbuctoo seasons, clothed in a long flowing white gown and a turban. His face was intelligent, and as soon as he found I spoke Arabic he beamed with delight, a thing these staid old Mohammedan men rarely do; in fact, I think one could count on one's fingers the number of times they laugh in a year. He took us into his hall—a sort of porch—and offered us tea, a great drink of the natives of these parts, drunk 'neat' out of a glass by them, the tea, as a rule, being as strong as stout in colour, and made very sweet with sugar. I saw little or no coffee being drunk by the natives in French West Africa, and was surprised, as I had always thought it was such a great Arab drink. We politely refused the tea, but smoked a good cigarette his boy brought us. The 'Marabout' himself did not smoke, however.

He told me I was the first Englishman he had ever spoken to, and was pleased to meet a friend of the French, of whom he had a very high opinion. He asked me what I thought of his native town, and when I told him I had often read about Timbuctoo, he seemed pleased at the idea of his town being known throughout the world, and started to tell me how big it was when he was a boy, and how still bigger it was in his father's time, and so on. Now there are scarcely more than eight thousand inhabitants, and many of these are nomads, passing through with cattle or engaged in the great salt trade from the Central Sahara. Knowing how cordially all Mohammedans really dislike Christians, and how they hate being seen talking to them, as the conversation flagged I urged my friend to say *au-revoir*; so, after the usual hand-shake, which consists of holding the man's hand for several seconds, perfectly still, we went on our way.

The market-place was now getting full; meat, covered with flies innumerable, and all sorts of eatables were being sold, and quite four or five languages were distinguishable at times, the guttural sounds of the Tuareg, or cattle-owner, being perhaps the most predominant. The natives sat on mats under the shelter of little grass shanties. The sun was blazing hot at noon, and I was glad of my sun-umbrella, as I felt very hot in that curious-smelling atmosphere. I saw all sorts of trades represented: the butcher, the saddler, the leather-worker, the grocer, the jeweller and perfumer, the barber, the blacksmith, the tailor, and, last but not least, the fried-fish dealer! There is a big trade in dried fish caught in the Niger, and the native is very fond of fish, so it can be readily understood how a 'sun-dried fish merchant' soon sold out. I bought some pretty blue amulets and necklaces as curios, and was pestered by an ex-soldier, who spoke a little French, to buy some of his cigarettes. I did, but I soon found out my error when I lit one!

In the market-place are three European commercial houses where the ordinary commodities of life can be bought for a very exorbitant price. I remember asking how much a bottle of white wine was, and being told fifty-five francs! I think it was only Graves at that.

After leaving the market-place we came to a large hollow in the ground, which, I was told, was for many years the home of an old hippopotamus, who became tame somehow or other, and in bygone days used to live there, much as a pig lounges about a farmyard nowadays. The water had dried up, and there were no signs of the hippo. Apparently the town years ago must have been very much nearer the Niger than it is now.

III.

The streets, or, rather, passages, were now full of people, either going to or returning from the market, where they get all the news—as we do from our daily papers. The *Anglais* seemed to be a great topic.

Arab boys and girls ran past one like fleet little gazelles, while men in passing saluted by raising the hand. The women either turned tail and ran, or passed in a very bashful manner. These women, of course, are only the servants of the big Arabs and Moors; the rich native woman never leaves her house from one year's end to another—unless to travel with her man,

and then she is veiled up completely, and it is difficult to tell if it is a male or a female perched on the top of a camel. It is the Tuareg women and girls who do most of the household work for the more educated and richer natives. These girls are most pleasant to look at, but very dirty; they never wash, as their home is usually in the heart of the desert, and there is no water to wash with there—only enough to drink from the water-bags which are on their camels or oxen. The Tuareg is nearly white—or I should perhaps say light coffee-colour—while Arabs are very often far lighter in colour than a sunburnt European. Their eyes, as a rule, are very beautiful, but in character they are jealous and deceitful. As it happened, that very day was the anniversary of the day on which the Commander of Timbuctoo was murdered in his office by a Moor.

Beggars are to be found in all African towns, but I must say I never saw such a pitiable collection as there was in 'Tombouctou' (as the native calls it). Some were blind, some were cripples, others old and feeble, but all chanted some song or prayer in a monotone, beseeching Allah and the passer-by to give them alms. The native is, as a rule, kind to them, but cruel to his animals. Donkeys and camels get a very rough time, the usual cure for a sore back or girth gall being a green leaf and a little sand rubbed in.

Little remains of the house of Barth, the great African explorer of last century; but I was shown what was left of it, and marvelled at the manner in which this famous man must have existed while he was compelled to stay in the city, long before the French had conquered West Africa, which was only twenty-eight years ago, General Joffre being the great pioneer. In those twenty-eight years how things must have astounded the curious mind of the native, for one finds a large paddle-boat of some two hundred tons at Timbuctoo in the rains, and can see the six tall masts of the wireless station from the city house-tops, and hear the hum of the aeroplane which brings the mails up from Dakar. The telephone and the telegraph are also in use, the latter being greatly used by the merchants. Then, again, money was little known of fifty years ago—it was all barter and exchange; and even to-day cowrie-shells are used in the market. Silver is scarce, and paper-money is reluctantly taken.

Europeans now number some twenty odd, and are chiefly Government officials, with three or four merchants included. A little European baby was born in Timbuctoo in 1920, the very first in the history of this old town.

A social life is essential in a desert place like this, and the French do all they can to make themselves thoroughly happy and comfortable. A good hard tennis-court exists, where I had some excellent games. The hospital is good, and the doctor a great sportsman. Riding and shooting are the only pastimes one can get exercise from, except tennis. Polo has not found its way there yet, but I think will sooner or later; and that is a game at which the native quickly becomes an expert.

IV.

The wind, which made things so uncomfortable in the morning, had got much worse towards sunset, and a veritable sandstorm was the result. The city was enveloped in sand; natives hurried to and fro with their flowing garments tucked over their heads to keep the sand out; animals turned their tails to the storm; and every one waited for a promised shower of rain—one of the probable ten that would fall there in a year! After quite an hour's extreme discomfort the rain came, with vivid flashes of lightning and terrific crashes of thunder from the accompanying tornado. Then, as if by magic, the sand ceased to blow about, as it greedily absorbed the moisture, and in twenty minutes we were out, smelling the sweet scents from the picturesque little garden which is in front of the Governor's palace.

This little garden astounded me, as it would any visitor; here in the desert was a miniature Kew Gardens—beautifully designed and laid out—full of the most wonderful exotic plants, and uncommon trees and shrubs. It was a labour to make that garden, I heard; all the earth was carried up from the Niger banks in panniers on donkeys, and it was watered every day at sunset by the prisoners, who seemed most interested in their unaccustomed task, although, of course, they thought the European an awful fool to water flowers or trees. Allah would do that, when he pleased.

It was now dark, so we turned to go indoors to take an *apéritif* before the evening meal. Whilst I was sitting on my veranda with several French officers, my attention was attracted by what appeared to be an exceedingly bright star, low down in the horizon. I pointed it out to the others, and asked what it was. 'That,' said one, 'has a curious history. It is a lamp on the top of the Palais de Justice, and is lit every evening at sunset by the police.' On being asked why, the narrator continued: 'Some years ago we had an energetic police-officer here, and he wished to have the town lighted at night by oil lamps, partly to help strangers to find their way, and partly to help the police to recognise strangers who might be wanted for theft or murder. In due time the lamps came from France, but, to his horror, only four! Naturally so few were useless for the originally intended purpose, and accordingly a new use had to be devised. Three eventually found themselves in various Government buildings, and the fourth you see before you on the top of the Palais de Justice. It can be seen for miles and miles on a clear night

from the desert, and serves as a guide to all men who are late in returning, or are lost at night outside the city.'

During this conversation boys had brought a rare collection of syrups, bitter and sweet drinks, and cigarettes—the last mentioned being in an uncommon box made from a block of salt. It was rather the colour of rock-salt, but clear as crystal, and very heavy. I was told these boxes would realise a fortune in Europe; but they never get so far, owing to the moisture in the atmosphere, which causes them to break and crumble up immediately they become damp.

The Arabs sell them for a mere song, and usually bring them when they arrive annually with the great salt caravan, which comes from the heart of the desert, about three hundred miles from Timbuctoo in a northerly direction. The French Government protect this caravan by sending out some two hundred 'Maristes,' or mounted camel-corps men, with Europeans in charge. When the caravan enters Timbuctoo a great welcome is given the travellers, and the whole town is *en fête* for several days. The big chiefs from the surrounding districts pay their homage to the commander, and thousands of natives come in to buy their annual supply of salt. The strong escort is to protect this wonderful caravan from the ever-threatening attacks of the marauding Tuaregs and desert tribes. I saw photos of the last arrival of the caravan; it must have been a marvellous sight—some eight hundred camels, laden with salt, and hundreds of others ridden by gorgeously robed chiefs, with their various bodyguards, either mounted or on foot. The caravan returns with rice and grain, which are brought up by canoe from the large agricultural districts of Goundam, El-Ouadgie, and Gao, and last the natives till they come back the following year.

V.

Another day dawns, with a cloudless sky and a cooler feeling in the air owing to the rain of yesterday; but only to last for a few hours, alas! By noon the fierce sun has made one forget that there ever was a rainfall on the previous day; the sand has become dry as bone, and millions of flies torment man and beast till sunset. Then in most parts of Africa the mosquito appears, but not so in Timbuctoo, however; he is a rarity, and if seen is, by way of a joke, given a name, as 'Henri,' or 'Jacques'! Owing to the scarcity of mosquitoes little or no malaria is found there, and Europeans stay in Timbuctoo three or four years, and are far better in health in many cases than if they were in France. Many told me they never took quinine, and the general health of the whites was exceptionally good.

Natives suffer a good deal from pneumonia, not so much in the cold season (from December to February) as later on in the year, when the rains come and the weather is treacherous. They are usually so poor that they cannot afford blankets, and wood is very scarce and expensive, so they simply have to sleep in their rain-soaked clothes, and let them dry that way! Not a good method of keeping fit if the sun is not kind enough to do the necessary drying for them.

Thinking a little exercise would be a good thing, I arranged to borrow a pony for an early morning ride. At the appointed hour a lovely white Arab was awaiting me, with a Fulani boy as 'groom,' who obviously loved his master's pony far more than his own father's cows or sheep—which, as a rule, all nomads do.

Four of us rode off in the direction of Kabara. It was a pretty ride, but heavy going in the deep sand. We soon arrived at this little village, and I was shown round the 'harbour,' and became interested in the numbers of native canoes and dug-outs, which were being prepared for the time the river rose, an occurrence which made little Kabara famous for six months in the year.

Some of the canoes were fifty feet long, skilfully made from two trees; the bulk of the wood was chipped away, leaving a shell; one tree, shaped as the bows, was joined to the other by strong ropes in the centre. Others were fashioned out of rudely cut planks, either laced together with cord or kept in place by iron fasteners. Each canoe had a shelter in the centre, and four or five men, using long bamboo poles, would stand in the bows and the stern as occasion required. Sails were dangerous, and so not often used.

Quantities of fishing-nets were drying, and the air smelt of fish, as the fishing season was in full swing owing to the low state of the river. Small areas were netted, and the results were extraordinary, very often fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds of fish being caught at one haul. The fish are then sun-dried, packed in canoes, and sent down-river, where quite a good price is obtained for them.

A detachment of the Senegalese regiment is stationed here, and the guard turned out at the approach of their captain and saluted in a thoroughly soldierly way. Some had medals, and many were veterans from Verdun, having served there at the time when things were so critical for France and her Allies.

On our way back we passed many flocks of sheep and herds of goats being taken down to the river to drink. The poor things were so lean and underfed that I wondered how they crawled along; but thirst urged them on, in addition to tormenting flies and the shrill bark of the cattle-boy's 'pie-dog.'

VI.

I had *déjeuner* with the doctor, who had made himself a delightfully cool house of mud, and had had it painted inside with a wash of 'Burrem earth,' a kind of natural distemper which is found in the bed of the river Niger

at Burrem. In his house and passages were many trophies of the chase, the best being a magnificent white oryx head, with antlers which must have been quite a record. A huge crocodile-skin of some twenty feet I saw too, and the sun-bleached skull of a hippo reposed outside his front-door! All his curtains were of native cloth, with pretty designs embroidered by the tailorman at the hem. Cushions of leather, neatly carved by the leather-worker, were on the chairs and the divans, and in some cases they were interlaced with coloured strips of leather, making an Eastern pattern. This leather-work is really lovely, and is quite a fine art among the Tuaregs. Not possessing boxes or suit-cases as the European does, the native exercises great care in making his 'hold-all' very elaborate, and often takes from three to six months to complete one of these articles. Fringes of lace hang down for about eighteen inches at each end, and the opening is laced up like a pair of boots when the nomad's clothes, food, and household goods are all jumbled up inside.

On the walls of the doctor's house were spears—heavy iron ones, with brass and copper beaten in as ornamentation; these are carried by the Tuareg when mounted, and are five or six feet long. A shield is usually carried, which is made of ox-hide and nicely carved—more elaborate shields being made from oryx or giraffe hide; these shields are most serviceable, and will resist a sword-cut or an arrow with ease. Another thing I saw was a native bit for riding. It was a cruel thing. A sharp piece of iron projected from the bar of the bit (which is placed under the horse's tongue), causing the animal to be hurt with this instrument in the tenderest part of its mouth every time the rider reined in. With this and with spurs the native is able to make his horse 'tripple,' which is regarded there as the essence of good breeding in a pony; also, he can draw the animal up on its haunches in some twenty feet from a full gallop—very pretty to watch, but intensely revolting, when you know how it is done.

Cruelty is not recognised by the natives as by us—they do not seem to know what it means. An animal is a beast of burden, or something to be eaten eventually, so it does not matter what becomes of it.

After lunch I tasted a new drink called 'citronelle,' a kind of tea made from a grass which the French cultivate in their gardens. It was most refreshing. What wonderful things are grown along the banks of the Niger at these French posts: melons, strawberries, pine-apples, bananas, limes, egg-fruit, pomegranates, and vegetables of every kind!

I passed several more interesting days wandering about the town, always losing my way, but somehow finding it again, till the time for my departure came. One cool evening I rode to Koryiamo, by the moonlight, with an escort of four mounted soldiers, as even in these days it is not safe for Europeans to wander about the desert alone. The 'Razuls,' or bandits, will still kill or capture, if they get the chance.

A FOWL STORY.

PART II.

V.

DAWN came very slowly for our friend. He had not slept a wink, and was very stiff from cold, and from lying almost naked on the hard ground.

The night had been uneventful except for the return of the sniping-parties at midnight. One little group brought in a man wounded in the thigh. They were very explosive, and would soon have done away with Roche had not his guard prevented them, and given them to understand that the Manzai Mullah himself was to dispose of the prisoner's destiny. They contented themselves with abusive language and a few stones, and then set about treating their wounded comrade.

A little cow-dung was placed in the open wound, and over this a piece of freshly skinned goat's hide. To-morrow the women could take him back to his village. If he lived, the cure was obviously the right one! If he died, it was God's will! Who are we to interfere with destiny?

Not till the first ray of sun had touched the high hill-peak beyond the village did the assembly begin stirring. Most of the tribesmen are not early risers. Roche had breakfasted off a portion of *chupati* flung at him with the remark that it was a waste to eat good food that would never be digested! He was still pondering over this comforting remark when the Malik whom he had seen the previous evening appeared.

After a few words the prisoner was untied and led through the village towards the sound of *dholes* and *serenais*, Pathan drums and pipes, and suddenly found himself amongst a huge concourse of tribesmen gathered round in an open square.

At the far side, just alighting from a little white country mare, was an imposing figure, dressed in clean white robes and a green turban, and attended by a man carrying a triangular green-and-yellow banner. He was saluted by all with the greatest deference. Seating himself upon a small rug placed on the ground, he spoke with several of his *entourage*. The rest of the

onlookers were sitting or squatting in silence, their rifles held vertically, butts on ground.

After a few minutes' conversation, the Manzai Mullah—for it was the notable himself—addressed the assembled tribesmen.

'Graybeards and youths, may the blessings of God be on you all! May you never be hungry! May you never be tired! May your enemies languish like a jackal with rabies! It is good news I bring you—good news and shrewd counsel. Open your ears, O flower of the Mandori Khel!

'First I will tell you that the Zarakzais have thrown in their lot with us.'

A low growl of approval from the assembled men and expressions of satisfaction from the Maliks and headmen greeted this remark; but silence was immediately resumed as the Mullah raised his hand.

'Yes, I have not drawn rein since leaving Mamand at sunset yesterday, and our plan of campaign is arranged. To you is its execution entrusted. For the present no attack shall take place. Ye shall snipe at night, and see to it that small scouting-parties or foragers of the enemy return not to their camp; see to it that no straggler rejoins the line of march. Harry him as a fox harries a covey of chukor, O men of the Mandoris!

'Then, two days hence, when the infidel army camps by the water of the Spin Tangi, will our time come! As the sun sets over the high hills shall we rush into the attack. From the north and from the east shall we come, and at the same time from the west will appear a Zarakzai *lashkar* of seven thousand. Like wolves on a goat-herd shall we charge in and devour these pig-faced foreigners!'

A buzz of discussion and appreciation arose from the gathering as these remarks were talked over by the eager tribesmen.

An old and bearded Malik leant over towards the Mullah and said, 'As you know, O Mullah! there are two approaches to the Spin Tangi—one, the short cut, through the gorge; and one, longer, round the hill. By which does the army move?'

The Mullah considered a moment, then said, 'We have a prisoner; let us make use of him.' He enjoined silence, and spoke across to Roche.

'Sheitanzada, who are you and your companion dogs that you should defile my territory with your filthy presence? Tell me,' he continued—'there is one thing we wish to know before you die. By which road to-morrow does the force approach the Spin Tangi?'

Now, as I said before, Roche was a good Pushtu linguist, like a number of old soldiers, and had passed the 'Higher Standard.' He understood perfectly what the Mullah had said to him, but had firmly made up his mind to simulate ignorance. He therefore shook his head and scowled, though his heart was almost thumping through his ribs.

A short silence ensued. Then up jumped a man from the audience.

'Mullah Sahib,' said he, 'this man is a great liar. He speaks our tongue like a poleetical. Not a week ago we conversed;' and he leered at the soldier.

Roche stared at the man, and recognised, despite his war-like garb, the 'friendly' villager with whom he had made his disastrous bargain less than a week ago.

Had it not been for this cursed fellow he would not be in the uncomfortable position he now occupied. How he would have liked to kill him! The swine!

These musings, however, were soon cut short.

'Infidel and son of a burnt pig!' shouted the angry Mullah. 'Would you indeed throw dust in my beard? Answer me immediately and answer me truly if you value your feelings.'

Poor Roche was feeling very bad indeed, and the immediate prospect looked considerably worse. He was determined, however, to divulge nothing. He therefore glared back at the Mullah, and shook his head.

'By the Holy Prophet!' cried the Mullah, 'am I to be made a mock of by this disgusting offshoot of Satan? We will soon find means to open the creature's mouth! Remove his skin from his neck to his waist, and we shall then see what mood he is in for our questions.'

The wretched prisoner was thrown on his back. One man sat upon his right arm, and another upon his left. A third powerful brute seized his ankles, and the fourth unsheathed his long knife.

Poor Roche was almost dead with fright.

How it would hurt! He had thought inoculation unpleasant, but this thing—ugh!

Escape was impossible. He could not move a limb. His mind wandered to his pals. Were they wondering what had happened to him? What was his crony, Charlie Bond, doing? Would they ever hear of his own horrid ending? Would anybody—— Like a hot iron he felt the keen knife-edge drawn across his neck and shoulder. The next moment he was half-silly from some frightful concussion.

Stupidly he realised that the grip of his arms and legs had gone. Dizzily he stood up and looked round. Except for a few tribesmen bolting into alleys and round houses, and a dozen or more dead or groaning men round him, the assembly had disappeared. As he was wondering what had occurred an explosion took place in the village, then another; then with a swoop an aeroplane passed overhead, and Lewis-gun bullets dropped all round.

In a second the situation came to Roche. Aeroplanes were bombing the village, and he had had a narrow escape.

Yes, a narrow escape—but, talking about such things, why should he not attempt one now?

He could not get far over these rocks in his

bare feet. His first act was to regain his boots from one of his dead captors; then, picking up a big naked knife, he made away from the hills and the sun.

He bolted down an alleyway, across a courtyard, passed through a hole in a wall, and found himself in the street leading out of the village. He was almost clear when a man stepped out of a doorway right in front of him. Roche had just time to notice the look of surprise on his late poulterer's face as he drove the knife into his stomach. By Jove! he felt better after that!

Perhaps his luck was in, after all!

He was now clear of the village, and heading west, with the early sun behind him.

He had gone two hundred yards before he was spotted. The aeroplane had departed, and the tribesmen were coming out of the village hiding-places. Bullets sang past him, and a crowd set off in pursuit.

Now it was lucky for Roche that he was an exceptional cross-country runner, for amongst his pursuers were men who were swift and almost tireless. Your wild Pathan is usually an excellent goer, and these Mandoris were no exceptions. One factor was very much in the soldier's favour, and that was his scanty clothes. He had nothing on but his boots and shorts, so, thanks to his captors, was in suitable stadium attire! The country was not too hilly on this side, and thus his goat-like pursuers had not their usual advantage. For the first ten minutes Roche kept his lead.

He thanked his lucky stars that he had recovered his boots, for the ground was covered with stones and rock, and was very rough. On one occasion he almost stepped on a covey of chukor partridges, which rose round him with a loud whir. Every now and then a bullet hissed past him, but he was a difficult target, and his pursuers were in no condition for steady shooting. They had now thinned down to about seven or eight. Before him was a long ridge, and Roche reckoned that the camp should be about two miles behind this. He was feeling the strain, for the going was rough, when he rounded a small ridge and saw a party of three swordsmen coming from the right. They had taken some short cut, abandoned their rifles for lightness, and were now scarcely fifty yards distant, and gaining on him. The original pursuers saw this, and steadying their rifles on the rocks, commenced a deliberate fire, yelling encouragement to their friends. The ascent to the ridge had now commenced, and Roche made a clear target. He had put on a new spurt, but was almost done. Blood from his cut shoulders and neck was streaming down his back. The swordsmen were closing in appreciably; still, he might outdo them yet. If he could only reach the ridge-crest he would have a clear run, and would give them their money's worth.

VI.

A violent jar on the leg and he fell on his face. One of those cursed riflemen had pipped him. All was over.

Wait! Suddenly a line of figures appeared on the ridge above. A Lewis-gun jibbered, and dirt spouted over the three swordsmen. They rushed upon Roche.

'Finish this infidel,' cried the leader, 'and qualify for Paradise.'

Again the Lewis-gun jibbered—paused—and jibbered again. The last burst caught the three Mandoris fair, and dropped them almost on top of Roche. Fortunately they had not a kick left; two or more bullets had passed through each of them.

A few more rounds were enough to scatter the rest of the field, and in a minute or two Roche was gently lifted on to the platoon stretcher, a first field-dressing on his wounds.

The platoon had come out that morning in the hopes of finding their lost runner before breaking camp.

He had not been missed till their return after dark the previous evening.

It was his pal, Charlie Bond, who, by his skill with the Lewis-gun, had saved him at the last moment, for so close were his pursuers that no other man had dared fire.

As soon as the rescued man was in the field-hospital, his colonel came round to see him, and heard his story.

. . . . . .

Roche is now in the station-hospital convalescing. Beside his cot is a piece of the ribbon of the D.C.M. which his subaltern has just sent him, for the information which he had acquired as regards the enemy's strength and intentions had, in his brigadier's opinion, played no small part in the subsequent brilliant action at Spin Tangi. Here an overwhelming force of tribesmen had been beaten off with such severe losses that the success of the expedition was assured.

With the sister-in-charge Roche is a great favourite. He has told her as much as he tells any one of his story. There is only one thing she can't understand—his extraordinary repugnance of chicken!

THE END.

ULTIMA THULE.

A pearl-gray sea, a mackerel sky
Of every hue the spectrum yields;
Hills steeped in heather's purple dye;
Late harvest reddening tiny fields;
Islands of blue tranquillity;
And tansies with their golden shields.

The wealth of autumn, lingering late,
The beauty of the dying day,
And silence, half articulate
With dreams no language can convey,
That, passing through the ivory gate,
Elude our grasp and die away.

M. M. Haldane.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF GLENKELLAS.

By Henry H. Brown.

I.

THE school-house stands on a hillock above the road that winds up the glen. The schoolmaster's garden, facing the sun, slopes gently to the road. Across the road a rough bank drops twenty feet to the river, through a tangle of broom and bramble, wild rasps and roses. Scattered alders line the margin of the stream, which, except in spate-time, rattles over shingle, shallow, brown, and clear. The river is the joy of the school children, who spend in it most of the summer play-hours, catching little trout, minnows, and eels, building dams, and making mills with crossed sticks—the last a most fascinating amusement.

A gravelled path bisects the master's garden. Box hedges, eighteen inches high, border the walk, and furnish cover for the armies of slugs which prey upon the schoolmaster's vegetables. At each side a border of old-fashioned flowers—larkspurs, lupins, Canterbury bells, sweet-williams and columbines—separates the walk from the old-fashioned apple-trees, which produce big green cooking-pippins and round apples that turn golden-yellow when ripe. No modern nurseryman seems to be able to supply such trees. Rows and rows of gooseberry and currant bushes, and lines and lines of vegetables, fill the rest of the space. Trees, flowers, and vegetables thrive, as they always do when patient care is applied to good soil with a sunny exposure.

The school and the master's house stand on the top of the hillock. The school-house windows look over the road and the river to a cluster of crofts lying at the foot of the opposite hill. Their tenants are hard-working folk, who wring a hard and precarious living from poor land. The fields are cold and stony, and the pasture is red with sheep's sorrel, which the crofters call 'soorocks,' and which is a sure sign of poverty. Above the crofts heather slopes rise nine hundred feet to the skyline.

Such was the school-house of Glenkellas, and such its surroundings, when I first entered it, thirty years ago. In those days I rode an early type of safety-bicycle, with geared front-wheel. Owing to complex gearing, the ball-bearings were apt to jam if they ran dry. One day, when I was going up Glenkellas, the grinding of the gearing indicated that the bearings lacked oil. I found that my oil-can was empty. As I came opposite the school-house the schoolmaster was at work in his garden, it being Saturday afternoon and a holiday. I told him my difficulty, and he gave me oil. A shower which had been threatening broke at that moment, and he invited me to come into the house until the rain ceased.

In the parlour of the school-house a glass case containing foreign butterflies hung on the wall. The schoolmaster said that an old pupil had sent the butterflies from Penang. They were ordinary Malay specimens, and to amuse him I ran over a few of their names. There was the lovely Borneo butterfly, which Wallace named after Rajah Brooke—deep velvet-black with bright-green feather-like markings. There were also three of those large butterflies which Linnæus in a poetic mood named after Greek and Trojan heroes, being too great a man to permit the pedantry of science to obscure his recognition of the poetry of nature. There was Agamemnon in green and black; Sarpedon with bluish-green bands and crescents; and blood-stained Hector, black, with scarlet spots. The dominie was delighted. He had loved the butterflies as the kindly thought of a favourite pupil; he had admired their beauty; but his pleasure knew no bounds when he discovered that they recalled by their names the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*.

The schoolmaster seemed so charmed with his discovery that I took him some more 'heroes' the next time I went up the glen. I brought the wise Ulysses in royal blue and black, Helen of Troy in black and gold, and King Priam in black and green. The dear old man took up the pursuit with enthusiasm. His old pupils were scattered abroad in many lands, and his letters to them were followed by a great number of butterflies, many of which bore names famous in the classics. A coffee-planter in Brazil sent him Æneas and Anchises; an orange-grower in Florida contributed Ajax; the Cape sent Demodocus and Nereus; West Africa added Leonidas and Antimachus; India produced Paris and Polymnestor; and to complete his satisfaction two small 'hair-streaks' arrived from Para—Romulus and Remus.

II.

The naming of butterflies did not fully occupy our sederunts at Glenkellas school-house. The schoolmaster spoke on many subjects, for he had read and digested many books. I was curious to hear his views on education and teaching, but he seemed to avoid those subjects, and probably my curiosity would have remained unsatisfied if the subject of teaching had not come up of itself. I chanced to call when he was reading his favourite *Spectator*. He showed me where he had been reading—it was *Spectator* No. 215—and said, 'I have been reading Addison on education, and I have been admiring how much he could say in few words, when he chose. He puts the theory of teaching in a sentence:

"Education, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance." Socrates had the same thought when he said, as he used to do, that he could not raise knowledge out of a mind where nature had not planted it. I often think that the bairns at Glenkellas School are just so much rough marble, and the old dominie is but a polisher and a sculptor, who brings out with mallet and chisel what nature has planted in the block.'

'But surely,' I said, 'some facts must first be put into the bairns; otherwise knowledge of them would never appear, try as hard as you liked to draw it out.'

'Surely, surely,' he answered; 'we must teach the bairns the date of the battle of Bannockburn, and the names of the chief towns of Portugal, and such-like facts, for these things are not latent in any child. But when Addison speaks of "virtues and perfections," and Socrates speaks of "knowledge," they don't mean facts of history and geography. They mean the true and only foundations of knowledge—habits of obedience, self-denial, order, and thought. Such habits must be "drawn out to view," as Addison says, for without such helps they will never be able to make their appearance.'

The time seemed propitious for satisfying my curiosity, so I asked him, 'Speaking broadly, what is the principal aim of a teacher?'

'I hold,' he replied, 'that this is true education—to teach children to obey, to subordinate inclination to duty, to be orderly, and to think for themselves. In my own school I first try to establish the habit of obedience. The young child does not like this; but if his parents have laid a foundation for me, and in any case with patience, the habit of obedience is acquired. The success of future teaching depends upon the completeness of this first step.

'Then I try to establish the habit of self-denial, the subordination of inclination to duty. The young child likes this even less, because he has been accustomed to have his wishes supplied by others without personal effort. But until he learns that no good thing can be got without striving, he won't go far in his education.

'After this I seek to establish the habit of order. This comes easier to some children than to others; but when a child has learned to observe regular method and order in the preparation of his work, he saves loss of time and distraction of attention, and lays the foundation of a habit of study.

'Lastly, I aim at establishing a habit of thought. I teach the child to think for himself. Many children cannot think for themselves, and these should be taught a handicraft, for they will never be scholars. It has been my custom to tell the bairns, when they begin mathematics, why the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid is called *Pons Asinorum*. I tell them that it is the testing-bridge over which a child must pass on his own feet if he is to become a mathematician. The four previous propositions of Euclid are worked mechanically, and need comparatively little thought; but the proof of the fifth proposition cannot be understood unless the child thinks for himself. He must once for all master the idea of angles, equal, greater, or less. Once over the Asses' Bridge, he may go on to the highest mathematics, if he has the ability; but failure at the bridge is for him the end.'

It was the old-fashioned teaching of an old-fashioned man, but the dominie had persevered in his teaching, had done good with it, and by it had gained the love and respect of three generations of pupils—fathers, sons, and grandsons.

The old man now lies in the kirkyard of Glenkellas, round which his beloved river nearly completes a loop. In summer the warm sunny air is filled with the murmur of water as it rushes over the bright-hued pebbles. The news of his death brought a sad pang to many a home in Manitoba and Rhodesia, at Singapore and Penang, the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia, and extinguished in many a lonely settler a cherished hope, which was to have been fulfilled on the next visit to the Old Country. 'They sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.' But death cannot extinguish his work. The memory of a great teacher stands firmly rooted in the glen, and in those parts of the globe where his old pupils have established themselves. We cannot estimate the value of such work, for his teaching is being handed on from generation to generation by those who learned his methods, and who were able to appreciate good work faithfully done.

How shall we balance the account of his life? On the debit side, he was only the schoolmaster of a poor hill parish; his income barely met his needs; no honorary degree was offered to him (a standing reproach to the Alma Mater who forgot him); and his services received no public recognition of any sort. On the credit side, he had the privilege of implanting in hundreds of children a solid foundation of character and education; he lived a long life in happy communion with nature and with his dearly loved classics (his love for which was quaintly shown by his delight in the Greek and Trojan butterflies of Linnæus); and he left a memory which is truly and widely revered and esteemed. The balance is clearly a credit one. What he had is more than what he lacked. Many a man looking back on fifty years of professional life, weighing what he has accomplished, and gravely estimating its worth, might say to himself with a measure of regret, 'I would readily exchange records with the schoolmaster of Glenkellas.'

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE GENTLEMAN HOBO.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

HE was the ugliest dog that the blood and ingenuity of the canine race could bring into being. Part bulldog he was, or, rather, his head was bulldog unadulterated, but his tail was whippet, his legs were spaniel, and his body savoured of Dalmatian hound. Imagine, if you can, what that means; add to it white wall eyes, the coat of a mottled Dane, and a soul of gold—of purest, cleanest gold. No, I cannot describe Hobo, the 'outcast,' so picture him as you will, the type of pup which, by the principles of humanity, should be drowned at birth, because the world is a cruel place, and has no vacancy for such mixtures.

How Hobo came to live in the North End Park many who saw him wondered. It was a large park—a picturesque wilderness of oak and beech laid out for the public on the precincts of the city. The recent exhibition had occupied but the merest corner of it, and Hobo's master was one of the men employed in building up the temporary exhibition stalls. Hobo and he had 'camped out' all spring under the pavilion by the baseball-ground; they had seen the show through, then had dallied with several others in order to take down and cart away the buildings.

It was during this closing performance that one day Hobo's master was taken to hospital on a handcart. He had been ill several days, and finally he fell off a roof—fainted, I suppose. His mates shook their heads gravely, spoke of double pneumonia and concussion on top of it; but all that Hobo knew was that his master had vanished into thin air.

The boy's mates fed Hobo while they were there—that is, when he would take food from them, which was not often. Hobo was searching for some one, you see—some one he could not find. He spent his days running from workman to workman, looking up wistfully into their faces, till the words, 'No, I ain't him, old son!' grew sad by iteration. It never occurred to Hobo to search beyond the park, for here he and his master had spent their lives since that distant day when they travelled south as stowaways from their far-off northern woods.

In the meantime the boy with a broken head and double pneumonia, lying delirious in Ward 27, called hoarsely to his nurse every twenty minutes through the night, and entreated her to feed Hobo before she went to bed. Of course, she did it immediately, or told him so—one of those white lies which are more precious than black pearls!

The dog's hopes fell with the falling of the buildings, followed by the final departure of the men. The grass sprang up again over the trampled earth, warmed and encouraged by the lingering 'Indian summer,' and to this sacred area Hobo at first confined himself.

Very soon a new factor began to influence his movements—hunger. Had Hobo been a city-bred dog he might have flourished exceedingly by the exploration of garbage-heaps; but he was schooled in the woods, and the purity of that land where he had spent his puppy days influenced his movements throughout. He was a curious dog in many respects. All bulldogs are curious; and inasmuch as his head was bulldog, we can conclude that his brain was bulldog too. Anyway, he was bulldog by temperament, bulldog to the core.

Just as there are human beings who readily adapt themselves to their environment, be it for good or ill, so there are dogs. There are men and dogs who will starve in the midst of plenty, just because their sense of honour, or propriety, or pig-headed conservatism—call it what you will—presents a closed gate to them; while there are others who will immediately adapt their habits to their habitat, acquiring methods which, though easily taken up, are not so easily abandoned when circumstances change again. It is thus, by a day's misfortune, that the taint of the scavenger or the thief falls upon a dog's name, be he of spotless ancestry.

Hobo had lived clean, and that bulldog brain of his rendered it impossible for him immediately to adapt himself to the new order. For a time he went hungry—very hungry—because the emptiness at his heart swallowed up the emptiness of hunger; but one sunny morning, when the squirrels were in the leaves and the gossamer floated on the still air, he heard voices floating

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up from a hollow near—the voices of children. The sound appealed to his sense of loneliness, and he raced in its direction—his wall eyes gleaming hungrily, saliva dripping from his massive jaws.

Rabies had not been unknown during the summer months, and every child of the district had been solemnly warned by its parents against the peril of the dog that 'runs straight.' So, when the little band of explorers saw that awful apparition bearing down upon them, they scuttled for cover with screams of 'Mad dog!' They scuttled—all but the baby, who sat on a sunbaked mound conspicuous in a crimson woolly jacket, cooing to the sunshine and the flowers and to all the opening joy of life. There was no fear at his heart as the awful creature bounded up—simply because, to him, the world contained no ugliness.

Hobo licked the little fellow's face, fawned over him caressingly, and finally took the wet, warm biscuit proffered—quite accidentally—in pink, soft fingers. Then the baby yelled, which stirred the hero spirit in the leader of the band, himself still the possessor of milk-teeth. Boldly he came forth from his hiding, that little nine-year-old, and used his feet with desperate spirit on Hobo's bony flanks. 'How dare you bite our baby?' he cried. But Hobo had felt caresses a good deal heavier, and as their eyes met the colour came back to the little hero's cheeks. 'Say,' he cried to his band of vanquished followers, 'he ain't mad at all! He's the dearest old dog in all the park!'

Hobo spent the day with the little holiday-makers, shared their lunch of bread and pumpkin tart out of a cheap red hamper, and finally wound up the delightful experience by a thrilling squirrel-hunt at the north end of the park, still fragrant with faded flowers. But at dusk Hobo went his way and they went theirs—looking wistfully back at each other till the gathering gloom intervened.

Next day the lonely dog was back in the hollow glade, looking for his playmates. He found them not, but he found other children, and they too greeted him with the touch of happiness and friendship. Thus Hobo learned what many of us cannot or will not learn, that all children are the same, be they the sons of dukes or of cobblers; so in due course he became known to hundreds of children as the North Park dog, the dog who loved all children—the dog who was always searching, looking for some one, but refused more than a passing salutation from any adult human. In any case, the dog was so ugly that no adult human was likely to court more than his passing fellowship. Thus many a dog who, through lack of breeding or misfortune of circumstance, becomes a pariah, counts among his friends only the little people of the parks and the alleyways, and, robbed of all other sympathy, turns to them for the caresses that his past history with man make necessary to his existence.

As to how Hobo was subsisting all this time—that first day with the squirrels had given him a hint. There were many squirrels at the north end of the park, the large black variety in addition to the red, and at this season all were busy cutting down nuts and berries and garnering them from the branches. So Hobo set out one dawn towards the north end. Very different now were his tactics, for he was out for food, not to provoke the laughter of a merry little band of followers. There is nothing like hunger to waken the skill of the hunter, and Hobo stole like a shadow from tree to tree, watching, listening, till eventually he saw two squirrels on the ground nearly half a mile away. Slowly he stole up, keeping the tree-trunks between him and them, till finally he darted like a whirlwind from behind the very tree to which the squirrels belonged. One of the two entirely lost its head, and—very good eating it proved!

Dawn and dusk, when the great park was deserted, were Hobo's hunting-hours, and every day added something to the sum of his knowledge. There were lean days and good days, and very soon he acquired the habit of burying such food as he did not immediately require near to his bed under the pavilion.

But the winds were becoming cold now, and Hobo, though he scratched up a barrier of earth round his bed, began to shiver in his sleep. Also, there were wet days, when no squirrels were to be seen, and when the picnicking children, whose food he so often shared, were conspicuous by their absence. Frost followed, and Hobo's right forepaw swelled up. The drinking-place froze over. It was also very noticeable that the squirrels were becoming fewer and fewer with the drifting of the leaves, while the few children who visited the park brought no food-hampers, and did not understand when he looked at them so pleadingly.

Hunger, at length, drove Hobo from the park, and for some strange reason he turned his steps northwards. Whither he was going he did not know, but in that direction, somewhere, somehow, was the thing his being craved. And on the very day of his going, a pale-faced boy, hobbling between two sticks—a boy who had broken hospital bounds—sought the park from end to end, calling Hobo by name!

II.

Hobo's forepaw, caught by the first frost, was almost healed now, and at a steady lope he left behind him the corduroy side-walks. Sweeping hillsides rose in view, clothed with cedar and poplar—such woods as seemed familiar to him, for they had risen phantom-like in his dreams when he stirred and whined in his bed under

the pavilion; but here there was no life, nothing but the vastness and the silence.

Now and then he passed through tiny settlements and heard mice squeaking under the raised side-walks, and once a woman threw some hot potatoes to him. To him or at him, it did not matter much, for Hobo wolfed the potatoes, and went his way refreshed—still on his vague quest for that far-off Island of Promise, still shunning garbage-heaps as unclean, though savoury, things.

Soon the last road petered out; there was nothing left but the eternal forests. Somewhere across the radiance a lynx screamed, and a ghost fled across the wideness ahead of Hobo—a gray-white ghost, small and low on the ground, like a patch of drifting vapour. Hobo stared, then ambled up to sniff its tracks with the steady, reassuring tread of the British bulldog. The scent told him that the creature was good to eat, but he was new to scent-running, and in his eagerness he followed the line backwards. He followed it into a cedar-clump, when from the gloom ahead there rang again that devilish snarl of temper, and Hobo saw the lynx—the lynx that had sworn because she had missed the rabbit—glaring at him from the thicket of a windfall, her tasselled ears laid back, her stump of a tail vibrating spasmodically. Hobo withdrew with a rumbling growl—not because he was afraid, for fear was unknown to him, but because he was too British to pick a quarrel with a formidable foe just for the sake of the thing. Moreover, he possessed a British sense of ownership: this was the lynx's range, not his.

But this much was safely pigeon-holed in Hobo's mind—those gray ghosts were good to eat, because they smelt good, and because the she-devil hunted them. Thereafter Hobo hunted the gray ghosts, and there were many of them. He learned immediately that they were swifter than he, and that it was of no use pursuing them. His experience with the tree-dwellers now stood him in good stead, for as he had begun to hunt by strategy, so now he carried the same measures into effect. He slew his first Snowshoe by extending a sap under the snow across the open towards it, then bounding out when the rabbit's back was turned; and that night, his wild instincts properly awakened, he hollowed out a wolfish bed under the snow, and for the first night for many weeks slept happily and warmly.

There were other things to hunt in this wilderness. One evening two spruce partridges came planing over the tree-tops and dived head foremost into the deep snow-drift close to where Hobo stood. He waited for them to fall asleep, and while he waited a blinding blizzard swept up. Under cover of it Hobo slew the two birds, and finally made his bed where they had hidden.

The prevailing wind was from the north, and Hobo, following the hunter's instincts as from the first, continued steadily to voyage against it. All went well with him, but, oh, the utter loneliness of this land! Many days had passed since last he saw the signs of human habitation, and he longed for the sound of human voices and the touch of human fingers. Here there were many tracks in the snow; some awoke the hunter lust within him, while others spoke vaguely of danger. He was subtly aware of this danger, for this he knew—as many a man comes to know it—that peril rose not from those more formidable than himself, but from *his own kind*. There were wild dogs in those woods, and between the wild and the tame there lies a No-Man's-Land swept by machine-guns and pulverised by shrapnel. Many have tried to cross that No-Man's-Land, but few have lived to tell of their crossing.

Hobo, the unchangeable, had no idea of crossing. He was still searching in his purblind, obstinate, pig-headed bulldog way for one whom he had lost, irredeemably lost, and for whom any dog but Hobo would long since have ceased to search. He knew that he moved in hourly peril of his life; the peril in the material form was yet to take definite shape.

One night Hobo came to know. He was plodding wearily over the drifts, when through the phosphorescent whiteness ahead there appeared a great gray form, a lovely stag careering faster than the wind, its spreading antlers silhouetted against the orange sky. It seemed merely to tap the icy crests with its delicate hoofs, and Hobo, the hunter lust awakened, would have given chase but for something—a calm, soft voice in the quietude which warned him not to follow. He watched with shining eyes; then there broke across the quietude a sound—a thin, sad, wavering sound, at first almost musical, but soaring upwards till a sinister note rang in its melody, finally to cease with a series of wholly devilish yaps. It was the blood-song of the timber wolves!

Then Hobo saw the wolves. Full into the starlight they came, five of them not twenty paces from him, great bristling timber wolves, green-eyed and gaping. For an instant the bulldog rose up in Hobo's veins, and he would have dashed out and chopped them, but the bulldog was swallowed by the 'yaller dog,' and he crouched lower in the drift.

When the wolves were gone Hobo rose rapidly, taking such a direction that the wind blew his body scent away from the wolves, till at a distant point it occurred to him to back-track them. He took up their trail, and followed it till it led him out into a small frozen lake, and in the centre of that lake lay a deer, freshly killed by the wolves—killed, but not touched, because there was still more killing to be done. Thus Hobo learned what the truly wild folk of the forest always know, that when game is

abundant it is worth while to back-track the hunting wolves.

So, by a ponderous analysis of his surroundings, Hobo survived where many would have perished. Each evening he watched the tree-tops for the partridges going to roost, and when the moon rose he would stand in the quietude listening for the wolf-pack as it drifted through the night. Always, now, before entering an open space, he peered cautiously round the fringe, timber-wolf fashion, to see what lay ahead.

Now the game-belt was left behind, the timber became small, and at length ceased entirely, but still that vague quest, that restless yearning within him, urged Hobo on. There was nothing now but the rolling whiteness—fairy ridges stretching in fantastic array to the sky-line. Sometimes the fireplay fell upon these ridges, streaming over their crests in cascades of shining blood, filling the hollows with a vapour of transparent gold; sometimes the footlights shifted and all things became purple—the snow, the sky, the distant buttes. At other times there was nothing but the ghostly radiance of the snow; no colour, no sound, save when the aurora rustled its silken banners or seemed veritably to strike the buttes with its descending rockets.

On, into the barren lands, into the lands of half-light, into the lands God gave to Cain, Hobo voyaged. There were birds here, many birds, the small barren-lands ptarmigan; but always they saw him coming, and hunger befell Hobo, real hunger now, striking chill through every fibre of his body, till he became too hungry to sleep, too tired to journey on. Sometimes the frozen crust gave way beneath his paws, and he sank hopelessly, struggling and panting for an hour or more ere he could free himself from the drifts. His strength was slowly, surely, giving out; but his heart, his spirit, remained unbroken. Other dogs, stronger dogs than he, would have lost courage and perished in the drifts; but Hobo had no thought of giving in. He would lie down, red-eyed and panting, watching the flocks of ptarmigan going to roost, watching with hopeful, hungry gaze, still building on catching one of them, though it was manifestly proved that this was beyond his power.

So Hobo reached the limits of his endurance, and tottered over the edge. He tried to rise, panting and whining, but at length he lay on his side stretched out, nursing what remained of his strength, the huge red sun dipping below the skyline rimming all things with a braid of burnished gold. It trailed its fiery fingers across the snow, touching at last Hobo, the ugliest of all ugly dogs, till even he was beautiful; and there his story might have finished, one of the million million unknown tragedies (call them romances if you will) that the turning of a card, the raising of a glass, the sidelong glance of a woman, may bring about—the tale of a dog who had lost his master.

Night came, and Hobo slept. He was wakened by a hot scent in his nostrils, by a faint clicking sound, filling the wastes around him, by a trampling in the snow on every side, by a grunting, grunting, grunting everywhere. He rose stiffly, to see a great gray shape moving by, then another and another, till the whole ghostly realm, pale under the rays of the aurora, became peopled with ghosts before his vision, all voyaging eastwards—the drifting of the caribou millions!

Hobo struggled up. Here was life—'life radiant and immense.' His strength came surging back; he tottered where he stood, and watched the world-old army drifting by. Tens of thousands of caribou covering the whole face of the barrens, looking as though they had voyaged thus since time began; they were bearded and ice-crystalled, like creatures of another world. Then Hobo launched himself forward, hurled himself with his last remaining strength at the nearest ghost, a yearling calf, as luck would have it. Hobo obtained the bulldog grip, and five minutes later the calf lay low in the snow. Hobo feasted, still in peril of his life, for the stags slashed at him as they passed, slashed and trampled on, so obsessed were they with the migration fever.

Next day Hobo drifted on with the caribou herds, ranging on the flank of the procession, watching, waiting. And so he voyaged for many days, because now and then a young caribou would fall lame, and, gored and hiked by the rest, would drift to the outside edge. There the untrodden snow added to its difficulties, and knowing it was doomed, it would at once lose heart.

Down, steadily down, now from the tundra heights to the forest again. Then one day Hobo stopped, gazing down a long, open defile in the timber. There was nothing to indicate that this was a river, as the snow lay deeply from bank to bank—nothing save the fact that the trees all leant towards the open space, drawn by the light, till their thirst for that element brought them toppling over, their roots undermined at the water's edge.

Here the caribou struck northward, but Hobo stood, still gazing east, gazing down the open aisle of the forest as though something held him spell-bound. A passing bull slashed at him, and he narrowly escaped. Then he sat down, still gazing east, glancing back at the drifting host, drifting away from him towards the north. He uttered a whine of indecision, for, though he had never seen this place before, a voice was whispering to him, 'Go east, Hobo; go east!' while another voice was calling out, 'Follow the caribou, or you will starve!'

Hobo rose at length, and the steady, reassuring bulldog tread was evident in all his bearings. He trotted to the centre of the waterway; then eastward he turned, running like the wind, faster now than ever before, and whining as he ran. 'Eastward, Hobo; eastward!' The voice was calling to him, calling him on like the voices of the children with whom he had played, or like a mightier voice, harking back to his puppy days — a voice louder than all other promptings, echoing down from the buttes and through the timber-slopes, setting at naught all thoughts of self-survival, for now, at last, the grail that he had followed was clearly held before his wondering eyes.

III.

When Hobo's master left hospital he was a broken man, consumed by an all-absorbing thirst for the northern forests whence he had journeyed almost a year ago. He wanted to hear the aurora in the tree-tops, to hear the wind in the poplars, to cook his own breakfast over the cabin stove, to haul up the fish-trap through the hole in the ice after the daily round of his marten-sets. He thought often of his dog who had shared all these things with him, but he dared not try to conjecture what had become of Hobo—the ugliest dog that ever wagged a 'yaller' tail!

The doctors warned the boy of the folly of returning yet awhile to live alone in that north country, but they knew the futility of arguing thus with a man on whom the solitudes had once cast their spell; so Hobo's master returned —back to the shanty on the Mattagami River, there to spend the remaining winter in one-man loneliness.

But somehow the place seemed changed. The very wind in the poplar-ridge sang a sadder song, a song of life's utter emptiness and of the futility of ambition—seemed veritably to mock at his weakness when he staggered and almost fell during the day's simplest tasks. He did not realise that the change was within himself, that he was a sick man, and that when again the wild geese honked and boomed their way across the sky the joy of life would come flooding back to him with the dawning of spring, and with all its bright to-morrows.

So, utterly alone, the boy sank deeper and deeper into the sea of despondency, till his weary brain cried for relief, yearned for oblivion; and like many another lonely woodsman, falling foul of sickness, he decided to take the future into his own puny hands in the only way man can do it. And that was just what the doctors had feared.

One evening Hobo's master cleaned the stove, tidied the bench, and placed everything shipshape and in order. From his pack the boy took an automatic pistol and thrust a new clip into place. He sat down at the edge of his bunk, thinking of the men and women he had known, wondering what they found in life, wondering why they laughed. Outside the wind howled and the dry snow beat against the shutters. The lamp was going down, and a thin train of smoke rose from the chimney to vanish like human hopes into thinner air. The same old sounds, the same old scenes! He raised the pistol to his temple, and then—then his hand fell, and he sat staring wide-eyed into space.

It was not a sound he had heard. No, there were no sounds outside save those with which he was too familiar. Yet something seemed to have motioned to him, to have clutched his very fingers—not fear either, for he was not afraid; nor was it instinctive nausea at the thing he was about to do. His pulse was steady, he was deadly cool, and deadly prepared, yet he sat there waiting expectantly, straining every muscle to hitch on to something tangible, something that assuredly existed in the outer gloom of his consciousness.

It came—a faint shuffling out in the snow, the sound of a heavy breath, of something dragging across the veranda! Then a low whine, a feeble scratching at the door, and again the sound of heavy breathing.

The boy rose. The pistol fell from his grasp and clattered noisily to the floor. He groped his way across the darkening room with hands outstretched, fumbled the latch from its staple, and stood looking down in the snow.

No need to tell what he saw—Hobo stretched out at his feet—Hobo panting up into his face with hungry, yearning eyes—Hobo too weary to drag himself another yard, too foot-sore to stand now that he had fallen—Hobo, the ugliest dog in all the world, staring up into his master's face with joy, such joy and triumph, in his bulging, bulldog eyes. He was trying to speak, pouring out his poor dumb soul in a jumble of weary guttural noises which to some people might have seemed absurd.

The boy was on his knees now, his arms round the ugliest of ugly dogs, and he too babbled in meaningless nothingnesses, which to the dog meant everything in the world. He carried Hobo to the stove, fed him by hand on the choicest fare the cabin could provide, bathed and bandaged his bleeding feet, and then at length they sat and stared at each other.

'You wonderful dog!' and in the boy's voice was something of the world's romance. He rose to his feet and flung out his arms as though he cast something from him—something dark and hideous. 'Back to the old life, Hobo!' he cried. 'Back to the dear old woods again!' Then he fell on his bunk and sobbed.

IN AND OUT OF ITALY ON A MOTOR-CYCLE.

By Harold Reynolds-Ball.

FOR many reasons Italy is deservedly a popular touring-field with the English motorist, and also with his humble confrère, the motor-cyclist. The manifold charms of the pleasant land of Italy must, however, be taken as read. I am now more concerned with the practical and utilitarian aspects of motoring in Italy, especially with regard to the important matters of regulations, licences, permits, Customs duties, &c.

It was, I believe, the Duke of Wellington who said that to get an army into Hyde Park was child's play, but to get it out again required supreme generalship. One is reminded of this saying by the ease with which the unsuspecting motorist enters Italy, contrasted with the almost insuperable difficulties to be surmounted before he can leave the country with, figuratively speaking, a whole skin. These difficulties, too, will be encountered not only on leaving Italy, but if the stay is prolonged beyond the three months allowed by the Customs permit. As for the R.A.C. International Permit (good for the whole Continent for a period of twelve months), this is regarded by the Italian officials as little more than a 'scrap of paper,' and of no practical value or importance.

As these facts are not generally known, the recital of my experiences may prove instructive and possibly entertaining. The prolonged series of interviews, discussions, negotiations, and *pour-parlers* (tempered by *pourboires*) may perhaps be made more intelligible if presented in a tabular or diary form.

1. I entered Italy *viâ* the Col di Tenda, after a six days' pleasant but uneventful ride across France from Dieppe, with a light heart and a still lighter purse. At Vintimille I managed to strike a complaisant *douanier*, afflicted with acute myopia, who obligingly passed my machine as a velocipede. The smallness of the fee (twenty-five centesimi) hardly compensated for the insult of being taken for the owner of a 'push-bike.' Such good fortune could hardly be expected to last, and three months later, when I started on my preparations for my return to England, my troubles began.

2. I had already written to the myopic gentleman requesting an extension of my permit, but had not been favoured with a reply. This may have been due to a quaint custom which obtains in Government offices in Italy, by which communications from private individuals are ignored, unless written on *carta bollata* (stamped paper)!

Meanwhile I sought advice and information from the local Municipio, and was referred to the *Questura* (police-office). There I was requested to wait till the railway strike was over, and on my second visit was told to apply to the Prefettura at Turin—the capital of the province. Here I was accorded a very haughty reception, and referred to the Ministry of Finance. I inquired at various branch offices, and was met with abstract sympathy, but could obtain no assistance or advice except of a facetious nature, such as to dismantle the machine and pass it through the Customs as used ironmongery! Having served sufficiently as a target for these official facetiæ, I was mercifully passed on to another department, and advised to try the head office of the Customs. Was here passed on to what I understood to be a circus, near the railway station (*Circolo Ferroviario*). Failed to find it, so wound up my activities for the day.

3. I then appealed to an Italian friend with some official influence, who kindly accompanied me to the Prefettura. The changed demeanour of the officials was startling. I was received with deference, and even addressed as '*Sua Eccellenza*.' My friend pumped the officials dry of information, and then gave me written instructions as to procedure, and, what was more important, the right sequence of offices to be visited. Acting on these instructions, I procured a certificate of residence, a formal request for the examination (*collando*) of the motor-bicycle, and a postal-order for ten lire.

4. Armed with these documents, I rode to Turin the next day, arranged with the Circolo Ferroviario for an inspection of the motor-bicycle that afternoon, and then left my machine in the principal piazza, while having photographs of myself taken to affix on permits.

On my return to my machine I was stopped by two *guardie civile*, who demanded my papers. But as these did not satisfy them, I was detained. Although I explained that my sole reason for 'riding the machine without a licence' (which was my technical offence) was to enable me to comply with the law by getting the necessary permits, I was informed that, all the same, I was committing an offence. I offered to accompany them to the Prefettura, where my story could be confirmed. But I found that the Prefettura had, in the American vernacular, 'double-crossed' me, and given the police a hint!

I was now requested to accompany the police to the Municipio with the motor-cycle. My suggestion that I should ride the machine and take one of the *guardie* on the carrier by way of escort was met with a blunt refusal. They even demurred to my removing the belt to facilitate pushing the machine. My patience was exhausted—but not my Italian. 'Push the

thing yourselves, then; I'm d—d if I will.' I was violently laid hands on, and compelled to push the machine through crowded streets, with a *guardia civile* marching on either side, exciting great interest among the passers-by, and giving the general impression that I was a thief caught red-handed. Not having sufficient cash to pay the fine (one hundred and fifty lire), I asked leave to go to my bank. This was not permissible except under escort, but finally my offer to leave the motor-cycle as bail was accepted. When paying the fine under protest I was informed that this protest was embodied in one of the two documents I had to sign. I found out afterwards that in one of these documents was a statement acknowledging my liability, which my defective knowledge of Italian not unnaturally caused me to overlook. So, when the functionary gravely entered my protest in the official record, he probably did so with his tongue in his cheek.

Somewhat crestfallen after being worsted in this encounter with unbending bureaucrats, I proceeded to the next item in my programme—namely, the formal inspection of the machine at the Circolo Ferroviario. This proved unusually searching, though the riding test was quite perfunctory.

5. On the next day my Sisyphean labours were resumed with renewed ardour. At this stage it seemed advisable to seek the kind offices of H.B.M. Consul. He seemed to think it would be difficult to extricate myself from the vicious circle into which I had been drawn; for though at the time of my arrest I was actually endeavouring to comply with the regulations, yet technically I was in the wrong, as I had delayed taking steps to comply with them till the legal period had expired. It might, however, be worth while to enlist the services of a lawyer, with the view of inducing the authorities to remit part of the fine.

Il Signor Avvocato considered there were sufficient grounds for approaching the authorities, as the fact that the delay in the preliminary proceedings was not due to my own laches might be reasonably urged in mitigation of the penalty. Further, the fact that my formal protest had been put on record should count in my favour. However, the authorities ignored these extenuating circumstances, and triumphantly confronted my legal adviser with the damning document already referred to. Here was a distinct score for the municipality of Turin.

6. Disgruntled, but not dismayed, I proceeded to the next stage in my itinerary—the production of the inspection certificate at the Prefettura. The Prefettura, apparently not liking the procedure, passed me on to an office known as the Demanio. In the Demanio, a veritable warren of public offices, I spent a couple of hours, strenuously if not pleasantly, in being shifted from one office to another. Being directed by an officious but kindly intentioned passer-by to an office bearing the strange device, '*Tessere Scolastice*,' I was politely asked if I wished to pay a tax for a governess; whereupon I withdrew abashed, and sought another departmental office. Finally my troubles were over for the day, for, by good luck rather than merit, I stumbled into an office in charge of a stout, bearded individual, who regarded me superciliously, and waved me towards his tow-headed lady-secretary in the next compartment. Here the fee (twenty lire) for the *libretto di circolazione* was condescendingly accepted, together with twenty-five centesimi for the receipt stamp. But a special one-lira stamp was also necessary, and to obtain this I was directed by the tow-headed lady-clerk to a special office in the same building—*Bollo Straordinario*. I was now ripe for the Prefettura, and duly proceeded there, encouraged by the best wishes of my tow-headed friend, only to find it closed. On the whole, a fairly successful day in my red-tape campaign.

7. The next day was taken up with various minor formalities: call at Prefettura to get the form procured yesterday filled, obtaining a number-plate and having it sealed on the machine at the Prefettura, &c.

8. The next day might also be regarded as an off-day, the payment of the annual motor-cycle tax of seventy-five lire at the local registry-office being the only item in the day's programme.

9. After this strenuous week of wrestling with functionaries high and low, rest seemed imperatively demanded, and I did not resume the campaign for some days. It might be supposed that, all these multifarious formalities having been complied with, my labours were at an end; but though the machine was freed, its rider was not. The circulation permit had to be supplemented with the personal driving licence (*certificato di Idonietà*). Fortunately the procedure for obtaining this was not characterised by the cast-iron methods to which I was becoming accustomed. For instance, the Municipio officials raised no objection to my obtaining the necessary witnesses to character from among the queue of waiting applicants. The good offices of one of these accommodating 'men of straw' was willingly offered, and, unlike his English counterpart, he did not expect any honorarium.

The next stage was leaving this important document at the Municipio in Turin for official signature.

10. Three days later found me in Turin, still undaunted and eager for the fray. I retrieved the document (left three days previously) from the Municipio duly signed. But a further visit to the Demanio to get a receipt for the fee of ten lire was necessary. The next move, in order to obtain complete validity, was another call at the Prefettura, furnished with the certificate of

residence (see par. 3), which I had in the meantime induced the Circolo Ferroviario to disgorge. Having duly obtained the certificate of identity, I was free so long as I remained in Italy. But my object was to leave Italy. So the next thing was to procure the Italian International Permit, which was good for any European country except Italy. Being prepared for another strenuous encounter, I felt it almost as an anti-climax when I received within five minutes, and without demand for a fee, this essential document signed, sealed, and duly made over.

It is worth noting that there are ways of evading most of these vexatious charges. I was informed (but unfortunately too late to benefit from the tip) by one who knew the ropes that if, before the three months' permit expires, a French *visá* is obtained, and you ride across the Italian frontier, and then ride back to Italy, the Italian Customs will issue a fresh three months' permit without raising any difficulties.

Though the humorous features of this protracted struggle with Italian officialdom may amuse the reader, yet its more serious aspect should not be overlooked. The fact that so much trouble and annoyance were given to an English subject, when officially the most cordial relations exist between Italy and Great Britain, is a little disquieting. It may, however, in great measure be attributed to the bureaucratic tyranny notoriously prevalent in Italy, to which her own subjects so tamely submit.

Then the ingenuity and pertinacity in extracting fees from the foreigner, under the most transparent pretexts, are doubtless symptomatic of the financial straits to which Italy has been reduced by the war. Perhaps the most discreditable of Italian official methods is the system by which the pay of subordinate officials is supplemented by a percentage on the amount of fines imposed.

The obvious lesson to be learnt from these red-tape adventures is that motorists in general, and motor-cyclists in particular, would be well advised, when dealing with Italian Government officials, to be accompanied by a friend who is at home in the country, thoroughly acquainted with the language, and, preferably, a motorist.

Had I taken this precaution, probably I should not have fallen into the ingenious trap, by which I was practically 'bounced' into signing a long and elaborate document containing a well-camouflaged clause admitting liability, and nullifying a formal protest in another document against the imposition of the fine.

RUBBER BANDS.

PART II.

V.

'IT'S all right, I tell you.—Oh, bother! Why can't these people speak English?'

Hester stood on the scorching path, sun-hatted, blue-veiled, with one hand on the buggy preparatory to climbing in.

Hassan, the *syce*, at the pony's head, was protesting in voluble Malay.

'I can imagine what you're saying, though I can't understand a word. I don't want you, and I won't have you! I'm quite competent to drive myself. Master angry? Well, who cares?'

Hester settled herself, picked up the reins, and flourished the whip. 'Now stand off and let go!'

The *syce* fell back, mouth and eyes open, calling upon Allah to witness he was not to blame if the mem behaved in this unreasonable manner.

The Chinese cook and the house-boy appeared at the kitchen door, interested spectators of the unusual sight of an English mem driving off alone and unprotected. The boy foretold that the *tuan* would be wild with anger; the cook's opinion was that the mem was mad—quite mad, and he went on unconcernedly plucking the inevitable fowl for tiffin.

Meanwhile Hester was driving smartly down the red road bordered by rubber-trees. It was well that the pony was an intelligent little beast, for she was no expert driver. Also, her mind was in such a tumult that she paid scant attention to the reins, and the providence that watches over children and drunkards was responsible for steering her successfully past lumbering bullock-carts and stray cattle. As they went, jolting out of one rut and into another, avoiding now a ditch, now a culvert, now a fallen tree, her thoughts were rushing wildly ahead. The deed was done. She was off!

Six months of estate life had proved too much for her. Six months of angry boredom, of mortified vanity, of complete disillusion. It was more than could be expected from any woman.

She could not even flatter herself that she would be missed. All that her husband and Crawford apparently lived for was the estate; out for the greater part of the day, utterly regardless of her feelings, then stamping over the floors with their muddy boots, shouting for the boy and drinks, and falling asleep in long chairs. What a life! What a life for *her*!

Tears of self-pity rose to her eyes. She was more than justified in leaving—any one must see that; she simply could stand it no longer.

She had made up her mind suddenly, and once made up, there was no changing it. It was very easy, after all. She had money of her own. To wait till Everett signified his intention

of spending an extra long day in the fields; to find out, by apparently random remarks, when the next mail was sailing, what time the downward train stopped at the wayside halt; to smuggle a suit-case with a few necessaries into the buggy while Hassan's back was turned, and to leave a letter of farewell on the veranda table.

She regretted nothing. This sort of marriage was a mistake, utter folly. There was no companionship, no pleasure. Was she to be content to fold her hands and sit in the house gazing across an expanse of rubber-trees all day? It was not life; it was captivity. Well, it was over! She visualised the delight of her people when she arrived home, the pity and interest in all her sufferings. Then the taking up of the old threads again. London in June! Dances, theatres, the river. Why, she had barely unpacked her trousseau. What was the use of dressing for an audience of lizards and spiders? Spiders recalled the miseries of the stone den known as bathroom. How she hated that dank, sloppy place, and the uncomfortable bedroom with no wardrobe even, and a mosquito-net hung on string! The whole thing was deplorable; she was well out of it.

She barely noticed the road as she drove, but as there was only one there was no chance of missing it. How hot it was! When they passed the scorched and blackened ground where a recent burn had taken place, it was like passing a furnace. Everything was dancing in the heat; the rubber-trees seemed actually waltzing. A cool breath stole out now and again as they came to a piece of virgin jungle; deep slumberous shade was there, silence and mystery. Hester whipped up the pony. She had never lost her fear of tigers, and a sudden trampling now made her heart leap; but it was only a herd of wild pigs charging through the undergrowth, and she breathed freely again.

On and on—she had never been so far since the day she arrived, so could not judge of the distance; but by the time she had taken, the journey must be about half over. She had allowed ample time to catch the train, and for a rest by the way. The pony would need a halt, and she was growing hungry; a few more miles and she would draw up in the shade and have her lunch—the sandwiches and the lemonade which were rapidly growing lukewarm in the back of the buggy.

She looked disdainfully at the luxuriant growth all round; the giant trees and the graceful palms awoke no enthusiasm in her breast. Detestable country! Only fit for natives and wild beasts. It might be all very well as a drop-scene in a theatre, but to live in—no!

'Come, get up, gee,' said she, and the willing little gee got up for many a weary mile more.

VI.

At last Hester decided to stop. She pulled up in the shade, where there was some grass for the pony, and, stretching her cramped arms, began to eat her sandwiches. In another hour she would be in the train, and all this would be fading away like a dream. How silent it was, the noonday hush, when even insect voices seemed to cease! Only the melancholy wail of a monkey far away in the jungle broke the stillness.

And then, suddenly, on this primeval quiet there sounded the civilised tang of a bicycle-bell.

Hester swung round in astonishment. She sprang up, scattering her sandwiches, and beheld, pedalling furiously after her, waving a letter above his head—Crawford.

He reached the buggy, and almost fell off the bicycle, panting, unable to speak.

Hester was speechless, too, from amazement, but she was the first to recover. 'Well,' she said tartly, 'and what have you come for?'

Crawford fought for breath, and having found it, gasped out, 'To take you back!'

His usually red face was crimson; rivulets poured down his cheeks, and his drill coat was saturated with perspiration. He took off his topee and mopped his streaming brow with a shaking hand.

'What on earth do you mean?' cried Hester shrilly.

'I found your letter,' he panted, 'and Hassan told me you'd gone off in the buggy. I put two and two together and came after you. Everett doesn't know——'

Hester stared at him aghast, then gathered up the reins. 'If you've constituted yourself postman, all you have to do now is to take that letter back again,' she said cuttingly, and prepared to drive on.

But Crawford grasped the reins too. 'Wait a bit, Mrs Everett; we've got to have this thrashed out. Get down, please, and let's sit by the roadside; I'm dead-beat.'

'You've no right to stop me,' she declared excitedly. 'You've taken too much upon yourself, Mr Crawford; let me go at once.'

He shook his head. 'I'm not going to stand in the sun, so will you get out, or shall I get up into the buggy?' he said determinedly.

'Just as you please.'

Hester looked wildly round her, but the young man's firm grip was on the reins, and time was passing. She cast a disgusted glance at his heated condition, and chose the lesser of two evils. She stepped down; Crawford sank on the bank beside her.

'Now,' he began, tossing her unopened letter into her lap, 'I know what you're up to—you're running away, and I call it a piece of damned selfishness?'

'*Oh!*' cried Hester furiously. 'How dare you speak to me like this!'

'If you dare behave as you're behaving, I dare speak as I'm speaking,' he returned

doggedly. 'It's damned selfishness; you're leaving poor old Everett just because you find it dull, because the life doesn't suit you, because he's a thundering good worker, and you think he doesn't pay you enough attention. Come now, isn't that it?'

'*Selfishness!*' cried Hester violently. 'After the way I've slaved over the bungalow, and the servants, and the meals, and getting everything decent and orderly! Look at the hours I've spent mending his ragged old jungle clothes—and yours too!' she added vindictively.

'And what if you have?' he rejoined coolly. 'Look at the hours I've spent poring over store lists for you, if it comes to that; don't bring those paltry trifles into it. Here you are, bolting from one of the best of husbands for no reason at all. If he was bad-tempered, if he drank, if he was a slacker, you might have some excuse. But just because he works hard, and can't give you amusement, you go off and leave him in the lurch. Why, you're a deserter! If you were a soldier in war-time you'd be shot, and well you'd deserve it!' He glared at her with hostile eyes. Her own blazed in return.

'That will do!' she said chokingly. 'I've had quite enough to put up with—an intolerable life—neglect—indifference—utter disregard of my comfort—without being insulted by you!'

'Rubbish!' retorted Crawford briefly. 'Look here, we're wasting time; let's try to speak calmly. Oh Lord! if I had the tongue of a Lloyd George for a few minutes! Let me put things quietly. I grant you it is dull at present, but it's only for a time. If you'll put up with it for a year, say, you'll find great changes. As the estate grows more people will come along, and there'll be tennis-courts, perhaps a car—a magazine club. You only want patience.'

'And meanwhile,' cried Hester vehemently, 'I'm to be sacrificed to the good of the estate! No interests, no amusements provided for me—till the other people come along!'

'Great Scott!' ejaculated Crawford mentally. 'This is going to be a tough job.'

'I think it's shameful,' she gasped hysterically—'all I've had to bear—the dirt, the disorder, the loneliness—the isolation.'

'Well, you needn't have come,' said Crawford ingeniously. 'Why did you marry Everett? We did very well as we were. If all you want is amusement and gadding about, you shouldn't pick a rubber estate for it. Now, don't go.' He laid a detaining hand on her arm; but, beside herself with anger, she wrenched it away.

'We must get to the bottom of this, Mrs Everett. You're capable enough; any one can see that by the way you've tackled the bungalow, and got the servants in hand. Can't you get yourself in hand, too? Look here, I know Everett well; he's a real good sort, but he's obstinate. If you rush off and make a fool of him, he won't try to get you back. He'll let you go, and you'll regret it bitterly. As for your friends, you may think they'll welcome you, but they won't—take my word for it. They'll be ashamed of you. English people don't expect an English woman to *run away*!'

There was a fine scorn in his voice. Hester's hands were clenched; she was biting her lips hard to keep her self-control. Crawford to be talking like this! The stupid, dense young man she had ridiculed and despised! It was incredible, but it was humiliating.

'When I first came out,' he went on, 'I felt pretty much as you do. I couldn't get the hang of the estate, and I was deadly bored. I got into slack ways, native ways. When work was over I'd lie about in a *sarong* and grass slippers, and sit drinking half the evening because there was nothing else to do. And I might have done worse still. Everett saw. He didn't say much, but he brought me down to his bungalow like the good chap he is, and in the evenings, instead of drinking, we'd peg away at the language, or estate matters. He gave me some of his enthusiasm, made me see it was important work, something that counted, that we were aiding the world's progress. After all, get it into your head that you're helping something big, and it helps you.

'We slogged away hard, and I was as pleased as he when the reports were first-class. . . . There are lots of interests about it, too—the natives, the trees, the output, the farm even. Try to take up one, and master the language. You might keep the accounts; I'm a duffer at figures, and he's often too tired. Come, be a sport! Help us with the work, and the work will help you. Anyway, Everett's made good as a planter; it's up to you to make good as a planter's wife.'

He drew out his watch. 'I've done. Decide for yourself. You've plenty of time to catch the train; I sha'n't stop you;' and he got up and moved away.

There was silence. After the angry altercation it seemed to smite upon the ear. One could almost hear it. Utter silence; then the faint sound of paper being torn across and across.

. . . . . .

Crawford looked round as Hester rose, brushing fragments of the letter from her lap.

He began to whistle softly, and busied himself strapping his bicycle on to the back of the buggy, then turned the horse, facing homewards.

Hester came towards him. 'Am I to tell Philip?' she flung at him.

Crawford considered. 'I wouldn't,' he said simply. 'It will only make him uneasy about the future, poor chap. Better let it rest.'

'Mr Crawford,' said Hester unsteadily, 'it's a difficult thing for me to say, but—I'm grateful.'

She held out her hand; he seized it in his moist grasp, and shook it heartily.

'That's all right,' he said in his everyday voice. 'Shall I help you up?'

He took the driver's seat, and the gallant little pony which had come so willingly all these miles, helping Hester in her flight, now started off even more willingly to take her home again.

THE END.

ASCENSION THEN AND NOW.

HAVING spent some time in Ascension, I very much enjoyed reading 'The Recollections of a Naval Secretary,' which included a description of the island as it was in the 'eighties. Perhaps the readers of *Chambers's Journal* who are interested in this far-away island might like to hear a few present-day facts, to compare with those of forty years ago.

Mr Gifford says:* 'From the foot of the "Green Mountain" to the shore' (about four miles by road) 'not a shrub, not a blade of grass, is visible.' Now, from the foot of the mountain, for about a quarter of a mile, there are coco-nut and casuarina trees along each side of the road, and the latter are doing so well that little seedlings are to be seen springing up around them. There are also many wild tomato plants, and a species of grass called 'greasy grass' (originally imported from South America) growing for about two miles *below* the foot of the mountain. As for the garrison (or Georgetown), sunken tubs are still used, and the bougainvillæa has been introduced, and makes many of the garrison houses look gay. A few bignonia-trees also grow in the garrison, and are very pretty, with their bright yellow flowers and feathery green foliage.

The Bermuda cypress mentioned were on a hill called 'The Weather Post'; nine were planted there about 1882, having been sent from 'The Cape' by the then Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Richards). Now these trees are spreading fast over the hill, and many seedlings have been dug up and replanted at different places round about the slopes of the mountain.

There were in Mr Gifford's time just a *few* eucalyptus-trees, but now there are several hundreds of fine trees; some young ones were sent from 'The Cape' by another Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir Arthur Moore), and many others have been raised from seed. These also are now seeding, and spreading in all directions. As for vegetables, the sweet-potato is still grown, as are most varieties of English vegetables; likewise bananas grow fairly well, and there are quantities of wild guavas, which are most useful for guava-jelly. Other fruits grown are oranges, limes, loquats, grenadillas, and a few figs. Cape gooseberries and English blackberries also grow wild; but fruit is not *cultivated* much, as 'Their Lordships' do not recognise fruit as a necessary ration!

Land-crabs still abound, and have, to a certain extent, helped in reducing the rabbit pest, as they attack the young ones.

Rabbits are not nearly so numerous as they were. Systematic shooting (with ferrets) has been carried on for several years now, and occasionally a ferret has got away, which, no doubt, has done a lot of damage amongst the rabbits. Now bunnies are getting so scarce that people are beginning to grumble at the absence of sport!

Rats are still numerous, but are kept in check by occasional doses of poison.

Mina-birds have increased a lot, but not to too great an extent, and they do valuable work amongst the sheep and the cattle.

Wild donkeys are still plentiful, but are kept from doing too much damage by the boundary which has been made to keep the sheep from straying too far down into the heat, and the donkeys from straying *up*. This boundary runs round below the mountain with a circumference of ten to twelve miles, three miles of which are of wire fencing, and the rest of vitex and agaves.

Sheep, apparently, were not formerly a success, water being so scarce; but since watering-places have been constructed, sheep have done much better, and there are now between three and four hundred home-bred island sheep.

Wild cats, alas! are a continual source of worry to the partridges, and prevent them from increasing as they might. Sad to say, now and then some weak-minded person finds a 'dear' little wild kitten, which is 'too sweet' to destroy; so it is kept as a pet, and will, one is always told, 'never run away.' But it invariably does when it gets older, and the result is—more cats, and fewer birds! In 1897 there were still some guinea-fowl and a few pheasants; but, thanks to the cats, there are none of either now.

The 'wide-awakes' suffer terribly from them, too, and hundreds of birds are killed every season. Cats *could* be exterminated if they were systematically poisoned, and *no* pets were kept (which is an island 'order'); but, alas! laws were ever made to be broken.

The monthly mail from St Helena is not now the only means of communication, as, since 1903, the mail from England *to* St Helena has also called here; so there is a mail, on an average, once a fortnight. Cables have been laid, too, in many directions, and thus the news of the outside world comes every day now, instead of but once a month.

* *Chambers's Journal*, December 1920.

BAITING FOR VULTURES.

VULTURES have been described as the most hideous birds on earth. Taken literally this statement may be true, for when on the ground they have a most uncouth and ghoulish appearance. But once they have risen into the air an extraordinary transformation takes place. No one seeing these huge birds wheeling at a great height on majestic and almost motionless pinions would imagine they were the same creatures as a few moments before had repelled him by their grotesque appearance as they gorged themselves on some repulsive carrion.

While engaged on military duties on the North-West Frontier of India, I had many opportunities of watching these interesting birds. Often time hung heavy on our hands, and we then amused ourselves by laying out carcasses to attract the vultures within reasonable distance.

On one occasion the bait—a dead dog—lay a hundred yards from our position, but nothing came near it for almost an hour, although we could see several vultures in the distance circling round and round and systematically searching all the ground below them.

The first arrival was an eagle, which landed a short distance from the carcass, but soon perched on it and started feeding from the bullet-hole in the side. Almost immediately afterwards two scavenger vultures, or Pharaoh's chickens, put in an appearance, but stood aside, unable to summon up sufficient courage to begin to feed while the eagle was on the body.

This vulture, the smallest of the family, is usually the first to arrive at a carcass, and for this reason is sometimes known as the Pioneer vulture. It is a white bird with black wing-feathers, which are most conspicuous in flight; but its most striking peculiarities are its head and its face. The latter is bright yellow, while the neck is covered with rusty-white feathers, which usually stand straight up on end and form a kind of erect fringe on the head. Immature birds are much browner in colour, and, as a rule, have a paler and less jaundiced complexion.

Next to arrive were another Pharaoh's chicken and two ravens. Later more ravens, several kites, and gray-necked crows dropped in. The vulture paid no attention to the eagle, but went right in immediately and began picking at the dog's eye. Following its example, the previous arrivals took courage and joined in the feast. The ravens, however, were very careful to keep out of reach of the eagle, although the latter paid little attention to them.

One raven, evidently exasperated at not getting any food, began to pull the eagle's wing or tail feathers whenever it got the chance. The eagle was too much occupied in gorging itself to mind much at first, but merely turned round to face its tormentor. Whenever this happened, the raven walked round with much care behind the larger bird, and gave a wing-feather another tweak. This went on for a long time, the eagle occasionally threatening the raven, but never leaving the carcass. One of the ravens tried the same game on a scavenger vulture, but the vulture always resented it strongly and gave chase.

The next arrival was a Pondicherry or King vulture, a much larger and finer-looking bird than the scavenger vulture, black in colour, with white patches on breast and thighs. The head and neck were naked, with a loose flap of red skin at either side, the neck-feathers forming a kind of ruff round it as if the head had been skinned. This bird first landed on the ground a few yards away from the body, then rose and pitched right upon it, taking the eagle's place.

One of the ravens soon began to tease the new-comer in the same way as it had been doing with the eagle, and two or three gray-necked crows—most mischievous of Indian birds—also joined in. Their game was to get behind the vulture, jump up on to its back, and then hop down again. This they did in turn again and again, much to the annoyance of their victim, which was constantly trying to chase them away. As soon as it left the carcass, even for a moment, one of the ravens or a Pharaoh's chicken would slip in and try to snatch a morsel. At that the vulture immediately jumped back to drive them off. Otherwise all the other birds had to wait and watch the vulture feed, without getting any share themselves.

Once or twice a kite, in the confusion caused by the vulture chasing away one of the ravens, managed to snatch up a long piece of intestine, which had already been pulled out, and to fly off with it dangling from its claws.

About half-an-hour later more vultures began to come down, one after the other, at intervals of five to ten minutes. These were Griffon vultures, rather larger than the King vulture, and warm brown in colour, with gray head and neck.

Each bird sailed down on motionless wings, and, when about fifty feet from the ground, dropped its legs, which dangled below it. At the same time the neck was curved down until the head was on a level with its feet. It usually landed right in the middle of the crowd at the dog, and tried to drive the others off before jumping on to the body. Each fresh arrival appeared to be famished, and began gorging itself immediately. There were continual quarrels, with much grunting and cackling, sometimes one bird being knocked flat on the

ground with another on top of it; at other times two birds jumped into the air with outstretched wings and struck at each other with their feet, like fighting-cocks. After such a fight, which sometimes took them a considerable distance from the body, they returned in an ungainly canter, with wings outstretched and head near the ground. If the distance was great, the impetus gained by the canter was considerable, and the gait changed into a succession of jumps, helped by the outstretched wings. Their object seemed to be to scatter as many of the others as possible by this charge, and thus gain a good place at the meal. Once a new arrival stood on the carcass for at least a minute with wings stretched out to their fullest extent, in the endeavour to prevent the others from getting a share.

Soon fourteen of the Griffon vultures had assembled, and these continued to feed and quarrel amongst themselves, while the other birds waited patiently around, except the gray-necked crows, which kept on jumping again and again on to the vultures' backs as they had done with the King vulture. It seemed to be merely out of mischief, and it always succeeded in annoying the victim. The King vulture remained on the outskirts of the crowd, and never attempted to come near the carcass while the Griffons were at it.

By this time the bullet-wound had been so much enlarged that the birds were able to thrust their heads completely inside the body, and their beaks and faces were smeared and glossy with blood. Another hole had been made in the skin near the shoulder, and so much of the inside of the carcass had been removed that the remains were being pulled about from side to side, and had to be held down before pieces could be torn off. I examined the carcass later, and found the skin intact except for the two holes mentioned, but practically only skin and bones were left. The birds allowed me to come fairly close to them, and returned to the body almost as soon as I left, the ravens being the first back.

This was the first of many gruesome meals which I watched, all of them very similar. Sometimes the birds arrived very quickly one after the other, almost as soon as the bait was exposed; at other times it remained an hour or two untouched except by a solitary scavenger vulture or raven. This probably meant that some other meal was occupying their attention not far off. Occasionally a Lammergeier, or Bearded vulture, put in an appearance; but the regular guests, which were never looked for in vain, were the three kinds of vultures already noted, with their usual following of ravens, crows, and kites.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A UNIQUE WATER-POWER SCHEME.

IN these days of high prices for coal and labour, increased interest is being taken in the possibilities of water-power where suitable rivers and streams are available. A very ingenious water-power scheme has been carried out lately at Walkerburn, on the Tweed, by Messrs Boving & Company, the well-known water-power engineers. The problem to be solved was the driving of the machinery in two woollen-mills owned by Messrs Henry Ballantyne & Sons, Ltd. Not far short of 450 horse-power was required, but it was found that the only practicable scheme for utilising the Tweed could not be depended on to yield more than 220. This power, however, was available continuously; hence, as the mills were run only for the usual working-hours, more than enough power was available if it could be stored up when the factories were shut down, and used as required. Electric accumulators were ruled out, owing to their high cost and heavy depreciation. Eventually it was decided to pump water into a reservoir among the hills during the hours when the mills were idle, and to use this water to drive a waterwheel, of the type known as the 'Pelton,' for running the factories. To come to details, two high-speed turbines are run by water in a specially deep tail dam from the Tweed. These turbines work the pumps, which raise water through a 9-inch steel pipe into a concrete reservoir 1000 feet above the river. The reservoir is 192 feet square and 15½ feet deep, and its capacity is 3½ million gallons. When the mills are working, the flow of water in the pipe is reversed, and is used to drive the Pelton wheel, which develops 250 horse-power. At the same time the turbines are disconnected from the pumps and made to help, the combination giving a total of 450 horse-power. The working of the machinery is almost automatic, attention being required only at intervals. The scheme has involved an outlay in the neighbourhood of £100,000, but the saving in the costs of operation, when compared with those involved in steam-engines and boilers, is expected to justify the expense. It is stated that no similar scheme has previously been carried out in the United Kingdom; and only two others exist elsewhere.

A NEW POCKET CAMERA.

To a large number of persons no holiday would be a success without a camera with which to take views, as mementoes of the good times

they have enjoyed. Naturally the smaller the instrument the less irksome it is to carry, and one which will go into the pocket easily without causing an unsightly bulge should receive a warm welcome. Such a camera has been brought out recently, which measures only $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches square by 1 inch in thickness, the size of the pictures taken being $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A larger instrument measures $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, the pictures in this case being $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One of the most important features of these cameras is a focal-plane shutter, with which can be given exposures from one-thirtieth to one-thousandth of a second. Exposures of any length can also be given by means of a lens-cap attachment with a bulb release. Other good features include an arrangement for focusing from three feet to any distance, a focusing-screen, and, in the larger size of camera, an attachment for use with a tripod. Anastigmatic lenses of a very rapid type are fitted to these cameras, and view-finders are provided, the outer fittings of which slide over the lenses when the cameras are closed. These instruments are well made, and, as will be gathered from the foregoing description, they are fitted with devices which are seldom found in such small cameras.

A NON-SLIPPING DEVICE FOR GRAMOPHONE DISCS.

It will be news to most of our readers that a gramophone record slips round upon its baize-covered table when it is being produced, a slip of as much as 6 inches having been recorded in some cases, with the result that many of the notes are flat. This drawback can be entirely overcome by a device recently put on the market, consisting of a thin rubber disc interposed between the record and the table, the rubber on both sides being embossed. With this device perfect time and tone are realised. The appliance may be had in two sizes, for 10-inch and 12-inch 'turnables' respectively.

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF SLEEPING-SICKNESS.

Originally confined to certain districts of the west coast of Africa, sleeping-sickness has now become a scourge in Uganda and other parts of East Africa. The infection is conveyed by a fly, *Glossina palpalis*, and until the treatment described in this note was discovered, the disease was considered generally incurable, and usually proved fatal within a year or two. Following the discovery by Sir David Bruce of a parasite, known as the 'trypanosoma,' in connection with the tsetse-fly disease of cattle, this parasite was found by Castellani in the cerebro-spinal fluid (the fluid surrounding the brain and the spinal cord) of persons suffering from sleeping-sickness. Basing his treatment on this discovery, Dr Marshall of Uganda tried an injection of salvarsan into the cerebro-spinal fluid. This treatment was subsequently improved upon by injecting the drug into the blood of the patient, and half-an-hour later drawing off a small quantity of blood for injection into the spine. The patient in question, who was referred to as Mr X. in an account of the cure given by Dr Marshall before the Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, was treated at sea on the voyage home from Egypt. Trypanosomes were present in his blood at Cairo, but he is now free from them, and apparently in perfect health. It has been suggested that the real curative agent is not the drug, but the blood, which develops an antidote to the disease, while it is beyond the power of the spinal fluid to do so. This aspect of the question, however, demands further investigation.

A LABOUR-SAVING KITCHEN-DRESSER.

We are all familiar with the old-fashioned kitchen-dresser, which is sometimes built in at one side of the room as a permanent fixture. That such appliances can be vastly improved, more especially in connection with the small kitchen-sculleries being provided under housing schemes, will be gathered from the description about to be given of a new model which has been carefully thought out as a convenient labour-saving device. In the first place, the new dresser is not a fixture, and can be placed in the most convenient position; secondly, it is built of hard wood, and may be varnished or polished to form quite a handsome piece of furniture; thirdly, it is manufactured on mass-production lines, and can, therefore, be supplied at a low price. The lower part of the dresser contains a large cupboard, with a zinc-lined bottom, for pots and pans; a rack on the inside of the door forms a convenient receptacle for saucepan-lids, dish-cloths, and other items. A pastry-board slides into the upper part of the cupboard, and can be taken out for use, or kept as a shelf. Above the cupboard is a large drawer for cutlery, and at the right-hand side are three narrower drawers. The top one, which is comparatively shallow, is intended for table-linen; a tin-lined drawer below it is suitable for flour or sugar; a deep drawer at the bottom, also tin-lined, may be used for bread and cakes. A hard-wood slide pulls out just above the cutlery-drawer, and forms a convenient chopping-board; while the basswood top of the lower part of the dresser forms a working-table which may be beautifully scoured. The upper part of the dresser is comparatively shallow from front to back. A large and a small cupboard, which may be used for food and crockery as desired, occupy the top division; an open shelf for canisters or more crockery is provided in the lower part. The cupboard doors are dust-proof and fitted with nickel-plated catches; on the back of one of the larger cupboard doors is a rack for tradesmen's bills, &c. The bottom of

the dresser is rendered mouse-proof by a lining of galvanised iron. In addition to its use in the kitchen, one of these articles of furniture would form an excellent sideboard for a sitting-room. Where the dining-room adjoins the kitchen it is quite possible to have a dresser on each side of the dividing wall, with a serving-hatch between them. These dressers are manufactured in Canada, and are sent over to the agents in this country in parts ready to be put together, all screws, catches, hinges, and everything else necessary being supplied. One can be erected in a couple of hours with the aid of a hammer, a gimlet, and a screwdriver. The height of the dresser is 5 feet 9 inches, and the width 3 feet 5 inches. In a very large kitchen, where the accommodation afforded by one dresser is insufficient, two or more may be used as units side by side.

A LOCKING APPLIANCE FOR 'PUSH-BIKES.'

Now that bicycles have become so valuable, they cannot without considerable risk be left unattended in the street, unless means are taken to lock the wheels or some essential moving part. A chain and a padlock round a wheel and the frame are often employed, or a device is locked upon the rim and the tire which will not pass the fork. These appliances, however, have to be carried in the pocket or the tool-bag, and their application involves an appreciable amount of time and trouble. A locking device for 'push-bikes' has been brought out recently which is fixed permanently to the back-fork and is always ready for use. It consists of a flat piece of steel in the form of an inverted U which is clipped to the frame below the saddle, the wheel and the mud-guard passing through it. The locking-bar is hinged to one terminal of the ∩, and, when put into use, swings round through the spokes and automatically snaps into a lock on the other terminal. When the bicycle is running the locking-bar is quite clear of the wheel, and is rigidly held in that position by an automatic catch, which removes all risk of the bar fouling the spokes. The cylinder-lock has working parts of rustless steel, and is provided with two flat keys. The locking-bar, the catch, and the lock-cylinder are heavily nickel-plated, the ∩-piece being japanned. Attachment to the frame is effected in a few minutes by means of three bolts and a fixing-plate.

BRAKES FOR CARS WORKED BY OIL.

It is freely admitted by all users and makers of motor-cars that if some simple method were devised of fitting brakes to the front-wheels as well as to those at the back, the effect would be advantageous in stopping the car more quickly and with less tendency to side-slip than is normally the case. It is true that brakes *can* be fitted to front-wheels, but the mechanism for operating them is necessarily complicated owing to the steering movement. A well-known American car-maker has recently adapted what is known as hydraulic transmission to the operation of brakes on all four wheels. Each brake is of the usual internal expanding ring type, one end of the ring being fixed, while the other is forced away from it, thereby opening the ring and pressing it against the internal surface of the brake drum. Instead of moving the end of the ring by a lever, which is at present customary in back-wheel brakes, the two ends of the ring are forced apart by a plunger in a small cylinder, the plunger being driven outward by oil at high pressure behind it. This oil under pressure is transmitted from a cylinder with a plunger connected to the brake pedal. When the pedal is pushed down, the oil under the plunger is transmitted along pipes to the four brake rings and forces out the brake plungers. Thick oil is used, and there is said to be no leakage. One advantage of the system is that each brake is applied at exactly the same time and with the same force, while the friction of the ordinary transmission gear is almost entirely eliminated. The oil is transmitted to the front-wheels through a flexible metal hose, which is not affected by the steering movement. The hydraulic system of transmission has been used for a great many years with satisfactory results, and there is no reason why it should not prove successful for the purpose described.

DECOY VEGETATION FOR INSECT PESTS.

Being located in the heart of a county noted for its agricultural produce, it is only to be expected that the scientific staff of Leeds University should conduct researches with a view to assisting the farmer in his fight against insect pests. In two cases it has been found that crops can be protected by what may be called decoy vegetation. Potatoes grown among grass, for instance, have proved to be free from a disease known as common scab, the organism responsible for the trouble taking to the grass in preference to the potatoes. Peat was also found to act as a decoy, the disease spreading rapidly in it when it was inoculated with the organism. This explains why scab was not found in potatoes grown in peaty soil. An analogous result was obtained in the case of the swede midge. A field of corn which had previously contained infested swedes was cleared of the midge by planting a row of swedes all round it, the female insects being decoyed to the roots, where they laid their eggs. The swedes were then dug up and the eggs destroyed by boiling.

FLAME-PROJECTORS AS AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

The flame-projector, having rendered valuable service during the war, has now been converted into a peace instrument which is likely to prove

exceedingly useful to large farmers in tropical and sub-tropical regions. Captain P. S. Hay, O.B.E., A.M.I.M.E., A.M.I.E.E., and Mr Drummond Bone, who were responsible for the liquid fire-projectors used by H.M.S. *Vindictive* in the epic struggle at Zeebrugge, have devised a form of apparatus specially designed for the purpose of waging ruthless war upon the locusts that sometimes ruin in a single night the results of a season's labour. The 'Hay' Flame-Gun, as it is called, is described by *Engineering and Industrial Management* as weighing between fifty and sixty pounds when charged ready for use, and as being safely operated by an intelligent native. It is fitted with carrying-straps, and can be slung over the shoulders in the manner of a golf-bag. It will project a continuous jet of liquid fire to a distance of from 80 to 90 feet, lasting for approximately half-a-minute. Embodied in the apparatus is a 'foolproof' quick-acting valve, which enables the operator to give intermittent shots to the full range of the projection until the flame-gun is empty. The complete apparatus can then be recharged and made ready for use again in less than five minutes. When the word is brought to the planter that locusts have appeared in the area, men equipped with flame-guns are sent out—one gun to every 60 to 70 feet of frontage. Fire is opened on the advance guard by means of shots of short duration, two or three at a time. The locusts will not face the flames, and are beaten down and destroyed. If the ground of attack is well in front of the field being protected, no harm is done to the growing crops; and if any part of the bush is burnt down, it can be cleared ready for next season's operations. The 'Hay' flame-projector has also been used in Queensland for destroying flying-foxes—that species of bat which forms such a menace to the fruit-farmer there—and for burning down bush in the neighbourhood of sugar plantations.

A COMBINED CINDER-SIFTER AND DUST-BIN.

The strictest economy in the use of coal is essential nowadays, not only in the interest of the individual, but in the national interest. A combined cinder-sifter and dust-bin which we have recently examined is a distinct aid in this direction. The body consists of a cylindrical bin, strongly made of galvanised steel, and furnished with handles for convenience in lifting. Fitting into the top of the bin, but easily removable by means of handles provided for the purpose, is a cinder-sifter, in the shape of a riddle having a ½-inch mesh formed of strong steel wire. A flange running round the outer edge of the riddle, and resting on the top of the bin, prevents the sifter from falling into the bin. A cone-shaped lid, fitted with a handle, completes the apparatus. To use it, all that is necessary is to place the dead cinders and ashes in the riddle, put on the lid, and shake the apparatus with an oscillatory movement a few times. On the lid being removed, the cinders will be found in the riddle ready to be burnt, while the ashes will have dropped into the bin for removal. The appliance, which is strongly made throughout, may be obtained in two sizes, the smaller being 14 inches high and 12 inches in diameter, and the larger 16 inches high and 14 inches in diameter.

A TIME-RECORDER FOR MACHINERY.

In our issue for May 1920 we dealt with the 'Servis Recorder' as a valuable check upon the running of commercial road vehicles, such as tramcars, motor-buses, and motor-lorries. This ingenious device has now been applied to check the running of machinery also. When so used, it is fitted to any oscillating part of the machine, or is so mounted that it may be bodily swung by the movement of a cam or of any working part of the machine. In this case the pendulum remains stationary, whilst the entire instrument oscillates. If attached to a reciprocating part of the machine the pendulum will be given a swing every time the movement is reversed. In any case the effect is the same—the stylus makes a narrow line on the time-chart when the machine is at rest and a broad line when it is in operation, thus providing a permanent and unchallengeable record of the time the machine is actually working.

'BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.'

With further reference to the paragraphs on the above subject published in the October and December issues of last year, a Nyasaland correspondent kindly informs us that in that country, unless bricks, when moulded and laid out to dry, are covered with straw or grass, practically every brick cracks and splits. He suggests that it was for protective purposes that straw was used in brick-making by the enforced labourers on the banks of the Nile.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE GEMSBOK'S HORN.

By E. A. THOMAS, Author of *A Daughter of the Doppers*, &c.

PART I.

I.

STELLENBOSCH was bright with the new-born foliage on the old oaks lining the streets; but Gert Klopper, seated at his window, gazing at the patriarch of all the trees now juvenile with its tender green adornment, was not happy. The superscription on the envelope in his hand displayed the rough, uneven characters of his father's handwriting, and Gert hesitated to open the letter. He pictured, acutely, the effect the announcement of his intention to abandon his studies as a candidate for the Church had had upon his mother, and his refusal to become a farmer on his father; but he consoled himself half-heartedly with the thought that his having qualified for an appointment in the Civil Service would in some measure have watered down their disappointment, and reconciled them to the course he had pursued.

'I am losing my nerve,' he muttered; 'what can it be—cigarettes or conscience?'

He tore off the cover and spread the letter on the table before him. Thus wrote Oom Jan Klopper:

'It is the Lord's will. He must have guided you to your decision. I shall not complain, lest I be punished for the sin. In His own good time He will lead you back to the land, for Koodooskop must not fall into the hands of strangers when the Lord calls me. The land is the Afrikanders' strength and salvation; without it they will fall and become as the Jews are—wanderers on the face of the earth. Heed this, my son. Remember your father's words. Be upright in all things. Do not twist and be crooked like the koodoo's horn. Rather like the gemsbok's, straight and true from butt to tip. The rings around it extend half-way up. The rest is smooth: so should a good life be. The butt is broad and strong: so should youth be. The rings are but the troubles which beset us all, and which, if conquered in honour, lead, like the smooth surface of the rest of the horn, to contentment with our lot, and to such earthly happiness as the Lord will allow us. I have finished. May the Lord bless you and keep you safe.'

The eyes of the son were suspiciously bright. He had expected upbraidings, and he received something different. The old man's homely simile struck deep into his heart, to be forgotten for a while, but to be recalled when the great crisis of his life had fastened itself upon him, leaving him destitute of human encouragement and consolation—his soul a target for the arrows of remorse and despair.

Gert had been appointed a clerk to the Civil Commissioner of Vaalbos, and left Stellenbosch the next morning to take up his appointment. Vaalbos was not far—as distances are reckoned on the South African veld—from Koodooskop, his father's farm; and notwithstanding the consolatory character of his parent's letter, he anticipated, when face to face with the old man, a more acrid expression of opinion as to his choice of a career. His spirits sank towards evening, and his thoughts became gloomy. The deadly monotony of the karoo depressed him. The bare kopjes, piled up with blackened, water-worn stones like pyramids of cannon-balls; the sparse, colourless karoo bushes, so different from the sweet fertility of Stellenbosch, tortured his senses, and he turned away from the carriage window. He looked out again, only to see the interminable line of fencing bordering the farms. He wondered whence, in that timberless country, those posts came, and what sort of trees produced such dreadfully crooked stakes? They seemed, in the dim light, to be the deformed souls of the lost, relentlessly pursuing each other over that terrible waste; some bowed with terror, some defiant, others dancing, praying, screaming, as they glided past in endless numbers.

The bracing air of the karoo morning soothed and comforted him, driving away with balmy touches the fears and gloom of the night before. The day following he saw the iron shanty at Springbok Loop, with the post-cart drawn up near it, awaiting the mails and passengers for Vaalbos. Gert alighted from the train, and making his way, bag in hand, to the cart, climbed in and ordered the driver to proceed.

'How are all the people, Koos?' he asked the man.

'All well, Baas Gert; all well. I saw the old baas and the old *nooi* [mistress] in the village

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yesterday. Baas Bray is searching for the shining stones at Koodooskop; and they say that he and Miss Steenie are going to be married soon.'

'Be still,' snapped Gert; 'you must not talk of such things. I have heard all about the matter of the diamond-mine, and I don't believe there is anything in it.'

'But why,' persisted the 'boy,' 'did the English baas go to Koodooskop? He would not come all the way from Kimberley if there were nothing in it. These diggers are like the *aasvogels* [vultures], who see or smell a dead animal miles and miles away. Where diamonds and gold are to be found, there diggers will find their way. Who tells them, baas? No one; for they can see or smell like an *aasvogel*. Baas Gert will be very rich one day;' and with that he whipped up the horses.

'I tell you there is nothing in it,' said Gert curtly. 'Shut up, and mind the ruts.'

At the same time, he reflected, the prospect opened up was not to be despised. If diamonds were discovered on the farm, it would mean a great deal to him. That event would soon solve the whole question of his future. A rich man need be neither a farmer nor a Civil servant, unless he so desired.

II.

On topping the first rise after leaving the siding, Gert Klopper beheld Vaalbos in the distance. It looked unspeakably dreary and forlorn. The painful persistence of corrugated iron roofing, dominated by the church steeple and a few listless gum-trees, in a manner relieved the dull monotony of the view; but the whole prospect was to him—fresh from the beauties of the coast districts—intensely colourless and depressing. They dropped down the incline beyond the second rise at a smart pace, passed through a patch of prickly pear, and then smashed into the dry bed of the river with a jolt that very nearly sent Gert overboard. He had got out of the way of it. They scurried up the opposite bank in fine style, awaking into animation a flock of sleepy sheep, some of which went flying before them, to the amazement and rage of the nude shepherd-boy, who impotently shook his 'kerrie' (knobbed stick) at them and cursed them in voluble Cape Dutch.

They soon crossed the intervening level between the river and the village; but before reaching the latter the driver produced an old-fashioned copper bugle from a recess beneath his seat. Bent and battered, it seemed impossible to sound it; but if Gert had any misgivings on that score, he was soon undeceived, for as they entered the principal street the driver proceeded to execute the most wonderful performance Gert had ever listened to. Koos ran up and down the scale with a fluency and a brilliancy of execution at once remarkable and finished, and with a strength of lung so sustained and persistent that Gert momentarily expected to see the distorted instrument straighten and the dents vanish.

Gert remained in the village for a week, seeking earnestly and patiently to qualify in his duties, especially those relating to revenue receipts, which were of a somewhat intricate character; after which he rode over to Koodooskop to see his people.

Oom Jan shook hands with him solemnly and listlessly, unresponsive to his boy's affectionate greeting; while Ta'Antje contented herself with the shedding of abundant tears, muttering the while, '*Mijn arme stoute kind*' ('My poor erring child'). But Steenie, his sweet sister, how she kissed and caressed him, calling to her parents to see how fine a fellow he had grown into!

'After all, father,' she cried, 'he will be near us; and if he gets tired of the Government service—which he surely will,' she added in a moment of inspiration—'he will return to Koodooskop and farm for you.'

'Farm for me! A man smelling of cigarettes and wearing pointed shoes and silk neckties farm for me? I think not. He cannot learn farming in an office or on a tennis-court. He must start now. He has no trade or profession. A clerk is less than nothing.'

'Better a clerk than a ne'er-do-well,' Steenie said quietly. 'Look at Van Kalk's son, and Jay's son, and Hendrik's son, all only sons and farmers too; but all wastrels.'

'That may be,' returned the old man, 'but a farmer's son should become a farmer. See what our people are coming to. When a farmer becomes prosperous, nothing will satisfy him but that one of his sons must be a doctor, another an attorney, and the next a surveyor; while the farm goes to rack and ruin. The daughters must marry town men, and then they become *blikjes-vrouwen* ['tin women']. Farmers are not good enough for them. Cigarettes, high collars, and shiny boots are ruining the country. In my young days the women wore *kapjes* [sunbonnets], but they knew how to cook; the men *veldschoens* [raw-hide shoes], but they trod the veld with them looking after the cattle and the sheep. Our young men should remain on the land their fathers acquired. We shall never be a great nation unless the people remain on the land.'

Oom Jan paused, for his pipe had gone out. He struck a match, and after a few meditative puffs was about to resume his tirade, when Steenie asked him sweetly, 'What is a *blikjes-vrouw*, father?'

'A *blikjes-vrouw*,' he answered, 'is a Cape Town woman who spends all her time in Adderley Street, so that when her poor husband comes home, hungry after a day's hard work, she places a tin of salmon or one of corned beef before him for his dinner. You get only tinned

food from a *blikjes-vrouw*. It is quite true, because old Jan Vermaak, who was once in Cape Town for two weeks, told me all about it.'

Gert bore Oom Jan's strictures with admirable patience. His respectful attitude remained respectful to the end; but he was not prepared to accept his father's conclusions in silence, so he said, 'And why, father, should not our country districts supply their own professional men and clerks? Such occupations should, according to you, be reserved for town men and *uitlanders* only. It is not the land alone that will make us a great nation, because it is often a curse. How many thousands of "poor whites" has the land made, because farms are so frequently subdivided into small portions in the interest of sons and daughters?'

'Never mind that,' said Oom Jan slowly; 'this farm is not going to be cut up. It is, as I have said, the Lord's will that you should have chosen as you did, but this is your proper place. You must come back to it for good some day. It is eleven o'clock. *Soepjes*, Antje, *soepjes* [cordials] for us all.'

They retired to the dining-room, Ta'Antje, puffy and important, leading the way, her face clearly betraying the delight she experienced at the favourable termination of the family council.

'They shall have of my best *soepjes*,' she said softly, 'some of the old Vanderhum my cousin Rykie sent up from the Paarl.'

The Cape liqueur was produced, and they pledged *gezondheid* (good health) to each other, the old lady taking her share with evident relish; but in the midst of it all Steenie disappeared with a flirt of her gown and a rush—and then Gert heard a man's voice. It came from the *stoep* through the open window, and was evidently raised in greeting to his sister.

Gert went outside, and there he met Walter Bray. It required no extraordinary knowledge of human affairs to gauge correctly the situation as it existed between his sister and the big man at her side. Their bearing towards each other was intimate, and on Steenie's part even proprietary, as if she desired to give her brother a lead, as a guide to his future relations with Bray. Gert understood, but was not any the happier for it. His greeting was not cordial. Young Klopper had acquired his father's reserve of manner, and seemed to share the old man's resentment of Bray's presence on the farm, clearly and distinctly expressed when that formidable person had first made his appearance at Koodooskop. Bray did not appear to notice the young fellow's want of cordiality, but grasped Gert's hand heartily, smiling amiably the while. And so the tempter and the tempted met.

III.

Life at Vaalbos was monotonous to a degree, and Gert was hard put to it for a little variety during his leisure hours. The two marriageable girls in the village were both engaged, so that his thoughts turned heavily from love and tennis to billiards and cards. There was Betty van Staden, of course; but her father's farm was two hours on horseback from the village, so she had to be ruled out also. His nights were spent at Zastron's hotel, at either the billiard or the card table, with varying luck.

Bray turned up occasionally, accompanied by his follower, Flinty Beck, the latter horrible to look upon in his leering ugliness. Bray was at unusual pains to break down the attitude of reserve Gert had adopted towards him, and succeeded after a time. Gert was no match for the insidious scoundrel, and rapidly fell under his influence, so that they became quite intimate.

One night, after young Klopper had had a run of luck at cards, convivially celebrated in bad whisky and atrocious cigars, Bray suggested that they should adjourn to Gert's room, as he wished to lay before him the precise position respecting the diamond-mine at Koodooskop. They went, accompanied by Flinty Beck and Monty Abrahams, a salesman and book-keeper in a Jew's *winkel* (shop) in the village—a man voluble and honey-tongued to a degree; so much so that he was reputed to have sold a crucifix at *Nachtmaal* time to an elder of the Dutch Reformed Church.

'Gert,' began Bray, after they were comfortably bestowed about the room, 'you need have no doubts about the diamond-mine on your father's farm. Flinty, here, who is an expert at the game, will bear me out.'

'Bear you out?' broke in Flinty, the Adam's apple in his throat working jerkily. 'You just bet your last sixpence, Mr Klopper, that your father has got a daisy prospect. It will pan out two carats to the load and more. A dead certainty—and a sure fortune.'

'As you know,' resumed Bray, 'the operations are costly, and we cannot depend too much on your old man. He may shy at any time. In fact, he is shying now. Can you do anything? It is all to your advantage, and there is no risk. As soon as the mine is declared we shall float the company, and then the pieces will come rolling in. We shall arrange, in case you may wish to resume farming some day, to retain the homestead and, say, four thousand *morgen*, and sell the remainder to the company, together, of course, with the mine.'

'Where am I to get the money from?' inquired Gert. 'I have very little besides my salary. I can get nothing out of the old man; he is as hard to move, in money matters, as the Klipkopje.'

'Can't you borrow some?' asked Bray after a pause. 'Your name is good enough.'

'Borrow?' replied Gert. 'Borrow? From whom can I borrow? My circumstances are

too well known. My most valuable possession is my gun, so the security that I can offer is not worth consideration.'

There was another pause. Flinty Beck tried to look as if the matter had no interest for him, while Monty Abrahams gazed at the ceiling through the cigarette-smoke he was exhaling.

'There is no risk, Gert,' said Monty. 'I look upon you as being good enough for at least one hundred and fifty pounds, and so I will lend you the money, provided you give me a promissory-note for the amount, and that it is backed by Bray and Beck.'

'Why do you not lend it to them, then, without reference to me? They are going to spend the money.'

'True; but for the benefit of your father and yourself. I prefer to stick to my proposal. I am not a philanthropist—no Jew is—and I expect to benefit ultimately—with your help—when the Koodooskop Diamond-Mining Company is floated and makes a second Kimberley of Vaalbos.'

'A second Kimberley!' repeated Bray. 'And you, Gert, as rich as Rhodes. Think of it. You cannot allow such a proposal to lapse for the want of a few pounds.'

'But is it honest,' asked the young fellow, 'to borrow money I may not be able to repay?'

'It is not so much a matter of honesty as it is of policy,' replied Bray. 'In this particular case policy is the best honesty; but the matter is quite simple and straight. You must support the venture. The question of repayment will be one between the three of us—that is, you, Flinty, and myself. After all, you will be liable for fifty pounds only!'

Gert was very young, and the prospect very alluring. 'Very well, Monty,' he said, 'I 'll sign the note. Bray had better have the money, as he is managing the business.'

The men left, and Gert went to bed. On their way to Zastron's bar Monty Abrahams did most of the talking; while Flinty Beck contented himself with listening to the others, drawing laboriously at his half-choked pipe the while.

'It is too easy,' said Flinty when Abrahams had apparently talked himself out—'too easy. 'Pon my soul, I feel inclined to back out. We have done the old people through the girl, and now we are going to scarify the son. Fifty pounds for each of us is not much, and I feel tender about the whole thing. Is it worth it? And, besides, where will he find the money?'

'He 'll have to find the money when Monty presses him,' replied Bray. 'These symptoms have troubled you before, Flinty. You with a conscience reminds me of a whisky-bottle with water in it. Aren't fifty pounds good enough for you? You 'll have to wait a bit until he pays up, but pay up he must. He will not dare to inform his people or anybody else until he is in a corner, and who is to tell that we did not spend the money in connection with the mine?'

The conscience flicker which troubled Flinty was not destined to glow as a steady flame. His scruples, crowded out by the stimulating effects of a huge whisky, vanished, and were known no more.

(*Continued on page 644.*)

AN AUSTRALIAN PACK.

By WILL H. OGILVIE.

I.

FOR sheer fun and hard riding there is nothing to beat one of those mixed packs which are kept on many Australian sheep-stations to hunt rabbits and kangaroos and any other kind of running game that the bush supplies. It is many years now since I rode with such a pack, but every detail of those merry gallops remains firmly engraved on the tablets of memory.

We worked hard in those days among the sheep, and the frequent hunts were welcome interludes amid the busy round of mustering, drafting, lamb-marking, shearing, foot-rotting, and fencing, which made up the station routine.

Our pack would have caused amusement to any master of foxhounds, harriers, or beagles, for there was no uniformity of breed, pace, or nose. Anything that could gallop and stay and forage and kill was good enough for us. Though much grass has grown over those South Australian paddocks since the days of which I write, I can remember every hound in that extraordinary collection. There were two huge kangaroo-hounds; Scotty, the father of the pack, an old red hound, gray-muzzled, morose, and savage; and Swift, a fast, shy, yellow dog, which had a way of going home and leaving us in the middle of a hunt when offended—and he was very easily offended. There were two greyhounds, Bluey and Lubra, the latter fast as the wind and the cleverest killer I have ever seen. She would dash at a rabbit or a hare at racing-speed, and never fail to pick it up at the first attempt, carrying it many yards on before she could pull up; and when hunting among the tussocks, if a rabbit crossed her path, however suddenly and swiftly, she was never known to miss it with her deadly accurate dive and snap. It was these two who did the bulk of the killing, generally overhauling their quarry before the heavier kangaroo-dogs and short-legged terriers came up.

There were two great, lolloping, half-grown

puppies, half-bred kangaroo-dog and greyhound. I forget their names. They were ugly and clumsy, and generally in the way, either among your horse's feet or cannoning into the cleverer dogs when they were on the point of killing. They could shuffle along at a good pace, but never seemed able to catch anything.

And then there were the fox-terriers—eight of them—Rowdy, whose eagerness took the form of trying to bite you when first let out of kennel; Clown, the always ridiculously fat, who managed to find carrion whenever he went out, and dined foully and frequently; Punch, cleanest and cleverest of workers; Micky, always on three legs, but tireless in the chase; Clipper, a white terrier on long legs, almost as fast as the greyhounds; and Nip, Vick, and Fan, three charming little bitches, as brave as lions, and ready to tackle anything from a mouse to a mammoth. Last, but not least, there was Scout, a sour old one-eyed sheep-dog, transferred to the pack from his legitimate game on account of his ill-tempered severity.

II.

With this handful of talent and ruffianism we could bring the fastest kangaroo to bay, and snap up the smartest rabbit between tussock and burrow.

In following these hounds we always rode the same horses—small, handy, quick-footed hacks which could turn on a plate, get galloping in a couple of strides, and go at full speed through a crowd of excited *ventre-à-terre* dogs without putting a hoof on one of them. We had dozens of horses to choose from on the station, but Frank always rode Brownie, and Alick rode Sweetmeat, and I would hunt on nothing but Quickstep, who knew the game from A to Z, and was the smartest and most bridle-wise pony that ever went on shoes.

Sometimes the ladies of the household or a casual visitor would accompany us; but as a rule we three comprised the field; and lots of fun we had, and many were the scalps that we carried home strung on the throat-lashes of the ponies, to the destruction of much vermin that ate our precious grass.

We hunted our ground methodically and thoroughly. The paddocks were mostly level stretches of limestone plain, interspersed with lower basins or swamps, generally dry, in which were little forests of tussock-grass with wide lanes or rides running through them. These tussocks were full of rabbits, hares, paddy-melons, and wallabies; while at any moment a kangaroo, an emu, a wild cat, a wild pig, or even a dingo might break cover in front of the yapping terriers; and the very uncertainty of the quarry made every draw an exciting adventure.

The terriers quartered every inch of the ground, while we rode slowly along the open lanes, followed by the eager kangaroo-dogs, the watchful greyhounds, the sullen sheep-dog, and the lolloping, irresponsible pups.

Suddenly a terrified rabbit would scuttle out of the tussocks. With a blood-curdling yell of '*Soo-oo-ool him!*' the nearest horseman would catch his mount by the head, stand up in his stirrups, and dash at full speed after it, followed by the rest of us and a babbling, howling avalanche of dog of all sorts.

The green swamp-ground was covered with a sort of water-weed which, after rain, was as slippery as glass. Few horses, I think, could have kept their footing on such a surface, especially when asked suddenly to start galloping in a couple of strides, or to wheel like lightning after a swerving rabbit; but our dauntless three were as clever as cats, and it was quite common to see a hoof-slide several yards in length where a racing pony had been pulled up at the edge of the tussocks, and had skated skilfully on its haunches without mishap. We did come down occasionally, but not often. I remember once taking a toss right into the middle of the pack, which was tearing and eating a wallaby, and only escaping by a miracle from old Scotty's entrail-bedecked jaws.

III.

Though we killed more rabbits than anything else, there were plenty of hares—strong, hard-conditioned racers that would stand up for half a mile or more in front of the greyhounds, and give us superb chases across the sound galloping-ground of the plains, where, right up beside the leading hound, we could see every twist and turn as the blue dog and the brown bitch, with Scotty and Swift close behind them, gave and took the lead alternately.

The paddy-melon is a small marsupial, standing about a foot high, with the pace of a Derby winner. As he can also swerve like a Harlequin three-quarter, you may imagine that not even an Altcar hare could provide a better course.

The paddy-melon's staying-power is quite remarkable, and I once saw one of them lead our pack at a rattling pace for nearly half-an-hour, doubling and dodging with extraordinary resolution and resource, till at last the dogs lay down exhausted, and the quarry stretched out under a tussock thirty yards farther on—utterly done.

From time to time we left the tussock swamps and grassy plains and went out to the back of the run, where the mobs of kangaroos fed in the rough heath and scrub. There we had magnificent chases, riding recklessly through the stringy-bark saplings and down the rock-strewn ridges, taking half-hidden dead logs in our stride, and cheering on the pack, until an old-man kangaroo would turn and stand at bay, dealing destruction to the dogs with his powerful hind-feet. Then it was that Lubra and Bluey would stand aside and make way for old Scotty, who, fierce and fearless, would fling himself on flank or throat

and pull the great beast down, to be finally despatched by us with a blow from cudgel or stirrup-iron or loaded whip-handle.

In the ranges, too, we found the emus. Perhaps a mob of eight or ten, or more, would be seen lobbing along a fence at their peculiar floppy trot, or feeding quietly in an open glade, picking delicately for seeds among the grass. With a yell we would be up in our stirrups and off after them, cheering on the dogs through girth-deep heather. Soon the greyhounds, leaping beside us, would sight their game, and then it was hell-for-leather and Devil-take-the-hindmost for a mile or more of the roughest country between Melbourne and the Murray. And an emu can travel like the wind, trying the pace and stamina of the best horses and hounds before he is at last driven to leave the mob, and is finally run to a standstill. All this time the terriers, filling the ranges with yelps of excitement, have strung on behind us, Clipper leading, and Clown bringing up the rear, in time to pull out a few feathers before the skin is off.

We had no jumping in our little hunt, except what was provided, perilously and unexpectedly, by dead logs half-buried in the fern and heath. When the game escaped through a wire fence we had to pull up, and either tie down the wire or ride away to a gate. But of galloping we got our fill, and there was plenty of excitement and a keen rivalry amongst us as to who would first sight the game and be in at the death.

An added zest was given to the sport by a table which we carefully kept, showing each dog's score of individual kills; and when Bluey and Lubra were level in their count, as they often were, and were running neck and neck behind a twisting hare or a flying wallaby, partisanship ran high, and we rode hard, jealous to be up to see our favourite put in the deciding thrust.

IV.

The pack was kept rigorously in kennel when not hunting. No petting, or feeding at odd times, was allowed; and no one had entry to the kennel but ourselves and the feeder.

The famous fifteen were kept rather on the short side as regards rations, and when they came out to hunt were as keen as mustard, and would have eaten a man. If fed on the day of hunting, or even on the afternoon or the evening of the day before, they would hardly run at all, and we soon found that to starve them was best, and to let them tear and eat the smaller kills. Thus a rabbit disappeared in a flash when once down, and I have seen a fighting wild cat reduced to one blob of spotted fur before you could count ten. This treatment made them fierce and resolute, and no pack in any country ever drove at their game with such determination and vim.

After each hunt they were amply, if not too fully, fed; and we hunted about thrice a week. The horse-boy called the dogs round to the killing-house, where any very lean, or sick, or crippled sheep had been slaughtered for them and hung up. Here Tom stood by the block, chopper in hand, with two sides of mutton in front of him. The pack sat round in a circle, exactly as they sit in council in the illustrations to *Æsop's Fables*. Tom proceeded to chop off small pieces of meat, and, calling the name of each dog in turn, flung to him or her the dainty morsel, which was deftly caught in a pair of wide and waiting jaws. Everything was orderly and polite. No dog dared to reach for any morsel but his own, under strict penalty of going supperless to bed. It was comical to see the grim smile on Scotty's face as he engulfed, somewhat self-consciously, a bit of blood-red liver, or the pitiful appeal on Clipper's long lugubrious visage as he saw Fan favoured with the lump of kidney-fat which he had specially coveted. Tom, however, was justice personified, and every dog got his share.

This system of short commons, though ensuring keenness, spoiled the temper of the pack; some of them, notably Scotty, Scout, and Rowdy, were very savage; and the pack, as a whole, were not to be trusted when their blood was up.

Once we were hunting slowly through the tussocks, when we saw an old tramp, carrying his swag of blankets on his shoulders, passing across the paddock. Above the tall tussock-grass only his head and shoulders could be seen, and I think the dogs took him for a kangaroo. In any case, they gave chase, and, excited by each other, were soon in full cry. All three of us rode desperately with stock-whips thundering, but only just managed to flog them off in time. Fortunately the old man had the sense to stand still and face them. Had he run for it, I honestly believe that nothing would have saved him, for our pack went blind with blood-lust once they got into their stride.

Another day we had come home from hunting, and instead of kennelling up the pack at once, as was our almost invariable custom, we left them a few minutes loitering about the yard. One of them attacked my very valuable sheep-dog, and before we could get to them Beau was down, with the whole pack worrying him. We dashed in with whips, kicking the terriers left and right as we ran. The big dogs had Beau down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we saved his life. I remember the savagery and sullenness of the kangaroo-dogs, and how Scotty stood up on his hind-legs and fought me, till I felled him with a loaded whip-handle.

Poor little Beau was terribly mauled, but recovered. With this exception, my memory of the pack is a bright and happy one; and seldom, if ever, since have I had such sporting days.

THE VAIN ESSENTIAL.

By Lewis Spence.

I.

I SAT staring at Karamsin in dismayed fascination. The gray-green eyes and the circular scar on the forehead were not to be mistaken, but had these aids to recognition been of a kind less singular, I should certainly have failed to identify him—I, his oldest and most intimate friend, who, only a short week before, had seen him sweep away the opposition of an angry soviet as a high wind drives before it the rubbish of the streets. Was the stricken man who crouched before me on the settee the Alexis Karamsin whom the Allied Press spoke of as 'the Saviour of Russia,' the man to whom all Moderates looked to pilot the Republic past the rapids of revolt? I was overwhelmed by the horror of the ravaged face, the paralytic twist of the mouth, the shock-smitten brows, the malarial quivering of the huddled body. He had telegraphed to me to come to his country-house at Pulkova without delay, and now I sat opposite him in the terrible embarrassment one experiences when he feels the mockery of consolation. There Karamsin lay, clutching the sides of the settee in an attitude that reminded me of a man clinging to wreckage.

'Ah, Serge, my friend,' he muttered brokenly, 'you see how it is with me?'

'But—on Thursday,' I faltered.

With a weak movement of his quivering hands he pointed to a decanter of spirits which stood on the table before him. I understood, and pouring out a little, held it to his lips. He gulped it down and drew himself into a sitting posture.

'Serge,' he said, 'you—you have dabbled in medicine. What has come to me?'

'But surely you have called in a physician?' I cried. 'Your condition——'

His stricken lips drew into a horrible curve of mockery. 'It is easy to see that you do not concern yourself with the life political, my good Serge,' he stammered. 'Tell Petrograd that Karamsin is ill—is dying—and to-morrow Russia drifts a wreck across the blazing sea of anarchy. More brandy. I have much to tell you.'

He drank as a man drinks who is near to dissolution. 'I have remained here to avoid inquiry—to check rumour,' he gasped. 'It has been given out that I have caught a chill. My colleagues have been told by Andreas, my secretary, that I must not be disturbed. They are only too happy to have a free hand.' As he said this the gray-green eyes snapped in the old fierce way. 'Ostensibly I am confined to my room for a few days, you understand. I trust you alone, Serge. You must help.'

'My dear Alexis,' I said, tears pricking my eyes, 'can you doubt that I will? But what has brought about this disaster? You have received a severe nervous shock; you are obviously in the clutch of a terrible reaction. A man cannot hold the world upon his shoulders as you have done without giving way beneath such an intolerable burden sooner or later. Ah, now I read your secret. You have flown to some drug, some potent restorative, to assist you to bear the awful strain to which you have been subjected, and it has betrayed you.'

'You are only partially correct in your surmise,' he replied, and I could see that the liquor he had taken had brought him a temporary access of strength. 'You will remember that some years ago, when I was an official in Finland, I sustained a serious illness, due to an obscure disease which has never been rightly diagnosed. But I procured a wonderful remedy from a wonderful man, by virtue of which I have been enabled not only to avoid chronic invalidism, but to grasp and retain that political ascendancy which has until now saved our fatherland from something worse than ruin.'

'You relied wholly upon this drug?' I asked, amazed at his confession. 'I should never have guessed you to be a habitual drug-taker.'

'I was justified in my confidence of the elixir of which I speak,' he replied. 'It transformed me from a very average official to—well, to what I am. I tell you, Serge, its life-giving properties are of the most extraordinary character. Ay, laugh at me if you will. Had I not received it from the hands of a mortal man, I should have been ready to credit its supernatural origin. When the abounding vitality which it gave me quickened my heart and brain I felt invincible, full of the triumph of constructive power, the omniscience of a genius—almost of a god. And now——'

'And now, as such evil and unnatural things will, it has broken its promise—it has destroyed you, my poor friend.'

'Once more you are wrong,' he said, his voice faintly reminiscent of his lost vigour. 'It never failed me for an instant. I knew that it would not betray me, but would continue to give me strength until my work was done and Russia was safe.'

'But this collapse—this dreadful condition of reaction in which I find you?'

He raised his great head—the head of an Atlas, of a Titan—and the gray-green eyes, full of the agony of defeat, looked straight into mine. 'I had enough to last me for years,' he said in a stammering whisper. 'It has been stolen.'

'You are absolutely convinced of that? You have ransacked your rooms?' I asked in lame suggestion.

'I kept it under lock and key most carefully,' he whimpered, falling back into his attitude of semi-collapse. 'On opening my bureau three days ago, I found that it had been abstracted.'

'Your secretary, Andreas?' I ventured.

'Impossible.' He waved away the insinuation with a feeble gesture. 'You forget that he is my foster-brother. No, Serge; it has been stolen. You cannot conceive how the agents of the Bolsheviki harass and spy upon me,' he went on. 'They are aware of my every movement, of my most secret acts. I cannot convey to you the sense of surrounding danger with which I am filled. Serge, my friend, I am the only bulwark between our fatherland and a danger so acute, so menacing in its character, that I dare not even speculate upon it. For the sake of Russia I must not perish. You must go to Finland at once—this very night—and procure me a fresh supply of the one thing that will keep me alive and that will save our cause and our country.'

'But how am I to procure it?' I asked, sensing the nearness of an adventure little to my liking.

'I will tell you,' he replied.

II.

Rising slightly from the pile of cushions and abandoning his attitude of utter weariness in a pitiable attempt at alertness, Karamsin began his story. 'Some years ago, when an official at Viborg, in Finland, I became aware of the existence of a conspiracy, the object of which was to destroy the power of Russia in the duchy and set on foot a Finnish republic. This, of course, was nothing new. As you are aware, the Finns never gave more than a grudging assent to their annexation to Russia, and if they never broke out into open revolt against our authority, they did not cease to offer a passive resistance—moral and intellectual rather than physical—to our rule. Our system of espionage and the strict surveillance we exercised over all printed matter made it almost impossible for a leader of capacity to arise in Finnish intellectual circles. In fact, as even you must be aware, scholar and recluse though you are, our official class paid even closer attention to Finnish politics than to home affairs, and were more keenly on the watch for sedition in the northern duchy than anywhere else. The lack of leadership, the hopelessness of combined effort, rendered it impossible for the national cause there to make much headway. But in course of time it became clear to me that the southern portion of the province had become the centre of a determined and growing effort on the part of the patriotic party. I became aware of this, not through the discovery of printed propaganda or unauthorised assemblies, but by the thousand and one little intimations which never fail to indicate to an experienced official the presence of popular unrest, encouraged and directed by the hidden operation of a band of intellectuals.

'At this time I had formed a close friendship with a Finnish scientist of remarkable ability, one Dr Elias Lönnrot. He lived very simply in a small house, some fifteen miles from Viborg, and his means seemed just sufficient to allow him to devote his entire time to the practice of the higher chemistry. We had many tastes in common, and I formed a high opinion of his character and talents. His daughter Annunka was charming. I became a constant visitor to Bemrö, the little hamlet where he resided. You can imagine the sequel to an intimacy between a beautiful and cultured girl and a lonely official. In a word, Serge, my friend, Annunka and I were betrothed. But you know how conscientious I have always been, and I felt compelled to reveal to her father that for nearly eighteen months my health had been in a more or less serious state. Annunka was all in all to him, and at first he practically forbade our engagement on the ground of my illness, which had assumed almost a chronic form. His attitude deeply distressed Annunka. She became listless and wretched, and I could see that her father was growing alarmed at her condition.

'One afternoon he called me into his study, and without preamble told me what was in his mind. He confided to me how uneasy he had grown concerning his daughter's loss of health and spirits, and said that what he was about to propose was entirely in her interests. He then told me that some years before he had made an amazing discovery—that in the course of experiment he had stumbled upon a blend distilled from plants and herbs native to Finland, which was possessed of extraordinary recuperative powers, capable of infusing into the human system such a degree of vigour as would render it able to combat the march of almost any disease for an indefinite period. He had, he said, made prolonged experiments with it, in the first instance upon domestic animals which he had previously inoculated with the germs of several deadly diseases. Instead of succumbing to the influence of these, they had speedily recovered, and had shown the most remarkable signs of greatly increased vitality. He had then experimented upon one of his man-servants with surprising results. He now proposed that I should undergo a course of the elixir, as he called it, promising that if within one month I showed symptoms of recovery, he would no longer bring any objection against my marriage with his daughter.

'I did not hesitate to accept Lönnrot's condition, for, to tell the truth, my state of health was so miserable that I snatched at any straw which seemed to hold out the hope of physical betterment. He gave me a supply of the drug

sufficient to last for a month. I shall never forget my sensations when first I essayed its powers. In about a week's time I experienced such an access of strength, such an increase of confidence, that I felt as if I had sloughed off the skin of an old and outworn individuality and stood up in the body of a new and glorified existence. A prodigious vigour descended upon me. My thoughts quickened, ideas and conceptions crowded in upon me, and my brain reacted to the stimulus of imagination so rapidly and vividly that I recalled my old hesitancy of judgment with a kind of magnanimous glee. In the days that followed, these conditions became intensified. My subordinates and companions scarcely recognised in this electric, vigorous, and aboundingly active personality the rather feeble and neurotic Alexis Karamsin.

'My splendid improvement of health and vigour —such health and energy of mind and body as I had never known—determined me to test my new powers by undertaking an intensive personal examination of the conspiracy which until this time had eluded me, and which, I felt assured, was daily gaining ground in the district under my charge. I resolved to work entirely alone, and confided to no one what I was about. I applied myself to the task with all the intensified purpose and ability which Lönnrot's elixir had awakened in me. In a short time I succeeded in discovering a clue to the affair. The result startled me. Anxious to verify it beyond the possibility of doubt before I took any deliberate action, I bent my energies towards the accumulation of proof. My perseverance was rewarded by the detection of no less than four threads, all of which led to the centre of the complot, and, to my dismay, it became clear that my growing suspicions were correct, and that the entire conspiracy was the work of Elias Lönnrot.'

III.

Karamsin's voice failed him. I begged him to rest, to delay his statement until he recovered a little; but waving aside my suggestion with the utmost impatience, he continued.

'I am sure, my dear Serge,' he said, 'you will be anxious to know how I acted in these dreadful circumstances. For a time, indeed, I was quite incapable of action of any kind, so disturbed was I by the dangerous nature of the secret I had discovered. But when I recovered from my first feelings of dismay, I congratulated myself that I had taken none of my colleagues into my confidence. Of course, it was impossible for me to denounce Lönnrot; nor would I have done so for Annunka's sake, if for nothing else. But in the circumstances to have remained on the old footing of intimacy would have meant utter ruin to me had the facts of the conspiracy leaked out at a later time.

'But a consideration still more serious now entered into my calculations. I use the last word advisedly, for with an old and tried friend like yourself, Serge, old fellow, evasion of any kind savours of disloyalty, and I am sure you must be aware that the man who embraces the life political must on no account permit himself to fail in his duty through mere sentimental considerations. The question which now agitated me was the possibility of the deprivation of the almost magical drug which meant so much to me, which had drawn me out of the depths of physical suffering, and had restored my strength and quickened my mental processes so wonderfully. The bare thought of falling back into the pit of suffering from which it had released me was torture, and I swore to myself that, whatever else might happen, I would compel Lönnrot to divulge his formula.

'The time at last arrived when I had agreed to report progress to this strange man. I had seen Annunka several times since making my discovery, but had been careful not to raise the slightest suspicion in her mind that I was aware of her father's guilt. To have discontinued my visits would, as you must see, have been most impolitic, and whatever else I may be, my dear fellow, I flatter myself that I am not a bungler in such matters. On the day appointed I submitted myself to Lönnrot for examination. He expressed himself as perfectly convinced of my recovery. I asked him to provide me with the formula of his marvellous drug, but he assured me that such a step would be useless, as, even though he made me acquainted with it, the peculiar nature of its ingredients and the very involved processes connected with its manufacture would render it impossible for any chemist save himself to produce it. He informed me that he had a large quantity of the liquid prepared, and that, as three drops of it in a wineglassful of water sufficed for a daily dose, the quantity with which he would provide me would last for many years. He gave me three large bottles filled with the elixir, which I immediately took the precaution of handing to my man who waited outside, and when I had seen them safely disposed within my saddle-bags, I returned to his study.

'Naturally I felt somewhat disturbed regarding the painful nature of the interview that must follow, and resolved to get it over as quickly as possible. I am afraid that I was rather precipitate in revealing my knowledge of his guilt to the old man, and I saw that it came to him as a terrible shock. He made no attempt to refute the charge, and when I assured him that if he would promise to abandon the conspiracy which he had set on foot I would not divulge it to the authorities, he seemed greatly relieved, and at once agreed to desist from further political agitation. But when I told him firmly that I found it necessary to break off my betrothal with Annunka, he behaved like a man possessed. He protested that she

would sink beneath the shock, that the mere thought of losing me had already had a disastrous effect upon her health and spirits, and pleaded most earnestly with me to reconsider my decision. I told him, bluntly perhaps, that it was absolutely necessary for my own personal safety, as well as due to my career, that I should cut off such a highly dangerous connection. When he saw that I was not to be turned from my purpose he raved in a frantic manner. I pointed out to him how unreasonable his conduct was, and that in any case he had been on the verge of rejecting me as a son-in-law on account of my health. He assured me that he had all along been convinced that his elixir would cure me, and that he had forced its use upon me in order to ensure my recovery. I told him that Annunka and I had been separated by his own act in attempting to foment rebellion against my country, and he was so ill-advised as to say that the knowledge of his guilt could be divulged by me alone, so that if I married Annunka I had really nothing to fear on these grounds. You know, Serge, how obstinate and illogical the Finns are. I refused, very properly, I think, to continue such a painful interview, and took my leave abruptly.'

'And Annunka?' I asked, as he appeared by his silence to have finished his tale.

'Annunka,' he said, with that coolness which had often astonished me, even when we were children together—'I regret to say, my dear Serge, that she did not long survive. She—she drowned herself. Yes, was it not sad?'

I made no reply.

IV.

'Ah, well,' continued Karamsin in his tremulous voice, 'I left Viborg soon after, for, as you know, I received an important post at Petrograd. But to the point, Serge, to the point. You were always an unpractical fellow. How, in the circumstances, am I to obtain a fresh supply of the elixir? I dare not ask it of Lönnrot.'

'You dare not,' I concurred.

'We must bargain with him,' he muttered. 'We must attack his weak side. You must tell him that if he will supply you with the elixir, we shall agree to Finland's demand for complete independence. I have blank papers here, signed by all the Ministers, to facilitate the speedy issue of decrees. You must fill in one of these to my dictation, assuring Lönnrot of the intention of the Republic to proclaim the freedom of Finland at the earliest possible opportunity. Of course, I shall not sign the document, for obvious reasons.'

'But the Provisional Committee will never consent to such a proposal,' I cried.

'Oh, Serge,' he exclaimed, a spasm of abject suffering crossing his pale face, 'pray spare me such objections. Of course the Committee would repudiate such a document. I shall take care that it shall never become necessary for them to do so. But one point of the utmost importance arises. Lönnrot must not know that the elixir is intended for *me*. You understand the necessity for keeping my name altogether out of the affair?'

'Most assuredly,' I agreed; 'but for what ostensible reason do you propose to ask him for the drug? You must not forget that he is well aware that you, and you alone, are cognisant of its existence. You appreciate my point?'

'That is what is chiefly exercising me,' replied Karamsin, drawing his hand across his eyes with a gesture of feeble perplexity; 'that, my good Serge, is the question to which I have been addressing the remains of my shattered understanding during the last three days. Lönnrot will never part with the elixir on my account, even if it were to ensure the freedom of his country. You must tell him that I am dead.'

'Dead! Then on what ground——'

'You must tell him that the phials in which the drug was kept met with an accident; that, deprived of the elixir, I quickly sank, and during my last moments informed my fellow Ministers of its enormous recuperative value. You must say that they are anxious to experiment with it in the hope that it may improve the physical standard and fighting capacity of the Russian army. Such a proposition will appeal to the old man's vanity, for he is insanely proud of his discovery. To convince him that he is dealing with our Government, you will offer him a sum of one hundred thousand roubles for a supply of the elixir, the freedom of Finland, and the military alliance of the Russian Republic, if his countrymen should desire it. Promise him *anything*, Serge—*anything*, so long as you procure the drug—you understand?'

'I am no diplomat,' I said. 'I cannot rightly comprehend the code upon which diplomacy founds its actions, but——'

'But you are anxious to serve Russia? Is it not so?'

'Most anxious,' I replied with a sigh. 'Come, Alexis, dictate the communication of which you speak. We must lose no time.'

It was with great perplexity and anguish of mind that he succeeded in forming even the few official sentences in which he requested Lönnrot, in the name of the Russian Republic, to provide its representative with a supply of the elixir; and when, at last, he had finished dictating them, he fell back with every appearance of utter collapse. I rang for his secretary, Andreas, and asked him to bring the seal of the Republic, which I affixed to the document with my own hand.

'Good-bye, Serge,' he gasped, as I took my leave. 'You will find all arrangements made for you to leave the Finlandsky Station at ten o'clock to-night. Farewell; and hasten with all the speed at your command. If a man ever

travelled upon a matter of life and death, you are that man.'

V.

I arrived at Viborg about eleven o'clock on the following morning, after one of the most tedious and miserable journeys it has ever been my lot to make. The special by which I travelled was side-tracked at least once in every five miles to permit of the passage of troop-trains, and during the intervals when it had the freedom of the line, it pursued its northward way through a seemingly interminable landscape of gray, marshy country at what seemed to my impatience an almost pedestrian rate.

I had not slept at all during the journey, but after a wretched breakfast I immediately cast about for some method of conveyance to take me to the hamlet where Lönnrot resided. To my consternation, no vehicle of any description was procurable, as every available conveyance had been requisitioned by the local authorities on account of the unsettled condition of the country. I stormed; I raved; I interviewed the phlegmatic civic heads of the place, who seemed to conceive a suspicion of me, and appeared more than half-inclined to apprehend me. At length, when I had made up my mind to walk the fifteen miles to Bemrö, a fellow who owned a couple of shaggy native ponies offered to guide me there for a sum that would have kept a *barin* in Havana cigars for a whole winter. I was in no mood for bargaining, and, closing with the offer, clambered on to the back of my mount as the cathedral clock was striking six, and cantered off in the gray dusk of a Finnish autumn evening on the strangest errand of my life.

For two hours and a half we trotted steadily over roads winding by the side of melancholy lakes which reflected the dull red and gold of the mist-veiled sunset. The dreary environment of the marshy wastes which surrounded me was strong upon me. I thought of Karamsin dying by inches yonder in Pulkova, gasping his life out in a struggle with the elemental forces of that destiny whose hand of late had fallen so heavily upon our fatherland, and as I pictured his agony I urged with my spurless heels the wretched screw which carried me, but to no purpose. The animals of a country resemble its people in disposition, and my pony, a true Finlander, refused to be driven, and replied to my expostulations by planting his forefeet on the bridle-path in an attitude of dogged resistance. But at a word of encouragement from his master he resumed his leisurely trot, and at last we espied the yellow lights of a huddle of houses in the distance. My guide was well acquainted with Dr Lönnrot's dwelling, and within a few minutes I had alighted at its wooden porch.

As I knocked at the door a dreadful sense of failure suddenly oppressed me; the shadow of something awesome fell upon my heart. A long silence followed my summons. Then I heard the shuffling of slippered feet in the passage. A woman, old and withered, opened the door and peered at me as if resentful of intrusion.

'Dr Lönnrot?' I asked in Russian.

'He is dead,' she replied.

I staggered back, shocked inexpressibly. 'Dead!' I echoed. 'Dead, you say?'

'He died this morning,' she said in her barbarous Russian. 'We are preparing his body for the grave.'

I forced myself to instant action. 'I am a Russian official,' I said sternly. 'It is necessary that I should examine his papers at once.'

She stared at me with the stony indifference of age.

'Do as you will,' she said in a fierce whisper. 'Search the papers of a dead man if you choose.'

'Show me his study,' I said, with an affectation of brusqueness. 'Be quick; I have not long to wait.'

She led the way through a long, dark passage, pointed to a door, and was gone. I struck a match, and entering a small, low-roofed room, lit the lamp. It contained but little furniture—a desk, a large book-case filled with well-used volumes, a few chairs, and a huge, deep cupboard. I had not the least intention of going through Lönnrot's papers or correspondence, and my sole object was to discover whether or not he had left any of the elixir behind him. Concluding that it was most probable that the drug, if it was to be found at all, would be stored in the cupboard, I opened it. It was filled with bottles, great and small, flasks, phials, carboys. In fierce excitement I read the labels, rummaging through the vessels in my frenzied quest, in the dim half-light of that almost sordid little room. At last I came upon a bottle holding perhaps a litre, which had been hidden behind a row of large stone jars. It was labelled 'Elix. Vit.' Unquestionably it must contain the drug on which the safety of Russia depended. With shaking hands I seized upon it, thrust it into the capacious pocket of my fur-lined coat, and tiptoed from the house.

VI.

I cannot describe the ride back to Viborg, for I retain but little recollection of it. The driver of the special which had brought me had orders to place himself entirely at my disposal, and, without breaking my fast, I sought the station and ordered him to start at once. During the journey south I slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and awoke to find that we were steaming into the Finlandsky Station at Petrograd. Leaping out, I jumped into a Government motor, which I guessed rather than knew awaited my arrival, and in twenty minutes alighted at Karamsin's villa at Pulkova.

Andreas, the secretary, was standing at the

window. He rushed to the door, and seized me by the arm in a convulsive grip.

'Well?' I asked in an agony of expectation.

'He is very low,' he replied; 'he can scarcely speak.'

I found Karamsin, still stretched upon the great settee. His appearance was ghastly. At first I thought that he was dead, but when he heard my voice he drew himself by a great effort into a half-sitting posture.

'You—have—it?' he gasped.

'It is here,' I said. 'You are saved!'

I poured some water into a wine-glass, added three drops from the bottle, and held it to his lips. As he gulped it down a look of radiant hope suffused his face, a faint flush mantled his hollow cheeks. He drew a long, shuddering breath, and rose to his feet.

'Serge,' he cried in a strong and ringing voice —'Serge, you have saved me; you have saved Russia! But you were nearly too late. Another ten minutes and I should have been past help. How many bottles have you got? Only one! Ah, well, that will last a long time. And Lönnrot? Did he swallow the bait?'

'He is dead,' I faltered. 'He died yesterday.'

'Dead!' he said, his voice falling to a hushed whisper. 'Then how . . .?'

He picked up the vessel from which I had administered the dose which had worked so marvellous a change in him. 'Elix. Vit.,' he read from the label affixed to it. 'But what is this?' he asked, snatching at a slip of paper attached to the neck of the bottle. 'The mixture as prescribed to Alexis Karamsin; consists of water coloured with honey; given to test the power of suggestion in a case of marked hypochondriasis.'

A terrible cry broke from Karamsin's lips. With a wild gesture of despair he threw up his arms and fell backwards upon the settee from which a moment before he had risen in triumphant transformation.

I ran to him. His jaw had dropped; his hands were clenched convulsively. His breathing had ceased. He was dead.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HERRING-DRIFTER.

By H. G. Lyall.

I.

SCIENCE, which in a comparatively few years has changed most of man's activities, has altered the fishing-boat out of all semblance of its former self. Many fishermen are still going to sea who have witnessed the whole evolution of the herring-drifter from its primitive inadequacy to its present all-round comfort, security, and usefulness.

Forty or fifty years ago the boat used for herring-fishing on the coasts of the north, north-east, and east of Scotland was identical in type with that used for the same purpose a hundred years before. Such a boat was clinker-built, open from bow to stern, and seldom more than thirty-three feet of keel. It was made to keep out water from below, but, as it had not a plank of deck, when the sea in a playful mood threw a few gallons of water on board, they had simply to be thrown out again. If the gallons became too many, the boat sank. It was impossible, therefore, for the fishermen to go far from the shore, or to venture out save in fine weather. The risk was too great. As it was, sudden summer storms sometimes caught the boats on the fishing-ground, drove them from their nets, and only too often piled them complete wrecks on the rocks in full sight of the wives and the parents of the unfortunate crews. If the men escaped with their lives, it was about all they had left in the world, for a fisherman's boat and nets are a fisherman's capital. Anything approaching comfort was unknown in these boats. When the nets were shot, and darkness had fallen, the crew went to bed by the very simple process of lying down in the bottom of the boat and hauling the sail over them.

Boats of this size and make were restricted to the fishing-ground near the home ports. A few enterprising and venturesome crews would, in the long summer days, steal along the shore of the Moray Firth, up the coast of Caithness to Wick, and thence through the Pentland Firth to the lochs on the west coast of Scotland. There they would fish—mostly for 'big fish'; that is, cod, ling, skate, &c.—from May until July. The herring-fishing in the Moray Firth lasted from early in July to early in September, and if the total income of a crew was anywhere in the region of two hundred pounds—which had to meet all expenses and be divided among four men and a boy—that crew carried themselves in their fellows' sight with all the airs of the affluent. When the fishing was over, the boats were hauled on to the shore, turned bottom upwards, and there they remained under the watchful eyes of their owners until the herring-fishing season came round again. It must have been in those days that the saying arose that a fisherman's boat came next to his wife and family in his affections, for a fisherman's care of, and pride in, his boat at that time are something to be wondered at nowadays. When the herring had left the grounds, and the herring-boats were safely ensconced on the dry land, the fishermen turned their attention to the line-fishing, which was prosecuted in boats that were in

every way similar to those used for the herring-fishing, save that they were much smaller.

II.

The first decked herring-boat was seen on the north-east coast of Scotland some fifty years ago, and was a source of wonderment and speculation, and doubtless of much head-shaking from the more conservative of the fishermen, who would have delighted in pointing out a hundred difficulties in the way of such a craft ever being of use for the herring-fishing. But, in spite of head-shaking, fishermen with a bit of capital in the bank began to invest it in boats with decks, and those with open boats in good condition had strips of deck put round them.

Many of the first decked boats were still in use twenty years ago. They were decked all round, and had a large open space in the centre which was used for holding the nets and the fish. This space, or hold, could be covered with hatches in foul weather, so that now when a wave came on board it ran down the decks and out of the scuppers, or if any water found its way into the hold, it was pumped out by means of a hand-pump. It remains to be noted that these boats had cabins fitted with bunks, though it may be safely said that no fishermen who hoped to waken again would now sleep in such dark and nauseous holes.

These early decked fishing-boats were not very much larger than their predecessors, the open ones, and might have remained small to this day but for the intervention of science. The reason for this will be readily understood when we realise that a 'drift' of nets, with all its accoutrements of ropes and buoys, when once shot cannot be hauled towards the boat again. The boat has to be hauled towards the fleet and the nets thus taken on board. Consequently, if the boat is large, it is too heavy for man's unaided muscles to pull through the water, or, as a fisherman would say, 'too heavy to work.'

The first mechanical contrivance used in the fishing-boat was a very simple form of winch, known locally as the 'iron wife.' It was fitted to the deck at the stern, and was nothing more than two pulleys and a crank. The rope attached to the nets passed under one pulley and over the other, and one man driving the crank hove the boat up to the nets. An improvement on this winch, called the 'iron man,' had three pulleys in place of the other's two.

The next stage in the evolution of the fishing-boat came with the introduction of the hand-capstan. These hand-capstans were like any other hand-capstan, and need not be described here. Suffice it to say that they added enormously to the hauling-power of a boat's crew, and already the boats were becoming bigger, carrying more men and nets. Then came the steam-capstan, and in a year or two beautifully built boats, sixty feet and over of keel, were being used for the herring-fishing. These were splendid boats, swift, seaworthy, and comfortable. A fleet of them, all with their large brown sails set, proceeding to sea on a summer afternoon was a sight not easily forgotten.

The introduction of steam into the fishing-boat, even though only in a small boiler to drive a capstan, revolutionised the fishing industry. Wherever there were herring to be caught in the waters surrounding the British Isles, there these boats—now carvel-built—were to be found. The same boat could during one year fish at Baltasound off the north Shetland Isles, at Stornoway, at any of the Moray Firth ports, or Fraserburgh, or Peterhead, at Scarborough, at Yarmouth, or Lowestoft, and at Buncrana or one of the other fishing-ports of Ireland. The fishing was now carried on with more or less intensity for ten months of the year. Each boat had a well-fitted cabin, which was absolutely necessary to the comfort of men who lived on board for several months at a stretch. The sailing-powers of these boats were rather remarkable when we remember that they were fishing-boats and not yachts. At the end of one English fishing several of the boats belonging to the Banffshire coast did the trip from Lowestoft to their home ports in less than two days. One that I happened to be interested in took forty-one and a half hours in all. It is also worth noting that, whereas the old-fashioned open boats went from six to ten miles from land in search of herring, these newer and larger ones went sixty or seventy when necessary.

III.

But these commodious and apparently satisfactory boats had a comparatively short existence. Steam had once been admitted, and its powers were not to be restrained. Within ten or a dozen years after the general adoption of the steam-capstan, steam-driven herring-drifters were coming into use. From that time the sailing-boat was doomed, and the end came with surprising rapidity. Fourteen years ago several of the large fishing-ports had few, if any, steam-drifters, but possessed large fleets of sailing-boats. That is now completely reversed, and there are not many sailing-boats to be found anywhere engaged in the herring-fishing, unless the unprogressive Irish or some of the older west-coast fishermen retain a few.

Many factors contributed to give the steam-drifter the primary place in the herring-fishing industry. In calm weather it could reach port with its catch when the sailing-boat had to remain at sea, and thus lose what herring it had. On days when the sailing-boat reached port along with the drifter, the steam-vessel got to the quay-side with the greater facility, and had its fish discharged and was away to sea again without loss of time. But the greatest advantage of all

was the amount of labour saved aboard these steam-vessels. The large boat with its huge sails entailed hard and heavy work for the crew. Another advantage the steam-drifter had was its wheel-house. The man at the exposed wheel of a sailing-boat had not an enviable task in wintry weather. There is little doubt that the steam-drifter is in every way the best craft that has been conceived—probably ever will be conceived—for the herring-fishing.

The up-to-date steam-drifter is a vessel of from eighty-five to eighty-eight feet of keel, made of wood or steel, and fitted with compound or triple-expansion engines of from 170 to 190 i.h.p., giving an average speed of eight and a half miles an hour. Their cabins are larger and better fitted than those of the sail-boats, and the cooking is done in a galley on deck. Several of the newest drifters have an electric-lighting installation. The drifter has six or seven of a crew, a cook, and two men to attend to the engine, and it carries ninety nets for the summer fishing.

When the war broke out there was a vast number of these drifters belonging to England and Scotland, and well for Britain that this was so! Before the war was a year old, hundreds of these vessels had become part of the British Navy. In Kipling's words, 'The hour struck, and they appeared to the tune of fifty thousand odd men in more than two thousand ships;' and the greater portion of these ships consisted of the erstwhile peaceful steam-drifters. These drifters were not only on duty all round the British Isles; soon fishermen, some of whom had gone as boys to the herring-fishing in the open boats referred to in this article, were called upon to take their more modern, but still perilously small, vessels to the eastern Mediterranean, to the Adriatic, to French waters, to the White Sea. They were summer and winter on the terrible North Sea doing strange work. They fished with nets for a cunninger fish than the herring—the submarine. They swept for mines, and these mines took a heavy toll of the sweepers. They carried guns and used them, depth charges and dropped them, and they were fitted with wireless and hydrophones. In fact, they became transformed from innocent fishing-boats to one of the deadliest enemies the submarine had.

IV.

A few comparative figures may help to illuminate what has already been said. Fifty years ago a herring-boat, including the necessary outfit of sails, &c., would not have cost more than sixty pounds. To-day a wooden steam-drifter cannot be bought new for less than ten thousand pounds. Half a century ago herring-nets were hand-made at home by the fishermen and their relatives, and a well-to-do fisherman of that period would have owned from ten to a dozen nets, and a boat would have carried thirty. Now the nets are factory-made and are turned out by the hundred thousand, and a fisherman, whose father had at most a dozen nets, to-day has not far short of a hundred. A modern steam-drifter having on board the necessary nets, ropes, buoys, &c., ready for the summer fishing would be valued at no less a sum than twelve thousand pounds. As has been stated, two hundred pounds would at one time have been counted an extremely good return for the efforts of a crew during a whole fishing. Last summer it took nearly half that sum to meet the running expenses of the ordinary steam-drifter for one week.

There yet remains one factor to be considered in the evolution of the fishing-boat—namely, the motor-engine. A number of fishermen still retain their large sail-boats, now, however, fitted with from 60 to 75 horse-power motor-engines. These boats have thus many of the advantages of the steam-drifter. Another development is the building of fishing-boats expressly intended to be motor-driven. Many of these boats are about forty-eight feet of keel—a reversion to the older types in size—have 50-horse-power engines, and are serviceable for net or line fishing. It is too early to foretell what may yet evolve in the form of motor-driven fishing-boats, but there is little doubt that they have come to stay.

I WISH—

I WISH—and Fancy's golden feet
Are nimble in my cause.
Desire itself is not more fleet,
And satisfaction not more sweet,
Than are her subtle laws.

I see all things that might have been,
And things that still may be.
Dim idols cherished and unseen,
And old desires that still are keen—
These Fancy shows to me.

She shows the deed I might have done,
Had I been what I would.
She shows the prize I might have won,
The valiant race I might have run,
Had I run as I could.

She holds her torch above the path
Which I have yet to tread.
'Go on! Go on! What hath been hath
Banish regret! Scorn aftermath!
The best is still ahead.'

I wish—and take her final word.
I wish the best in store.
I wish that when my tale is heard
It may be that as more I fared
I may have striven more.

A. PERCIVAL NEEDLER.

OROTAVA AND THE PEAK.

By JOHN BURNS, W.S., Author of *Chambers's Income-Tax Guide.*

I.

TENERIFFE is an island of bananas, mountains, invalids, and trippers. Of these the mountains are not much patronised by the others. The banana-plantations are in the lowest zone of cultivation, and of the trippers many have not, or think they have not, the time, and few have the inclination, to scale the heights. And it must be admitted that at the time when the voice of the tripper is heard in the land the temperature is not conducive to any very serious or prolonged physical exertion. Yet the most superficial acquaintance shows that the island contains many mountain-ridges which would afford interesting sport to mountaineers of moderate desires and attainments. But the fact is that in the popular imagination 'the first is Eclipse, and the rest nowhere,' and the first is 'the Peak.' It is the only summit in Teneriffe known to outsiders. In mere height it not only exceeds, but wholly outclasses, everything else in the island. The Peak, with its twelve thousand two hundred feet, rises some three thousand three hundred feet above the next highest summit in the islands, which, in fact, is close at hand to the south. Then the Peak is a volcano, with a sufficiently recent latest eruption (1909) to give the ascent the fascination of possible or theoretical danger, with the practical certainty of absolute safety. It is certainly rather unusual to rise about eleven thousand feet in one day, and after a safe return one may gloat over the guide-book assertion that nearly every one who makes the ascent spends the night in the hut (almost fifteen hundred feet below the summit) in a state of painful sickness and total collapse owing to the rapid change of elevation. It is fair to keep in view that the whole gross height has to be done, for the start is from sea-level. Yet, truth to tell, when all that can be said is said, the ascent and the descent of the Peak make a very humdrum performance, and must necessarily prove disappointing to many. It really depends on what one came forth to see or to seek. Of climbing there is absolutely none; at no point could one use one's hands for any purpose except to hold the reins of the mule on whose back the bold adventurer sits for almost sixteen hours (up and down). And even that is a work of pure supererogation, for the animal knows exactly where to go and where not, and pays the most supercilious inattention to any indications proceeding from the rider. Perhaps, however, the latter might take a more prominent part in the partnership if he were able to speak the language to which the beast is accustomed.

The start is made from Orotava, which is situated on the north-west, or oceanic side, of the island. The Vale of Orotava has been much bepraised for its scenic beauty, and while it is far from accurate to speak of any vale or valley at all, not a few votes would be cast in favour of the district as the pick of the bunch, not only in Teneriffe, but in the whole of the Canary Islands. Indeed, the only places known to the world at large are Las Palmas, in Grand Canary, and Santa Cruz and Orotava, in Teneriffe. There are two Orotavas, the port and the town. Both have many attractions, but the latter lies four miles inland up the slope, while the former constantly breasts the Atlantic swell. They are really winter and spring resorts, and certainly very ample, not to say luxurious, provision is made for the accommodation of visitors in hotels of varying sizes, from the homely to the palatial. There is much sea-bathing, but the beach is extremely shelving, and not an attractive appearance is presented by what to the non-expert looks like lava shingle. It is understood that the bathing takes the form of lying safely on the beach and allowing the surf to break over you. It is truly a grandly exposed coast, and even in very moderate weather the work of getting passengers from the ship to the shore and back again presents some little difficulty.

From Orotava Port to the summit of the Peak the distance may be about twelve miles as the crow flies. Now it means a good deal to rise twelve thousand feet in twelve miles, and, as might be expected, the actual track measures very much more. Perhaps twenty-four miles might be an exaggeration, but we are not inclined to take much, if anything, off twenty miles, or up to the hut, say, eighteen miles. The ascent to the hut takes nine hours in the saddle, so not much skill in arithmetic is required to enable the reader to gauge the exciting nature of the riding. It certainly affords ample leisure for observation and reflection, and all the more so if the lingual community between the adventurer and his 'guide' is limited almost to the vanishing-point.

II.

It is not possible anywhere to rise twelve thousand feet without passing through various zones of vegetation; and on the Peak we pass far above all cultivation and growth and into a barren and arid region, though slightly short of the limit of perpetual snow. In June of last year there was snow on the final cone, and that, we take it, was new, and very casual and occasional, snow. We take leave to doubt whether, even under winter conditions, the Peak can be relied on to give a really sporting climb.

The difficulty, if any, could be encountered only on the slope of some one thousand feet below the hut, or on the one thousand five hundred feet above the hut; and even if these were to put on the temporary garb of ice-slopes, the angle is not such as to offer more than heavy work to a properly equipped party. More likely there would be nothing but hard snow, and that probably only on the cone, the ascent of which might thus be rather facilitated than otherwise.

On the lower slopes the first cultivation zone is devoted to bananas under an elaborate system of irrigation, and the experimental treatment of pine-apples. The export of bananas is on a considerable scale, but even in this latitude the plantations do not extend very much above sea-level. Next in the ascent come the vine-yards, and above them again maize and beans. All these taken together do not follow us very far, and beyond these we reach the zone of timber, or, rather, brushwood. This extends to a considerable height, and has some local value. When this is passed we are on an extensive plateau of shingle, sparsely studded with coarse shrubs. Here we are again in full view of the cone of the Peak, and across this level stretch the track lies for perhaps a couple of miles. Just when the next rise commences we find ourselves abreast of the slight buildings connected with the pumice-stone industry; and if we proceeded farther at about this level, we should come to the sanatorium or collection of huts at a height of about ten thousand feet, where consumptives make their home for treatment and cure. But the track turns off to the right, and rises, first gently and then abruptly, by a long series of roughly-banked-up zigzags, up which the mule pursues its rocky and jerky way, somewhat to the terror of the unaccustomed rider, who is apt to think how much simpler it would be to do it on foot. It cannot be denied that this part of the ride is calculated to seem mildly sensational on a first and only experience; indeed, it is so steep and rough that on the descent it is usual to advise the tourist to walk. These terrors over, the hut is reached, one thousand feet short of the final cone. Needless to say, it is uninhabited, but it is not worse than others in other countries. There are two living-rooms, a kitchen, and a stable. It is a thank-offering by one who regained health and strength through a prolonged residence at or about the same spot, presumably under some camping-out arrangement.

III.

The last three thousand feet or so of the mountain (partly below and partly above the hut) are an absolute wilderness of rock and lava. Within that area there is practically no animal life —not even birds—no vegetation, and no water; though, of course, there must be water at the sanatorium and at the pumice-works. The only high habitations are these two and the more distant observatory seen on the opposite ridge. Probably to a geologist the excursion would have a special technical interest, but to the ordinary philistine the attractions really consist of the appeal to the peculiar hobby or craze to get to the top of high places, and to penetrate nature's fastnesses and wildernesses, to obtain the view, if conditions happen to permit, to ascend a volcano and to wander in a crater. The crater at the summit is of slight depth, and extremely easy of descent. But it is not a pleasant place, for there is a very obtrusive and rather sickening smell of sulphur, and indeed it is easy to believe that half-an-hour spent in this crater would make some people unwell. This is not the crater of the latest eruption; it is situated on the other side of the mountain, and about two thousand feet below the summit: though, of course, no one can tell which, if either, of these will have the honour of being the vent on the next occasion.

If the experience of the writer may be taken as typical, no one need have the slightest fear of mountain sickness, either from the absolute height (which, after all, is nothing out of the way) or from the rise being practically concentrated into ten hours, nor from cold in the case of a summer or early autumn trip. But as to that, blankets are included in the ordinary impedimenta furnished by the hotel, and transported on the back of the pack-mule, and there is no difficulty in finding enough dry wood to make a fire. By the way, how this wood comes to be lying about is not so clear, but the main thing is that it is there.

As regards the view, the conditions on the ascent up to the hut were that low clouds were lying at about three thousand feet above sea-level, with all clear above and a bright sun, thus providing the well-known beautiful sight of a sea of fleecy white. This continued until sunset, which was nothing special, though the shadow of the peak on the sky was interesting—it was seen again next morning in the opposite direction. An early start on foot enabled us to be on the summit stone (cairn there is none) in good time for sunrise. It was a picture of surpassing beauty, and but the prelude to a gorgeous view. The other Canary islands were spread out more or less near at hand, with a wide ocean sweep all round, bounded on the east by the rim of the Dark Continent. At least so we understood, but experts differ as to whether the continent is within the limits of visibility.

The hut was finally again locked up and left at nine o'clock in the morning after a second breakfast, and tea was very welcome in the hotel between four and five in the afternoon. Quite an enjoyable expedition, which others may be encouraged to make, but not the kind of thing which one has any desire to duplicate, unless, indeed, the opportunity offered to do so in winter under such Alpine conditions as the peak may then assume.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

WILLIAM LILLY, ASTROLOGER.

I.

ON the 9th of April 1620 the Leicester carrier set down in Smithfield Market an ill-clad country lad of eighteen. The weather was bitterly cold, and the shivering passenger stood for a moment frightened by the unaccustomed bustle of the town. Finally he summoned up courage to approach one of the eager hucksters, and inquired the way to Master Gilbert Wright's in the Strand. The necessary directions having been given, he made his way past St Paul's and up Fleet Street to St Clement Danes. Then once again applying for information, he crossed over to a house on the left-hand side of the street, and knocked timidly for admission. His attitude was the common one with country lads come to seek their fortune in a strange city—a mixture of hope and nervous dread. But William Lilly—for that was the young man's name—had no need to have fears with regard to his reception by his new employers. He was dragged out of the rain by a kindly old couple, who vied with each other in attending to the bodily wants of their new servant.

Gilbert Wright was a fine specimen of a class that is now almost extinct. He began life in the service of the Lady Pawlet in Herefordshire; then he took care of Mr Serjeant Puckering's rooms in Whitehall, and lastly occupied a position of trust in the household of Sir Thomas Egerton. This was an age of faithful service, and to all his employers Gilbert devoted himself heart and soul. Though so illiterate that he could scarcely write his own name, this quality of faithfulness (joined to a native shrewdness of character) was the means of raising him from the position of servant to that of master. Being then in middle life, he found himself possessed of comfortable means as the result of the liberality of his patrons. He retired, bought house-property, and enjoyed the respect of all classes in the neighbourhood. He further increased his fortune by marrying a well-to-do widow in Newgate Market.

But in spite of his keen business ability, the old servant found his ignorance of letters a grave inconvenience. To remedy this he resolved to take into his house a youth who, by clerkly skill, might supply the want of learning in his master. In the search for such a youth he was assisted by some of his noble friends, and they finally selected for the post William Lilly, of 'Disworth,' in Leicestershire. This young man knew the Latin and Greek tongues, and was, besides, willing to weed the garden, carry water, and help the mistress in her household duties. He was straightway despatched to London, and, after a six-days' journey, arrived—as we have seen—in Smithfield Market.

William Lilly found his new employers exceedingly kind, and they, on their part, were equally delighted with his scholarly attainments, and with the willing spirit which he infused into the meanest duties. Every morning he brought water from the river to the house; and he tells us that he 'helped to carry as many as eighteen tubfuls, and that cheerfully.' Picture the scene—the tall, slightly built lad assisting the stout serving-maid to convey the splashing water up the narrow garden-path to the house. Sometimes they would stop to rest, and look on the bright and busy river which ran below. Truly a gay scene was that on the Thames, before railways came to bear away the traffic, and industrialism brought its smoke-cloud and bustle. Wherries laden with merchandise or cheerful, noisy passengers passed up and down the stream. Watermen competed vociferously for the custom of grave-faced citizens; ever and anon barges, propelled by liveried oarsmen, swept by—their occupants perhaps commenting not unkindly on the trim-kept gardens along the margins of the river. Afterwards Lilly would read, write, and transact business for his master till four o'clock. Then, since the old couple did not believe in all work and no play, they sent him off to Lincoln's Inn Fields, there to play bowls with 'Wat the Cobbler and Dick the Blacksmith' until darkness drove him back to the city.

Mistress Wright died in 1622, but Gilbert speedily took another partner to his bosom—a lady of mean stature, but of ruddy complexion. She—like her predecessor—did not come into her husband's home empty-handed. Her coming made little difference to Lilly's position, except that she was, if that were possible, even kinder to him than his first mistress. The trio had one diversion which may seem strange to modern eyes. They loved to go and hear funeral sermons in St Clement Danes. In 1625 there was no lack of these, for a plague, of the same nature as that which devastated London in 1665, carried off five thousand citizens. Lilly

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describes particularly one service which they attended in the old Strand Church. There were three officiating clergymen, and a vast congregation had assembled. One minister fell down at the altar, and was carried forth in a dying state; another went home grievously stricken with the foul disease. The third, a Mr Whitacre—a man so drunken that he could seldom preach more than a quarter of an hour—went unscathed throughout this season of death. He read the burial service over more than a thousand people, and took no manner of hurt. Besides this, he helped the sick, and took necessaries into houses which others were afraid to approach. He was during most of the time in a state of intoxication. His weakness seems to have been overlooked by his indulgent parishioners, so may his intemperance be forgiven for the sake of his courage and devotion!

Two years after this Gilbert died, and his wife continued to live at the corner of the Strand. As she had the reputation of being 'well-left,' there was no lack of suitors for the hand of the buxom widow. Old men came slowly up Fleet Street with as much trepidation as Lilly some few years before. Spendthrift gallants stepped from their boats to admire the arrangement of Mistress Wright's flowers and shrubs, and citizens who valued the lady for her good housewifely qualities came forward with offers of their heart and hand. But Mistress Wright was deaf to all entreaties. She despised the fops, and said that she had twice been married to old men, and 'was resolved to be couzened no more.' But she had no desire to live alone, and to her faithful serving-maid talked much of husbands and marrying. Then she commenced to praise Lilly, and to say that 'she cared not though a man had never a penny, provided he were honest and loved her for herself alone.' The maid-servant listened approvingly to this conversation, and privately urged Lilly to make his fortune by 'marrying the mistress.' The youth was nothing loath, but for a long time could not summon up courage to declare his affection. At last, one day after dinner, the widow told her secretary that she longed for a husband, an honest man who would love her for herself alone.

William, with a beating heart, saw that his opportunity was come. 'I think,' he said, 'that I could fit you with such a husband.'

'Where?' cried the widow, in mock astonishment.

'Here,' cried William, and presently saluted her.

'Nay, nay,' she cried; 'you are too young.'

'I said "nay"' (to quote Lilly's own account), 'and that what I lacked in wealth I should supply in love, and saluted her again, which she accepted lovingly. Next day, at dinner, she made me sit down with my hat on my head, for which I gave her many salutes.'

II.

Life went on uneventfully at the house in the Strand, till one day William was informed that there lived in Gunpowder Alley a certain Mr Evans, who was 'an excellent learned man and studied the black art.' He was also so learned in astrology that he could make an almanack. At first Lilly merely expressed wonder at such learning; but afterwards he became possessed with a great desire to study this wonderful art of prophecy. An acquaintance volunteering to give the necessary introduction, he went to interview the philosopher of Gunpowder Alley. The sage was still in bed, being of a convivial temperament, but after receiving some compliments, he roused himself sufficiently to consent to receive Lilly as a pupil for eight weeks.

Evans's wisdom was derived not from books, but from nature. His library consisted of but two volumes. In appearance he was saturnine, beetle-browed, thick-set, and splay-footed; but he had 'a most perfect judgment on a figure of theft.' Among his clients were Lord Bothwell and Sir Kenelm Digby, the son of the famous plotter. These patrons were as interested in the astrologer as any modern society lounger could be in exponents of Spiritualism or Christian Science. Both Digby and Bothwell attested that at one *séance* Evans's familiar spirit suddenly conveyed him from the room into some region of upper air. Their story was commonly accepted at the time; but as one of the trio was found asleep next morning in a field near Battersea, we, of a more sceptical generation, may speak wisely of bottles and bumpers.

Lilly spent some years in the study of star-craft. Besides, he attended sick folks, and had as many confidential clients as any modern private detective. His first wife died in 1633, and next year he married again. His second partner was—he states—of the nature of Mars, and with her he received five hundred pounds portion. There is only one other reference to her among his papers. 'On this day died my wife, at which I shed no tears. Gloria Patri . . . in Sæcula Sæculorum.'

About this time he was one of the parties engaged in an unsuccessful treasure-hunt. Davie Ramsey, the king's clock-maker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. Dean Williams gave him permission to search for it on condition that, if any were discovered, the Church should have her share. Ramsey agreed, and to aid him in his search engaged the services of John Scott, the diviner. Lilly and several others were invited to join the party, which set out one stormy November night for the cloister. They entered, and Scott began to work his 'Mosaical rods.' At last, when he was upon the west side of the cloister, the rods turned one over the other, 'an argument that the treasure

was there.' Instantly they prised up the stones and commenced to dig for the hidden gold. The night was dark, and as the torches had all been extinguished except one, the seekers were for the most part terrified by the shrieking wind and the ghostly nature of their surroundings. Some even desired to cease from what looked like sacrilege, when the diggers were stopped suddenly by coming upon a wooden lid. The pale faces flushed with eagerness, and the united efforts of the band raised to the surface, not the expected treasure-chest, but a coffin containing the bones of some poor monk or gallant gentleman. This was a keen disappointment to Scott and Ramsey. They retreated into the Abbey church and discussed the probabilities of finding anything in the sacred buildings. But the others had had enough of the business. They departed, each man to his lodging; and as for Lilly, 'he could never after be induced to join in such-like actions.' Scott—like a true magician—put down his ill-success to want of faith on the part of the spectators.

III.

During the next ten years Lilly applied himself vigorously to the production of the numerous almanacks and astrological works which bear his name. But with the triumph of the Presbyterian party, dabbling in the black art came to be considered something of an impiety. Our astrologer was persecuted by intolerant Nonconformist divines, and several times narrowly escaped severe punishment for alleged blasphemy. However, his friendship with Whitelock stood him in good stead, and he was able to continue his work. Among his clients were many persons of noble birth, and after the imprisonment of the king, Lady W. invited his co-operation in trying to effect the royal prisoner's escape. His fee for the work was fifty pounds, and he successfully introduced into the royal cell a small file and a bottle of aqua-fortis. Charles succeeded in cutting away the window bars, but when half-way through the aperture his heart failed him, and he fell back into his prison-house.

Lilly attended the trial in Whitehall, and, ever observant of details, noticed Mr Rushworth respectfully handing to the king the silver top of his staff, which had fallen out. Charles 'spoke well and majestically.' It appears from this narrative that few of the spectators of the trial had any idea that the Parliamentarians were serious in their prosecution of the king. They regarded the whole proceeding as simply an attempt to justify themselves in the eyes of the people. Only when they heard the harsh voice of Bradshaw rebuke Charles for not showing sufficient deference to the court did they realise that the death of the king had been resolved on. 'These words,' says Lilly, 'pierced my Heart and Soul, to hear a Subject thus audaciously to reprehend his Sovereign.'

On the Sunday following the execution William dined with Robert Spavin, secretary to Oliver Cromwell. During the meal there was some talk concerning the identity of the unknown headsman. There were many conjectures, but after dinner Spavin drew Lilly aside and said softly, 'They are all wrong. They have not named the man who did the deed. It was Lieutenant-Colonel Joyce. I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it, and when done, went in again with him.'

Now that the monarchy seemed utterly subverted, the estates and property of exiled Royalists were selling cheap to whoever chose to buy. Lilly invested £1030 in purchasing some farms, but on the return of the rightful owner in 1660 he found himself deprived of his lands, and that without a shilling of compensation. 'But I have ever reduced my mind to my Fortune;' so writes the astrologer, in true philosophic vein. In 1652 he says: 'The Parliament grows more odious unto all good men; the members whereof become insufferable in their Pride, Covetousness, Self-ends, Laziness,—minding nothing but how to enrich themselves.' Then, too, 'appeared those monstrous people called Ranters.' 'The majority of the Parliament are a rabble of Dunces.'

No little cause had Lilly to hate the Presbyterian faction in that stormy assembly. In his almanack for 1651 he had incautiously prophesied that the Parliament was 'tottering to its fall.' Such freedom of speech could not be tolerated, and a warrant was issued against the obnoxious maker of almanacks. The astrologer, who was decidedly fearful for his skin, lied heroically when charged with the authorship of the offending matter. 'This is none of my books. Some malicious Presbyterian hath written it, who are my mortal enemies. I disown it.' Some of the Committee were for sending him to sojourn for a time in Newgate; but Strickland and Speaker Lenthall stood his good friends, and attempted to procure his release. After thirteen days' detention, he was set free at the instance of Cromwell, who doubtless read Lilly's 'prophecy' with no very pronounced displeasure. 'The Presbyterians,' said Lilly in aggrieved tones, 'are more Lordly than Bishops and more Tyrannical than the Grand Turk.'

Persecution our savant regarded as the inevitable portion of the great, but ridicule he found 'hard to bide.' The growing contempt for astrology evinced by the educated classes was in great part a legacy left by Henry Briggs, the astronomer. 'Briggs was the most Satyricall fellow against Astrology that hath been known.' This scientist's friend and master, John Napier of Merchiston, on the other hand, treated both the fraternity and the art with consideration and respect. Lilly explains the reason for this difference of attitude towards the maker of horoscopes. 'Both were worthy men, but Briggs

was a severe Presbyterian and Napier was a general scholar, deeply read in all Divine and Human knowledge.' The beginning of the friendship between Briggs and Napier was characteristic of the men. The Englishman was so overcome with admiration for the great Scotsman's discovery of logarithms that he made a pilgrimage to Edinburgh so that 'he might see that noble Person.' No very safe or easy journey had he to Scotland in those unsettled times. Lilly himself seems to admire Napier, not for his mathematical genius, but for 'that most serious and Learned Exposition of the Revelation of Saint John, which is the best that has yet appeared in the world.'

The astrologer's later years were spent quietly at Hersham. There he practised physic—having received a licence for so doing from the Archbishop of Canterbury. With this qualifying degree, and his own skill, he became the medical adviser to a multitude of country-people, who regarded him with affection not unmixed with awe. Even by the more learned of his clients he was looked up to, as a true scholar and a charitable and well-intentioned man.

William Lilly died in 1681. He appears at this distance of time as a dim and shadowy figure, half-charlatan and half a genuine seeker after knowledge; true type, after all, of those men who, with all their time-service and pedantry, were yet in some measure the pioneers of modern scientific research.

THE GEMSBOK'S HORN.

PART II.

IV.

IT was the custom in villages in the karoo—of which Vaalbos was one—in which no bank was established, to forward to the nearest banking town, at the beginning of each month, the accumulation of revenue received during the preceding month—after, of course, the accounts had been checked by the civil commissioner. This custom placed considerable temptation in the way of the weaker vessels among the revenue clerks, who had a full month in which to manipulate the funds as they pleased; especially so when there was an indulgent or careless chief in charge of the station. A system of borrowing from the public chest crept in, a 'good for' representing the amount used being placed in the safe. This document salved the conscience of the delinquent until the end of the month, when his salary enabled him to redeem it. There was, of course, considerable risk involved. A check of the contents of the safe, by either the civil commissioner or the inspecting officer sent around the country by the Audit Department in Cape Town, was always a not remote contingency. Discharge from the service would follow detection, that being the most merciful treatment the offender could look for, as the finding of a personal 'good for' in the safe was regarded by the authorities as an actual defalcation.

Gert was not happy. He was young, strong, and healthy, and should have been happy. He varied the monotony of his life by indulging in dangerous and demoralising pastimes—and he had a conscience. The late hours, the impure atmosphere of the card-room at Zastron's, the bad whisky which his association with Bray, Abrahams, and Flinty Beck had taught him to drink as the hall-mark of manliness, left him morose and over-cordial by turns. His early mornings were a torture until he reached his office, to forget in his duties the bodily discomfort which punished him, and the cares which were accumulating about him.

He was losing at cards. He owed Abrahams a considerable sum. He had to manipulate his resources with the skill of a Morgan in order to satisfy the principal claims upon them. He knew it was useless to apply to his father, with whose niggardly qualities he was only too well acquainted. The awe with which his early Dopper training had taught him to regard the old man still remained with him, and he was afraid.

These comparatively minor affairs were overshadowed by the larger and more embarrassing matter of the promissory-note, and as the days passed on Gert knew that each one marked but a step towards a possible catastrophe. The money, he supposed, had already been swallowed up by the mining operations; but achievement still lay in the future. Bray and Flinty Beck were busy, and expected to prove the mine payable before the due date of the note. So he learned from the former, and he permitted himself the unusual luxury of hope—diluted hope—but still hope.

Then came the great day. Bray rushed into the office alive with the news. 'Gert,' he cried, 'we had our trial washing yesterday, and we found beyond our expectations. The mine will pan out well, and our fortunes are made. When the rights are sold to the Koodooskop Company, which will shortly be floated, your father will pay Flinty and myself twenty thousand pounds. This amount we intend to invest in shares in the new concern. Scrape together all you can and do likewise. Advise your father to follow suit, because the shares will soon rise to a heavy premium. My God, it is almost too good to be true!'

Breathlessly Bray jerked out these sentences,

and the boy believed him. Gert saw himself relieved of his embarrassments—his peace of mind restored—and once more as happy as he had been at Stellenbosch, and in addition—rich. Then he dreamed. Koodooskop homestead and four thousand *morgen* of ground would be reserved, and he would farm there with the old man. As the old place had provided the riches, he would show his father that he was not ungrateful. What could not money effect? Look at the improvements he could carry out, the splendid stock he would be enabled to import! He would show the old man that he possessed the makings of a successful farmer.

'Have you nothing to say, Gert?' inquired Bray. 'The news does not seem to have impressed you!'

'Impressed me? Why, I am the happiest man in the world! Let's go down to Zastron's and have a drink.'

At Zastron's they met Monty Abrahams, to whom Bray volubly imparted the glad tidings.

'I told you so,' Monty exclaimed. 'I knew Bray and Beck would do the trick. You have to be uncommonly grateful to them, Gert. They have made your fortune—and I hope mine, too. By the way, that note falls due on Friday of next week.'

'Oh, hang the note!' said Bray. 'Why do you mention such a trifle at this time? Gert will meet it—or I will—at the proper date.'

'I am not worrying about it. It will be met, no doubt; but you must remember that it will take some time to float your company.'

'But surely, Monty,' Gert exclaimed, 'you will wait until then. The money was spent in connection with the mine, and the mine will return it.'

'I know it was spent as you say,' replied Monty, with a surreptitious wink at Bray; 'but I am a Jew, Gert, and business is my one and only guide. You or the others will have to meet the note. Your father could pay it a thousand times over and not feel it.'

Gert wondered whether this man was deliberately torturing him. He had been so happy, and now he was once again struggling in a sea of trouble. He turned away and went back to his office, as he wished to be alone in order to concentrate his scattered thoughts on the problem before him.

It was clear that he would have to find the money. He knew that the chance of receiving anything from Bray and Flinty in time to meet the note was too remote to be considered seriously. They had nothing. Neither had he; but he had his parents to appeal to. His father's constitutional aloofness and coldness left him ignorant of the real feelings with which the old man regarded him. There must be some affection, he thought—some concern for his welfare and happiness. The letter he had received at Stellenbosch proved that. Would his father allow him to be overwhelmed? He knew that his parents would regard the unfortunate position he was in as having been brought about by sin—black sin. Their religion was elementary, the primitive belief of simple and unreflective minds. The God of Vengeance was always with them, never the God of Love. Would these religious stoics help him to escape retribution? His mother would, he thought. He felt assured that she would. Beneath that stern and sombre exterior a gentle and loving heart throbbed—unsuspected by most, but still there, he knew; for she had shown it to him.

v.

A week before the note fell due Gert rode over to the farm and placed the matter, naked and shorn of excuses, before his mother. His salvation depended upon her solely. He could expect no assistance from any other source. Her unchangeable righteousness was a formidable obstacle to his success, but after numerous tears and wailings, her motherhood prevailed, and she promised to assist him.

'I did not go to your father, on my wedding-day, poor, like a Hottentot woman. I had many sheep. They were sold, and the money is in the house. You shall have what you require. I will send it over on Friday morning without fail. Would that I could give it now, but I must first speak to your father. Our money is all put away in one place, and I cannot take even my own without asking him. There are many things for which I require money. He knows it, and cannot refuse me.'

Gert returned to Vaalbos changed indeed. His serenity of mind had returned, so that the whole aspect of the place was different to him. Even the bluegum-trees seemed no longer moribund from anæmia, but waved their branches with full-sapped energy, as if they rejoiced with him, knowing that his load of trouble had been removed.

Then came the first rains of summer—copious and steady. For seven months the unnourished veld, parched and dead, had waited, but now it seemed as if nature, tired of torturing bush and beast, had at last relented with unstinting abundance. In a short time the clay water-courses were feeding the dry river with eager, yellow torrents. The drifts became impassable, and parts of the surrounding country were flooded, so that many sheep perished, their emaciated carcasses being whirled down the stream in company with thorn-trees and other débris.

When Thursday arrived the Rhenoster drift between Koodooskop and Vaalbos was a tumultuous sea, proof against man and beast. The Vaalbos drift, through which the road from the railway-siding ran, was in an equally turbulent condition, the boulders in the centre covered with many feet of rushing water. When Gert, fretted and anxious, rode through the streaming rain to

the drifts in search of comfort, he soon saw that Vaalbos was isolated, and that, unless there was an early cessation of the downpour, communication with the outer world would be impossible for many days. At both drifts he noticed ox-wagons and other vehicles outspanned on the rising ground on the other side, but with no sign of life save the disconsolate animals standing, tail to wind, with the patience and submission habitual to them.

That evening he met Monty Abrahams—not the jaunty Monty, but another whose spirits apparently had been damped by the prevailing weather. He seemed anxious and nervous, and declined Gert's invitation to drink.

'We must be moderate, Gert,' he said, in an attempt at jocularity. 'There is very little whisky left in this alleged town. I hear we are to be rationed.' He paused, and looked at the other man sourly. 'Time is up, Gert,' he resumed. 'I must have that money to-morrow before eleven o'clock.'

'I have made arrangements for payment,' replied Gert. 'The money will be here as soon as a messenger can get through from the farm. As you see, it is at present impossible; but, after all, a few days more or less will not matter now.'

'But it does matter a good deal to me. Come in out of the rain and I'll convince you.'

After they were seated in Zastron's deserted sitting-room Monty continued: 'You are in a hole, but I am in a worse one. I cannot tell you all that has happened, but shortly the position is this. I must have two hundred pounds by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. I must have the money or——' and he threw up his hands in a gesture which Gert could not mistake.

'Or what?'

'I shall have to skip, to be candid. I have used the money in a speculation which should have returned 300 per cent. by now; but it hasn't, and the boss told me last week that I must hand over the books and accounts to his nephew to-morrow. He has advanced me in the business. I am to be the wool-buyer. Advanced me, if you please. My God, this is a funny world!'

Gert saw that he was in earnest. He had suspected for some time that Monty's style of living was not indulged in on his legitimate earnings. He thought of Bray and Flinty Beck—broken reeds both—and despair made him cold.

'My mother has promised the money, but the drift is closed. Where can I raise funds now? You know how impossible it is. For God's sake, Monty, try to stave it off for a few days! The money will be here. I am certain of that.'

'But not to-morrow morning,' said Monty.

'And if I cannot raise the wind elsewhere?' inquired Gert.

'Then we go down together,' replied the other. 'I am not going down alone. I shall go to your chief with the note—and you know what the Government regulations are in regard to accommodation bills. Gert, my boy, that course will not be necessary if you will but listen to me. Your position in this matter is safer than mine. Take it out of your safe and put in a "good for." It will be nearly a fortnight before your cash is checked.'

That was true—perfectly true; and what a world of trouble would be saved if he followed the suggestion! It was not strictly honest; but then, again, it was a loan for a few days only. He would have to take the risk of a surprise check of his accounts, but he knew from his predecessor in office that the dear old chief stuck strictly to the end-of-the-month system. He was afraid of openly assenting to the suggestion, as by so doing he would place himself more completely at the disposal of the unscrupulous Monty.

'I'll go now,' he said; 'I must bestir myself if the situation is to be saved.'

Gert left, and proceeded to his boarding-house for supper; after which he smoked innumerable cigarettes in his bedroom, pondering the situation. He had never borrowed money. He had never had occasion to; the idea was, therefore, repugnant to him. His father had the reputation of being a man of substantial means, but that very fact would weigh against Gert should he attempt to borrow from a comparative stranger; for the few well-to-do in the village all stood in that relation to him. He would be asked why he did not apply to his father, and how could he explain this sudden emergency! He must have recourse to the Government safe. There was no other way. It must be his obliging, if involuntary, banker, and it had the great quality of silence.

He proceeded to his office, let himself in, and lit the lamp in the corridor. Over his chief's door was a pair of koodoo-horns, and his eyes fell upon them. Poor specimens, he thought; and then he remembered that he had never before noticed them particularly. He was nervous and somewhat dazed at the prospect of the task before him, but the sight of the horns called up a memory—dim and formless—as of an experience in some other state of existence. He had read somewhere, he thought, of koodoo-horns; but where? Anyway, he was not going to bother about that now.

He got back to his room an hour later, wet and sick with apprehension. He bestowed the money in his trunk and went to bed. Sleep was impossible, however, for his seething thoughts gave him no rest. He had deliberately placed his good name in jeopardy, and he felt that suspense was to him a greater punishment than actual detection. How long was he to be tortured by suspense? He remembered the

feeling of pity, almost of horror, that filled him when he heard of the suicide of Dokson, the clerk at Helderberg; and then the Cape 'dop' bottle brought oblivion to his tortured mind.

In the early morning he sent for Monty Abrahams and handed over the money, receiving the note in exchange. The deed was done.

VI.

All Vaalbos—horse, foot, and vehicular—crowded to the Rhenoster drift that Friday afternoon. The oldest inhabitant, sucking at his Kaffir pipe and pointing with a shaky finger at the flood, declared that the Doorn River had established a record. Gert rode down the river to the Vaalbos drift, and thence to Van Staden's farm for coffee and cakes and the society of Betty, Van Staden's pretty daughter. He returned along the bank of the river, and noticed a slight subsidence of the hurrying waters; also, the rain had ceased, and the sky was showing through the massed clouds.

A karoo river is but a huge gutter, dry for the greater part of the year. When its tearing current flows it seems as if a huge bath had been emptied at its source, so rapidly does the river rise, only to fall as rapidly.

Hope, full and strong, was now with the boy again; and as he rode along he scanned the river continuously, noting each little real or imaginary sign of a shrinkage of the flow, comforted and encouraged by each. Suddenly a high, wailing cry reached him. He reined in and listened. The cry came again, and from the river, which at this point was running almost level with its banks. A thorn-tree, hoary and leafless, stretched its gaunt arms across the angry waters, and the cry appeared to come from there. Gert rode towards it, and soon saw a man clinging to one of the branches, which was swaying with the current, and threatening, by its violent motions, to shake off the poor wretch into eternity. Springing from the saddle, Gert rapidly released the halter *riem* (thong of untanned hide) and bridle-reins from their attachments, tied them together, and fastening a stirrup leather and iron to the extreme end, flung out his hastily made line for the man to secure. This was accomplished after several attempts, and soon rescuer and rescued were shaking hands on the bank. The man proved to be Knox, a post-office clerk, who had been down to the coast on leave.

'This is a queer home-coming, Knox. I thought you were still in Cape Town. But how on earth did you manage to get into the river?'

Knox was somewhat exhausted and nervous, but he shook hands again and again, thanking Gert huskily for saving his life.

'The sight of you coming along was heaps ahead of the sights of Cape Town. I had begun to think it was time to speculate on the prayer-market, but my holdings were too small. I could recall nothing but the first dozen words of the Lord's Prayer. That seemed insufficient, and not likely to be effective under the circumstances, so I gave up trying to think prayers. There were two hymns that kept cropping up. I had forgotten their tunes ages ago, but they came back to me under that beastly thorn-tree. You know them—"Shall we gather at the river?" and "For those in peril on the sea." I say it in all reverence, Gert. I am not jesting, because no one knows better than I how quickly a man, alone and in great peril, turns to religion for consolation, and how he ignores it when things are going smoothly. And what an infernal coward he is, after all!'

'You have not answered my question, old man,' said Gert. 'I want to know why and how you struck that thorn-tree.'

'I came up in the post-cart from the station along with another passenger. Koos, the driver, wanted to span out on the other side of the drift, and I supported that because the passage looked dangerous. The other man insisted on crossing, tipped Koos, and asked me whether I was afraid. After that there was nothing for it but to go, and to look as if I liked it. In the middle of the stream Koos found that the horses were losing their feet, so he attempted to return. That was fatal. There was a general mix-up. Koos cut the traces and went down the river with the horses. I'll give odds that he'll never sound his battered old bugle again. The cart got wedged between the boulders, with the top of the *disselboom* [pole] sticking out of the water. I clung to that, but there was no footing, so I thought it best to swim for it. Then came the thorn-tree, the hymns, and you.'

'What became of the other passenger?'

'When I left he was hanging on to the *disselboom* like grim death. Let's go up, old chap, and see what has happened to him. He told me he couldn't swim.'

'Do you know him?' asked Gert.

'Haven't I told you? It's old Van Tonder, the inspector of chests, and he's come up to overhaul your office. Cash all right, Gert?'

(*Continued on page 668.*)

SUNDOWN.

When o'er thy brow each raven tress
In ringlets kissed thy hazel eyes,
The morning of love's tenderness
Swept all our skies.

The hour is noonday, love of mine,
And all unshaded winds the way.
Take courage, though those locks of thine
Be mixed with gray.

When noonday turns to sunset gold,
And thy dear head to winter's snow,
Sundown shall light the lovers' fold
To which we go.

GILBERT RAE.

THE LAND WE HAVE LOST.

By Gordon Stokes.

I.

HAD Macduff's query, 'Stands Scotland where it did?' been addressed with reference to England, even in Shakespeare's time, the answer would have been in the negative. That oak at Leamington which is said to mark the centre of England may indeed be in its accustomed position, but the coasts of our land have changed wonderfully since the Conqueror 'took seizure' of a beach that now affords excellent pasturage, and King Lear would find the cliff at Dover far less 'fearful and dizzy' than was its wont.

A great fascination lingers round our submerged shores especially—the accreted and reclaimed land strikes a different note—and it is in the hope of reminding readers of some facts and fables relative to the principal of our lost lands that this article is written.

East Anglia and the East Riding afford ample food for thought: from the Crouch to the Wash, and on again into Yorkshire, is an area bearing traces of the most remarkable alterations in land formation. But although hundreds of holiday-makers annually visit such places as Dunwich and Sidestrand, few are aware of the transitions through which Norfolk and Suffolk have passed.

How many, for instance, know that the Rhine had a hand in the shaping of our east coast? How many have heard that 'Yare-mouth' was once miles from the spot where that river flowed into the sea, and that where the 'mouth' once was there is now a range of cliffs? How many, too, have in the light of history considered the effect of a few blades of grass on the whole of East Anglia?

To deal with the Rhine first, let us visit Lowestoft after a strong tide has laid bare some of the clay underlying the sands of Pakefield. If we were to dig in that clay we should almost certainly turn up some fossilised bones; maybe also some pieces of tree-wood. The bones may not appear extraordinary; but it is a fact that to match them away from the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts you would have to search in the Rhine valley as we know it to-day. Such varieties of bears, rhinoceroses, and elephants as those whose remains we find at Pakefield were common at one time to southern Germany, but not to that part of the continent of Europe which has since become detached and is called Britain. The tree-stumps, moreover, have been broken off in such a way as to confirm, according to experts, the opinion that they have been carried along by a stream.

That these 'finds' may be seriously considered as proof of the existence of a powerful water-way from Germany to Norfolk is the opinion of many geologists. Mr Harmer says: 'The Rhine seems to have swung round in a great bend from Kessingland to Cromer, following more or less the present trend of the coast. It is on the convex bank of a river that shoals and mudbanks accumulate. In such a position was the sediment of the great river deposited and its wreckage stranded. In this way, I suggest, we may most reasonably explain the great abundance in one small area of tree-stumps, and of bones and teeth of elephants and other animals.' Moreover, the general character of the remains indicates that they are 'those of a fauna of some part of the Rhine valley towards the south.'

II.

Kessingland would appear to be a critical point in our coastal defence system. Until a few years ago the strong tides scoured away the sands—which wind and rain had easily transformed from cliff into shore—at a really alarming rate. Local legend has it that where men still living once took birds' eggs they now take halibut. Nor was this local loss of land the most serious aspect of the erosion: the action of the elements was quickly thinning the barrier of high land that keeps secure the great low-lying area constituting a large part of East Anglia. That this part of England had at one time been at the bottom of the sea did not render the prospect more agreeable, and although it is conceivable that Norwich might have been glad to wake up one morning to find itself a port again, it is equally open to supposition that Lowestoft would not relish the change.

I believe the initial steps in the right direction were taken by Sir H. Rider Haggard, who planted a few roots of grass on the shore at Kessingland. One can imagine with what interest such a simple experiment was followed after many costly and elaborate adventures farther north had failed to alleviate the trouble or had been wrecked by the sea. But the eminent novelist had carefully weighed the chances of success of the old Dutch method of collecting and holding sand, with the result, we are told, that the danger to the hinterland is now entirely removed.

Marram grass, which performed this miracle, is remarkably prolific, multiplying a hundredfold in a year; at the same time, a meagre-looking plant will have roots as deep as thirty-six feet, and spread over an area of twenty square yards. These roots serve to hold together the sands inclined to shift, while the few blades of grass above ground catch the surface sand as it is being blown away by the wind.

Most people imagine that a breakwater, or

groyne, is the sovereign remedy for all coast-defence troubles; but, as a matter of fact, breakwaters are very irksome. Contrary to general impression, it is not sufficient merely to erect a strong wooden fence against which, it is hoped, the passing tide will deposit its sand instead of continuing to whirl away the foreshore. Lowestoft can provide an example of mismanagement of this sort; the groynes erected at Corton in 1870 were the direct cause of the removal inland, owing to the *wearing away* of the beach, of the Low Lighthouse, in the Denes.

Another example of a harmful breakwater nearly consigned Sheringham to the waves. As soon as its evil influence was discovered, the popular cry went up, 'Root the thing out!' but reflection showed that, while Sheringham would benefit under the scheme, the original intention —the salvation of some adjacent land—would be no nearer completion. So the compromise was effected, with satisfactory results, of removing half the boards of the breakwater. This, incidentally, explains the presence of 'skeleton' groynes at so many of our seaside resorts. The condition may be permanent or merely temporary, breakwaters being 'hollow' or 'solid' according to 'weather and other conditions.'

III.

There was a time when the site of Great Yarmouth had no existence. The Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney mingled their waters, as now, in one stream as they approached the sea; but in the time of the Roman occupation the estuary receiving them was a wide bay extending as far as Norwich. It is on record that so late as the twelfth century the city paid for certain lands in 'the currency of the deep—to wit, a last of herrings.'

An old writer has thus quaintly described the formation of the land on which Yarmouth stands: 'As the sand upon which Yarmouth is built did grow to be drye, and was not overflowne by the sea, but waxed in height and also in greatness, much store of people from the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk did resorte thither, and did pitch tabernacles and booths for the enterteynenge of such sea-faring men and fishermen and merchants as would resorte unto that place, eyther to sell their herringes-fish or other comodoties.'

The effect of this 'waxing in height' was to divide the broad estuary into two channels, one communicating with the sea at Caister, and the other at Corton. In time the northern stream became choked up, and the only outlet was at Corton, where now, be it noted, stands a line of cliffs. Exactly when the estuary was diverted from Corton to its present position is not known; the cliffs are evidence to-day of the swift change that must have taken place, and afford an interesting comparison with the Caister channel, which, though choked up, still gives cause for anxiety during stormy weather, necessitating elaborate measures to render the dunes north of Yarmouth a sufficiently stout sea-wall.

There is that in the blood of Norfolk men which fits them for wrestling with the waves; and if you care to go to the north-west corner of the county, you may have evidence that their efforts can be offensive as well as defensive. In the neighbourhood of King's Lynn are some fine pasture-lands that are, however, nearly all enclosed in high grassy walls. Should you happen to be in one of those fields when the tide is full, you may be surprised, on looking *up*, to see a brown sail passing along the top of the green wall. For miles around, the land is some feet below sea-level. But far more ambitious schemes are afoot. The Norfolk man looks at ancient accounts of Dunwich—once a city of 'six parish churches'; he thinks of the one hundred square miles of land vanished to the north, at Holderness; he remembers how a 'biting sea ate up Shipden,' the survivors of which city built the older parts of modern Cromer; thinks, too, of the tower of Sidestrand, lately fallen into the sea; and he proceeds to wrest back some three hundred square miles!

On the map the scheme is simple. Just throw a dam across the Wash, and, lo! a new land appears. In actual practice so many difficulties confront the engineer that the scheme—originally put forward nearly a century ago—is even now being carried out only in a modified form. Instead of a gigantic bite of three hundred square miles, we are modestly nibbling a few acres; but there is little doubt that this 'Victoria County' scheme will in time be carried out in its entirety. Such works would be in worthy company, for the Wash once extended to Cambridge and Huntingdon—until the Romans built miles of sea-walls and drained off the water.

IV.

There are, of course, many instances of the sea giving up land without any effort on the part of man. Kent supplies a notable example, and the authorities at Southport are faced with the problem of a receding sea. Quite recently we have received some sixty thousand acres of shingle at Dungeness, which point is said to move eastward at the rate of six feet per annum. Romanticists who picture the ultimate reunion of France and England may care to be reminded that on the other side of the Channel the same silting process has been going on for years, and that the fishermen of the once flourishing port of Wissant now drag their boats high and dry upon the beach for want of harbour accommodation, of which not a vestige remains.

Kent and Sussex are bordered with relics of a past which was more maritime. Pevensey—the landing-place of the Conqueror and the hosts who 'came over' with him—Rye and Winchel-

sea, 'New' Romney, Hythe, Sandwich, even the lately metamorphosed Richborough, have all in their time been flourishing seaports, and have all succumbed to the remorseless drift of sand and shingle against which the strongest efforts of man are powerless. Looking at the map, we are reminded of Mr Harmer's observation already quoted: 'It is on the convex bank of a river that shoals and mudbanks accumulate.'

Large as the accumulated tract of Romney Marsh is, however, it by no means compensates for the ground stolen by the sea, even from the south-east corner of our land alone. Although both Rye and Winchelsea were once 'islands in a sort of shallow inland sea,' which has since been either reclaimed or voluntarily given up by the ocean, the island Winchelsea was but a modern substitute for the more ancient town marked on Camden's map as 'Drowned by the Flood.' And that Rye and 'new' Winchelsea were not immune we have the graphic testimonies of Holinshed and Leland.

When the Conqueror came the Goodwin Sands were probably dry land. Godwin (father of that Harold who was the 'last of the Saxons') owned the fair tract which vanished beneath the waves some time after 1053, at which date there is actual record of a large island or peninsula immediately east of the port of Sandwich. Some writers aver that the material for the repair of the sea-wall encircling Goodwin was diverted to another purpose, so causing the inundation, and quote the local saying, 'Tenterden Steeple was the cause of the breach in Goodwin Sands.' That the tract was once dry land is generally recognised; modern engineers have advanced the opinion that the area—some ten miles long by three to seven broad—is still capable of enclosure.

V.

To turn from east to west, it is an abrupt transition from the comparatively precise particulars (few as they may be) of the Godwin land to the romantic legends surrounding the fate of the land of Lyonnesse. In Kent the poet is supported by the engineer; at the Land's End modern geologists deny that such a land as Lyonnesse ever existed, which may, perhaps, account for the abundance of legendary lore.

Certain of the Arthurian legends here consign Modred to a fate similar to that which overtook the Egyptians at the Red Sea; local historians say that one stormy night the fair tract between Scilly and Sennen sank between the waves, taking with it many villages and all the villagers, except one, whose name—Trevelyan—strangely enough, appears to have been the only definite particular of Lyonnesse to survive the flood! But however much the geologists endeavour to liken the legend to the land, by pouring cold water thereon, they cannot dim the glory of Tennyson's 'Passing of Arthur,' the reading of which will amply fortify any one against a whole horde of geologists.

At the time when

> . . . . the wan wave
> Brake in . . . .

over Lyonnesse, it is probable that Mount's Bay was taking on something of its present shape. There is actual record that St Michael's Mount 'was once enclosed within a very thick wood, distant from the ocean six miles, affording the finest shelter to wild animals'; and the meaning of the Mount's old Cornish name was 'the hoar rock in the wood.'

In the words of Max Müller: 'Probably the hills were covered to a great degree with virgin forest. Here and there, about where Gulval and Marazion now stand, would be the clearings of the Damnonii (the ancient inhabitants) around their beehive huts—of which Chysauster may be a type suffered to remain through long ages. . . . The Mount was a mere granite pile—the Dinoul, the Castle of the Sun—more of a peninsula than now; but about Gwavas Head (Newlyn), probably, one would see then a low-lying headland which at every great storm the ocean threatened to submerge, as it at last did.' Londoners will recall that it was to this spot that the Phœnicians came to barter for tin with the Cornish men, as commemorated in Lord Leighton's picture in the Royal Exchange.

Cornwall also boasted until recently of territory lost through another agency than that of the ocean. The nature of that agency is sufficiently indicated by the title of 'The Lost Church of St Piran in the Sands.' St Piran's Church, now exhumed, is a favourite excursion with Newquay visitors, though the spot has lost much of its charm by the erection of a sort of cage to protect the ruins from the ubiquitous souvenir-hunter.

The saints of old appear to have delighted in unusual means of travel, and especially so between England and Ireland. St Piran, who founded the 'lost' church in 460, came over from Ireland on a millstone. To-day such a feat would be impossible; but there was a time when such a journey could have been performed, if we credit, that is, the old Welsh legend that Ireland and Wales were once separated only by two rivers, 'since when the sea has multiplied its realms.'

A mile or so south-west of Harlech, in Wales, is a causeway running out under the sea, and known as 'Sarn Badrig.' The name is said to have been given in memory of the fact that St Patrick left by this causeway when he visited the 'distressful Isle.' It is questionable, indeed, whether the worthy saint left untried any means of locomotion for crossing the Channel!

But later legends attach far more interest to Sarn Badrig than that already indicated. Long after the 'two rivers' had merged into one sea

there stood in Cardigan Bay a kingdom 'containing many cities.' It was built on low-lying ground and protected by dikes and sea-walls. To reach it from the mainland one had to traverse some twenty miles of causeway. The remains of the principal of the highways is the present-day Sarn Badrig.

The date of the disappearance of this wondrous kingdom of Cantre 'r Gwaelod has been given as 520, in which year, indeed, there were extensive subsidences all round our coasts. In that year, so runs the legend, Seythenin, keeper of the sluice-gates, dined not wisely, but too well, and forgot to close the sluice-gates against the incoming tide. The fate of the community was sealed; the waves uprose and the city disappeared.

That Cardigan Bay did not remain stable when the rest of the world was passing through a period of subsidences there is further evidence, and Mr Ashton, in his *Battle of Land and Sea*, says: 'Another convincing piece of evidence is the fact that the remains of a fortified Roman station, Caer Arianrhod, are still to be found nearly a mile off the west coast, about ten miles south of Carnarvon and three miles west of the village of Clynnog. From this town a road, now under the sea, ran to the Roman city of Segontium (now the site of Carnarvon).' Mr Ashton was further 'informed by an old fisherman that the site of Caer Arianrhod was still a vast rubbish-heap of old buildings, crockery, and other remains, which he had often seen through the water!'

VI.

Even sceptical scientists, who pronounce Sarn Badrig to be a perfectly natural rock formation, are forced to admit that the few remains of Llys Helig were originally the work of man. Llys Helig was not a city, or even a village, but just an ordinary 'country house.' Like the man in the Bible, however, the builder of Llys Helig erected his residence on the sand; the sea came, and, lo! it was no more. But if the buildings were lost, the legends surrounding its submersion were not, and in due course these tales underwent the test of investigation. In recent years the ruins have been the resort of numerous parties of explorers, who have compiled a plan of the buildings (the foundations of the walls yet remain), and have also confirmed several other stories, half legend, half fact, concerning the bay in front of Penmaenmawr.

They discovered, for instance, the position of another drowned dwelling, which 'find' did much to help the legend concerning the inevitable love-affair of a former resident of Llys Helig. As the respective families were separated by a feud—so runs the tale—the outlook for the young people was dark indeed; moreover, a bard foretold that when eels came of their own accord to the cellars of the lady's father, then, and then only, could they be wed. But one day the seemingly impossible happened; the sea surged over the land between Llandudno and Llanfairfechan—and we hope the lovers escaped to 'live happily ever after.' Unfortunately this most essential fact is not recorded.

Many indeed are the changes that have o'ertaken the coast of North Wales. Llandudno, of course, was the name originally given to Great Orme's Head when that eminence was an island; but long prior to this the coast-line ran well to the north of the Great Orme, and included even Anglesey. The river Ogwen, too, once continued its course, as the Ell, north from Bangor, passed between Anglesey and Puffin Island, and flowed into the sea about midway between Great Orme and the top of Anglesey. This area was all land, more or less dry: remains of a causeway still exist between Conway and Puffin Island.

Space will not permit a consideration of the causes which changed the course of the Mersey; nor can we do more than allude to the remarkable position of Southport, which is being fast deserted by the sea. Says Mr Ashton: 'The Southport foreshore will, if no remedy be found, be ready for building upon within the next twenty years. Then will come a unique opportunity for the architects and land-surveyors of the time to exercise their imagination in laying out some hundreds of acres of ground on the sea-front of an existing watering-place, an opportunity without known precedent in the history of seaside resorts.'

St Anne's and Lytham, too, have had chequered careers, thanks to the erratic movements of sands, urged by wind and tide. In fact, the stretch of coast from Flintshire to Westmorland affords a fascinating study in the forces of wind and tide—at times conflicting, at others converging—from the causes which decided that our greatest western port should be at Liverpool and not at Formby, to the gigantic subsidence which launched Manxland on an independent career as the Isle of Man.

These are but a few instances of lost lands around our coasts. It is inevitable that an island bounded for the most part by seas that are but channels should feel the effect of their fast-flowing tides; that maritime cities should alternately flourish and fall. Whether England is statistically greater than she was is a matter for much calculation. The Lancashire coast in thirty-five years gained two thousand and ninety acres as against loss by erosion of five hundred and forty-five acres; but such a record cannot be put forward by other counties, although Dungeness is adding steadily to Kent.

The general reader, however, has no love of statistics, being content to accept the legends of lost lands and to bid the sceptical geologist 'avaunt!'

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY.

By CHARLES SIDDLE.

PART I.

I.

WHEN Christina Carlton told me, as gently as she could, that a better man had won her, I was badly hit, and I am afraid I showed it. Ours is a small town, and what my friends didn't know about my disappointment they guessed with ease and precision. A kind of subdued sympathy afflicted me like a fog. It was everywhere, intangible, but unavoidable. I choked under it, but found no way of escape short of flight.

An opening in America made it necessary for one of the firm to go out for an indefinite period, and I jumped at the chance. For two years I struggled against business difficulties, which gave me little time for thought of anything else, and at the end of that time I was quite ready to come back home, comparatively cured. There is nothing like new scenes, new conditions, and a strenuous fight against circumstances to cure a broken heart. This is not cynicism, but experience.

I intrude these brief personal details, here at the beginning of my story, because they have some bearing on the affair of Betty Carlton and Ronald Elston. Betty is Christina's younger sister, and Ronald is my greatest friend. Betty left the nursery and Ronald began to shave his upper lip at just about the time of my own romance, and I treated Ronald's calf-love with some sympathy in consequence. My sudden flight interrupted my study of the symptoms, but not my interest, and it annoyed me to find a stranger threatening the happy ending I had confidently anticipated. Ronald's excessive modesty was causing him to leave the intruder a clear field, and if he was satisfied, I had no excuse for interference. Besides, Betty was Christina's sister, and that complicated matters. My position was delicate, and wisdom counselled inaction. But how often does wisdom control events?

As I remembered her, Betty was a thin slip of a child, with impertinent manners and a ridiculous nose. Probably she possessed other features, but those were the two I noticed. You will understand that my concern was on Ronald's behalf, and not on hers. He professed to see angelic propensities in her even then, but he was very young and very much in love. His abject humility in her service was terrible to contemplate, but he seemed to like it. As for Betty, she found him useful in numerous small ways, and her calm acceptance of his devotion did much to confirm my exasperation with her. That was the position when I went away. Now —well, now it is amazingly complicated. Betty has developed rapidly, almost uncannily, and become beautiful. The insignificant nose still tilts the merest trifle, but the result justifies the doubtful experiment. Her eyes, Ronald assures me, are the deepest lake of pure blue that God ever placed in a human face, and Ronald should know, for he spends every moment he can manage to secure gazing into them. Her mouth is generously wide, and her hair bewilderingly profuse and golden-brown. If this description appears needlessly enthusiastic, please remember that a young man helplessly in love supplied the details before ever I saw Betty herself, and I merely confirm them, generally, without prejudice.

Ronald sat in my favourite chair, smoking the best cigar I could supply, with a glass of port at his elbow, and sinned his mercies shamelessly as he told me all about it. I am not one of those men who expect profuse praise for everything they supply, but I must say I was a trifle hipped by Ronald's lack of appreciation. The cigar might have been a fourpenny whiff, the port a cheap Tarragona. As a man of blighted hopes myself, I could have sympathised with a certain amount of abstraction, but, hang it all! a good cigar and a glass of port merit at least a passing glow. I let my impatience appear in my tone.

'But, after all, Ronald,' I said, 'I see nothing to lose heart about. This fellow—what's his name?—M'Gee—if he is what you say he is, can't knock you out permanently. Even the silliest young fool of a romantic girl will wake up at last and see him as he really is.'

He shook his head.

'Betty believes every word he says, and asks for more,' he said sadly. 'She just loves tales of violence and what she calls real things.'

I laughed.

'I don't doubt it,' I said. 'I remember Betty. A little timely violence would do her a world of good, but she wouldn't like it half so much as she thinks she would. Why doesn't her mother take her in hand?'

'Her mother,' said Ronald, 'is on my side entirely. I sometimes wish——' He paused guiltily.

'Oh!' I said. 'It's like that, is it?'

Ronald seemed to think he had been disloyal to an ally. He is far too considerate.

'Mrs Carlton is most kind,' he said. 'She does everything possible to help me—everything.'

I nodded slowly. I am not what you might call a diplomatist, but I can read between the lines sufficiently to realise the danger of Mrs Carlton's

unremitting activity. I remembered Betty as I had known her—headstrong, impetuous, inclined to resist authority on principle, and I remembered Mrs Carlton with something approaching dismay.

'Couldn't you—er—wouldn't you do better to call the old lady off?' I asked.

Ronald did not resent the disrespect of my speech, a fact not without significance in him.

'How can I?' he said simply, and I nodded at once. I saw the point. How? Of course. When Mrs Carlton got under full press of sail . . .

'I wish I could do something,' I said at last. 'If this man M'Gee is anything like your description, I've had some experience of his kind in America. They grow 'em there. Something in the atmosphere probably. I wonder—but I can judge better when I've seen him.'

We were silent for a few moments, and then Ronald threw his cigar away (much to my comfort, for I hate to see one burning sideways), and emptied his glass of port with no more consideration than if it had been beer.

'Well, I'll be off,' he said. 'I—I hope I haven't bored you.' I murmured a denial which he did not hear. 'You know, Stephen,' he said, that confounded conscience of his interfering again, 'I don't doubt he has roughed it and kept his end up, as he says. He talks a lot about himself, but that doesn't prove him a liar. No—he couldn't make it up. The details are so convincing.'

'My dear boy,' I said irritably, 'it doesn't matter the weight of a damn. He may be a monument of truth or he may be the biggest liar out of America. What you've got to concentrate on is the fact that Betty is not for him; she is for you. Pull yourself together, man, and go to it.'

He didn't tell me so, but I could see he was thinking that my own experience made me the wrong man to talk big about going in and winning; and that roused my fighting spirit more than anything that had passed. I made a vow that if he hadn't the pluck to win I'd take a hand myself, and show him what could be done. Betty must marry him. I was determined, and not all the M'Gees who ever spun a tall story should stand in his way. I had lost my own fight; but it was to a better man. This time I meant to win for Ronald.

And in all this was no more thought for Betty than for a lay figure. She was just a girl with a brain packed full of nonsense. That part was easy.

II.

When I met Betty Carlton for the first time after my return, my strenuous attitude of standing no nonsense from her was imperilled right away by my own astonishment. I remembered her well, but it was with great difficulty that I recognised her. So far as I know, Ronald Elston was a prophet crying in the wilderness when, two years before, he proclaimed her a beauty. Now—well, now he is one of a multitude. Betty Carlton as she is to-day reduces the English language to a state of adjectival beggary.

She greeted me with sincere pleasure—a fact which flattered me, for I had never looked upon her as anything but a qualified nuisance in the days when she had pervaded the atmosphere of Christina's home. She had no touch of malice in her nature, however, and her hearty greeting cheered me tremendously. It made me feel, somehow, as if this quiet old town was my home. I was a stranger in a strange land no longer.

I turned to walk with Betty when I discovered she was going along to the club for a game of tennis. I am still a member, and it occurred to me that Ronald would be there at this hour, and an opportunity was sure to arise for studying the situation on the spot. The excuse served.

I found Betty marvellously altered in some ways, but very familiar in others. Her manner was more assured, her frankness of speech reduced to a pretty unexpectedness very different from her old blunt disregard for the feelings of her hearers; but in essentials she was still the rebel against authority. She confessed to an incurable liking for her own way, and warned me, with mock severity, against my old habit of domineering. I protested that I never had domineered, never could, never would.

'Oh, Uncle Micky,' she said, reverting delightfully to her old name for me, 'how can you? You know very well you were as bad as mummy, and she reminds me several times a day that I am a lady. A lady, Uncle Micky! Think of it! But she only says it to convince herself, poor dear. What she really means is that I could be one if——'

'If?'

'If I would do what her mother did fifty years ago.'

'And what was that?'

'Oh, I don't know. What *her* mother did thirty years before that—and so on, and so on.'

We were walking slowly along the road towards the tennis-courts, Betty swinging a racquet which she had refused to surrender to my masculine care, and as I looked at her lithe young figure, swinging along so freely, with short white skirts and a fascinating silk-clad ankle and leg, her loose-fitting jumper cut low at the neck, her hair blowing free in the wind, her hatless head and brown face, I smiled involuntarily at the thought of her maternal grandmother forming a suitable model for her. It was ridiculous, of course—absurd. And yet—I wondered if, after all, the difference was so deep. Would not Betty react inevitably to the same call—face life with the same steadfast

courage? The speculation recalled Ronald to my memory.

'Betty,' I said abruptly, 'when are you going to marry Ronald?'

It is sometimes possible to surprise a secret by an unexpected question, and I watched Betty closely as she struggled towards realisation of what I had asked. The result was disappointing. Apart from the natural surprise at the sudden change of subject, I could distinguish nothing to base a guess upon.

'Uncle Micky,' she said calmly, 'you rave.'

'No, but seriously,' I persisted. 'I am interested, you know. I was interested two years ago when you were boy and girl, and I know Ronald——'

'Dear Uncle Micky!' said Betty, looking straight at me with eyes I tried in vain to read. 'You are being very foolish, aren't you? Have you seen Christina yet?'

I was outmanœuvred. The counter-question destroyed my composure.

'Er—no—not yet. No. I—I hope she is well?'

Betty nodded.

'Yes—quite well. She would be glad to see you. She is glad to see any one who can be introduced to baby and join in the chorus of praise. You mustn't be too long before you call.'

She was studying me with an intent gravity I found disconcerting, and if her intention had been to turn the tables on me, she had succeeded. Somehow, though, I don't think it was. At least not unkindly.

We turned in to the courts, and found the usual mixed crowd. Betty left me at once to join a clamorous company of friends, and I wandered round on my own, greeting several old acquaintances and making a few new ones. Ronald Elston was there, playing an energetic mixed double with the vicarage girls and the new curate, and I dare lay any odds that he had been waiting for Betty's arrival when their insistence defeated his uncertain apologies. By the time his set was finished Betty was playing, and he wandered over to my side disconsolately.

'Hello, Ronald!' I said. 'Who's the bright-looking ruffian with the slashing volley, playing with our Betty?' I knew who it must be, of course, but I wanted confirmation.

'That?' said Ronald bitterly. 'That is Douglas K. M'Gee of Oklahoma, Wis.'

'Really?' I said cheerfully. 'Seems hot stuff. A cut above our tennis level, isn't he?'

'He is. He can give me thirty start and beat me every time.' He paused. 'Free with his advice, too, confound him! Wants to make a player of me.'

I am ashamed to say I found this rather humorous. As the last word in cheerfully inflicted humiliation it would take some beating. Betty is an enthusiastic player.

'Well, of course, you know, Ronald,' I said, 'that might be sheer good-humoured desire to be kind. It might.'

'It might,' said Ronald briefly, but he was not wildly enthusiastic.

Betty and her partner won a love set, and I strolled across with Ronald to join them. An introduction to Douglas K. M'Gee—queer mixture, that name—gave me an opportunity to gaze into a pair of hard, bright eyes and a sharp, assertive face. I think I should have disliked Mr M'Gee at any time. He was too generous in his condescension.

'I hear you are from the States, Mr Collins,' he said, with just enough of an accent to be distinctive without unpleasantness. 'Haow d'ya find things there?'

'Slow,' I said gravely. 'Your people take too long in getting a move on. I missed the hustle of this town.'

He gaped at me for a moment, and then laughed a shade boisterously.

'Good!' he said. 'A humorist, I see! You sure had me guessing for a moment, Mr Collins. I must tell them that when I get back.'

'Do,' I said. 'They 'll like it.' I turned to Betty. 'Would you believe it, Betty,' I said, 'my little jokes went down well out there? I had only to say what I thought, and it brought the house down. Unexpected, you know.'

Betty looked at me. Upon my word, that was all she did, but I felt with painful suddenness the worst of all sensations—the realisation of caddishness. I had allowed my resentment to influence my courtesy, and although Douglas K. was thick-skinned enough, Betty was not, and she resented my attitude on his behalf. It was, perhaps, the first definite intimation I had received of the difficulties my championship of Ronald entailed.

We talked of indifferent things for a few minutes, and then, by some means not quite clear to me now, the talk veered round to comparison of the American and English schools of tennis. M'Gee claimed that accurate placing and steady back court play were helpless against the volleying severity of the newer school. Normally I agree with him—experience proves the assertion—but I had watched his play carefully, and, good as he was, his confident air of superiority was not quite justified. A man has to be of the very first grade before he can defeat a tactician on the tennis-court, and I told M'Gee, with some confidence, that he was wrong. This nettled him.

He laughed at me, with a hint of contempt.

'I'll back myself for any sum you like to name,' he said, with a side-glance at Betty which roused my anger. 'Perhaps Mr Elston——?'

For the moment I forgot the excellence of his game, and the fact that he could certainly beat me five times out of six. He had attempted to draw Betty into the appreciation of a joke

against Ronald, and I plunged rashly into the breach.

'Ronald,' I said, on an impulse I regretted a moment later, 'if you will lend me your shoes and racquet, I will try a singles with Mr M'Gee.'

The man was surprised, but highly pleased.

'Do you back yourself at all?' he asked, smiling confidently. 'Five pounds, say? Ten?'

I looked at him with some disgust. 'It is not usual on these courts,' I said. 'We play for love of the game.'

'Just as you like,' he said. 'It is perhaps wiser to play for love.'

I looked at Betty, and the thought came to me as I watched her that she was young enough to admire careless disregard for money and a certain romance in the reckless wager.

'Nevertheless,' I continued, lacing Ronald's shoes carefully, 'as no one will know but ourselves, I don't mind staking ten pounds against you, Mr M'Gee.'

We played. I don't propose to describe the match in detail. I am ashamed of it now. I have always objected to playing games for money prizes or heavy stakes, and I can remember no more embarrassing moment than that on which I received M'Gee's cheque. It was only the consciousness of his amazed sense of the incredible which upheld me. I sent the cheque later to some charity or other; I didn't want his money. My reward lay in his astonishment, in the way his eyes looked helplessly for some explanation of my incredible victory—he really found it incredible—and I was filled with a sense of elation altogether disproportionate to the occasion.

I won the set by six to four. I have never played better. After losing the first three games, I kept M'Gee away from the net with a persistent accuracy which amazed me as much as it amazed him. We had quite a 'gate'—and M'Gee disliked the experience of losing as much as I had expected he would. I had played with his kind often in America. It was the only relaxation I allowed myself. All the same, he would beat me five times out of six when once he had mastered my methods.

Betty congratulated me very prettily, but I could see her surprise. She looked at me as at a stranger, with wide-open eyes. 'Do you know, you are the first man to give Mr M'Gee even a sporting set,' she said. 'I had no idea you played so well.'

'I don't,' I said, 'except in self-defence.'

I think she was puzzled then; but later—much later—she understood what I meant.

Ronald and I walked home with her. Douglas K. M'Gee, with all the lack of sporting spirit of his kind, wandered off to sulk alone. I didn't miss him.

(*Continued on page 663.*)

AMONG THE RED-DEER IN NORWAY: THE ISLAND OF HITTEREN.

IN the month of September the island of Hitteren, in the great Trondhjem Fjord, possesses many attractions for the sportsman. It is the headquarters of the largest herd of red-deer in Norway; there is a fair sprinkling of wood game-birds, ryper, snipe, and duck; and in the lochs there are both sea and brown trout; while the combination of sea and mountain breezes forms an atmosphere second to none for healthy exercise and enjoyment. Lying as it does in the direct route of the steamers from Hull to Trondhjem, it is easily accessible from Britain, and most of the ground can be shot from comfortable farmhouse quarters. The living, moreover, is quite admirable, and what with venison, game-birds, fish—both salt water and fresh—in plenty, and oysters *ad libitum*, the rough fare not infrequently experienced by the reindeer-stalker and the elk-hunter on the mainland is unknown.

The island is about twenty-five miles in length, and from ten to twelve in breadth; it consists for the most part of a congeries of irregular hills and ridges rising to a height in some instances of a thousand feet, and two-thirds of its area are covered with low timber.

Inasmuch as the deer swim to and fro between the mainland and the islands on this part of the coast, it is not easy to say of how many animals the Hitteren herd consists, but probably eight hundred to nine hundred would be within the mark. Unlike their brethren of the Scottish Highlands, they are to all intents and purposes wood-deer; to attempt, therefore, to circumvent them during the day is of very little use, as they are then almost invariably lying down in the thickest cover. Only in the early morning and in the cool of the evening, when they resort for feeding purposes to the secluded glades and dells, has the sportsman much chance of success. As a consequence, the work is rather hard. By candle or lamp light, at an abnormal hour, he has his tub and his cup of hot coffee, preparatory to an hour or two's tramp in pitch-darkness through the woodlands, and he must be on his beat before dawn. Should there be no signs of deer in the vicinity selected, he proceeds, as silently as may be, from ridge to ridge, and from one little glen or corrie to another, until he again reaches his headquarters—generally about ten o'clock. A second bath, succeeded by a substantial breakfast, then

restores his energies, and after a pipe or two he comes to the conclusion that it would be sheer waste of time to remain at home any longer. The setters and an attendant gillie are summoned, and he sets forth in search of black game and ryper, taking care, of course, to avoid any risk of disturbing the deer ground. About 3 P.M. he must be back in order to exchange the shot-gun for the rifle, and having snatched a hasty meal, he starts for the evening stalk, from which he does not usually return before eight or nine o'clock.

So wonderfully do the deer's coats assimilate with the russet tints of autumn that the very closest inspection of the surroundings—*near* as well as far—is absolutely essential for this kind of work, as there is no knowing the amount of mischief which a scared herd may create; and even with the greatest care and luck, shots are all too infrequently obtainable. On one occasion, when searching a by no means densely timbered hillside a few miles to the west of Havn, I suddenly found myself within twenty yards of a dozen deer, whose presence neither I, with a pair of powerful glasses, nor the native hunter with his sharp eyes, had succeeded in making out.

Like the majority of their compatriots, the Hitteren landowners are partial to coin of the realm; but they are also wise enough to be aware that in order to extract that desirable commodity from the pockets of the foreigner they must do what they can to show him sport, and must refrain from surreptitious potting at the deer on their own account.

Before renting a shooting on Hitteren, however, it is very advisable to make inquiries in unprejudiced quarters with regard to it, as some portions of the island are of no use whatever for stags; everywhere, indeed, game-birds are much too numerous, and they enhance in no small degree the difficulties of the stalker. There may be said to be four main forests—Havn and Aune, on the east coast, which are generally let together; Ström and Haavig, with the adjacent island of Helgebostad, on the west side; Kalkloven, in the north; and Forsnaes, which comprises a number of small properties, in the south-west. The Kalkloven ground is good only for black game and ryper, and of these, with the assistance of staunch, wide-ranging setters, very fair bags can be made. Take it all round, the Havn-Aune shoot is the best. There is a large area of country which is frequented by stags; the number of individual beats is considerable, and the whole can be commanded from two comfortable farmhouses. The character of the ground, moreover, is such that it is possible sometimes to obtain quite a long stalk. Here on one occasion I had a somewhat unusual piece of good fortune. Owing to a nasty fall, my native hunter was unable to accompany me on the afternoon stalk, and as there was no one to take his place, I set forth alone, feeling anything but confident of the result. After a longish tramp, during which I had seen nothing but hinds, I made out with the help of the glasses three or four stags feeding among the trees on the opposite side of a valley. A careful survey of the surroundings showed that in order to get within reach of them a long round was necessary. The day being far advanced, I proceeded to accomplish this with all speed, and in an hour and a half I was creeping along the steep slope where I had first discovered the deer. Of these, however, I could see nothing, and it seemed as if they had shifted their quarters; but being unwilling to give up hope, I subsided between two slabs of gray rock. At last I heard a stone dislodged and go rolling down the hillside, and presently, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, a stag's head emerged from among the branches of a mountain ash. There being not a breath of wind, I dared not attempt to get any nearer, or even to ascertain the position of the animal's body; so, taking careful aim, I fired at its neck. Scrambling forward among the boulders and trees with all speed, I caught a glimpse of a stag galloping up the slope, and thinking that I had missed with my first barrel, gave it the benefit of the second. In another moment it would have been over the ridge and out of sight, but the express bullet had entered behind the shoulder, and it rolled over amid some juniper-bushes. When occupied in giving the *coup de grâce* I heard again the sound of stones being dislodged, and on going to ascertain the cause, found, to my great delight, the stag I had fired at first *in extremis*. I had actually brought off a right and left!

The Ström-Haavig forest is very nearly as good as the Havn-Aune, but some parts of it are so distant from any human dwelling that camping out is almost necessary in order to do them justice, a drawback in cold autumn weather.

Immediately to the south of the Havn and Ström shootings—which march with one another about the middle of the island—there is a belt of barren waste, some four or five miles broad, which extends across from sea to sea. This is of no use for deer, consisting as it does of bare rocky ground, with no cover at all except patches of bog-myrtle, dwarf birch, and lichen.

The Forsnaes forest, in the south-western corner of Hitteren, offers in a way better sport than any of the others, inasmuch as, although there is a sufficiency of wood to meet the requirements of the deer, the chances of getting a long stalk are, owing to the configuration of the ground, considerably greater. There are also a good many capercailzie, black game, and ryper; and in a loch called Logan excellent sea and brown trout angling is obtainable. Above Logan there is a whole series of other lochs, situated, it may be added, amid charming scenery; but they contain only brown trout.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE BLIND GUIDE.

By F. E. GREEN, Author of *History of the Agricultural Labourer, 1870–1920; The Tyranny of the Countryside*, &c.

PART I.

I.

'DEAR me!' ejaculated the Rev. Edward Stonor, as soon as he had recovered his breath; 'the porter pushed me into a first-class carriage, and I have only a third-class ticket.'

He addressed his remarks to the one other occupant of the carriage, a rotund, elderly man, who was reading the *Financial Times*. The elderly man put down his paper and sent a searching glance across the carriage to the figure of the painfully thin cleric, robed in a black cassock, on the girdle of which hung a crucifix.

'Well,' said the elderly man reassuringly, 'that is of little consequence. Nowadays most' (he wanted to say third-class people, but refrained)—'most people push into first-class carriages without making your—er—confession. But allow me, sir, to be your host. I am, by the way, a director of this railway.'

'I am sure it is very good of you,' said the curate, mopping his heated brow; 'and I will make a further confession: if they asked me to pay the difference, I really couldn't, for I haven't enough money on me.'

This astonishing frankness about money caused the director to look at the curate as though he were a visitant from some strange land.

'Your—er—work is in London?' he asked in a kindly manner.

'Yes,' replied the curate promptly, always glad of an opening to talk of his work. 'In the Camelsdale district.'

'Eh?' ejaculated the elderly gentleman, dropping his paper.

'Perhaps you have never heard of Camelsdale,' said the curate, with a sigh.

'Oh, yes, I've heard of Camelsdale, certainly. I know where you mean. But I am afraid I know nothing of the people there.'

'Pretty slummy district, starred with heroic souls living in the heart of darkness.'

'Indeed! Slummy, is it—the heart of darkness? What—what *sort* of people?'

'Dockers, casuals, thieves, prostitutes, soap-makers, match-makers, saints, and sinners, all living under conditions sufficient to send most of them to hell. Every one is short of money. We are all short of money. We want to build a new mission-hall, but how can we wring shillings from people short of pence? And I am told the whole place belongs to one man who reaps a golden harvest out of the blood and tears of suffering humanity.'

'H'm!' murmured the old gentleman, puckering up his brows. He seemed to the curate to be suffering from some illness, and remained silent; whilst the curate produced his copy of the *Challenge* and gave himself up to reading its pages. As the train drew into Waterloo Station the elderly gentleman said, 'You want money for your church, don't you?'

'Indeed, yes,' said the curate eagerly, smiling.

'Come and see me, then. This is my card.'

As he moved away the astonished curate read:

MR HENRY CAMELSDALE.

THE ALBANY, LONDON.
THE HEIGHTS, HINDHEAD.

II.

Three weeks later the Rev. Edward Stonor presented his card at The Albany, Piccadilly. Whilst he waited in the drawing-room a girl appeared. She was dressed in black, from which gleamed the ivory skin of her neck and face, crowned with brown hair, glossy with strands of gold. Her large eyes were gray.

'How do you do?' she said, extending a friendly hand. 'Perhaps you did not know my father died a week ago. He told me of his meeting with you. He was even then on his way to die in the south of France.'

The curate expressed his sorrow, and rose as if to take his leave.

'Can I do anything for you?' she asked.

The curate looked at her. He gazed into her eyes. Yes. There was a good deal she could do for him, or, rather, for the people of Camelsdale, out of whose toil she lived in luxury. Her father had apparently sinned from lack of knowledge, which was almost criminal, rather than from the lack of a good heart. This girl

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looked kind. She could not have passed more than twenty summers. Being young, she might be brought to find grace by social service. He took time to answer. When he spoke, he asked her point-blank, 'Do you inherit Camelsdale?'

'Yes. I am my father's only child.'

'What a *terrible* responsibility rests upon your young shoulders!' he said solemnly, stressing the word 'terrible' so much that she looked a little frightened.

'But there are executors, lawyers, estate-agents, and—er—others, to arrange everything. I know absolutely nothing about Camelsdale.'

'Then surely you ought to begin to learn. Nowadays, with a cheap press, ignorance is no excuse—and the intelligence of your heart should prompt you. Look at this.'

He produced a newspaper-cutting from his pocket-book. The heading was: 'Six Adults of Both Sexes Living in One Room.'

The girl glanced at it. It was in Camelsdale.

'How awful!' she said.

'Yes. You cannot take and not give. You cannot be clean whilst your brothers remain unclean.'

'But what can I do? I know—I will get my cheque-book,' she answered, as though this were a bright thought which would illuminate Camelsdale.

'Stay, young lady! Before you give, you must be touched in your soul. Before you give a penny, you must go down to Camelsdale, dip into the mire of its underworld, and sense its poverty and shame. I am a priest. You will think it my business to preach. It is; but I would rather you went to another guide. He is blind—a blind soldier; but he will be a lamp to light your feet in that dark wilderness.'

Miss Camelsdale looked a little cross at the suggestion that a blind soldier should guide her over the ground which she owned. But she realised that she had a zealous fanatic to deal with, and said she would do anything Mr Stonor suggested she should do.

'That is well,' said the curate. 'When you have seen Mr Hope, who is an ex-officer blinded in the war, and lives from choice in one of your mean streets, then come and see me.'

She did not quite like 'one of your mean streets,' but she smothered her petulance as she rang the bell and bowed the curate out.

III.

Helen Camelsdale had to tell her aunt (who had temporarily taken up her quarters at The Albany to chaperone her niece in London) of her new kind of research-work. Her aunt inquired the age of the curate, and looked suspicious; but as Helen proved obdurate, she gave her strict injunctions to take (1) disinfectants, (2) plenty of scent, (3) a bath immediately on her return.

The weather was beginning to get cold, and Helen, putting on her furs, ordered her car to drop her at the end of the mean street where lived the blind soldier. Somehow, she felt it indecent to drive in a luxurious car down the street where washing flapped in sooty back-yards, and children played in odorous gutters.

'Cis!' yelled a child, as Helen came down the street.

'What yer want *now*?' came the reply from an interior.

'Come and see this blinkin' toff.'

Helen, possessing a sense of humour, smiled. When she reached the house she was looking for, she found there a few anæmic sunflowers, with their wide-open brown eyes pathetically searching for the sun, which lay hidden behind a veil of mist stained with sulphur. At the threshold a woman was scrubbing the doorstep. The passage looked scrupulously clean.

'Is Mr Hope in?' asked Helen.

'Yes, my dear,' answered the motherly-looking woman. 'You just step acrost me, walk up the stairs, and knock at the door on the right. —Mr 'Ope!' she yelled; 'a lidy to see yer.'

A hospital nurse passed Helen on the stairs, and staring hard at her, gave her a challenging look.

'Really,' said Helen to herself, 'he is not *my* young man.'

She knocked timidly, and was answered by 'Come in,' shouted by a cheery voice.

She walked into a clean little room, in which a fire was burning. The walls were lined with books. At a bureau sat a young man, writing. His face was turned to the door with an eager look. Helen noted that it was a beautiful, dark, clean-shaven face. The eyes, though sightless, were open.

The delicate perfume from her dress betrayed where she stood, and Hope rose and put out his hand. She took it in hers and held it for a few seconds as her whole being became suffused with a sense of pity. He caught hold of an easy-chair, and cleverly arranging some cushions, asked her to sit down.

'I think I know who you are,' he said cheerfully. 'You must be Miss Camelsdale. I have been expecting you all the morning.'

'I am so glad you do not look upon me in the light of an intruder.'

'As an intruder? Rather not. You don't know what pleasure it gives me to *feel* you sitting there.'

'But you don't know anything about me. I have never done anything worth doing, and I feel like an outcast in the district in which I should be at home.'

'Don't feel like that. I know you have a soul by the quality of your voice—its intonations. I want some one competent enough to describe you to me. Stonor is such a duffer in describing women. How tall are you? Do you mind taking off your hat? There is a glass behind you. Thank you.'

He stood beside her, and lifting his hand, gently touched the top of her glossy hair as a swallow skims over the surface of a river. She was only about two inches shorter than he.

'You are tall,' he remarked with a smile.

As she stood by his side she was overwhelmed with a feeling of intense pity, and momentarily the desire to throw her arms round his neck took possession of her. She blushed at the thought of it, and for the second was glad he was sightless. He would not be able to witness her surge of blood.

'So you are going to help us to clean up some of the frightful mess we are in,' he said, moving towards his seat.

'Tell me what I can do,' she said, sinking into the easy-chair.

'Well, I don't believe in your doing things which the public should do by collective enterprise. I should like to take you down certain streets to show you what I consider the more excellent way. Women have the hardest lives of all. Modern chivalry demands of us not so much to help the distressed maiden as the overworked woman with children.'

He went on to sketch certain reforms which she, as a private individual, might institute, for her income was large enough to provide money for the smaller reforms, even if her trustees would not allow her to part with any of her capital.

As he was speaking the fire in the grate sank low, and Hope, apprehending this, rose to replenish it; but Helen anticipated his action, and put the coals on herself.

'Princess,' he said, with a slow smile, 'you draw a tribute from this realm of swampy ground covered over with bricks and mortar, and overcrowded with people, larger than any tribute exacted by a queen of olden times. Will you come and look into the hive which produces the honey for you? If you will come with me, I will show you the wonders of this world—the great stone graves half-filled with murky water into which blaspheming dockers on frosty and foggy nights slip and die, when carrying on their backs food for the multitude.'

'I will come,' she answered simply.

'To-morrow?'

'To-morrow, at three o'clock.'

He held out both his hands. She took them with both of hers. He was at the door to open it before she was across the room.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF PLANT NAMES.

I.

THE science of plant names is one of those out-of-the-way cults that few engage in. Undeniably fascinating, inasmuch as, apart from its own intrinsic interest, it affords its followers interesting glimpses of much that is curious in history, travel, poetry, philology, folklore, obsolete therapeutics, and the primitive or involved systems of botany that existed before Linnæus's day, it cannot be regarded as an exact science; and, indeed, in no instance have the published labours of any worker in this field been free from faults of omission and commission. In addition to those from our own Anglo-Saxon and Gaelic, plant names in common use are derived from various tongues. Mallow is Greek; Apple-ringie, Latin; Dandelion, French; Good Henry, German; and Little Gude, probably Dutch. There is scarcely an object of animated nature that has not contributed its name to some plant, while almost every organ of the human body is likewise represented. Many of the grosser names whereby 'liberal shepherds' used to distinguish plants have happily lapsed into obscurity; but there are others in common speech, such as Cuckoo-pint, that the cleanly tongue, were it aware of their meaning, would hesitate to utter. It is a curious fact that among plant names that have proved troublesome of identification those of the poets are the most numerous, and these not the oldest poets, for Chaucer's flowers are all evident. Spenser has perpetrated more obscure names than any, apparently having invented them as occasion required. A guess may be made—and perhaps a true guess—at the flowers intended by Starlight, Bellamoures, and Chevisaunce, but nowhere else are they to be found save in Spenser. Of modern poets, Tennyson, notwithstanding his intimate knowledge of natural history, is not free from obscurity, as witness the 'blossom in purple and red' in 'Maud.' It is not, however, only the identification of plants that is a difficulty; there is also that of discovering the meaning of names. One cause was the custom of interchange and substitution. Why, for example, should the Hollyhock bear such an *outré* name? Simply because it flaunts its stateliness under a borrowed one. Garden Mallow was probably its earliest popular name; at least, it is the first that the printed record shows, its present name being that of the Marsh-Mallow, which was denominated the Holy Hock, either to distinguish it from the common hock or mallow, or, what is not unlikely, it may have acquired 'holy' from its association with Lindisfarne—the Holy Island—or from the saint of that isle, after whom it was called St Cuthbert's Kale. As to what hock stands for, there seems to be no reasonable solution. A late proposal is that it may be a form of the Latin Alcea; but there are many hocks in the English language besides the plant hock, and, on the whole, the

suggestion is too far-fetched to deserve serious attention. There are other popular names of flowers that hitherto have defied all attempts at explanation. Of such the Cowslip is a notable example. Though the word is dissyllabic, opinion is divided as to what the syllables are. It may be cows-lip; and so Ben Jonson in a lyric calls it 'lips of cows.' The other definition is, of course, cow-slip; and, on referring to the older forms of the word—namely, Cuslep and Kousloppe and their variants—there is much probability of that being the more proper. Keeslip, also in various spellings, an old name for the stomach of a calf, employed to coagulate milk, has been advanced as affording a solution; and as Coostriplins and Coostropple are other popular names, these serve to confirm the suspicion that, whatever the second syllable may be and may mean, there need be no dubiety regarding the first.

The Foxglove, like the cowslip, has never surrendered the secret of its etymon. The plant has no fewer than seventy-eight popular names, cowslip being one, and nearly all are patent to every one. It is obvious that the glove of a fox is as absurd as the lip of a cow, and to overcome this difficulty fox has been assumed to mean folks, a well-known synonymous form for fairies being the good folks, just as 'the little gude' was applied to the Evil One. But, alas! for this assumption, 'foxes glofa' appears as early as the tenth century, and no doubt glove has always been regarded as quite correct. The poets believed so, as in Cowley:

> The Foxglove on faire Flora's Hand is worne,
> Lest while she gathers Flowers she meets a Thorne;

and Drayton's Browne writes of how Pan ran to

> Pluck the speckled Foxgloves from their Stem
> And on those Fingers neatly placed them.

The Ettrick Shepherd would appear to have embraced the opinion that the plant had some connection with the inhabitants of the land of ghosts, for in 'The Wool-gatherer' it is remarked: 'The bogles will be obliged to—gang away an' sleep in dewcups an' foxter leaves till the gloamin' come again.' But foxter is not foxglove. The earliest form of that expression I have seen is in a manuscript note in a sixteenth-century herbal, where the Scottish name is inscribed foxtrie. It also emerges as foxterne, which is very similar, and in another instance it is fox and tree! But after all, tree or glove, the unintelligibleness remains. Gliew, meaning 'music,' has been proposed as a substitute for glove; but its acceptation would do nothing to dispel the obscurity.

II.

In Sops-in-Wine there is not so much of uncertainty in the meaning of the name as there is regarding the flower to which it was applied. Sops-in-Wine, according to Bacon, quantity for quantity, inebriated more than wine itself. The usual wine was sherry, and the other ingredients were the finest bread, or wafers, and sugar. The assumption that the flower of the same name was also an ingredient has no foundation in fact, and seems to have arisen from cloves having entered into the composition of Hippocras, which at weddings was drunk after the marriage ceremony by bride and bridegroom, followed by eating the sops. It was the last named that the erratic Petruchio, after quaffing the Muscadel, threw into the face of the amazed and gaping sexton. Some say a carnation, others a pink; but Thomas Tusser of husbandry fame notes both in a list of flowers along with sops-in-wine. A year or two later Spenser, in Hobbinoll's 'Laye of fayre Elisa,' confirms Tusser:

> Bring hether the Pynke and purple Cullambine
> With Gellifloures;
> Bring Coronations and Sops-in-Wine
> Worne of Paramoures!

In E.K.'s gloss it is stated that sops-in-wine is 'in colour like to coronations, but differing in smel and quantitye.' Lyly's *Euphues* affords also confirmatory evidence to the above. Yet in herbals of the period it is stated that the plant is a pink, and in one herbal there is an illustration depicting (but very badly) a small flowered pink. I should be inclined to assign the name to the very aromatic *Dianthus superbus;* but it is doubtful if the plant or flowers will ever be identified satisfactorily. Those who have given time and study to the elucidation of the origin and meaning of plant names find in the harebell, both the English and the Scottish, a very elusive subject. The apparently absurd illogicalness of the name as applied to the Scottish bluebell has excited the sentimental emotions of not a few, and it has even been suggested to substitute air-bell as better suited to the airy aspect of the flower. That solution, unfortunately, leaves the English harebell unexplained, for, beautiful as are the waves of azure produced by the latter in early summer, it cannot, regarded individually, be said to enjoy any pretension to airiness. Still, it is possible that hare itself may be found to be quite an appropriate appellative. In the description of flowers in the beautiful prologue to Book XII. of the *Æneid*, Bishop Douglas has: 'Sum wattry hewit as the haw wally se;' and assuredly the watery hue of sea-waves denotes perfectly the blue of both English and Scottish bluebells. Haw and har, moreover, are also as good English as Scots. There was Drayton's Dowsabell, who, among other flowers to deck her summer hall, gathered the harlock, which is, no doubt, the same as the hadoddies mentioned in Fitzherbert's *Boke of Husbandry*, which he refers to the blue cornflower. Then King Lear picked hardocks among the corn to garland his brows; and the late Professor

Skeat has suggested that these also were the hadoddies of Fitzherbert, a solution so plausible that it needs only to be mentioned to be accepted whole-heartedly by every candid mind. The conclusion, of course, is that hare is an ill-spelled form of haw or of har, and consequently bluebell.

Brooklime is a simple-looking appellative, but nevertheless what it is has remained for centuries unrevealed. The name denominates a weed usually found growing in watery places in association with the forget-me-not, and in deeper water with water-cresses, for which it is occasionally eaten in mistake. The name affords an example of the few derived directly from an Anglo-Saxon original, and is the form it has assumed in England in the course of centuries. In the west of Scotland, the north of England, and in Antrim it is Wellink or Wallink, and though dissimilar to the ear and the eye, this name is essentially the same as Brooklime. In Dr Skinner's *Etymologicon*, remarkable for its inconclusive inexactitudes, several curious definitions, all wrong, are proposed; and it says not a little for the common-sense of modern questors that they have not attempted to follow that seventeenth-century investigator of word-meanings. The Anglo-Saxon form of the word is hleomuc, and through such and other variations as lemoc, lempke, water-lyngke, broclemke, and brockellhempe, it became, early in the sixteenth century, broclem, and a hundred years later had assumed permanently its present form. Lime is, therefore, the modern equivalent of its earliest known name, brook and water being merely prefixed to indicate the moist conditions suited to the economic proclivities of the herb. How the plant should have any connection with ink has been long a puzzle; yet, by placing a hyphen between wel and link, or, better still, making it well-link, a practically identical, but better, form results, well, of course, being the Scots representative of the English brook, and link the hleomuc in modern speech.

III.

At one period some plants were grouped by reference to a feature common to all. This is well illustrated by those plants denominated either in part or wholly by hoof, foot, and clote. Those who have spent a week in the country early summer must have been attracted by a weed bearing purplish, strongly aromatic flowers common on shady roadsides. Usually known as Ground Ivy, long ago it was 'hoof,' and also Alehoof, Tunhoof, and Hayhoof. The last named is simply the hoof-plant by the hedge, and need detain us no further. The others have been assumed to indicate the employment of the plant in brewing, it having been used instead of hops before the introduction of hops by the brewer. It need not be disputed that Alehoof, as compared with the other a modern appellative, and Gill, another of the ground ivy's names, did refer to that use. Tunhoof, on the other hand, is to be regarded rather as indicating the hoof cultivated or growing in garden or close, as tuncarse in a similar way was Garden Cress, and tonnache a coarse kind of cultivated celery. The point to be emphasised is that hoof was applied on account of the leaf of the plant being similar in outline to the footprint of an animal, Catfoot being yet another of its many designations. The Violet, it may be mentioned, was likewise 'hoof,' and for the same reason; and also the well-known Coltsfoot, the first of our wild flowers to expand under the slowly increasing heat of a faint February sun. Like many of the more popular weeds, Coltsfoot possesses quite a large number of names, horsehoof and foalfoot being of these. There is no difficulty in this instance either in associating the name with the shape of the leaf. But the plant is interesting in a special manner, inasmuch as it is by means of such names as clote, cloot, clate, and clete linked phonetically with another group of plants. The identity of cloot with hoof and foot is recognised by all North-Country folk. 'Hoof and Cloot' comprises all the quadrupeds on a farm, and there is also the indisputable authority of Burns's poem on his ewe Maillie: 'Upon her cloot she coost a hitch.' Again, it will be remembered by readers of Chaucer how the Canon, when he overtook the Pilgrims at Boughton-under-Blee, had a 'cloote leaf'—in some versions 'clote leaf'—under his hood. Needless to refer to the disquisitions upon the identity of the plant that provided the leaf, or the meanings given to 'clote.' Enough that the leaf had almost certainly been torn off a plant of the 'gert clote,' or burdock, growing by the wayside, the radical leaves of which have an outline similar to that distinguishing those already mentioned. The coltsfoot was sometimes called the small clote, with which the butter-bur has been confused; and from the flowers of this plant, the butter-bur, a thrifty folk at one time composed a liquor that they named Cleat beer. 'As yellae as a Claut' introduces the Marsh-Marigold to the company of these, the leaf of this glowing flower being in outline exactly like those above named. There are also the yellow water-lily, *alias* the water-clote and water-coltsfoot, similarly foliaged, and the curious Asarabacca, to which the same remark applies.

Another example of association is seen in plants used for the application of ointments where no better material was available. These were called smearworts, and sometimes, as will be noticed, they were also ingredients in unguents or 'saws.' Very early the name occurs as Smerwrt, and there are such variants as smerowort, somerwort, simmeren, smeardocken, and smiddy-leaves. The last named is a Border designation, where it represents the

broad-leaved dock, one authority remarking that it was so called because it flourished near to the workshop of blacksmiths. But smiddy is really a very patent colloquial form of smeary. Any kind of dock was used, and it was usual to apply the leaf of one to slightly inflamed spots on the skin due to the sting of nettle, bee, or wasp. Good King Henry, likewise a smearwort, was much esteemed as a remedy for ulcerated limbs, a fresh leaf being applied every morning. The leaves also entered into the composition of an ointment, the other ingredients being lard and beeswax. This was applied to boils and other sores. As early as the thirteenth century, by the name of More (Greater) Smearsworth, the leaves of this plant were recommended as a healing agent. The Bistort is a smearwort, too, and had a vast reputation for allaying smarting pains; hence its other names of Smertwort and Smartwort. Even the common primrose was regarded of value for smearing.

IV.

Of those plants to which a general name has been applied, although only one or two have any prescriptive right to it, the Bachelor's Button affords a striking example. It seems to have been customary to name any flower a Bachelor's Button that bore a resemblance to the article employed in fixing clothing; consequently the number so called is very large. The name, comparatively, is not old; the earliest notice I have seen of it is as recent as 1573, the reason probably being that the plant originally given the name was worthless for medical purposes, and therefore absent from medical treatises, in the pages of which so many old plant names are recorded. It is not unusual, however, to find it occurring in dramas of Charles I.'s days, invariably with reference to sex relations. The flower, plucked, was used in a kind of divination by young people of both sexes. It was first stripped of its florets, hidden for a time, and then, if more florets had been produced, it was concluded that wooing would be pursued with success. If, on the other hand, the flower remained inactive, then the young man or woman it represented would be obdurate to all advances. It is obvious that the peculiarity of the flowers issuing a crop of florets successive to those removed eliminates all flowers botanically incompatible, and, in a word, that the probability is that the Knapweed or Scabious would be chosen. In the words of Clare, referring to the custom, girls

> Pull the little blossom thread
> From out the knob weed's button-head,
> And put the husk, with many a smile,
> In their white bosom for a while.
> Then if they guess aright the swain
> Their love's sweet fancies try to gain,
> 'Tis said that ere it lies an hour
> 'Twill blossom with a second flower.

The scabious was also called the Curly or Carl Doddie, and the ribwort has the same name. The partly spicate inflorescence of this weed, in common with the scabious and other capitulate flowers, produces florets in succession, and taking advantage of that peculiarity, Scottish maids were wont to use it in divining by the name of Carl Doddie. The processes are very similar. A girl selects two heads of the ribwort in flower, trims off all the florets, names one after the lad she regards with more than a common degree of tenderness, the other representing herself. Both are wrapped in a dock-leaf and laid under a stone, and if by the following morning they have again budded, she is convinced that things will happen according to her wishes. There were many other ways of employing the ribwort and the scabious, all with the same end in view; but enough has been noted to distinguish the plant that is the true Bachelor's Button. It may be added of Carl Doddie that Carl is synonymous with man, and doddie with a polled or smooth head, and might under circumstances such as those detailed be applied to a smooth-faced bachelor! Might it not also be to such a one that the couplet refers:

> Curly doddy, do my biddin',
> Soop the hoose, an' shool the middin'?

It will be of interest to subjoin an example of the mistakes liable to be made by workers in the particular field under review. The gentleman involved—he died only a few years ago—was distinguished for great learning and uncommon linguistic attainments, and it is perhaps symptomatic of the difficulties inherent in this form of research that many more obvious mistakes are recorded in the volume from which this instance is abstracted.

It may be explained that Yevering Bell, the object that misled our author, is an outcrop on the southern slope of Cheviot, and the site, as well as the modern designation, of an ancient colony similar to, but of greater extent than, that of Edin's Hall in Berwickshire. To botanists the locale is interesting on account of the pretty but rare winter green *Pyrola secunda* having been found there, and by some extraordinary oversight the author aforesaid imagined that Yevering Bells was simply a local name for this plant. This is what is said of it: 'YEVERING BELLS, L.(atin) *tintinnabulum terræ*, from the resemblance of the flowers to little bells hung one above another, to be struck with a hammer. *Yevering* is usually spelt *yethering*, from Scottish *yether*, beat. PYROLA SECUNDA.' Though the volume in which these remarkable misstatements occur passed through three editions, they found a place in each. Its name was even admitted into a standard work on plant nomenclature, and occasionally is still quoted by writers on the subject.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY.

PART II.

III.

THE week which followed emphasised with unpleasant insistence the truth that reckless impulsiveness entails discomfort. The man M'Gee recovered from his temporary amazement and thirsted for my blood, and as I had not only inflicted his first defeat upon him—his first in our town, that is—but, in addition, accepted a wager of ten pounds, I could not long hope to evade him. It is difficult to tell a man that you neither wish to touch his money nor to play with him at any game. I saw that I must shortly consent to give him his revenge.

Ronald Elston's affair was going badly, too. I knew what was needed, but I could not convince him. I will uphold against all comers the belief that your masterful strong man is a creation of neurotic women-writers, and no fit companion for any girl; but in a case like Betty's the disease is desperate, and a timely imitation of her hero is the remedy. Ronald was of the type which makes good husbands, but as a lover he lacked fire, self-confidence. A saving touch of masterfulness would have done much to help his cause, but he had not the temperament. I wrestled long and earnestly to destroy his humility, but I couldn't rouse a spark of healthy irritation. I even told him that the rôle of melancholy failure agreed with him, and although he denied it, I really believe he found a perverted kind of pleasure in his misery. His attitude hampered me. You see that, of course? It was difficult to deal with Douglas K. when my principal refused to quarrel with him. He talked fatuously of leaving the best man to win—a ridiculous thing to say. It doesn't happen like that in real life.

I saw Betty several times, but she shied off from the subject whenever I attempted to prove how foolishly she was acting. I had always known her to be hot-tempered, but once or twice she surprised me by the violence of her speech. If I had believed half she said, I should have counselled Ronald to remove himself to another place, and so relieve Betty of an intolerable burden. That she hated him was the mildest of her expressions. As for me, I did not escape with undamaged reputation. Once—but only once—Betty reminded me in the heat of an impulsive moment that I knew less about women than any man who ever thought himself qualified to dictate to one. 'Look at Christina,' she said. 'A nice mess you made of your own affairs—and yet you think you can instruct me about mine.'

That hit me hard, and she saw it.

'I'm sorry, Micky,' she said quickly. 'I was a beast. But you shouldn't provoke me. Why can't you leave Ronald alone? He's happy enough when you are not there to unsettle him. He knows I can never think like that about him.'

She was always very definite—like that—about her feelings, but somehow there was a look about her eyes—a suggestion of warmth—which made me disbelieve her. She couldn't look like that and be as heart-free as she pretended. And so I persisted, and she grew angry again, and we parted without making up our quarrel; but when I met her again she had already relented, and for a little while, at any rate, we avoided the difficult subject. Just for a little while we were good pals, and then something—anything—reminded me of my vow, and trouble descended between us. The details varied, but the result was the same. We quarrelled inevitably, monotonously.

I think it was on the Friday evening that the climax came. Yes, it would be Friday, for I had agreed to play M'Gee on the Saturday afternoon, and allow him an opportunity to obtain his revenge. I was thinking about him—cursing the convention which made our match necessary—when I came upon an item in an old magazine I had brought with me in my trunk from America. It was a sensational news item, and the central figure was shown in a really excellent photographic inset. I recognised him at once. It was impossible that two men could be so much alike. Besides, the episode related fitted M'Gee like a glove. I had often wondered what a man of his stamp was doing in a town like ours. His ostensible occupation—what was it, again?—representative of a firm of bootmakers, I think—offered little scope, and was a considerable waste of time. It would be useful enough, however, as a temporary retirement from the attentions of the police. I threw the magazine on one side. It had served its purpose. Betty was safe, and it should be my immediate business to warn Douglas K. M'Gee, *alias* Cyrus S. Conlin, that other scenes and other hearts yearned for him more than we did.

It was unfortunate that I should have encountered Betty and her new friend together within an hour of my discovery. I am not a patient man at any time, and I was peculiarly unfitted to resist the anger which the sight roused in me. It was not so much that they were together—after all, the man inhabited the same world—but his attitude was blatantly proprietary. His protection seemed to encircle her as they walked, and she submitted gladly. She was laughing as they approached me, and he bore the satisfied smile of achieved wit. I stopped right in their path.

'Howdy, Mr Collins?' said M'Gee cheerily. 'Feeling good and fit? You'll need to, I guess! I'm after you, to-morrow, right from the start. It'll be some game.'

I looked straight at him without smiling. I must remind you again that I was furiously angry. How dare the man appropriate our Betty for all the town to see?

'On second thought, sir,' I said coldly, 'I don't think I will play you to-morrow—or any day.'

He raised his eyebrows. 'Really?' he said. 'May I ask you why? In my country we——'

'I know what you do in your country,' I said, interrupting brutally. 'You understand me, Mr M'Gee? I will repeat it if you like. I know what you have done in your country.'

I think he understood me then, for he lost his air of confident disdain, but before he could say anything Betty had intervened.

'Why, Micky, what is the matter with you to-night? Are you ill?'

'No,' I said. 'You don't understand, Betty; but I think Mr Conlin——'

'M'Gee!' said my victim sharply. He was very white now.

'I beg your pardon,' I said slowly. 'A mistake on my part.'

For a few moments we stood at gaze, three of us, M'Gee and Betty searching my face for guidance, and I watching the American. His dismay was giving way to anger, and I could hear his breath whistling through his teeth as he clenched them in an effort at self-control. 'Be careful,' he muttered at last. 'I'm not healthy when I'm riled, and you sure have something to answer for, Mr Collins.'

I was not impressed. 'Try that bluff somewhere else,' I said. 'Betty, I'll see you home.'

Betty, however, was puzzled and slightly resentful. 'You are being extremely rude to Mr M'Gee,' she said. 'And I think you should tell me why. You are insulting my friend. You have gone too far now. You must tell me everything.'

'I wouldn't bother if I were you, Miss Carlton,' said M'Gee; 'I'll see Mr Collins to-morrow, and convince him of his mistake. I think I know where he's wrong.' He paused, looking at me uneasily, for all his bluff. 'I guess your business with me can wait,' he said.

'No,' I said, 'it cannot. You will leave Miss Carlton in my care now, at once. If you do that, and promise not to trouble her again, I will keep your secret.'

'And if I refuse?'

'Then I must take the necessary steps to protect my friends from you.'

I think Betty could see now where the truth lay. The man's face was very evil as he looked at me, and with a little cry Betty came to my side. 'Micky,' she said, 'take me away.'

The game was up, but the man was not lacking in physical courage. 'Not so fast, Mr Micky Collins,' he said angrily. 'You don't put it over on me and get away with the goods like that. I pay my debts—always. Like that!'

The blow was so sudden that it caught me totally unprepared. I went down, dazed and sick. As I staggered to my feet Betty clung to me, panic-stricken, all her love for raw life gone with the first sight of blood.

'Come away, Micky,' she said. 'Oh! come away. He'll kill you.'

My head cleared a little, and I saw M'Gee standing with a contemptuous grin on his face as he watched the little scene. I forgot everything but the need to smash that sneering face. With a rough swing of my arm I sent Betty reeling, careless for the moment of what happened to her. The lust of battle was on me.

'Put up your hands,' I said savagely, and led out with a straight left and a quick right-arm swing. He countered one, but the other shook him a little, and we opened the fight on fairly level terms.

Fortunately the lane was deserted, and no one interfered.

It was a good fight. What we lacked in science we made up in ferocity, and when I crawled away at Betty's side, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my condition, bad as it was, compared favourably with his. I dare say he got home eventually. I never saw him again, but I know he remembers me. I hurt him—undoubtedly I hurt him. My own cuts and bruises lost all their sting when I thought of his face as I last saw it. I am a civilised being normally, but for one brief quarter of an hour I saw red, and I enjoyed it.

IV.

'You have been horrid to me from the very first day you came back,' said Betty. 'I think I dislike you very much. You bully me every time I see you, and I have a tremendous bruise where you hit me.'

It was two days later, and we were sitting in the drawing-room at Betty's home.

Her accusation was sudden and unexpected.

'Oh, I say!' I protested. 'Not "hit" you, Betty.'

'Yes, you did. You swung your arm round and hurt me terribly, and never even looked to see where I had fallen.'

This was really too bad.

'But you didn't fall, Betty,' I said, 'and I have explained how it was. I'm sorry—really I am. I know I was brutally rough, but I wasn't quite responsible. You know I wouldn't hurt you for worlds.'

She relented a little.

'Well, perhaps you didn't mean it,' she said, 'but you did hurt me, Micky, and I was frightened. Oh!'—she shuddered violently—'I can see it yet—that man's face and you——'

'Come, come,' I said reasonably, 'it is all past now, Betty. Let's forget. He's gone,

and he will never worry you again. You can live happily ever after, and Ronald is only waiting——'

Betty got up suddenly. 'Oh!' she said violently. 'You—you——! Micky, if you mention Ronald to me again, I'll scream.'

'But, my dear girl——!'

'I'm not your dear girl. I hate you. Ronald, Ronald, Ronald! Why don't you leave him to manage *his* own affairs? He'll marry Kitty Blake—that's what he'll do; and if you hadn't encouraged him in his madness, he would have been a lot nearer to reason.'

'Kitty Blake!' I repeated stupidly. 'How do you mean, Kitty Blake?'

'You'd know what I mean if you weren't as blind as an owl. They were made for one another. She adores him, and he adores her, but he hasn't the sense to know it.'

'But, my dear girl, he adores you.'

'He thinks he does, and you encourage him.' She paused suddenly, swallowed hard, and then sat down. 'Micky,' she said, 'leave Ronald alone. He bores me to tears, and I exasperate him to the point of misery. When I marry——'

I felt a sudden interest in the speculation she had suggested.

'Well?' I asked eagerly.

She smiled. 'I shall never marry,' she said. 'Never! The kind of man I could love will probably wait for me to propose to him, and I am sure I shall not do that.'

My heart gave a sudden thump, and then raced madly. If Betty did not—could not—care for Ronald——? And, after all, they were not a bit suited to each other.

I suppose circumstances had conspired to blind me to the true cause of my excessive interest in Betty. I had adored her, as it were, by proxy. On Ronald's behalf. And all the time—the knowledge burst on me with a devastating rush—I had adored her on my own. I had hated M'Gee—of course I had. I would have hated any one who threatened to take her from me; and I had not known it.

'Micky,' said Betty softly, 'did you ever actually propose to Christina?'

I turned to surprise a shy light in the truest eyes a woman ever possessed—and the description is no longer second-hand. She blushed suddenly, and refused to meet my gaze.

'No, Betty,' I said, 'I did not; but I am going to propose to you. Will you marry me?'

Ten minutes later Betty raised herself and held me at arm's length.

'I didn't propose to you, did I, honey?' she asked. 'Not—not actually.'

'Why, no,' I said, surprised. 'I proposed to you.'

She nestled down again contentedly. 'I shouldn't like to think I did,' she said. She was silent for a moment, and then paid her tribute to truth with a kind of defiant, reckless happiness. 'But I don't think a girl ever came nearer to it!'

THE END.

A SCOTTISH ADMIRAL OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

By V. POLIAKOFF, F.R.G.S.

IT so happened that in 1789 the United Kingdom found itself at peace with the world. In consequence, without any loss of time, the navy was subjected to the customary process of cutting down expenses. Howe, the famous admiral, then First Lord at the Admiralty, initiated a policy of mercilessly *sacking the lot.* Most of the ships were paid off, sold into private hands, or scrapped. Many a fine sailor, after having fought bravely in both hemispheres for king and country, found himself stranded on the beach, out of work, and with pockets nearly empty. Add to this the natural abhorrence felt by fiery young spirits bred in war for the inglorious routine and for the slow progress of promotion in time of peace. But happily for them, if in Britain the career of arms was at a discount, other Governments continued to be engaged in warfare, and were eager to secure the services of good sailors and hefty fighters.

Since the days of Peter the Great sailors from the United Kingdom had always been welcomed in the Russian Navy. Empress Catherine the Second followed this tradition, and her ships, built under the supervision of that scientific man from Dundee, Mr Yeames, were to a great extent officered and often manned by men who had served in the Royal Navy. Four English and Scottish sailors led divisions and commanded in prominent posts when Count Orloff, the Empress's favourite, so brilliantly defeated the Turkish fleet in 1770 at Tchesme, in the Ægean Sea: Elphinstone and Mackenzie, Dugdale and Samuel Greig. The last named, a dour Scotsman from Inverkeithing, continued in the service and in the favour of Her Imperial Majesty. At the period which interests us he was already an old man, Admiral of the Fleet and Commander-in-Chief of the Russian naval forces in the Baltic. Numerous compatriots were serving under him in different capacities, enjoying good pay, quick promotion, and other advantages. So that with the naval element in this country the Russian service was very popular; a call for volunteers was sure to bring a swarm of high-spirited young men, as good sailors as any, to fight under the white Russian ensign with the blue cross of St Andrew.

Russia was engaged in one of her usual wars with Sweden. Ships of the line and rowing-galleys of Sweden were trying to facilitate the activities of the land army fighting in Finland. The narrow waters of the Finnish Gulf, densely studded with islets, shoals, and rocks, saw many an encounter between the vessels of the rival nations, and with varying success. Old man Greig was delighted to welcome the numerous young fighters who, in response to his invitation, came rushing, eager for the fray. There were about sixty in the party—captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen. We do not know all their names. But we know of Candler, Green, Hamilton, Aikin (the son of the famous actor), Halliday, Rider, Thesiger, Marshall, Dennison, Trevenen, Thomlinson, Elphinstone (the younger), Macarthy, Crown, Hogarth, Wright, and of many others. Some of them came straight from the decks of His Majesty's ships, others from some profession which they had chosen to gain a living. For example, Wright originally came to St Petersburg as agent for the renowned firm Longman & Broderip, selling music and musical instruments.

But the lust of adventure, the hot anger of battle, and the love for the life on the briny sea were common to all these vikings of the eighteenth century. And if they came in quest of battle, they got enough of it! Suffice to say that in the first twelvemonth thirty-six of them were wounded, and fourteen succumbed to their injuries or were killed outright. Of their numerous heroic deeds we will recall one only, proving the brave spirit and the chivalry of these men. On one occasion the galley of Captain Dennison gallantly broke through the Swedish line, and found herself surrounded by the enemy. Dennison was killed early in the day; his second in command, Macarthy, continued the fight, which ended when, out of a crew of three hundred, only about fifty remained. These were overwhelmed by sheer numbers in a hand-to-hand fight. Macarthy was taken prisoner and brought on board the King of Sweden's own galley, where the king stood, accompanied by his English adviser, Sir William Sidney Smith — later the famous admiral. Sir Sidney reproached Macarthy for having unnecessarily butchered his men. The prisoner returned the proud answer that it never should be said that an Englishman was the first to strike the Russian flag; that sooner than have done so he would have perished with every soul on board!

Robert Crown, whose name we have already mentioned, was destined to remain all his life in the Russian service, to attain the highest rank, and to command autocratically the Imperial navy for more than twenty years. Coming of a poor but honest Scottish family (as he tells us himself in his autobiography), he went to sea at a very early age. In 1778 we find him master in the sloop *Cormorant* in the Red Sea, three years later lieutenant in the *Diana* frigate in the Mediterranean and on the North American coast, and so through many seas and in many a ship until Howe's great sweep out. Crown begged hard to remain; he offered to agree to be a midshipman again if necessary, but nothing could avail. Crown's chief reason for trying so desperately to remain in the service was that he had just married Miss Martha Pitman Good, a girl of great attractions, but as poor as himself. Money was badly needed, and Crown hastened to accept the proposal of the Russian Ambassador to serve in the Baltic. His young wife followed him to St Petersburg. Crown was given the rank of commander in the Russian Navy, and put in charge of a brig carrying twenty small guns. Young Mrs Crown followed her husband, dressed in man's clothes, preferring the dangers of the sea and of the war to the anguish of separation. It must be said that she continued this practice of accompanying her husband all through the war, dressed as a man, and bravely doing a man's work, helping the wounded under fire in spite of shells and storm.

Crown did not remain long in his brig. In the most gallant fashion he attacked a Swedish frigate, the *Venus*, of forty-two guns, and fighting against desperate odds, boarded and took her, whilst his own vessel was sinking, riddled with Swedish shot. A few days later Crown (always with his wife on board) led, in the *Venus*, an attack on the galleys of Sweden. He bore straight down upon the enemy's admiral. The King of Sweden and Sir Sidney Smith were on board. So resolutely did the *Venus* bear down upon the galley that the king was rowed to another ship, for, said Sir Sidney, 'by the way she is handled I am sure that ship is commanded by an Englishman, and he means work!' And so he did, for the galley was rammed and sent to the bottom in a few minutes. After this, with the *Venus*, Crown took the *Rhetvisan*, of sixty guns. The Swede was completely outsailed, Crown raked her fore and aft, and gave her such a severe punishment that in less than an hour she hauled down her flag. Our hero was then already a captain of the first class and a Knight of the Military Order of St George.

With the *Venus* and the *Rhetvisan*, Crown started on an audacious cruise along the Swedish and Danish coasts. *En route* he took, burned, and sank several Swedish warships and galleys, and finished up by attacking and taking a whole convoy of more than thirty merchantmen before Elsinore. He managed to get his prizes safely into that port. For his astounding exploit Crown received the Order of St Vladimir, and his wife an annual pension of one thousand silver roubles, 'for having,' says the Imperial ukase, 'with a presence of mind and an intrepidity uncommon in a female, frequently taken upon herself to fulfil the functions of a surgeon when there was no such officer on board, in alleviating the dis-

tresses of the sick and the wounded, and for having been the faithful companion of Captain Crown in his various engagements and cruises.' The Russian Empress was glad to appreciate the services of a brave representative of her own sex.

When Paul I. came to the throne Crown was promoted to rear-admiral's rank and received the Order of St Anne, and later that of Malta. But he also nearly lost his head—or at least was very near to making a very disagreeable voyage to Siberia. This happened in 1799, when Paul, suddenly changing his policy, instead of continuing to fight the French, made peace with Napoleon and began to prepare for the invasion of India. Crown declared that he and his countrymen would never consent, under any pretext whatsoever, to fight against their mother-country. The moods of Paul were unaccountable, and there was a moment when Crown expected to be arrested and severely punished. But all of a sudden the wind changed, and Crown's favour continued unabated. This was not the first time that Crown had risked his career to stand up for what he considered was right. In the end of 1790 the Russian Government had engaged for the Baltic the services of another celebrated Scotsman, the American corsair Paul Jones of 'Bonhomme Richard' fame. Crown headed the protest of sixty English officers, who declared that they would rather break their contracts and risk prison than fight alongside of an enemy to their king and country. Paul Jones was obliged to leave. When Alexander mounted the throne on which his father had just been murdered, Crown was attached to his person, and soon after was decorated with the Order of Alexander the Patron of Russia.

From 1814 to 1817 Crown commanded the fleet in the North Sea, and then brought part of the Russian army of occupation from Calais back to St Petersburg. His departure from Calais was typical of his violent, undaunted spirit. A fleet of small craft had come over from the English side, bringing provisions for the outgoing fleet. One vessel was particularly interesting for the admiral: it was loaded with stout—his favourite beverage. As it was too late to take the stores in the same day, and as the weather had become very boisterous, the small craft entered Calais harbour to pass the night. There they were arrested the next morning by the French Customs officials, who demanded the payment of duties before the English would be allowed to leave. Informed of this, Crown gave the governor of Calais fifteen minutes to free the boats, and when the quarter of an hour was past, he clapped springs on his cables and prepared to bombard the town. The terrified governor immediately released the victuallers.

When Alexander I. came to London, Crown attended his person, and was received very graciously by the Prince Regent and at the Admiralty. On this occasion he was knighted, as a compliment to the Russian Emperor.

On his return to Russia from France, Crown saw no more active service. In 1822, after the death of Greig and of Sir George Tate (the senior English admiral in Russian service), he became Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic and of Cronstadt, which he ruled in a most autocratic fashion right up to his death in 1840.

He enjoyed the favour of the Emperor, and felt quite at home in the land of his adoption. But in his heart there always remained a great love for his country, of which he speaks with sorrowful longing in his letters. His three sons were sent back to England, and served in the Royal Navy. Two of them died, as young officers, from the yellow fever—one in Jamaica, the other on the West African coast. Crown's wife, the wonderful companion of his early exploits and the trusted sharer of his whole career, died in 1822. A few days before her death the admiral wrote to a friend in London:

'My wife is become very feeble, I will not say peevish, from experiencing a decay of those natural advantages attached to youth and strength; she is less of a philosopher than I am, and often calls me an iron man. Well she may, for I have had many a hard stroke on the anvil of fate. A pilot who last sailed with me used to exclaim that he had never seen a man so gray endure so much fatigue. You were right in your conjecture relative to my son Plato, who was one of the boarders who carried the French schooner off the coast of Africa. I am very proud of my son having done his duty, and hope he will not be wholly like his father, though I have infinite reason to be grateful to His Imperial Majesty, when I compare his great goodness to me with the injustice done to my services by the country which gave me birth. After having most faithfully served in the East and West Indies thus during the American war, in the most perilous and difficult duties, sometimes without a shoe to my foot on pointed rocks, sometimes nearly lamed on the burning sands of the shore of the Red Sea, leaving deep traces of the effect of these hardships on my body and limbs, being the only vouchers remaining to me of my indefatigable endeavours to serve my country, which, when it had not further use for me, flung me on shore naked and poor on Portsmouth beach, and told me afterwards, by the voice of Howe, that I might go and seek my bread as I could. This was all the humanity, justice, and mercy which a happy country could bestow on one who in his stations of master and lieutenant had served it faithfully, and who still loves it dearly and forgives it freely.

'I fervently adore the kind providence which conducted me to this land, where, though a foreigner, I was esteemed worthy of confidence beyond my merits, which, feeble as they are,

have ever constituted my only means of advancement.'

On a fine morning in May an Admiralty galley left the port of Cronstadt. On its deck stood the casket with the remains of Sir Robert Crown, Russian admiral, knight of the highest Russian orders and of many foreign ones, Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic fleet and of the fortress of Cronstadt, and member of the Imperial Senate. They were covered with his flag: the white ensign with the blue cross of St Andrew and the broad red border of a full admiral. The forts and the fleet had their flags at half-mast; the guns thundered their last salute. Crews and garrison stood at attention whilst the galley passed bearing the Scottish admiral to his last resting-place near his wife, in the cemetery of the British factory in St Petersburg.

THE GEMSBOK'S HORN.

PART III.

VII.

GERT was tired of playing see-saw with fate, so that a feeling almost of relief possessed him when he heard the news—full of peril as it was. He led the horse onward towards the drift, Knox following with shivering footsteps. The matter had resolved itself into a contest between the two drifts — Vaalbos bringing ruin, the Rhenoster salvation. Perhaps, he thought, the man had been swept away, and salvation had already arrived. The next moment he cursed himself for the thought, and braced himself afresh to face his troubles squarely.

The sun, on its way to self-effacement, was not far from the top of the distant Doornberg, and was casting through the murky mists—in a last endeavour to conquer—a sickly yellow radiance across the racing flood. In the midst of the weird light they saw the *disselboom* of the cart sticking up, and beside it a dark object. Van Tonder had not been swept away, as a faint, quavering hail came to convince them.

'Take my horse, Knox, and gallop to the village. Get Zastron to send his boys with ropes and brandy. Hurry, man, hurry, or else there will be another widow and more orphans in Cape Town to-night.'

'What are you going to do?' inquired Knox.

'Never mind! You hurry. As it is, you are half-dead with cold, and you'll suffer if you don't get into a dry change as soon as possible.'

He helped Knox to mount, and slapping the horse on the flank, started it at a brisk pace for Vaalbos.

Turning at once, Gert looked across. He shouted as loudly as he could, waved his arms in a gesture of encouragement, and then raced up the river-bank. The irony of it, he thought, as he ran; speeding to destroy his future, hurrying to annihilate all his youthful hopes and dreams!

When he arrived at a point about two hundred yards above the drift he stopped, and divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and boots. He looked for a moment at the clearing sky, and then sprang into the river. Before he obtained sufficient control over his movements to ensure a tolerable chance of his striking the wrecked cart, he was borne a considerable distance down-stream. Soon, in the failing light, he saw the *disselboom*, and steered straight for it. He struck a boulder on the up-stream side of the drift, which partially checked his rapid descent, and then he found himself looking into Van Tonder's face. The white, rigid lines of despair were already upon it, and the staring eyes told of eternity in view. The man was hanging to the swingle-tree, from which several *riems* and the ends of the traces were streaming in the flood.

Gert saw that Van Tonder could no longer retain his hold, so with practised hands he tied the man securely to the swingle-tree and the *disselboom*. Fashioning a loop for his own salvation, he thrust his left arm through it, and supported the head of the exhausted man with his right. He had finished the task he had set himself to do—and then came time for reflection. The faces of those he loved arrayed themselves before him. The father and mother whose only son he was—no doubt proud of their offspring—who would ask for death rather than bear the disgrace that he would bring in exchange for all their love and care; Steenie, his sister, robbed of her pride in him, eyes silently reproachful, but forgiving—infinitely harder to bear than open condemnation; and Betty van Staden, whose warm hand he had pressed scarce two hours ago! He shuddered, and looked at Van Tonder as at an enemy. The cutting of the *riems* that bound the now unconscious man to the *disselboom* and the swingle-tree meant certain release from his distracting worries, and who would know? He would be praised for his gallantry rather than accused of homicide. Who would know? He released the man's head, and with the hand thus freed drew a clasp-knife from his breeches-pocket and opened it with his teeth. One or two slashes—and salvation. He looked up. The sun had set behind the Doornberg, shooting, as it sank, two long, narrow shafts of brilliant light through the frowning clouds on the summit. Slenderly they tapered to the heavens until the tips were but needle-points—a beautiful and unusual spectacle.

What did they suggest to him? Something, he knew. Ah yes, the gemsbok's horns. There were the broad bases, the annulations, and the smooth straightness of the terminals.

'Remember your father's words. Be upright in all things. Do not twist and be crooked like the koodoo's horn. Rather like the gemsbok's, straight and true from butt to tip. The rings around it extend half-way up. The rest is smooth: so should a good life be. . . . The rings are but the troubles which beset us all, and which, if conquered in honour, lead . . . to such earthly happiness as the Lord will allow us.'

Thus had written Oom Jan Klopper—and his son remembered. The extended hand dropped the knife, and the arm once more embraced the unconscious head with a curious suggestion of affection, as if the boy thought it shared his secret—and approved.

The speed of the current had sensibly diminished, and a glance at the scarcely visible bank showed Gert that the waters were rapidly falling. Presently he touched a boulder with his foot, and soon he was standing firmly upon it, supporting Van Tonder with grim perseverance. Then he saw lights and heard shouts, and before long three or four willing swimmers with ropes reached him. There was nothing more to think about, nothing more to do—so he collapsed.

When consciousness returned to Gert's weary mind he was in bed in his own room, at once awake to his troubles, but strengthened in his purpose of meeting them with resignation.

Presently Knox came in, and the Bastaard woman who had been watching at Gert's bedside left the room.

'By Gad, old cock, you did a brave thing this afternoon!' exclaimed Knox. 'The village is full of it.'

'What time is it?' Gert interrupted.

'About half-past eleven,' replied Knox, 'and a fine night. That sounds uncommonly like the cry of the old watchmen. Your health is being drunk in bumpers down at Zastron's. They rushed Van Tonder's room, poured hot brandy down his throat, and the surly old goat is now quite jovial. I don't believe he said anything to me all the way from Springbok Loop except to tell me who he is; but he is now bubbling with foolish speech. Cape "dop" works wonders. He wanted to come along with me to thank you. You are in his good books, right enough.'

Gert wondered how soon his entry in those good books would be erased.

VIII.

Gert Klopper awoke late the next morning, and presently his breakfast was brought to him.

'Master,' said the girl, 'old Dolf from the old baas's farm is outside. He says he must see you at once, but the missis would not allow anybody to wake you.'

'Let him in, for God's sake, girl! Let him in at once.'

The girl, astonished at the unexpected vehemence of the young baas's tones, ran out of the room and called the man. He came in, damp, miserable, and tottering with fatigue, but clasping firmly with both hands the package old Ta'Antje had sent. She had not failed him, the dear old mother. Others had, but not she. The circumstances which worked his ruin were beyond her control, and her love and concern for his safety went for nought. Relief had come too late. The pity of it!

'The old *nooi* told me to waste no time. If I did, the *sjambok* would be my reward when I returned. But the drift, Baas Gert, it was awful. I am old, but I never saw it like that before. I was afraid to return to Koodooskop, so I rode into the water, and was instantly swept down. Poor old Appel, Miss Steenie's horse, was drowned, and I barely escaped. But the package is dry, Baas Gert. I saw to that. Baas Gert must tell the old *nooi* the package was dry.'

Gert examined the contents of the parcel, and found the correct amount there. Very old and very new notes; even gold—sovereigns bearing the head of a monarch dead long ago. All these from the secret hoard in the *zolder* (loft) at Koodooskop, and never meant to be employed in dishonourable service. In their midst a paper: 'With mother's love, and father's also. Pray to the Lord for forgiveness.'

'Get my horse and return home. Tell the old *nooi* that everything is all right, and that you are not to be punished for the loss of the horse. You deserve well, for you did your duty well, and I thank you. Tell them they can take my horse to make up for the one lost.'

Then came the mounted constable from the office. 'Are you coming down, Mr Klopper? Mr van Tonder's compliments, and if you are not quite well enough, he would like to have your keys.'

His presence or his absence, Gert reflected, would make no difference. He would not be permitted to touch the safe until the inventory was completed. As soon as Van Tonder opened the drawer the 'good for' would be found—the first document, in fact, that he would handle. He was a merciless man; Gert knew that. Surly and silent, he condoned no offence, he overlooked no delinquency. His duties were strictly and impartially performed, and he abhorred sentiment. That was his reputation, and Gert felt that no sense of gratitude was powerful enough to sway him from the strict and impartial methods which governed all his official acts. He intimated where the keys were to be found, and the man departed with them.

Gert was now indifferent to the issue, as the matter had passed beyond his control; but he could not help picturing the dismay and grief of his good old chief, whose confidence he had

so recklessly abused, and whose blameless record he had placed in jeopardy. He had eaten of the old man's salt, used his house as another home, and looked into the benign and welcoming eyes of the good wife almost daily. He could never face them again—he knew that.

The inspector came just before lunch, carrying a portfolio of papers. He entered the room, stern and unbending, walked to the foot of the bed, and stared at the boy with cold, unchanging eyes.

'I have taken the unusual course,' he said, 'of coming here instead of reporting the matter to your chief, with a request for your suspension. I could hate you for the dilemma in which you have placed me, as this is the first time in my official career that I have neglected an obvious duty. You saved my life, and by so doing did something of greater value in my eyes; that is, you assured the continued welfare of those who look to me for support. I cannot disregard those facts. I cannot, I say, but it is contrary to my official pride and instincts. What are you going to do about it?'

Could he hope again? thought Gert. Hope had proved so illusive.

He looked at Van Tonder, and then told his story, leaving out nothing, qualifying and excusing nothing. 'And there is the money, Mr van Tonder. The floods prevented my restoring it to the safe before your arrival,' he concluded.

Van Tonder looked at him meditatively, scratching his pointed chin the while. 'I 'll take the money,' he said at last; 'and do you know why? Because I am convinced that you did not contemplate deliberate dishonesty; and, above all, because, although you gave way to temptation in this case, you did not give way to the greater temptation in the midst of the flood. The one cancels the other.'

. . . . . .

Oom Jan Klopper sleeps with his fathers in the little *begraaf-plaats* (cemetery) on the *hult* (little hill) near the house at Koodooskop. By his side lies Ta'Antje; and Gert and Betty van Staden, his wife, reign where the old couple were once absolute. In the dining-room at Koodooskop, above the mantel-shelf, a beautiful pair of gemsbok-horns is displayed, annulated, straight, and tapering to needle-points—memento of a crisis, reminder of a temptation spurned. But it recalls more than these when the happy owner chances to glance at the trophy; for he sees again the rugged features and white beard of his father and the plain, sombre face of his mother, whose hearts of gold had ceased to beat and were for ever dust.

THE END.

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE ANDES.

By Arthur R. Groves.

As the train steamed away, leaving us in the little Andean village of mud-thatched huts, one at least of the party pinched himself to make sure he was awake. We were in Tiahuanaco, an Indian hamlet situated on that bleak upland plain of Bolivia which the traveller must cross to reach La Paz, the capital. From Lake Titicaca we had journeyed in a modern railway-coach, but with the departure of the train we seemed to have dropped back five hundred years or more. 'No trace here of Spanish invasion,' I thought; but just then we came upon a street shrine and a stone cross, and were reminded that these highland Indians are no longer sun-worshippers.

Passing through the village, we reached the ruins of Tiahuanaco, of pre-Inca time, 'beyond the reach of history and tradition,' even in those far-off days when the ancient Inca fortress of Sacsahuaman was erected on the hill overlooking Cuzco. These ruins mark the site of the oldest city in the New World, and from under the drifting sand of centuries a civilisation still more remote than that of Tiahuanaco may yet be brought to light on the Andean plateau.

Tiahuanaco is in the very heart of the region known as the Thibet of the Western world. It lies on a plain which is over twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, a plain from which rises the lofty Cordillera, the third and great range of the Andes. Journeying eastward from Lake Titicaca, one crosses an open, unprotected country, wind-swept, barren, unlovely. The thatched villages and adobe-walled corrals look as dreary and colourless as the desolate *puna* itself. Yet here, archæologists tell us, flourished the most advanced of the ancient American constitutions. Who these old builders were we know not. Whence they originated is a subject which has given rise to many theories. Only of their power to plan and raise massive buildings there can be no doubt. In the Tiahuanaco of to-day beautifully cut stones brought from the neighbouring ruins form a part of the church built by the early Spaniards. To the surrounding villages, and even as far as to La Paz, these great stones were carried to be used as foundations of churches erected in the faith of the conquerors.

The ruins lie on a level part of the plain where the soil is firm and dry. They consist of rows of stones, sections of foundations, carved doorways, portions of stairways, vast masses of rock only partially hewn. No mortar was used in the construction, yet these stones were so skilfully cut and fitted that the foundations

have outlived the centuries. They are of red sandstone, trachyte, and dark basalt transported from quarries many miles away. Later, in the ancient Peruvian fortresses, we saw wonderfully cut and massive stones, but none with the carved ornamentation found in Tiahuanaco.

The most remarkable monument is the monolithic gateway, which was still standing a few years ago, though it is said that it has since fallen. As we saw it, a doorway about four and a half feet high and two and a half feet wide was cut out of a great block of stone over seven feet high, thirteen feet wide, and eighteen inches thick. Above the doorway are four rows of carving with a central figure sculptured in high relief. It is claimed by the antiquaries that no better piece of stone-cutting exists. The figures in the rows of carving have human bodies, feet, and hands, but are winged, and some have the heads of condors; others, with human heads, wear crowns and carry sceptres. All of these smaller figures seem to be kneeling in worship around the large raised figure, which also is crowned and sceptred, and decorated with the heads of condors and tigers, symbolic of strength and power. Looking on this quaint doorway, unique in this continent, and picturing in one's mind the metropolis which once it graced, a populous city contemporaneous with the ancient capitals of Egypt and the East, one can hardly feel so confident of our triumphant modern civilisation as we are apt to be. History repeats itself, and civilisations rise and fall.

The traveller still feels linked with the past as he walks back to the village of Tiahuanaco. In fact, throughout these Andean highlands he is transported to centuries gone by. The coast cities of Peru are progressing favourably. In Lima one can live quite as comfortably as in Buenos Aires. In the uplands, however, one may wander but a little off the beaten track, and there are only the church towers to remind one of the years that have passed since Pizarro sailed south from Panamá. The mountaineers of Peru are still, in greater part, full-blooded Quichuas, descendants of the Inca tribes. After Lake Titicaca is crossed Aymarás are found, the descendants of a people conquered by the Incas shortly before the coming of the Spaniards.

In the Andean country the head-dress changes with the locality. In Tiahuanaco the women exhibit a remarkable headgear, reminding one of that worn by the pictured early English queens. The hat consists of a stiff, coffin-shaped piece of pasteboard covered with red or blue cloth and tinsel; hung round this is a deep valance as a protection from sun and wind. Nor are the men of these parts to be outdone, and on feast-days they come forth in head-coverings that would put even the most exaggerated operatic chorus to shame. Multi-coloured macaw-feathers, coloured cloth, and tinsel combine to dazzle the beholder; and as the revellers march down the village street, blowing on reed pipes and beating drums, they are accompanied by a score of half-naked children and a few dozen barking dogs. The children are always covered with dirt, the dogs always lean and savage, and the players always imbibe too freely of *chicha*, ending the day in a drunken carouse. But the hats do not seem to suffer, and turn up in the same state of splendour when the next feast-day comes round.

It is bitterly cold in Tiahuanaco, but the natives, both men and women, are scantily clad, and invariably go bare-legged. They believe in keeping the head warm, however, and tie bands of cloth, woven from llama-wool, over their hair beneath their hats. They sleep on the ground in unfurnished huts, and live principally on *chuno*, the frozen potato, and *cholona*, dried goat or mutton. As we returned to Lake Titicaca we looked out upon the high-road which runs parallel to the railway, and saw the Aymarás driving their llama trains and laden *burros*. In the fields were the shepherds, often mere lads, playing on reed pipes as they watched their flocks of sheep, goats, or alpacas. Glorifying the dreary landscape, the Cordillera de los Andes towers to the northward, the jagged peaks of Illampú, or Sorata, rising to twenty-three thousand feet above the sea.

Lake Titicaca is in many respects the most extraordinary sheet of water in the world. It is the highest lake on earth which is steam navigated, and the grandeur of the mountains which surround and the romantic legends which encircle it combine to make this 'Lake of the Clouds' most interesting to the traveller. In shape it is long and irregular; its extreme length is 120 miles, its width 60 miles, and the elevation above sea-level 12,500 feet. The lake is of great depth, and never freezes over, though ice forms in places near the shore where the water is shallow; its waters are, at least during the winter months, from ten to twelve degrees Fahrenheit warmer than the atmosphere, a fact not without influence upon the surrounding vegetation. In colour it is dark blue, shimmering in the sunlight, and its brown islands look like a topaz necklace on a sapphire-coloured gown. Titicaca is a border lake, between Peru and Bolivia, and it is on the Bolivian shore that the Andes sweep in a crescent across the horizon. Illampú is the most majestic of the peaks; but while crossing the lake the traveller catches a view of an uninterrupted chain of mighty Nevadas, stretching from Illampú to the graceful Illimani, the beautiful White Lady who overlooks the picturesque city of La Paz.

Of the eight large islands in the lake, Titicaca and Coati are the most historic. To the ancient Peruvians, in their worship of the sun and the moon, they were sacred islands. To Titicaca, Island of the Sun, the Incas traced their origin, believing that hence Manco Capac and his wife

and sister, Mama Oello, children of the sun and commissioned by that luminary, started out to the north-west to found an empire. The old legend tells how Manco Capac bore a golden rod, and was instructed to travel until he reached a spot where the rod would sink into the ground. There he was to fix the seat of his empire. Slowly along the western shore of the lake the three journeyed, through the broad, level *puna* lands, up the valley of the Pucura to the lake of La Raya, where the basin of the Titicaca ends, and whence the waters of the river Vilcanota start on their course to swell the Amazon. Down that valley Manco Capac advanced until he reached the spot where Cuzco now stands, when the rod disappeared. Here he fixed his seat, and here in time rose the City of the Sun, the capital of the Inca Empire. Titicaca—the name was extended to the lake—was ever afterwards held sacred by the Incas. Even the maize grown upon the island in the gardens of the temples and convents was distributed throughout the empire, and grains of it were scattered among the stores in the public granaries as sacred things which would augment and preserve from corruption the food of the people.

The remains of a temple of the sun, a royal palace, and other Inca buildings are still to be seen. At the northern end of the island is the famous Rock of Manco Capac. This is the rock on which it was believed no bird would light or animal venture, on which no human being dared place his foot; whence daily the sun rose to illumine the world; which was plated all over with gold and silver, and covered, except on occasions of the most solemn festivals, with a veil of cloth of richest colour and material; which sheltered the favourite children of the sun and the pontiff, priest, and king who founded the Inca Empire. Not far away from the Palace of the Inca, the ruins of which are in an interesting state of preservation, one of the most beautiful views in the world may be seen. Copacabama and the sacred mountain of Illampú overshadow the lake and the island of Coati—that island consecrated to the moon, to have which ever in view was the object of Tupac Yupanqui when he built this palace.

The majority of the Titicaca islanders are Aymarás, though there is a slight intermixture of Quichua and other elements. They are a fairly hardy race, in spite of the far from healthy conditions under which they live. Their houses are certainly not hygienic, nor is their manner of living. Custom and habit keep the Indian in the old road he still travels; although improvements have been made since the Spanish conquest, not only in dress, but chiefly in household utensils and in implements. Thus the houses have doors, often of raw hide only, but still doors made to close, and with wooden hinges, some even with hinges of iron. Timber being an unknown quantity in the *puna*, the Indian seizes upon every empty box in which the alcohol which furnishes him with most of his spiritual nourishment is transported, and with the aid of a few iron tools he has either bought or stolen, and a stone for a hammer, he manufactures a door. Of the same material he sometimes makes a low table and perhaps an equally low stool with high square back, called by courtesy a chair. These Indians are not serfs, but rather 'renters'; there is no communal tenure of land, though some features of that system remain. Thus every year, in the autumn, a distribution of plots is made. Every one who has a family or requires land is allotted a tract of tillable soil proportionate to his wants. This tract he cultivates for one year only. Then it is left to rest for a term of four years, while he receives in exchange a new plot that has been recuperating about that length of time. The rule is not the same in all localities on the mainland. There are districts or valleys where lands rest for three, seven, or even ten years. This system of rotation is a very ancient one, and there is no doubt it was general all over the Sierra long before the Cuzco Indians overpowered the mountain tribes.

A word must be said about the dances of the Aymará. These are undoubtedly symbolic, even although in many cases their true significance may now be known to very few. Their dancing is essentially a religious act, and if the performances are accompanied by demonstrations of boisterous delight and by excessive imbibing, this does not militate against their intrinsically serious character. The orgies into which nearly all, if not all, the Indian dances degenerate are not the result of degradation and growing viciousness since the coming of the Spaniards, as is often pretended; they are ancient customs, in which the intemperance displayed takes the character of libations. It may be that the Indian of the *puna* dances for pleasure only, but it is certain that every religious festival and every public celebration in general is accompanied by Indian dancing. The variety of dances is great, among the Aymarás as well as among the Quichua.

The hillsides bordering the lake are barren, except for a few cultivated patches, but reeds and lake-weed form an emerald fringe round the shore. It is a pretty sight to watch the cattle wading into the water to feed on the lake-weed, their principal food at a certain season of the year. The reeds are of great value to the natives, since out of them the *balsas*, or lake-boats, are woven. This rush *balsa* is the most picturesque feature of the landscape. The sail as well as the boat is made of woven reeds, and the *balsa* can be used for six months, when it becomes water-soaked and must be abandoned. Sailing in this queer little craft is an exciting pastime. The boat is simply a big basket made of bundles of reeds woven together, and shaped a little like a canoe.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

DEEP in the Spanish zone of Morocco, south of Tetuan and to the west of the ancient Moorish city with the name of Xauen, which the Spaniards took nearly a year ago—being the first Europeans to enter these parts—is a wildly mountainous country inhabited by the tribes of Beni Aros, and here at the present moment fateful scenes of one of the strangest, most romantic dramas of modern civilisation are being enacted. The net that the Spaniards for long past have been weaving round El Raisuli, the famous brigand, the master-rascal—and yet, in fact and truth, be it said, soldier and diplomat and statesman too, and reputed descendant of the Prophet—has been tightened. Whatever life has left for this man, who is still in the brighter part of middle age, still brilliant in his way, and resourceful, one scarcely guesses; but brigand, outlaw, rebel, and universal deceiver as he may have been, unscrupulous in his manners and his means, a worry to other nations than the Spaniards, and one who in the midst of the European war seemed to have some potentialities for deflecting its course, I do not believe that his energy and his capacity will be utterly lost for long. Men like this do not fizzle out before they are well on their physical decline—in these days at all events, when nearly everything may be forgiven and forgotten in the shortest possible space of time. Long ago, when the Spaniards found Raisuli a most distressing problem, they made him Governor of Arzila; and later, when they found his military and rebellious and all other forms of opposition too much for them, their army, and their leaders at that time, they came to terms with him, agreed to pay him an enormous salary in return for his military assistance against the rebel Moors and the exercise of his influence with them. Now, and for some time past, he has been back with those rebels against whom Spain is struggling. I have a fancy that after a time Spain will find some official or other use for this very remarkable person, and there is probably no man in North Africa more capable of doing good if willing to do it. However that may be, his period as the Raisuli we have known shortens. A change comes upon what has surely been one of the strangest, most romantic careers the world has known, yet one as to which Europe in general, being so busy with other considerations of highest importance, knows extremely little. The Spaniards have been fighting all about him for a long time past, working their way amidst enormous difficulties through the rebel country. Of the wildness of it, and at the same time its romantic beauty, the mere European traveller, or one who thinks he understands mountains because of a sojourn in Switzerland, can have no idea. It is not that they are so high, but that there are so many of them, repeated in such fast succession, so close together, steep and rugged, with the valleys between them narrow and difficult. This land looks as if a model of pricks and points, thousands to the yard, had been made in rock and grit and clay, and had then been enlarged to country or continental size. Only by some such fancy may one convey a faint idea of the peculiar hilly character of this region.

* * *

There are hundreds of square miles of this kind of country in North Morocco, and recently, for the conduct of certain affairs, I was making some difficult journeys through parts of it, studying it in a sort of way in relation to this great romance, and incurring an adventure with a little delicious discomfort here and there—delicious one says, because a refreshing change from what is European. Sometimes it has seemed that Raisuli bore a charmed life; once or twice he has slipped through the fingers of the Spaniards, deftly and almost inexplicably. Each time they have determined that methods must be changed, that the net should be of finer mesh, and the general effort more intense and thorough. On an evening not long ago I sat with General Berenguer, the High Commissioner, Spanish leader, and chief in this strange, beautiful country of superb potentiality, in the Alta Comisaria in Tetuan, which is the capital of Spanish Morocco. We had been discussing the situation, the Spanish progress and hopes, the difficulties and the achievements, and certain errors and misunderstandings into which Europe and America are prone to fall when thinking upon or considering this strange Morocco. He is a man of middle age, very keen in feature and general appearance, in his manner the alertest of men, and possessed at the same

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time of such higher dignity and courtesy as are marked in the Spaniards as in no other people. This task of bringing Spanish Morocco to order and tranquillity, and making it a useful part of the Spanish dominion—a task of rare difficulty—is for him no casual job, no chance period in a clever and versatile soldier's career. Destiny seems to have selected him, and his heart is in the work, as is the case with his French counterpart, General Lyautey, High Commissioner in the adjoining French zone of Morocco. Of Lyautey the world hears much from time to time, of Berenguer little, and there is a reason for the difference, which may pass unexplained at this point. Lyautey and Berenguer are friends; they have need to be, that they may know and sympathise with each other's designs; but they are friends also for that each has seen the other's good work and appreciates it, and how it has been accomplished in circumstances of such difficulty as the folks outside do not understand and would not believe unless they saw. Universal campaigners in the European war—high officers come here for their diversions—declare that in all the fronts of Europe, even those in the north of Italy, there was no such troublesome country, no such pimply—hugely pimply—up-and-downy, spiky, holey land as this. It seems meant specially to be an irritation to soldiers; it is liked only by the airmen, who dart about and fire a gun or two round the tops of the hills where the rebel Moors, from points where eagles nest, do their sharp-shooting upon their foe in the valleys below. General Damaso Berenguer, when a very young soldier, spent much time in this country, and learned its circumstances deeply. He came to absorb a certain liking for it, and a sympathy with its people, Berbers and the Arabs. Here is the romance of East and West in the most violent contrast, for there is scarcely a place more Eastern than Morocco, and no part of Morocco remoter from the world than this. One day, about two years ago, in a lonely place, Raisuli and his followers were in camp, and, as they thought, in temporary security among these hills, when suddenly huge things like birds, such as they had never seen before, with wing-span many times that of eagles, came humming and moaning in the air above, and mystified them until they (the birds) spat fire and lead upon them, when they knew these were men, and yet not plain men, but devils, seeking to harry them from their native land, with the latest device from hell at their disposal. Then, for sure, they knew their state was hopeless, and, whirling themselves about like blinded fowl, they fell flat upon the ground, faces to soil, terror in their hearts as no man or circumstance had inspired before, and in agony they shrieked to Allah for deliverance. The Spanish airmen peppered them, set their huts on fire, and returned comfortably to headquarters, where they reported all well and a successful operation, the like of which has been repeated many times since then. That was the first introduction of the aeroplane to wild and lonely Spanish Morocco, and, beyond the suggestions here made, some of its effects may be imagined.

* * *

A people like this, strangely mixed, needs to be understood if anything is to be done with them well and happily for the common good, and General Berenguer possessed the essential interest and sympathy. That is why, on assuming the command in this zone only two or three years ago, he effected an almost immediate transformation. At the moment of his assuming the chieftainship Raisuli, mocking and enjoying life as never before in his colourful career, was in the pay of Spain as general adviser and assistant, or at least had been until just previously, and had had no definite notice to terminate his engagement. He was then leading the rebels and affording assistance, for a majestic consideration and the most superb promises, to the Germans, who were here engaged in their then favourite occupation of stirring up a 'holy' war, and endeavouring to make such difficulties for France and her friends as to cause more troops to be diverted hither from the Western and other fronts. This was an ingenious scheme upon which the Germans were most assiduously and hopefully engaged; and, in truth, there was an hour when it appeared their enterprise might be decorated with fair achievement. To all such aspirations Raisuli was the key, as he was the deep vexation of the Spanish, French, and British Governments. The Spaniards, having received numerous complaints from the French and the British about the manner in which Raisuli and his agents were conducting themselves, with hints that Spanish neutrality was being somewhat compromised thereby, determined to cease payment of Raisuli's salary. One states it thus, though, to be plain, there were growls in the Cortes at Madrid that the country was receiving nothing for the salary paid, and it should stop. This became the view of the Government also, and it was stopped accordingly. Raisuli, finding in due season that the amount agreed upon for monthly payment had fallen somewhat significantly into arrears, arrogantly sent intimation to the Spanish Government that if such arrears were not quickly liquidated, he would, if you please, declare war on Spain! A people who had once held South America did not tremble at such threat. They just confiscated such goods and possessions of the old brigand as they could lay hands on, publishing a proclamation that they were doing so. The master Moor continued to make guerilla war against Spain to the best of his resourceful ability. He was at least, and always, an extremely troublesome enemy. It was about this time that General Berenguer came upon the

scene, and many things in Spanish Morocco changed. Raisuli has been running most of the time since then. He has been driven away from the headquarters he daringly held on the wild road between Tetuan and Tangier in the north. The other day I was huddling myself in one of the rough buildings at this place—the Fondak de Ain Yedida, as it is called—while a blinding storm crashed over the country and lightning sparked across the peaks. Not long ago no European dared pass that way without the special permission, the veritable passport, of the brigand himself; and it is the amazing truth, an incident in history that has been disguised, that when the predecessor of General Berenguer, the late General Jordana, desired to move in this direction to indicate to people in Spain that it could be done, and that the Spanish Army was clearing a way, he did so only with the sanction of Raisuli! Those who attempted to travel without such permission would fail; they would most likely, if worth it, be made the guests of Raisuli—who could really play the host very well at times—and a ransom for them might be required. (Remember the Kaid Maclean.) After the Fondak, from which Raisuli cleanly bolted as the Spaniards at last came leaping in, he went south with his followers, and housed himself in the ancient and 'holy' and 'mysterious' city of Xauen, formerly and variously called Xexauen, Sheshuan, and so forth, the official Moorish spelling now being adopted. Later General Berenguer drove him off from here as well, and he is now, as one writes, in the Beni Aros mountains to the west of Xauen, with a much-diminished following, and two or three miniature Spanish armies swarming round him. The faithful tribesmen who still adhere to the old brigand are wonderful fighters, among the very finest, and with their natural advantages of country they make a wonderful resistance. But, whatever form they take, events are in the happening here such as will lead on to a most dramatic conclusion.

* * *

Think for some moments upon the vast achievement of the Moors in Spain in the long ago. Have you sat in moonlit Granada and contemplated the Alhambra there? If so, has not your spirit been awakened with a silent story of a lost civilisation, compared to which many others of its kind seem mean? Here is filigree-like lace in place of towering massiveness, but the Alhambra in the silvery light of night is to some minds more witching, more ghost-stirring, than the Colosseum of Rome. I have stood in the Colosseum by night, and it is true that I have seen Julius Cæsar and Augustus there; seen their glittering display, the rich colours of silks, the beauty of the Roman women; heard the hubbub and the roar of excitement, the blaring of the trumpets; looked upon the great awnings stretched across as the hot rays of the sun beat down; and from their cages down below I have seen—in the eye of the mind, with the fancy excited—the lions and the tigers come up for the fighting, and seen the gladiators too, the cruelty and the wrong, the horror and the human brutality, of it all—and the greatness of it. Also in moonlight, on a warm night of spring, with soft scents in the air, I have paced and thought in Granada. I have seen Arabian princesses in their marble halls with arches superbly traced above the slender columns, lounging in contented amorous luxury, rich perfumes rising through the very floor; seen these lovely, languorous women idling in the Court of Myrtles, where there is the pool with water looking more delicious than in any other place; seen them dallying in the Court of Lions, looking through the Mirada de Lindaraja, with soft music floating round. Amid such thoughts one has had flutters when contemplating the gorgeous displays in the Hall of the Ambassadors. Life must have seemed splendid then. And that civilisation passed away. A difference between imaginings of Rome and Granada is a difference between Glory and Delight. There was delight in Rome and there was glory in Granada, but for emphasis and particularity it was the other way. There may be little enough in relation between Granada of the Moors and this Raisuli, the bandit, the rebel chief of the hills, and yet there are similarities. Raisuli, anyhow, is of good lineage; he would say he was even as good as those kings who ruled in Spain; he is surely as clever, and one doubts, had he been Boabdil, that he would so soon have surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella as did the last of the Moorish kings in Spain. Boabdil was a little of a weakling; at least his mother Ayesha, much of the virago, so regarded him. When he was departing from the city of his pride and his defeat, the keys being surrendered, and sighing as he looked back upon it from a distant hill, she exclaimed, 'Well may you weep like a woman for what you cannot defend like a man!' Little enough, we say, in common between Boabdil and Raisuli; but the first represented the final stand of the Moors in Spain, and the second makes a last stand again in the continuation of this long Hispano-Moroccan drama, the ultimate resistance of rebels, as they are called, but nationals, fighters for their birthland, as they hope to be registered in their heaven, though emperors of Morocco have made terms with the invaders. The Moors swept over Spain; they were turned at Covadonga in the north; and in the fifteenth century, near the end of it, they were cast out of the country again, Ferdinand and Isabella being monarchs at the consummation. And then, in the effluxion of time and the development of circumstance, Spain—and France as well—streamed over into

Morocco; lower sank the Moors. Thus it might appear that the comparison between the surrender of Granada and the struggle on the heights and in the valleys of the Beni Aros, so different the players, so utterly contrasted the scenes, has yet some point of historic similarity. Even knaves and villains may improve to gallant heroes, all colours of romance glowing upon them, as they move far back into time; and rascally and yet most marvellously clever as Raisuli is, he has qualities which, assisted by the traditions his followers will pass on, may yet make him of value in national story and the evolution of a land changing from one civilisation to another. Understand that the Sultan of Morocco, being the head of the people, has long since made an arrangement (it was perhaps a compulsory arrangement, but that does not matter) with the Powers by which they exploit the country in two protectorates, one Spanish in the north and the other French in the south, doing this, nominally at all events, under his supreme authority. This is a little way the nations have of making things look better and fairer than sometimes they really are. But some of the Moors of the hills and the villages, generally the wilder Moors, care not for such arrangement, rebel against it (hence they are 'rebels')—and fight the intruders. That is the position in its simplest, crudest statement. This Tetuan, unspoiled, really untouched in its Moorish part, is in some respects the most Moorish place in Morocco, and I find a relation between this and Granada, since it was first made by Moors who fled from Granada at its fall. There are some of them in their delightful walled-in city (so dainty and so neat, so finely industrious, so perfectly self-contained, making and doing everything in the most picturesque way as if in a city of dolls' houses) who trace their descent from Moors who fled from Granada, show the keys of houses there that their forefathers in sorrow and misfortune brought along with them, and the title-deeds of their property there, which they keep with care for the time of their return, as they believe it will come some day. Alas for hopes of Moors!

* * *

Raisuli, as I have learned about him in his country, is the more fascinating as more considered. Once in the pay of Spaniards, Governor of Arzila, conspirator with Germans, most splendid brigand to whom the British Government paid £20,000 as ransom for the Kaid Maclean, a clever general who has led mixed European and Moorish troops against the rebels he now commands, not a little of a statesman, declared descendant of Mahomet, who appears before his people on special occasions of exhortation in the green mantle that only one of such high kind may wear, leader of the rebels in this 'holy' war, and yet in many ways a man of modern ideas, a lover of luxuries and comforts, and of refined tastes in food, a sort of family man whose young and warlike son led in the defence of the Fondak aforesaid, and one highly interested in some of the peculiar advances of civilisation (he tried to obtain the services of a cinema operator for his camp at the beginning of this last campaign)—indeed, Raisuli is rather splendid! One has felt strangely tempted at moments to offer terms for a visit to him when within a couple of days' hard riding over the hills to his headquarters; but he has the reputation of being weak in his promises if there is more money to be gained by breaking them, and one reflects that twenty thousands are not so plentiful in Whitehall coffers as once they were. He is a 'sherif,' meaning that he is a descendant of the Prophet. His family are of the Chorfa caste, one that is privileged throughout Islam, and in no part more than in Morocco. In some cases the Chorfa of Morocco gained a high degree of Mohammedan respect and authority, and a mosque is consecrated to their memory in Tetuan. So Raisuli is 'holy' because he is a sherif, like all the others of his caste. He may do things with impunity, the doing of which might cost less exalted Moors their lives. Privilege is all about him; no Moor might lay hands on the sacred person of a descendant of the Prophet. His enormous prestige as one of the Chorfa will explain many things about this man which might otherwise not be well understood by the people of other parts. I was lately at a wild and lonely place in Morocco called Regaia, which has in its time been both a rebel and a Spanish headquarters, and was reminded that here was Raisuli's camp when, five years ago, he arranged a meeting with General Jordana, then in command of the Spanish forces. The Spaniards felt it was time to bargain with Raisuli, and they negotiated for this meeting to be held at a place near Laucien on the plain between there and Mount Conico, near where a historic conference was held in 1860 between O'Donnell the Spanish general and Muley el Abbas after the battle of Wadras. Colonel—now General—Barrera went out to meet Raisuli as he came from Regaia at the head of an army of four thousand Moors. The Spaniards had five squadrons of cavalry with them, and a number of tribesmen who had lent assistance. General Jordana, Raisuli, and some of the foremost personages on either side took lunch together in a specially erected shed, the four thousand of Raisuli making a square round about it. The discussion followed, and then Jordana returned to Tetuan and Raisuli to Regaia. Raisuli's prestige is now fast on the wane; but he can still exert himself. A while back he issued a manifesto to two tribes who hesitated, not having acknowledged him as chief, and a translation of it is as follows: 'May God give you happiness, and may His mercy

descend upon you! I inform your excellency that the chiefs of Meni Mestara, men and children, have come to present themselves to our Glorious Majesty, by the grace of God, to ask us for the nomination of kaids and to seek for admission into our prosperous and happy service. We have ordered that they shall encamp in the limits of their territory, facing the tribes of Garb and the neighbouring tribes, and that they shall prepare themselves against them. They will witness on our side things that please them, as God pleases. You have neglected the opportunity to come to see our Majesty, although your relatives were among the first to choose the path of advantage. You are famous everywhere for your bravery and courage. We have waited for a long time past for the victorious display of which all feel you are capable, but we observe on your part nothing but negligence. Does fear hold you back, or has some one written counsel in your mind? If you are believers, behave differently now, for if you do otherwise you will lament your inaction when your lamentations will be futile. Do what is expected of you and we shall be friends. Do otherwise and we have no need of you. This we will show to you if God pleases. Written by our command, illustrious and sherifian, with the assistance of God.' The magic and the power of that command, so strangely exercised, has been great. A change is coming upon it now.

THE BLIND GUIDE.

PART II.

IV.

THE elderly Miss Angela Camelsdale had a face like a horse, and when Helen refused to take a bath on her return from the East End, Miss Angela showed her displeasure at what she chose to call Helen's lack of refinement. But really it was from a sense of refinement that Helen refrained from taking a bath with disinfectants after leaving Hope's rooms. Miss Angela would persist in referring to Hope as 'the poor dear,' which annoyed Helen, who had already begun to regard him as a blind Homer, reciting sagas of that strange welter of human habitations from which men went forth in the midst of an internecine strife for bread to do deeds of amazing heroism. When Helen declared her intention of venturing east again the next day, Miss Camelsdale warned her niece against the danger of being led too much by High Church curates, or of 'getting religion' too badly. It was, of course, nice of her to help the poor, dear, blind soldier.

'But I'm not helping him at all,' said Helen; 'he is helping *me*.'

'I don't understand you, my dear. Is he teaching you religion?'

'Yes—of a sort. I am trying to find grace.'

'I don't understand,' complained the poor, puzzled lady, who religiously went to church once a Sunday, and subscribed liberally to charities. What more could she do?

Helen, as she could not explain herself, dropped the subject, and went out the next day. This time, instead of her furs, she wore a blue-serge coat, which, while less obtrusive than furs, outlined with precision her exquisite figure.

'Come in, Miss Camelsdale,' cried Hope, as her feet lightly touched the landing outside his door.

'How clever of you to detect my step!' she said gaily, as she entered his room.

'No, not clever,' he said, as he gave her his hand. 'I knew you were coming. Besides, our sense of hearing, of scent, of feeling, becomes accentuated. I think I could detect your step now in a street where other women walk. One gets quickly aware of presences.'

How nice, thought Helen, to become so aware of a person who likes you and whom you like!

He placed his light Trilby hat on his head, and picking up his stick, opened the door. Helen went downstairs first; and when they both emerged on to the pavement, she said shyly, 'May I take your arm?'

'It is not necessary, Princess,' he said; 'but I think it is more convenient to passers-by. That sounds ungracious to you, but it gives me, needless to say, great pleasure. You have not your fur coat to-day.'

'No,' she answered; 'I thought it was bad taste on my part.'

He smiled. As they walked together down the street there were no cries now for Cis to look at 'the toff,' but instead boys and girls called out, 'Mr 'Ope,' and he invariably distinguished the voice, answering, 'Hullo, Jim!' or 'How are you, Mabel?' Adults would greet him, too, and listen to hear, as they passed by, if Hope identified them. If by chance he made a mistake and was told of it, he would say, 'Of course, I *see* it's you. Don't you fail to pull me up if I don't get you.' Helen noticed how pleased folk seemed when he 'got' them. Some who knew him, seeing he was with a lady, passed shyly by without a greeting.

'A motor,' said Hope, 'is, of course, no use to us in our street adventures. It would only baffle me, and I should lose scent. I am like a hare, you know, with defined runs which I can find in the dark.'

Helen gave his arm a slight pressure. On

their way they agreed that she should be introduced to his friends as Miss Dale. He took her to an undeveloped building site, which was still the property of the ground-landlord, who, of course, was Helen herself.

'What we want badly is houses,' he said, 'and houses with a certain amount of communal life for the women, such as kitchens, wash-houses, and drying-grounds. It is shameful that this corner piece of land should be held up for the possible creation of a profitable gin-palace. There are some rookeries over there,' he continued, pointing with his stick, 'which ought to be burnt as soon as new houses are erected. When their lease has run out they will be *your* houses, Princess, where ogres will be bred to prey upon society.'

'Don't!' she said with a shudder. 'Remember I have only just left school.'

'You mean,' he said with a smile, 'you have only just begun to go to school.'

With Helen on his arm he made one or two calls on humble homes, which he found with ease amidst the maze of stereotyped mean streets, the mushroom-growth of private enterprise. He knew where a workman would be at home on the sick-list, or on night-shift; and Helen noticed that sometimes he would be greeted as 'comrade' by some rough coal-heaver or dust-collector. It pleased her that no one made any giggling reference to her presence with him. There was no allusion to his 'young lidy' or such sallies of wit usually indulged in by the petty bourgeoisie. Though easily approachable, Hope carried with him a certain dignity which all respected.

When they returned to his lodgings, Hope insisted upon Helen having tea with him, which, to her chagrin, he made himself.

'What puzzles me,' she said to him, 'is how you manage to keep yourself up-to-date in modern politics.'

'Ah, for that I have to thank my young friends, keen young trade unionists and Socialists, who keep me posted up in latest developments. I attend and give lectures; hear what others have to say; and my landlady's little daughter reads aloud to me from the daily papers. If there is anything special to interest me in a journal or a magazine, one of my young comrades is sure to read it to me and discuss it.'

'We have a great number of weekly and monthly papers at home,' said Helen; 'I wonder if I could be of any help to you in that way.'

'I could not think of asking you to do that—come all that way to read to me.'

'But think,' urged Helen; 'a motor from Piccadilly may take less time than it takes a workman to walk from one end of this district to the other.'

He remained silent. Then he said with a strange smile, 'No, it wouldn't do, Princess. I should fall in love with your voice, then with you altogether, and that would be the end of our friendship, and everything would crumble to pieces—all the castles I have built in the air—all the people's palaces—and nothing but dust and ashes would remain. No; it would break my heart.'

Helen remained silent. Then she said with sweet seriousness, 'Don't you believe in platonic friendship, Mr Hope?'

'Oh yes—most blind men do.'

Was there a touch of sadness, even of irony, in that answer? reflected Helen. It was enigmatical.

To change the conversation he produced a map from the drawer and spread it out on the flap of the bureau. Helen immediately rose and placed weights on the corners of the map.

'Now this,' said Hope, groping with his finger across the map, 'is where we were to-day.' Helen noticed certain sites were coloured by hand, leaving rough surfaces as guide-posts to his sensitive index-finger. 'Let me see,' he continued; 'this is Hell's Corner, isn't it?'

'No,' said Helen, taking his finger within hers, as a mother would take a child's, and placing the point of it gently down on the site he was seeking. As she leaned over him, holding his finger, her hair touched his cheek. He turned his face away, but not before Helen had realised how pale he had become.

'Have you violets with you, Princess?' he asked.

'No,' she answered, a little confusedly. 'It—is the scent on my hair. I—will bring you some violets if you like them.'

'Violets—primroses—wind-flowers like fallen stars—palm with its golden pollen—blackthorn with its snow-white wreath laid on the grave of winter—the April sky full of electric changes—azure and filmed with fleecy clouds—ah, it makes me think of my old home in Devon, and of the spring—before——' He stopped speaking, as in a trance, and sighed. 'What's this?' he said, feeling a drop of moisture with his finger on the map. He inclined his head in a listening attitude. 'Do not cry, Princess,' he said entreatingly. 'I am very happy.'

He heard a sob, then a low 'Good-bye,' and the door of his room softly closed behind her. He buried his face in his hands.

V.

Three days passed before Helen revisited Camelsdale. As she entered the house where Hope lodged the rain came down in torrents. She knocked timidly at the door, and receiving no answer, entered his room. Evidently he was out for a short visit only, as a cheerful fire was burning. She put down a parcel of papers, and humming to herself, began to sort out a bunch of flowers, which she arranged in various vases. She then occupied herself in looking at his books, which, poor fellow, he could no longer read, but

which he liked to finger from time to time. Books, though no infallible guide, are an index to a man's mind, and the catholicity of his taste seemed to please her. She dusted some of the books, and was doing so when she heard his step upon the stairs. She now remained quite still, curious to see if he would be aware of her presence.

As he opened the door, he suddenly stopped and threw up his head like a stag. He made a picturesque figure standing there in a seaman's oilskins, with a sou'-wester on his head.

'Princess,' he said, 'you are in my room. Stay! don't speak. Let us play at blind-man's buff, and I will find you.'

With unerring footsteps he walked towards her, and she laughed merrily as he caught hold of her hand.

'Now,' he said, with the buoyancy of a schoolboy, 'see if you can find me if I tie a handkerchief round your eyes. Take off your hat, Princess.'

She dutifully unpinned her hat, whilst he opened the door into his bedroom to find a clean handkerchief. Returning, he walked straight up to her, and with a wonderful delicacy of touch bandaged her eyes.

'What is the colour of your hair, Princess?' he asked, tying a knot.

'Brown,' she answered.

'Just brown—not chestnut?

'No; just a dull brown,' she said. She omitted the strand or two of gold.

'Now, find me,' he cried, releasing her. She put out her hands, which he, of course, could not see; and in the midst of this strange game, played by one temporarily blinded, groping for one permanently blinded, a rap came at the door, and in burst the Rev. Edward Stonor.

'Is that you, Stonor?' challenged Hope quickly, from a corner of the room, as an 'Oh!' escaped from Helen.

'Carry on!' exclaimed the curate. 'Don't mind me. I'm but a child in these matters.' But Helen had pulled away her bandage. There was no fun in the game now.

'Is this a new kind of research-work?' asked the curate quizzically. Helen laughed self-consciously. 'I say, what jolly roses and violets you have, Hope!' continued the curate, to cover her evident confusion.

'Violets? . . . Oh yes, aren't they?' Then the Princess must have brought them! He knew where to find them at once, and burying his face in them, he caressed their petals.

'I brought you some papers,' said Helen hurriedly—'the *Nation*, the *Spectator*, the *Hibbert Journal*. I thought you would like to read an article in the *Nation*.'

'You read to us both,' suggested the curate; and when they had all seated themselves Helen read aloud, whilst the rain punctuated with tattoos upon the window.

'You must come and read to him again,' said the curate. 'Your voice must be music to him after Lily's shrill Cockney treble.'

'No, really, you must not,' protested Hope.

But Helen nodded acquiescence to the curate, and pinning on her hat, prepared to leave. This, however, Hope would not allow her to do until the rain had abated, and the three friends sat talking a long time over plans for the 'cleaning up' of Camelsdale.

VI.

Helen came several times to read to Hope, and discuss plans with him for the reconstruction of the land from which she drew tribute. It puzzled and troubled her now why Hope should seem to grow more distant—not exactly colder, but more aloof. He never responded warmly to her offer to come and read to him, and yet he spoke to her always with tender solicitude and punctiliously thanked her, till it happened one day, when she came to read to him, she said, 'I have come to be eyes to you.'

'I am a lucky fellow to stand in the rays of a lamp,' he answered, 'which shines with so beautiful a radiance! What is their colour, Princess?'

'They are gray,' she said softly.

'Ah, I thought so. I love gray eyes.' He smiled triumphantly to himself as though he held some secret treasure.

She had picked up a book, opened it, and then she closed it to open a new page of the book of life. With heightened colour she said quite simply, 'They are yours—always.'

His eager face bore a look as if it were listening to some far-away voice.

'Was it some divine voice I heard?' he asked in a tremulous whisper. 'Did you speak, Princess?'

'Yes. It was not a divine voice, but a very human one. You call me Princess—will you be my Prince?' Her voice was now hardly audible. He crossed the room with outstretched trembling arms. She sank into them, and he covered her face with kisses.

'Let me feel your features,' he cried passionately—'every bit of them. Your skin is like satin. Brush your eyelashes against my cheeks. You must be very beautiful, Princess.'

'Oh! I wish you could see me,' was her poignant cry of womanly pride. 'Just for one moment—*this* moment.'

'Never mind, dearest; I know you are beautiful, and I shall carry a lovely image in my heart all my life.'

. . . . . .

A year later a very popular wedding took place in Camelsdale, and as the bride and bridegroom left the church porch, the Rev. Edward Stonor was heard to murmur to himself, 'What a fortunate thing it was that I travelled first-class for once in my life.'

THE END.

THE MODERN BURGLAR.

By JOHN C. GOODWIN.

ONE might almost say 'the ultra-modern burglar,' for the successor of the nineteenth-century Bill Sikes is as much ahead of that gentleman as the aeroplane is in advance of the stage-coach.

The modern burglar is a highly skilled craftsman who has graduated after a long course of precept and practice, and is as versatile as he is daring. He regards his sinister occupation as a profession, and takes (among other things!) a genuine pride in his work, regarding a period of imprisonment as a mere temporary misfortune, which he makes the best of by laying his plans for his next *coup*.

There is good reason to believe that the modern burglar is frequently a member of a syndicate, often only a little less honest than other and more public syndicates, and certainly much more sportsman-like! One member of the syndicate may be an adept at gathering information concerning premises intended to be burgled, another may carry out the actual robbery, while a third may dispose of the booty to a 'fence,' or receiver of stolen goods.

The individual who undertakes to acquire information has many ways of doing so open to him. He may make ardent love to a domestic servant employed on the premises, and in the course of his wooing extract information from the confiding girl; or he may even enlist her services to the extent of leaving doors unlocked, disconnecting burglar-alarms, or removing the tongues of bells likely to be rung or otherwise disturbed. If the tongue of a bell is permanently fixed, it is sometimes sheathed in wet clay, and thus put out of action. Or, again, the crook's 'tout' may carry out a preliminary reconnaissance of the premises in the guise of a hawker, an insurance-agent, or a piano-tuner, and emerge with a good working knowledge of the possibilities offered by the doors and windows of the house. It is worthy of note that the scullery window of most houses is the most vulnerable point, since many householders, while almost barricading their front-doors, which no self-respecting burglar would ever dream of tackling, never give the back of the house a second thought.

Having obtained his required information, the burglar lays his plans, and carries them out on the first available dark or foggy night. Some cracksmen carry with them a regular museum of devices, distributed amongst the multitude of pockets and recesses with which their specially prepared waistcoats are honeycombed, after the manner of the professional conjurer's clothes.

Skeleton-keys, or 'twirlers,' as the thieving fraternity call them, brace-and-bit, wedges, forceps, a glassworker's diamond—all these are stowed about the thief's person; while he may also carry a tiny bottle of phosphorus, for the purpose of obtaining a little light, a pair of woollen socks, which, slipped over his boots, will deaden his footsteps, and possibly a lump of horseflesh containing strychnine, for the purpose of poisoning a too zealous watch-dog. This delicacy is known to the profession as 'pudding,' and has often proved 'a very present help in time of trouble.' A small bottle of paraffin-oil, to be applied to his metal instruments when working; some gin, or other spirit, to obliterate finger-prints (though some cracksmen use rubber gloves for this purpose); and the indispensable 'jemmy,' complete his outfit. The jemmy is a small bar of steel, flattened to a wedge at one end. This wedge is frequently slit up the middle to form a claw-shaped device. It is used for work requiring great leverage. A jemmy recently seen by the writer was constructed on telescopic lines, and when fully extended was about a yard in length and capable of exerting an immense leverage.

As a burglar normally gains access to a house either by a door or by a window, his methods of doing so are not without interest. Should he find a window fastened, he produces a strip of sticking-plaster, warms one portion of it, which he presses against the glass, close to the catch, and holds the ends of the plaster with one hand. With his diamond in the other he deftly cuts out a circle of glass about six inches in diameter, and on completing the circle he withdraws the plaster and the glass with it. He then inserts his hand through the hole and unfastens the catch from within.

In opening doors he varies his methods according to the task confronting him. A gentle pressure at the top and bottom of the door tells him whether it is bolted or not. If the door is locked, and should its key not remain in the lock, he tries his 'twirlers,' which generally prove effective. Should the key have been left in, nothing is simpler than to grip the barrel with a slender but powerful pair of forceps and turn it from the inside. Should this prove futile, with a sharp knife a corner is cut out of the panel nearest the lock, and the hand inserted to turn the key from within. In the event of the door being lined with iron, as in the case of some old-fashioned houses, a series of holes is cut round the lock with the brace-and-bit, this tool being oiled periodically to stifle the sound. When the circle of holes is completed they are joined up by the use of a file, similarly greased, and the lock is removed bodily.

Should a door be heavily bolted, it is often

forced bodily from its hinges with the aid of the jemmy, though this is a risky proceeding, because of the noise involved, as a rule. In one case, in which a door was locked, double-bolted, and heavily barred, the cracksman effected an entry by sawing from a point about a foot above the lower hinge to another point half-way across the door, and thence continuing the cut downwards to the bottom of the door. He thus made a smaller door within the large one, working on the lower hinge, and was able to crawl through and close his own door behind him.

On business premises there is sometimes an iron gate within the outer door, to prevent the latter from being opened from without. In this case the iron door is opened first through a hole made in the outer door.

A case is on record in which a burglar, disdaining doors and windows, climbed down a chimney, holding a half-opened umbrella beneath him to catch the mortar and soot which he dislodged in his descent!

It sometimes happens that a crook will enter a house *viâ* its cellar, breaking in, if the adjacent house be empty, through the wall dividing the cellars of the two. This is done by oiling the mortar round the first brick that is to be removed, and chipping it away with hard wooden wedges. This method ensures the softening of the mortar and the silent manipulation of the wedges, though some 'experts' use steel wedges, which they strike with a rubber-capped hammer. For the removal of the remaining bricks, the oil and the jemmy usually suffice.

FRÄULEIN GERTRUD.

By 'R.E.,' Author of *The Infra Red Ray.*

I.

SOON after the outbreak of war I met Grant Haswell in town, where he was breaking his journey north. I was on week-end leave from Aldershot, and he was just back from an abbreviated trip to the Canaries, returning, I believe, to offer his services to his country against the Germans.

We chatted for some time about the great event which had shaken civilisation to its foundation, and I expressed surprise that he had been able to get away from England so soon after having taken the leading part in the arrest of the notorious spy, Von Hilsener, when his evidence was by far the most important in the case.

'They had all my evidence before I fled, to avoid having to become a national hero,' he answered—'or, rather, before I left to continue the investigation. Those shows aren't settled like a police-court case—subpœnas to witnesses, and the like. My evidence was given, and, together with the circumstantial evidence at Hull, was ample to justify a lengthy remand in custody for the spy. Also, the Foreign Office knew something of him. Well, I'll tell you of the events which have happened since, and of the doings of a certain young lady of your acquaintance—the little barmaid who was Von Hilsener's companion when we captured him. Now, don't imagine that I fell in love with her, though I did my best to get her off at the inquiry, and succeeded. Nay, more: when she returned to Hull, so did I; and I've since followed her nearly four thousand miles, and stayed at the same hotel with her for a month.'

'She must be charming,' I said sarcastically. 'As an engaged man, couldn't you have introduced an old pal instead?'

'My dear boy, why do you always misunderstand me? I said "followed her," and "stayed at the same hotel with her," not "with her at the same hotel."'

'Right-o! Carry on; I sha'n't interrupt again,' I said soothingly.

'Well, you remember we examined the aerials on board the *Stettin*, where Von Hilsener was captured, and noted the fore and aft anchors and the reference of the ship's centre line to the compass. There was an aerial between the masts and another between the derricks, which gave one an angle of ninety degrees to the other. A certain little piece of apparatus which we found proved to be a pair of hollow coils of insulated wire wound over one another, their centre lines being at right angles. Inside was another coil or bobbin, pivoted so as to be able to be revolved in any direction. This, I discovered, when suitably connected to the aerials, obviates the necessity of swinging one's aerial itself, the smaller coil on being revolved giving the necessary direction. Somewhere, miles away, there must have been another ship similarly arranged—and that's how the Boche did his position-finding.'

I yawned surreptitiously.

'Yes,' said Grant, 'but all this is more important, though less exciting, than the escapades of our young lady friend. However, to resume. The official inquiry resulted, as you know, in the release of My Lady (you could almost call her that)—and our trip to the islands. After the rush on her bar which her notoriety had occasioned, she asked her landlord for a holiday, pleading overwork and nervous breakdown caused by the anxious time she had gone through during the trial and whilst in the custody of the police; and, having refused a handsome offer to remain, she set out for Liverpool with considerable luggage. I was

interested in her movements, and caught the same train.

'Arrived at Lime Street, she stepped out of the compartment—by this time a first-class one, which she had taken over *en route* by the simple expedient of walking along the corridor—in a smart black-silk costume and an obviously Parisian hat.

'The porter, liberally tipped, put her luggage into a cab, and gave the order, "Princes Stage, steamship *Patari*."

'I took a cab to Colonial House, and having ascertained that the *Patari* sailed at high tide, took a ticket for the round trip, calling at Lewis's on the way and ordering four sets of ready-made colonial kit to be sent to the ship at once. I arrived at the stage with half-an-hour in hand, and having found my cabin, went to the purser and sent off a wire to my people, informing them of my sudden determination to spend a few weeks on a sea-voyage. The voyage to Grand Canary was pleasant, but uneventful—the usual deck games, dances, and concerts, in which My Lady took part, showing such skill in the games, grace in the dancing, and talent in the music that she was promptly voted the belle of the ship. The old West Coasters, returning to their lonely posts in Nigeria or the Gold Coast, and the malaria-stricken swamps of the rivers, worshipped her, and looked on her as the embodiment of sweet European womanhood, which they would not see again for three weary years or more.

'My name was not on the passenger list, and I asked the captain for a private interview the first evening on board. I told him as much as I cared, and sufficient to persuade him to allow me to act as a junior engineer for the voyage, or as much of it as I deemed necessary. Thus I was able to avoid meeting our fair friend too frequently. I dined in the mess-room, and took a watch when so inclined with the third engineer, a nice young Scotsman.

'While watching the dancing one evening from the shadow of a cowl ventilator, I overheard the purser telling a gentleman something which interested me very much. "Oh, that's Miss Petersen. Norwegian or Danish, I should think. Going to stay at the 'Bella Vista' at Teneriffe. Yes, topping good sport, isn't she?"

'On the sixth day we dropped anchor at Teneriffe. There are few more glorious pictures in the world than that. It was early morning; the sea, deep cobalt blue, sparkled as the sun caught the ripples from our bow; whilst in front the town nestled at the foot of the purple mountain, belted by the white morning mists and rising above them into the blue sky, its summit blending with a few fleecy clouds tinged with orange from the rising sun.

'Most of the passengers were on deck, and among them Miss Petersen, who looked rather at the crowd of boats rowing, steaming, or sailing to meet us. Her baggage was on deck, and separate from the rest, I noticed by the labels.

'The Spanish doctor and Customs people came fussily on board, covered with gold-lace and importance; and after half-an-hour, during which we were entertained by the diving-boys and "bumboat" men, the quartermaster at the ladder got the order to allow people ashore or aboard as they wished. Miss Petersen waved her handkerchief to a trim steam-launch with elliptical polished brass funnel and coloured awning, which immediately moved towards the ladder. In it was a man dressed in white drill, with closely cropped sandy hair and blue spectacles. The stewards took down our fair friend's luggage, which was stowed in the launch. She herself followed at once, being assisted to a crimson-cushioned seat aft by the man in white. The launch cast off, and slid swiftly in the direction of the landing-place.

'I went below, changed rapidly into one of my drill suits and a Panamá, and stepped on deck again in time to catch the tender. Arriving at the beach, I made my way to the hotel, and engaged a room for an invalid gentleman, arranging for meals to be served in his room, and giving the impression that I was his agent. Later in the day I returned to the hotel with a pink shade over my left eye, moustache shaved, and other alterations, and took over my room. In the daytime I wore heavily tinted glasses, and walked with the obvious uncertainty of a partially blind man.'

II.

'In the next fortnight Miss Petersen did all the usual excursions to the other islands of the group, Grand Canary, Fuerteventura, &c., accompanied by her friend of the steam-launch. Sometimes they went away for the day in the launch itself, and once they remained absent for two days.

'One glorious evening I was sitting in the gardens in the shadow of some palms, when I heard voices speaking German in an arbour close by. This was about the middle of July.

'"So I can say that all is arranged, Carl?" said a woman's voice, which I recognised as that of "Miss Petersen."

'"My dear Gertrud, you can say more, for you have seen it with your own eyes. To-morrow the first consignment arrives, nearly two thousand tons, partly in bulk, and the remainder in drums, each weighing fifty kilograms. I have storage arranged, and have a suitable boat chartered for the distribution. The second consignment should arrive before war is declared—or so soon after that the ship will have time to claim sanctuary either here or at Las Palmas. A little money judiciously placed in the right quarters will enable me to become possessed of the cargo, even though the ship itself may be interned."—"The plans and charts

you have given me then become of vital importance?"—"Yes, and any further communications with Berlin will have to be by our 'under-sea boats' when they begin to arrive. These accursed British, friendly to France, have the cables."—"Do you think they will come in, Carl?"—"Yes, though perhaps not at first. Their fleet is too strong for us to risk having weak squadrons destroyed in that way; in a month there will be few or no German ships at sea."—"Then I will leave on Saturday. That should give me time to get to Antwerp before it begins."—"Yes, by all means go by the '*Ville*' boat; you can then land at either Plymouth or Antwerp as you think best."—"Good; I shall go by the *Liégeville* the day after to-morrow. Give me your arm, Carl; it becomes chilly."

'When they had gone I returned to my room in order to think out some plan for the morrow, and at once decided to attempt the destruction of the oil-ship, should my suspicions prove correct. It appeared to me that the two of them had been visiting some of the depots arranged by the German addressed as Carl, at which was to be dumped petrol or oil for submarines, which would visit the islands when war had been declared.

'Next morning I wired home to Travers asking him to get the second ship intercepted if possible, using a code with which he had furnished me, and outlining the spy's plans as I knew them. Then I made guarded inquiries about the warehouses available for storing such a cargo as was expected to arrive that day. The Spaniard to whom I addressed myself told me that a warehouse had been let to a naturalised Spaniard a few weeks previously for storing either gasolene or petroleum. This person, he said, expected to do a big business in these goods owing to the large number of motor-launches which had come into use among the islands during recent years, displacing the familiar steam-craft.

'Having got this information, I proceeded to the beach to endeavour to hire a motor-boat till the *Liégeville* sailed. This I quickly obtained, having haggled the price down to one-third of that originally asked by the owner, as is the custom in these parts. I then called at the agents' offices to get definite information about the *Liégeville*, and was told that a wire had just come through saying that the ship had had an accident in the engine-room off Sierra Leone, and would be three days late. That gave me five days, and I supposed she might have to complete repairs at Teneriffe, which would give me another day. If the oil-boat arrived that day and began working cargo, there would be time to discharge it before the *Liégeville* sailed. The idea of destroying a ship, with the possible chance of loss of life attending it, was not attractive, so I decided to alter my plans and deal with the cargo when it reached the warehouse. Luckily this warehouse was isolated from other buildings, and made of corrugated iron, standing on a small stone wharf of its own.

'Having made these observations, I returned to the hotel for lunch. Miss Petersen and her companion were looking out to sea with prism binoculars, and following the direction of their glasses, as I came on the veranda, I saw the smoke of a steamer. When lunch was over she had anchored close in, and several lighters in tow of small tugs were going out to her, one a large lighter, such as is used for taking out fresh water to ships at these ports. The ship flew the flag of a nation very friendly to us, a circumstance which caused me to be glad that I had decided not to attempt to scuttle her, but rather to attack the discharged cargo when it arrived ashore. They worked cargo all night and all the next day, and on Sunday the whole was safely stored in the German's warehouse.

'That night, dressed in a dark suit, I went and examined the warehouse itself. The corrugated iron was bolted on to the steel framework with small galvanised bolts, of which the nuts were outside. Nobody was about, and through the ventilation-spaces near the roof could be seen the petroleum-drums stacked at one end. I returned to the town, procured a file and a small moving wrench, and returned with them to the warehouse. Choosing a place where a small watchman's shanty or "lean-to" was built up against it, I quickly removed a sheet of iron and came on the drums. With the file I punctured one of them, top and bottom, and allowed the liquid to trickle out until there was a good pool of it, making a small channel leading into the hut.

'As the place was well ventilated, there was little chance of an explosion, but you can imagine my feelings when I fired the train. I sprang back as the petrol burst into flames, and ran like a hare through the scrub and up the slope in the direction of the outskirts of the town, coming back to the hotel by a circuitous route.

'All the visitors were eagerly watching the blaze from the veranda and other points of vantage. I went to my room and changed in the dark, and having done so, joined the crowd in front of the hotel. There was no sign of either the German or Miss Petersen. "What hard luck for him, poor chap! Wonder is he insured?"—"Guess not," said another man. "Notice how he yelled and bolted when he saw the blaze? An insured man doesn't take things that way." By this time one end of the store was completely gutted; then suddenly the remainder appeared to lift into the air in a huge burst of flame. There goes the tank, thought I. And so it was. As the flames cleared slightly the petrol could be seen running into the sea in a golden cascade, blazing still on the surface of the water. We watched till early

morning. Even after breakfast the smoke still rose to the sky in a black pillar, though the flames had almost died away.

'At midday our German friends returned, talking excitedly, the man red, the woman pale. I was unable to catch their remarks, but resolved to watch Miss Petersen's further movements, and to accompany her when she left for Europe.'

III.

'On Tuesday the *Liégeville* arrived, having got her damaged port-engine (she is twin-screw) repaired on the way. Being late, the captain was anxious to get away quickly, and passengers were to be on board by six in the evening. Miss Petersen was ready early, and went aboard, as she had come ashore, in the steam-launch, I following in the hired motor-boat, maintaining my disguise. Promptly at six o'clock we weighed anchor, and Teneriffe was fading away in the purple twilight when the first bell rang for dinner.

'The saloon was fitted with small separate tables and a large one in the centre, at which sat the captain, officers off duty, also the purser and the doctor, whilst passengers, mostly ladies, had the rest of it. Purposely arriving late, I discovered, to my relief, that Miss Petersen had taken her place at this table with her back to the folding glass doors. There was a vacant seat at a table at which sat a man in white drill evening-dress, in the corner farthest away from and behind her. The stranger, who was, by his tan, a West Coaster, probably a Government official, bowed to me courteously. We soon began to chat about sport, big game, &c., on which subjects he was most interesting, knowing East Africa as well as West, and having done much shooting on both sides, especially on the East.

'The days sped by, My Lady again becoming extremely popular with all on board. Now the "*Ville*" boats fly the Belgian flag, and as we neared Plymouth the problem of how to get hold of Miss Petersen, or at least her papers, became more pressing. Arrest on a foreign ship was out of the question. This difficulty was, however, solved by the lady herself. The day before the ship was to arrive a notice was put on the board to the effect that those passengers who wanted baggage from the baggage-room must hand in their names to the purser that morning; the notice further advised passengers to be there in the afternoon to check it. Amongst those who went was Miss Petersen. Not having wireless, we were ignorant on board of the progress of events in Europe, and it was not until the tender actually touched the stage that most of us heard the news. I bought an evening paper from the first boy, and glanced at the headlines. Whilst I was doing so Miss Petersen had crossed the gangway and stood on English soil. I elbowed my way to the gangway and spoke to the policeman standing there. The words "German spy," in view of the news which the paper-boys were shouting, were sufficient to ensure attention to my request that he would keep his eye on the lady and her baggage till my return from the superintendent's office. The office was fortunately quite close, and the superintendent, on hearing a hasty outline of the whole affair, immediately gave me the necessary assistance.

'When Fräulein Gertrud, having collected her baggage, turned round to look for a cab, there was one ready, and, as she signalled to the driver, we confronted her. I took off my tinted glasses and rubbed the lenses with my handkerchief—the pink shade was already in my pocket. As she looked up our eyes met. No word of mine was necessary; her confusion was complete. My companion stepped forward. "Will you step into that cab, madam?" he said.

'The baggage of Fräulein Gertrud revealed little, and was composed mainly of feminine attire, including the dress in which she left Hull. The police had been warned, and on the journey in the cab there had been no opportunity allowed for throwing anything away, the windows having been kept up and an officer occupying the seat opposite. She herself was passed immediately into the hands of female searchers, who discovered the plans entrusted to her at Teneriffe, and other papers, including an account of the burning of the petrol-store. It was also discovered that she was named Gertrud von Hilsener, and that she was a niece of the spy captured at Hull.

'The second consignment of petrol never arrived at the Canaries. Perhaps some day the navy may tell why it didn't.'

'And now you are going to join up, Grant?'

'Yes, I hope so, if they'll give me a job. It's going to be some war this time, old chap.'

'Rather. What service?'

'Don't know quite. Do you think there's anything doing in the Intelligence Department?'

'Probably. What about R.E. Wireless?' I said thoughtfully.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

COME to me, come to me;
Hear my voice calling ye;
Follow me, follow me
Over the world.
Sea-winds shall sing to thee,
Echoes they'll bring to thee
Of things strange and wonderful,
Over the sea.

I can empty life's treasure
And show thee its measure;
Life's spiced wine—adventure—
I offer to thee;
And can find for thy sleeping
A couch, where the weeping
Of all the world's sorrows
Will not waken thee.

P. C. V. OMMANNEY.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A POCKET ADDING-MACHINE.

DURING recent years immense progress has been made in the manufacture of machines for the manipulation of figures. On first thoughts it might be supposed that a column of figures could be added more quickly mentally than with the aid of an instrument, but the wide use made of such appliances effectually disposes of this idea. Much depends on whether or not the figures are already in the form of columns, as in a ledger, or have to be taken from different sources and written down before they can be added. In the former case a clerk used to such work will arrive at the total more quickly than even an expert operator with an adding machine; but when the figures are taken from different sources, the machine will type and add them at the same time with greater rapidity than an expert clerk with pencil and paper. Unfortunately the machines are usually very costly, prices varying between seventy pounds and over a hundred pounds. Moreover, some managers and principals feel that they cannot send for and use machines of this character, as such a course would be 'beneath their dignity,' although these appliances would often save valuable time when they are checking figures put before them. Recently there has made its advent a pocket adding and subtracting device which may be obtained at a trifling cost. This appliance, without its case, measures 4 inches by 7 inches, and is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness. It is made for either columns of figures up to 999,999,999, or money columns up to £99,999, 19s. $11\frac{3}{4}$d. Across the face of the instrument is a row of nine holes, within each of which a nought appears when the machine is set to zero. Below each is a vertical row of figures from 9 to 0, with slight modifications to suit the shillings, pence, and farthings in the money type of instrument. By the side of each row is a slot, within which is a sliding strip of metal with a hole opposite each figure, the parts surrounding some holes being painted white, while others are red. A pencil with a metal point at one end is inserted in the hole corresponding to the figure required. If the margin of the hole is red, the figure is pushed to the top of the slot, then slightly to the left, and down into a short slot. The figures in the holes surrounded by white are simply pulled down to the bottom of the slot. The total may be read off at any stage, and the machine can be set to zero by pulling out a slide. Should it be desired to subtract, the instrument is turned over, and a similar dial on the reverse side is worked in the same way. An expert operator can add up a number of figures with this device more quickly than they can be written down, while the result is, of course, accurate. The instrument is supplied in a leather folding case, having corner clips inside to hold sheets of paper on which to make notes. Obviously any manager or principal can have one of these machines on his desk and use it without loss of prestige.

EBONITE GRAMOPHONE-HORNS.

The construction of gramophone horns of a true musical shape without joins in the material is no easy problem. It has been solved recently by the use of ebonite, which can be moulded in one piece to the exact form required to give the best results. Both the internal (as used in the so-called 'hornless' machines) and the external type of horn are being made of this material, which, it is claimed, gives a much better tone than horns made of metal, wood, or any other substance.

A NEW GAS-SAVING INCANDESCENT BURNER.

In spite of the many instances proving the contrary, one is apt to think that appliances in daily use which have retained their existing form for many years must have reached finality. Reasoning thus, we might suppose the incandescent gas-burner to be as near perfection as it is ever likely to approach. That such is not the case will be realised from the description which follows of a new type of burner. In a lecture delivered before the Institution of Gas Engineers, the late Professor Vivien B. Lewis, the well-known authority on gas and its applications, explained certain imperfections in existing incandescent burners, his contention being that when gas burned without a mantle the air mixed with the gas provided the oxygen required by the middle portion of the flame, the external part being supplied from outside. 'On placing the mantle over the flame, however,' said the professor, 'the fine network gets rapidly heated to a high temperature, and the condition of the flame is entirely altered—the inner zone of combustion at the expense of the previously admixed air with gas continuing as before, while the products of this incomplete combustion have to find their way through the meshes of the mantle, and burn upon its surface, as the hot mantle will prevent the diffusion inwards of the necessary air to complete combustion below its surface.' The professor proceeded to state that a mixture richer in air than is given by the ordinary burner was required. A new burner has accordingly been brought out recently, in which this richer mixture is produced, there being provided below the usual regulating sleeve inlets through which extra air is drawn, and delivered inside the

mantle to make the combustion complete. The result is less gas for a given amount of light, or more light for the same gas-consumption, the difference constituting a substantial saving. In other respects, these new burners are very similar to those already in use.

A NEW POWDERED MILK.

Those who 'go down to the sea in ships,' or who form members of expeditions of various kinds, usually have to make shift with preserved milk of one sort or another. If they take sugar in tea and coffee, the ordinary sweetened condensed milk is a passable substitute for that fresh from the cow; but to those who do not take sugar it is little short of nauseating. The unsweetened brands of tinned milk certainly overcome this difficulty, but their taste is sometimes so different from that of fresh milk as to cause conjectures concerning their origin. Furthermore, in many cases only half a tin of milk is required, or even less, and the remainder is apt to be wasted. To obviate these disadvantages various powdered milks have been introduced from time to time. The writer's experience with at least three brands is that they will not mix with water to form a product that either tastes, smells, or looks like milk. They are made by scraping a dried film of milk from a slowly-revolving hot cylinder, the result being a coarse powder of about the fineness of sawdust. Recently a powdered milk has been brought out which is made by a totally different process. The fresh milk is sprayed in a fine mist into a hot chamber, where it is immediately dried into exceedingly fine dust. When this is mixed with water, it is difficult to tell the difference between the resultant product and fresh milk. Two qualities are put up in tins: one containing the full amount of cream, the other consisting of skimmed milk. The former will keep for about six months, and the latter for years, if the lid is kept on the tin.

AN ELECTRIC MELTING-POT FOR SEALING-WAX.

As is, or should be, well known, electricity is not an economical source of heat, but for certain purposes, where only a small quantity is required, the convenience outweighs the cost. This is the case with an electric device for melting sealing-wax and running the exact amount upon the precise spot where it is wanted. The device consists of a cone-shaped brass pot with a small spout at the bottom, through which the melted wax is allowed to flow. Inside the brass pot is an aluminium cone, which fits closely at the top and the bottom, leaving an intermediate space to accommodate the electric heating coil. A wooden handle is fitted about midway down the pot, through which the flexible wires from a lamp socket pass to the heater. In the spout at the bottom a ball valve is provided which is connected by a wire to a little cross-arm pivoted at the upper edge of the brass pot over the handle. When a spring on the handle is pressed down by the thumb, it pulls down the outer end of the cross-arm, thereby raising the inner end and pulling the valve upwards, thus allowing a strictly regulated quantity of the melted wax to flow through the spout. The sealing-wax melts in from three to four minutes after the current is turned on. If it be desired to keep the wax hot without wasting electricity, the current can be reduced to just enough for this purpose by turning a tiny switch on the side of the pot. The equipment includes a metal stand to hold the pot in an upright position when out of use. It will be noted that no waste of wax takes place, as any odd pieces or old seals can be put back into the pot; furthermore, the device is perfectly clean to handle, while the cost for current is negligible.

A BIG-COMPASS SOUND-DISC FOR GRAMOPHONES.

That the mica disc in a gramophone sound-box has a compass limited to the neighbourhood of two and a half octaves is well known to makers of these appliances. As a result of this, until the advent of the disc described below, the lower notes have normally been lost, and the bass, a fundamental element in music, has not been faithfully reproduced. Experiments have shown that bass notes are clearly given by a parchment disc, but the high notes, on the other hand, are very subdued and almost lost. A new sound-box has been brought out recently, however, in which the diaphragm consists of a disc of parchment, having a mica disc mounted over a hole in the middle of it. Round the central hole is a ring of small holes which are also covered by the mica. The construction is similar to that of a drum, the edge of the disc being held by one ring forced over another with the parchment between the two. A long period of experimental work was required to achieve the best results, and in its final form the disc is larger than those of mica only which have been used hitherto. No one who has heard a record played with the new sound-box would ever willingly go back to the old pattern, both high and low notes being reproduced with wonderful clearness. The new device can be applied to any gramophone.

A NEW FORM OF GARDEN OR BEACH TENT.

An ingenious form of tent, which is equally useful for the garden or the beach, is now obtainable. The top is pyramidal in form, and is kept in shape by a frame of mitred rods, one running along each lower edge. From these edges flat sides extend downwards to the ground, enclosing a space having a base six feet square. To erect the tent, the base is spread out in the form of a square, and eyelets at the corners are

secured by iron pegs driven into the ground. The jointed centre pole is next put together, and the spike at the top of it is thrust through the apex of the tent, while a disc takes the weight at the bottom and prevents the pole from sinking into the sand or into the lawn. Two jointed poles and the necessary pegs are provided for pulling up and fixing the front of the tent in a horizontal position, thus rendering it suitable for the garden. When the tent is to be used as a dressing tent, the front is let down and fastened along the edges. It will be noted that for this purpose only one pole is required, as against four for a square tent; yet the top, although not so large as the base, gives much more standing room than a bell tent with one pole. Sand pockets are provided, and the tent can be folded into a small compass for travelling. It weighs nineteen pounds.

A HAY-BOX OVEN.

To the making of ovens there appears to be no end, and in spite of the many which have been described in these notes, new designs are still being brought out. As a general rule the thickness and quality of the heat insulation with which gas and electric ovens are provided leave much to be desired, thus leading to the loss of a considerable amount of heat. So effective, however, is the insulation of an oven which has lately made its appearance upon the market that it can be used alternatively as a 'hay box'; that is to say, stews and other foods, after boiling for a few minutes, can be placed in this oven, where so little heat is lost that the cooking process continues for several hours without any source of heat. Naturally there is some reduction in temperature, but this is the case in all hay boxes and fireless cookers. If it is desired to maintain a temperature closely approaching boiling-point, this can be done by inserting into the oven a carbon filament electric lamp. The consumption of current is almost negligible, and the loss of heat is equally small. As a matter of fact, the outside of the oven feels cold to the touch even if roasting is going on inside. When the appliance is to be used as an ordinary oven, provision is made for an electric hot-plate, which is placed in the bottom of the oven, and is connected by flex and an adaptor to the nearest lamp socket. Alternatively, a special gas-ring may be placed in the bottom of the oven and connected by flexible tubing to the gas supply. In either case baking and roasting can be carried on at a much lower cost than in the ordinary electric or gas oven. Made of galvanised steel sheeting, the oven consists of a smaller container inside a larger one, both being cubical in form. The space between them, which is unusually wide, is filled with particularly effective, fireproof, heat-insulating material. Access is obtained through a door at one side, having an equal thickness of insulating material with that of the remainder of the oven. A hole in the top allows steam or gas fumes to escape, while the flex or tubing for gas or electricity passes through a small tube on one side. The apertures are corked up when the oven is used as a fireless cooker.

A LIGHT FIREPROOF SAFE FOR THE HOME.

Although fireproof qualities are always demanded for any appliance intended for the storage of valuables, receptacles for this purpose need not, in all cases, be designed successfully to resist the attempts of clever burglars to open them. For instance, it is often a convenience to keep papers in the home, which, although of great value to the owner, would be useless to any one else. The ordinary safe will, of course, meet this requirement, but it is exceedingly heavy and cumbersome, owing to its burglar-proof qualities. A fireproof safe of light construction, which has been recently brought out, should prove quite satisfactory for the storage of papers and other articles of value only to the owner. In form it is almost identical with the hay-box oven described in the previous paragraph; but the steel plating is thicker, and the door is provided with a good lever lock. Moreover, the safe is enamelled all over, the inside being white and the outside dark green. The door fits closely into a recess formed by the outside case; hence a tool forced into the crack does not have any tendency to prize open the door when locked. The safe is therefore difficult to open by unauthorised persons, although the makers do not pretend that it is burglar-proof. It weighs only fifty pounds, and is made in two sizes, the inside of the smaller measuring 13 inches by 12 inches by 12 inches.

HUGE POWER-EXTENSION SCHEME AT NIAGARA.

Not only is Niagara the biggest water-power generating station in the world, but some of the turbines are the largest in existence, no less than 50,000 horse-power each being developed by those of the most recent type. Extensions have been carried out lately which, on the United States side, have reached the limits laid down in the International Treaty, a maximum quantity of 19,500 cubic feet of water per second having been agreed upon as her share, with a view to preserving the beauty and the grandeur of the falls. Including the last extension of 100,000 horse-power, the works on the southern side of the falls have a productive capacity of 385,000 horse-power, while on the Canadian side turbines with an aggregate horse-power of 458,500 are in service. A new power scheme for the Canadian side of the falls comprises turbines with a total capacity of 500,000 horse-power. These figures make up a grand total of 1,343,500 horse-power. As the horse-

power of the falls, if completely utilised, is estimated at but 3,800,000, it will be understood that substantial inroads will eventually be made upon the amount of water passing over the falls. At present only half the ten 50,000 horse-power turbines included in the new scheme are to be erected, but parts of the canal for conveying the water to the power-house will be large enough for the full capacity. The waterway from the intake above the falls to a point over the power-house follows the course of the Welland River for 4¼ miles, the remainder consisting of an artificial canal 8½ miles in length. This waterway involves the excavation of 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth from the Welland River and 9,000,000 from the canal, together with 4,000,000 cubic yards of rock. A huge control-gate is to be erected between the earth and rock sections of the canal, which, says *The Times Engineering Supplement*, 'will be the largest vertical lift-roller single gate hitherto built, the clear width being 48 feet, and the height 42 feet 6 inches.' The pipes leading from the head-water to the turbines are 16 feet in diameter for the upper two-thirds of their length, and 14 feet for the lower third. The turbines themselves, however, are not so large as might be expected from the enormous power each develops, the revolving parts, or runners, being only 10 feet 5 inches in diameter. Both runners and casings are of cast-steel, the latter being tested to a pressure of 260 lb. per square inch. An electric generator of 45,000 kilowatts is mounted above each turbine, the two rotating at 187½ revolutions a minute. The pressure of the current generated is 12,000 volts, this being stepped up in transformers to 110,000 volts. The electric generators are cooled by air, which is blown through them by fans, and each requires 100,000 cubic feet a minute when fully loaded.

A SIMPLE WARNING DEVICE FOR LEVEL-CROSSINGS.

A simple device that will ring a bell when a train is approaching should materially reduce the risks of injury in the case of platelayers and others whose business it is to work upon railways; it can also be applied with advantage to the giving of warning signals and the locking of gates at level-crossings. The apparatus hitherto used for such purposes has involved alterations or attachments to the rails; the device we are about to describe can be readily screwed down to any sleeper without further fixing so far as the permanent way is concerned. Its operation is dependent upon the vibration caused by the train, which alternately makes and breaks an electric circuit. Two stout metallic reeds, inclined to each other at an angle of 90°, are firmly clamped to, but electrically insulated from, a boss in the bottom of an iron case. A carbon electrode is fixed to each opposing face of the reeds, and the V-shaped gap between them is bridged by several carbon balls which form the electrical connection. Connections from each reed are brought out to terminals on the outside of the case. The reeds are adjusted to vibrate in unison, and when they are set in motion by the vibration of the rails, the carbon balls are thrown vertically upwards, thus breaking the circuit between the reeds. When the reeds cease to vibrate the balls return to their original position in the V-shaped gap, and contact is once more made. As many of our readers will know, once an electric contact can be thus alternately broken and made, there is practically no limit to what the current can be made to perform. In this case the simplest application of the device is to the ringing of a warning bell at a distance. In addition, the apparatus can be arranged to continue ringing the bell until some one attends and stops it. How invaluable such a device may be to men working upon the railway will be easily understood. As the instrument is attached to the sleeper by only one screw, it can be moved along with a gang of men, the connecting wires and the bell-ringing apparatus requiring no fixing when used for this purpose. Instead of, or as well as, ringing a bell, the appliance can be made to show visible signals, which may be illuminated after dark. Apparatus worked by the contact device is also made for level-crossings, a bell being rung until the attendant stops it; or, at unattended crossings, a loud-toned warning bell may be operated. In fact the device can be made to give any kind of danger-signal or actually to lock the gates; it is also applicable to other purposes in connection with the ordinary signalling system. A train proceeding at only two or three miles an hour on the rails to which the instrument is affixed will cause the carbon balls to break the contact; yet a train passing at sixty miles an hour on an adjacent track has no effect on them.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE BLOOD-STAINED PEARL.

By SIDNEY THEODORE FELSTEAD, Author of *German Spies at Bay*, &c.

PART I.

I.

ON the north-west coast of Western Australia, two thousand miles from Fremantle, the chief port of the state, there stands a lonely little town, which should be better known to the world. It is called Broome, and takes its name from one of the West Australian governors who reigned in the early 'nineties. Broome is the headquarters of the pearl-fisheries of the Southern Hemisphere; from its tiny, wind-sheltered harbour hundreds of small luggers set sail to scour the bed of the Indian Ocean in search of that most delicate of all gems, the jewel that man, with all his arts and crafts, has never succeeded in improving—the pearl.

Standing on the edge of the never-resting Indian Ocean, with countless thousands of miles at its back leading into the barren lands of the Great Australian Desert, Broome is isolated from the world. Its only means of communication with civilisation are the telegraph to Perth, the capital, and the steamer which once every three weeks makes the long journey from Fremantle to Wyndham right around the west and north-western coast-line of the immense Australian continent. Merchandise and a few passengers shipped at Fremantle are dropped at the little towns of Carnarvon, Onslow, Roebourne, Port Hedland, Broome, Derby, and Wyndham; while on the return trip there is obtainable a mixed cargo of cattle, hides, beef, asbestos, copper, gold, and sandalwood, the principal products of these marvellously rich and practically unexplored corners of the British Empire. But it is at Broome that the richest cargo of all is taken aboard: the pearls that represent the fruits of weeks of weary work in the tempestuous seas; pearls white, cream, pink, gray, and black, from the tiny white seedling sold by the ounce, to the great pear-shaped pearl worth thousands of pounds; pearls which before they adorn the bosoms of fair women have been responsible for many a dreadful tragedy.

II.

In a blaze of molten red, which suffused the tropical clouds with indescribably gorgeous shades of pink, the sun was slowly disappearing beneath the horizon in that part of the Indian Ocean which washes the north-west coast of Western Australia.

It was the Australian summer—early February, to be precise—and the party of five men who watched the ball of red fire throwing its strange glow across sea and sky sat silent under the spell of a sunset whose magnificence is only realisable by those who have sailed the tropical seas in summer-time.

The party was seated on the veranda of the Marine Hotel in the pearling-town of Broome, smoking their pipes and revelling in the beautifully cool breeze blowing from the south-west, which had come to ease the tortures of the dreadfully hot day. Memories such as only the rippling of the wind across a placid sea can evoke had taken the place of the desultory conversation. Commonplace talk seemed a banality in the presence of Nature revealing her secrets to the full, the vision of day turning to night, with practically no disturbing factor to discount the beauty of clouds which passed from white to pink, from pink to purple, and thence in rapid changes to the gleaming darkness of a starlit tropical night.

One of the group was a bronzed, white-haired old man, with Australian written all over his lean, square-jawed face. He was Captain Robert Summers, more familiarly known as 'Old Bob,' famous from Wyndham in the north to Albany in the south as owning more pearling-luggers than any other man in Western Australia.

The old pearler's companions were a strange sight in Broome, which houses nearly every coloured nationality in the world, but rarely sees together four fresh-complexioned young Englishmen, with that delicate pink colouring which seems effeminate to many people, but which is nevertheless the distinguishing hall-mark of the well-bred Englishman all the world over. There was certainly no need for the young fellows to have told the experienced Captain Summers that they were fresh from the Old Country; their accent, their speech and mannerisms, to say nothing of their clothes, all

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singled them out from the rougher, native-born Australians.

Mutually attracted from the beginning, the young Englishmen had frankly told the old captain the reason for their presence in this out-of-the-way corner of the Australian Commonwealth. They had come out to take up pearl-fishing, and had been introduced to Captain Summers as one of the few men in the town competent to give them sound, disinterested advice.

'So you've come out to be pearlers, eh?' grunted the captain, after a long spell at his pipe. 'Well, I've been in nearly every get-rich-quick rush in Australia during the past forty years and more. I was one of the first on the Victorian goldfields in the early 'seventies; I humped my swag over two hundred miles with hardly a drop of water when they discovered opal at White Cliffs in New South Wales in the early 'eighties; and I found my way to Broken Hill within a week of the silver being discovered. I was one of the first of the many thousands of fellows who rushed the ships from Sydney and Melbourne when the news came through that Charlie Hannan had struck immensely rich gold at Coolgardie.

'But'—and the captain took his pipe out of his mouth and emptied the ashes before continuing—'I would like to tell you boys before you get any farther that nothing I have ever touched harboured such a choice collection of thieves and cut-throats as pearl-fishing.

'As you only got in on the steamer from Fremantle this morning,' the captain went on, 'you have had no chance of taking a look at Broome and the people it contains. But I don't mind telling you now that at one time or another this town has housed most of the scum of the world east of Suez. We get all sorts—Australians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, an occasional German, aboriginals, Japanese, Cingalese, Manilamen, Malays, Hindoos, Chinamen, Afghans, and a few plain unadulterated niggers. Our female population, with the exception of the wives of the magistrate and the doctor, consists mostly of French and Japanese women, whose profession will be fairly obvious. Nearly all the trading is done by the Japs; they own all the stores, and finance half the luggers which sail from here. Thank Heaven, the Government won't license them as hotel-keepers. My friend Flannagan, who keeps this place, is a decent-minded Irishman, who will have no truck with the roguery which goes on in this town night and day. But there are dozens of grog-shanties in the place, where the pearling-crews can get from Japs and Chows all the drink they want—and more.'

III.

'Tell me, what put this idea of pearl-fishing into your heads?' the captain queried. Dinner in the insufferably hot dining-room below, with its thousands of flies, was over, and the old man, glad of the chance to talk with somebody from 'home,' cut another fill from his plug of American tobacco, and settled himself down in his deck-chair for a long evening's chat.

'What made you think there was any money in it?' he added in the pause which followed his question.

None of the four Englishmen, their ardour temporarily damped, attempted to answer the question for some little time. The romance of pearl-fishing had gripped their imaginations while they were serving together in the Rifle Brigade during the war. In the long hours in the trenches they had debated over and over again what they should do when the war was ended; whether to go back to the offices they had been employed in, or whether they should take Fortune by the hand and go whither she should lead them. Pearl-fishing, with all its wonderful glamour, had caught their adventurous minds; unknown were its hardships, uncared for its dangers and uncertainties. Sufficient for four willing spirits was it that out of the depths of the sea it was still possible for such as were hardy enough to win a fortune, masters of their own fate, shaping their own destiny, and untrammelled by the fetters of civilisation.

Nothing that had happened on the voyage out from England had in any way cooled their enthusiasm. In their joint names of Lionel Torrington, Robert Henry Cox, Arthur Drake, and William Kent, there had been cabled to the Bank of West Australia in Perth the sum of £1850, which represented their combined capital after paying expenses for the trip out. Experienced Australians on the P. & O. liner *Marmora* had smiled doubtfully, but tolerantly, on the quiet confidence of the young Englishmen, and told them to seek the advice of reputable white men in whatever they bought or hired.

It was in the middle of January that the small party disembarked at Fremantle and made their way by ferry-steamer up the beautiful Swan River to the flourishing little town of Perth, while the *Marmora* continued her journey eastward, with many a shake of the head on the part of passengers who knew something of the pearlers of Thursday Island.

Much to their surprise, the four learned that there was no railway to their destination, Broome; the only means of reaching the home of the West Australian pearling-industry was to wait for the next steamer, which did not sail for another ten days.

In their attitude towards pearling for 'new chums' the people of Perth were no more assuring than the passengers on the *Marmora*. 'You'll find it damned hot up there,' said one incredibly lean and brown miner from the northern goldfields staying at their hotel. 'Your pretty complexions won't last long, either. Take my advice, and get a job on a lugger owned by some decent white man, and see whether you

like the game before you buy a boat of your own. I don't know if you've ever been to sea for a month in a small boat full of Japs and niggers; if not, you will find it somewhat different from a 12,000-ton mail-boat.'

This excellent advice had been repeated more or less by Captain Drew of the A.U.S.N. Company's ship *Arawatta*, which had carried them up to Broome. 'Come ashore with me, boys,' said the stout skipper when his vessel had dropped anchor in the roadstead outside Broome, 'and I'll introduce you to Bob Summers. He's the man to put you right, if anybody is.' The introduction had been duly made, and the gathering on the hotel veranda was the sequel to a promise of 'Old Bob's' to have a talk with the young Englishmen and see what could be done for them.

IV.

The long silence which followed Captain Summers's last question was broken by Torrington. 'Well, captain,' he said, rather confusedly, 'you know things were rotten for us ex-officers in England after the war. Nobody wanted us; they told us we had got out of touch with business while we were away in France; told us to our faces, the dirty skunks, that we were not worth much more than the salary of an office-boy. Anyhow, we four resolved to get out. Besides our gratuities we had a little money saved up, and after thinking it all out, we came to the conclusion that pearl-fishing was one of the few things where a man might do well with a small capital.'

'Um,' said the captain musingly; 'you have taken on a pretty stiff contract, I can tell you. Where on earth some of you Englishmen get your ideas puzzles me. Pearl-fishing is like many other things in this world—distance lends enchantment to it. I suppose you imagine that all you have to do is to sail out with a couple of divers, open the oysters, take the pearls out, and get back to port with a ready-made fortune, eh?

'Now, as a matter of fact, pearling is damnably hard work, and just about the most uncertain thing in the world. You have to sail out in a small lugger, seven or eight of you, and live together for three or four weeks cooped up like fowls in a temperature that bears the strongest resemblance to Hades any of you are ever likely to experience. You have to keep and live with native divers and a native crew, and I can tell you the stink of a nigger after a fortnight in a lugger is something to remember to your dying day. They don't wash, my young friends; and, what is more, you can't make them.

'You won't be able to spare much water for washing yourselves either, for there is no running ashore and getting a supply from the nearest village pump, as you might do along the Kentish coast. I don't deny that there is a certain element of attractiveness about sailing up and down unexplored coasts, landing when you feel like it on shores never before trodden by mankind. But, as you will find in time, you miss the creature-comforts of life. The northern and central parts of this country are about the most barren on God's earth. Why, even in a town of this size we have to rely on artesian bores for our water-supply; you will see the aboriginals peddling it around in small tanks.

'However, the water is only a trifle; for washing purposes you can always have a dip in the sea. Most likely you will need it after you have lived in the vicinity of thousands of rotting oysters for weeks. Some skippers I know dry their oysters out on their decks. Not for me, thank you! I prefer to chance the risks of going ashore and drying out there. If I have lost a good many pearls that way, I have kept my boats from stinking like a cesspool.

'The real trouble, boys, which I am coming to, is the last. There is not a pearler of any size in this town who does not lose thousands of pounds' worth every year. I am not speaking of the trepang and *bêche-de-mer* men, for they measure their catch by sheer bulk. I mean the actual pearls which the Cingalese, Manilamen, and Malays steal when they are opening the shells. You cannot watch them night and day, and it is absolutely impossible to search them. They secrete pearls in their hair, in their ears, under their arms, and even in their nostrils.

'Once they get ashore with the pearls in their possession, your chance is gone. You can take a walk round the *fan-tan* and *pak-a-pu* shops of a night, and the odds are that you will find all your crew gambling away as hard as they can—with your pearls. When John Chinaman conducts a gambling-den, he doesn't mind what he takes by way of currency. He will take pearls, and he will take women, especially if they be white. There is not a Jap or an Afghan in the town who does not buy pearls, stolen or otherwise, the former for preference. My friend Flannagan bars serving niggers of any description in this place with drink, but they get it, all the same. The Japs sell them cheap whisky, gin, brandy, anything that comes up from Fremantle. Take a walk round the town with me to-night; I'll show you some of the types you'll have to be shipmates with. Most of them would cut your throat for a shilling, to say nothing of a valuable pearl. I don't know what it is, but up in this God-forsaken hole men go mad. Perhaps it is the absence of all domestic life; perhaps it is the heat. We get four or five months in the year with the temperature anything up to one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. If it wasn't for the sea-breeze every afternoon, I verily believe nobody could live here.

'Whatever you do, never take any drink when you go out after pearls. Take a small bottle for emergencies if you like, but for God's sake never let your niggers have anything! You

have never seen a Malay run amok, or you would know what I mean. Drink is the cause of all the trouble in this place. The hard, monotonous life in the luggers makes the men moody and quarrelsome, and when they get back with their month's pay, they take to drink as naturally as any decent white man rushes for a cool bath and a change of clothing. If the men had only their pay to squander, we owners wouldn't mind so much; that would be spent in a couple of days, and they would then be compelled to sign on for another trip or starve. But with very few exceptions they all have a stolen pearl or two to sell. If ever you should see a particular nigger hanging around this town for a fortnight, and probably drunk most of the time, you can safely bet that he has had a good supply of stolen pearls. There is nothing much you can do. Have them arrested and searched if you like; there is precious little to be found. If they have pearls on them, no skipper can swear they are his, although he knows jolly well they are. We don't want to keep them in jail, for the simple reason that nobody wants the job of looking after them. The great thing is to get hold of the man who carries the stolen pearls down to Perth.

'I need hardly tell you,' the captain said bitterly, 'that the Japs and the Afghans don't do that. Oh dear, no. Our little brown brother is much too artful for that. He gets a white man to do his dirty work. I dare say you brought a few commercial travellers up in the boat with you from Fremantle. Most of them will be all right, but one or two call themselves travellers, when their real business is nothing but buying stolen pearls. Almost invariably they have anything up to a thousand pounds in bank-notes in their pockets, a sum no honest traveller would have the slightest use for. They carry samples, these pearl-buyers, certainly, and book a few orders, mostly from the Japs who have stolen pearls to sell. They pay cash, and don't bother about the receipt. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that these infernal scoundrels occasionally get hold of two or three thousand pounds' worth of pearls for less than five hundred pounds. You don't get the wily Jap sending anything through the post, because he knows the authorities examine everything on the steamer on the way down to Fremantle. No; he takes a low price in Broome, gets the cash down, and blandly denies all knowledge of the transaction if he is questioned.'

The old captain paused for a few moments and relit his pipe. 'I hope I'm not boring you boys, am I?' he inquired.

'No, no,' replied all four at once; 'it's just what we want to know.'

'Well, before I go any further, one of you run down to the bar and ask Flannagan to let you have five of the coolest drinks in the place, and charge them up to me.'

(*Continued on page 717.*)

ST KITTS, THE MOTHER COLONY OF THE BRITISH ANTILLES.

By Rev. MONTAGUE L. FOYLE.

I.

IT is a striking tribute to the modesty of the great Columbus that in the task of giving titles to the West Indian Islands he seems entirely to have ignored his own claims upon them as their discoverer, and to have refrained from the very justifiable self-intrusion of using one of his own names for the purposes of their designation. None would have grudged him the honour, and had there been in the Caribbean Sea a Columbus island to commemorate his memory, or even a Santa Maria island to perpetuate the name of the flagship which, in 1492, carried him on his first adventurous voyage, the appropriateness of the appellation would have been recognised. The one exception may be found in the case of St Christopher, or, as it is called in its generally shortened form, St Kitts, which, it is thought, may carry the Christian name of Columbus. But even there the tribute is disputed, for a commonly accepted tradition maintains that the explorer saw in the configuration of the island a fancied resemblance to the saint carrying the infant Saviour. If such be the case, the origin of the name sprang from the same religious feeling which caused the admiral and his crew to chant the *Te Deum* as, in October 1492, they approached the Bahaman island of San Salvador, and there for the first time set foot on the shores of the New World.

It was towards the close of the following year that Columbus, after having discovered Cuba, Hayti, and San Domingo, and having made a voyage back to Europe, sighted successively upon his return journey the islands of Dominica, Guadeloupe, Montserrat, Antigua, and then finally Nevis and its close neighbour St Kitts. At that time St Kitts was inhabited by the fierce, marauding, and restless Caribs, who called it in their own tongue 'Liamuiga,' or the fertile island. Columbus changed the name, and claimed the island for his patron, King Ferdinand of Spain. But no serious attempt at colonisation seems to have been made by the

new owners, and, in common with many other of the newly discovered islands, St Kitts remained for several years unoccupied and neglected by Europeans. It was not till 1623, when Sir Thomas Warner and his son, accompanied by fourteen other settlers, arrived from England with the definite commission from King James I. to found the first European colony in the West Indies, that the actual occupation of the island can be said to have commenced. There is in the library of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a copy of a sermon preached at St Botolph's, Aldersgate, London, on 6th December 1629, to 'The notably deserving gentleman Sir Thomas Warner and the rest of his companie bound for the West Indies for their Farewell.' This sermon was probably delivered at the close of Warner's second return trip to his native land. The pioneer was financed and supported by a certain Sir Ralph Merrifield, and for many years the infant colony was known as Merwar's Hope, the word Merwar being obviously derived from a combination of the names of the pioneer and his patron. Their anticipations for success were based on the cultivation of tobacco, concerning which one of the party wrote: 'The island would be a very convenient place for ye cultivation of tobaccoes which then was a rich commoditie.'

Barbados had already been occupied in 1605, when the English barque the *Olive Blossom* had touched there *en route* for Surinam. Philatelists will remember that her fame was commemorated by the engraving on the special issue of postage-stamps in connection with the tercentenary of that colony. The captain had landed and claimed possession on behalf of 'James of England.' But it was not till 1626 that a permanent colony was established, so that, by the narrow margin of three years only, St Kitts lays proud claim to the title at the head of this article. Warner proved a most devoted and successful pioneer, giving the rest of his life to the task of development and consolidation, and making several trips to England for the advocacy of the colony's claims and the securing of recruits. He died in harness in 1648, and was buried with every token of honour in the Middle Island churchyard. Many have been the pilgrimages made by tourists to that spot. The tomb was examined by the writer in the early part of 1919. The original slab with the inscription is in an excellent state of preservation, and has been raised upon a mason-work base—a wise provision to save it from the heavy wash of the tropical rains. It is very gratifying to notice that the Government has also erected over it a substantial canopy, so that the lettering is well protected from the ravages of the weather. The pioneer's name was perpetuated by being adopted by the emancipated slaves, and black and coloured Warners abound in the island to-day.

II.

It was in 1625 that Sir Thomas returned from his first visit of report to England, and on the day of his landing a small party of Frenchmen likewise set foot in the island. Their place of entry is still commemorated by the wide expanse of water at the north-west extremity known as Dieppe Bay, after the town in France from which their leader had come. Henceforth the history of the island was written with the point of the sword. In face of the common Carib foe English and French united, and in 1626 succeeded in defeating their opponents (who sustained the heavy loss of two thousand lives), and in banishing the survivors from the island. The victors then shared their capture, the French obtaining by far the larger and more valuable portion. Owing, it is believed, to the deposit of volcanic matter, the soil of the eastern side is said to be stronger than that of the west. All that section fell to the French, together with the north and the south, the English acquiring a long coast strip on the western side. The French made their capital at Basseterre, and founded the still existing settlements of Palmetto Point, Cayon, and Dieppe Bay. The English colonists collected at Sandy Point, Half-Way Tree, and Old Road, at which town Warner established their seat of government. The name Old Road is said to have been derived from a remark of Columbus, who, dropping anchor for a second time in its spacious bay, exclaimed, 'Well, we are at the old road again!'

It was hardly likely, however, that Spain would take this English and French intrusion quietly. In 1629, in all probability as a retaliation for the unfortunate expedition sent by Charles I. against Cadiz, followed by his marriage to Princess Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, in preference to a Spanish princess, the Spanish fleet ravaged the whole island, expelling the joint owners, and settling in their stead a number of Spaniards. The many Spanish and Portuguese surnames still extant are probably the result of this invasion. But Spain seems to have had no intention of permanently colonising the island, and the former occupants returned as soon as the hostile fleet finally withdrew. It would be during this period of exile that the French crossed over to and acquired the island of St Bartholomew. Freed now from the common Carib foe, the French and the English settled down side by side, and all too soon began to give full vent to the enmity and suspicions which at that time unfortunately existed between the two peoples.

In 1666 Louis XIV. of France joined the Dutch against the English, and immediately St Kitts became the scene of violent hostilities. The whole of it passed into the possession of the French, who, however, were forced to restore the English portion by the Peace of Breda in 1667.

From 1689 onwards, as the result of French sympathies with the cause of the exiled James Stuart, there was continual struggle and disorder. But in 1713, by the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht, St Christopher became entirely British. 1782 seems to have been the next critical date, when the island was wholly regained for the French by the Marquis de Bouillé. It was then that there occurred the famous siege of Brimstone Hill, so well described in *West Indian Tales of Old*. This imposing rock, midway between Sandy Point and Half-Way Tree, and commanding the twelve-mile-wide channel separating St Kitts from the then very important Dutch island of St Eustatius, had been fortified by the English in 1690 with such massive embattlements that it deservedly gained the title of 'The Gibraltar of the West Indies.' It was there that the British made their final rally, and surrendered to worthy foemen with all the honours of war. But in 1783, by the Treaty of Versailles, the island was restored to the British, and it has been in our possession ever since. Only once since that year have its inhabitants been disturbed by the sound of hostile cannon. Villeneuve, followed by Nelson in that memorable chase which terminated at the battle of Trafalgar, looked in at St Kitts in passing, and worked much havoc. Well was it for our fellow-subjects that during the momentous years of the Great War our fleet was mistress of the seas. Few of the West Indian islands lend themselves to adequate fortification, and enemy vessels would have had a tragically free hand.

III.

Those who have ever been privileged to see St Kitts will have no difficulty in understanding this contention for possession. The beauty of its scenery drew forth the unqualified praise of Kingsley, who wrote in *At Last*: 'It is not till the traveller arrives there that he understands what a West Indian island is.' Its area is sixty-eight square miles; so, as regards size, the island is a little more than one quarter as large as the Isle of Man. The general outline is compared to that of an outstretched leg, being similar to that of Italy. The stamps of the Presidency of St Kitts-Nevis, which also includes the distant island of Anguilla, portray Columbus standing on the deck of his flagship, telescope to the eye, intently surveying the coast-line.

It is perhaps only those who have emulated the discoverer and have sailed along close in to the shore who have adequately caught the loveliness of the scene, much of which must be lost by the tourist who hurries round the island in a car during the short time that the steamer is in port. Frequently, when stationed in St Eustatius, the writer, *en voyage* for Basseterre, has beat up in a small sailing-vessel towards Sandy Point. Sharp and distinct stands out the tower of its parish church, within the walls of which are memorials to some of the heroes of the Brimstone Hill siege; whilst some distance lower down from the church is the Lazaretto of the island, grim reminder of that fearful tropical disease which, so far, has baffled the best medical skill. The hill itself acts as a kind of wind-screen, and all too often sailing-craft toss beneath it, helplessly becalmed. The sulphurous smell that still issues from the hill shows the name to be no misnomer. The height of this local lion-in-chief is seven hundred feet; it rises as a sheer precipice almost from the water's edge; whilst its summit is crowned with ruined fortifications, which have been described as a noble example of masonry in perfect keeping with their surroundings. The ascent of the hill is not difficult, and it is very fitting that the control of this ever-historic spot has now passed to the Government. Investigations have brought to light several of the ruins, the most noteworthy being the hospital, the barracks, and the cemetery. The gates bear the date 1793–94, years almost as momentous in our history as those through which we have just passed.

Behind the hill, and crowning the whole island, rises Mount Misery, an extinct volcano 3711 feet high, the lower reaches of which are covered with sugar-cane, and the higher with cactus and mimosa. The ascent is sometimes made by adventurous spirits, who claim to have been well rewarded for their trouble by the magnificent view from the summit. As the vessel proceeds onwards to Basseterre, the voyager is impressed with the magnificent expanse of sea-wall at Old Road Bay, and also by the excellent culverts crossing the many deep ravines which are flooded after tropical rain. These culverts are stated to have been originally of French construction, and are a tribute to the skill of the engineers of that country. The water-supply of the island is abundant. In 1672 a French traveller wrote: 'The land lieth high and mountainous, in the midst of which springeth several Rivers which oftimes, by reason of the Raine that falleth down the mountains, are overflown to the detriment of the inhabitants.' These rivers and rain-streams have now been harnessed for the service of the inhabitants, as the many stand-pipes round the island testify. The sweep of land and sea as the vessel makes its entry into the open road-stead of Basseterre is enchanting. The capital lies at the foot of a fertile plain, enclosed within an amphitheatre of mountains which extend from a bold headline on the north to a range of massive crags terminating in the sea at the south-eastern extremity. From a sandy crescent at the water's edge the land slopes upwards, covered with cane-fields, fronded palms, and flowering trees, and in the centre of this charming scene stands Basseterre. To the south-east of the town, and corresponding

roughly to the foot of the boot-shape of Italy, there is a narrow isthmus not more than a mile or a mile and a half wide, which expands into a knob of land containing valuable salt-ponds. A strait about two miles wide, called the Narrows, separates St Kitts from Nevis; whilst between the islands is the small rock called Booby Island, the haunt of the bird of that name, and of its companion the noddy, whose flesh and eggs are greatly esteemed. As the traveller looks at the whole scene the words of Henry Nelson Coleridge, in *Six Months in the West Indies in 1825*, are felt to be true: 'The vale of Basseterre, in softness and richness and perfection of cultivation, surpasses anything I have ever seen in my life.'

IV.

The appearance of the town on landing is very pleasing. One who paid a visit in the reign of Charles II. wrote: 'A town of good bigness, whose houses are well built of Brick, Stone, and Timber, where the Merchants have their Storehouses, and is well inhabited by Tradesmen and are well served with such commodities both for the Back and Belly as they have occasion of, in the exchange for such Commodities which are the product of the Island.' In those days Basseterre was the French capital, but some such description would not be amiss in these modern days. The roadstead is invariably thronged with sloops from the small steamerless northern Leeward Islands, which very largely depend on St Kitts for mails and food-supplies, and find its capital a most convenient depot. Especially is its bay a scene of busy animation when the steamer is in. There are well-constructed goods and passenger piers, and from the latter the traveller passes under the large arch of the handsome stone building called the Treasury, containing the office of the Administrator, the Post-Office, and other departments connected with the Government. A well-paved, clean, and wide street leads into the Circus, in the centre of which stands a tall, four-faced clock with drinking-fountain at the base, whilst the Circus itself is planted with tall, graceful palms.

The principal streets branch off to the left and the right, the former leading to the Market-Place, and the latter into the beautifully laid out and well-kept Pall Mall Square, in which is situated the Court-House and Library, the reading-room of which contains, amongst other treasures, a signed engraving of the late Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, as well as photographs of the various Administrators. The town was largely rebuilt in 1867 after a most destructive fire. The houses are chiefly of wood, or else have the lower portion constructed of gray stone with a wooden upper. The stores are well equipped with modern articles, largely from the United States and Canada. Oil-lamps provide illumination for the streets. The population of the town is about 9000, and that of the whole island under 30,000. The islanders' loyalty to the Crown is shown by the ready response of the men during the war, several of whom laid down their lives for King and Empire. An excellent telephone system provides easy internal communication. There is a daily inland postal service, and the cable-office furnishes constant communication with the outside world. St George's Parish Church is an imposing building of considerable architectural pretensions; there are also well-appointed Wesleyan, Moravian, and Roman Catholic places of worship, a serviceable hospital, and a botanic station. Warner's hope of prosperity through the cultivation of tobacco does not seem to have been realised. The island instead has proved itself to be essentially adapted for the cultivation of sugar; muscovado, yellow crystals, and fine white sugar are produced on numerous well-kept estates. The Central Sugar-Factory was opened near Basseterre in 1912, and large quantities of the cane now find their way there. For the purposes of transport a well-equipped light railway has been built from the factory round a considerable part of the island, and during crop-time the scene is very busy as the trucks return loaded from the estates. Sea-island cotton is likewise a very valuable crop, and the yam, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts, and other tropical products are extensively grown for local consumption.

St Kitts is essentially an island in which it will repay the tourist to linger a little; whilst to the botanist the place should be one of superlative interest, as there are stated to be over two hundred different varieties of ferns. The remarkable Black Rocks, not far from Dieppe Bay, should also prove of great attraction to the geologist. Travelling is easy, for one road, thirty-two miles in length, runs all round the island, and is wonderfully well constructed and maintained. Close to the sea for the whole journey, it provides a charming trip in a motor-car, or, for those who prefer a slower method of travelling, in a well-horsed buggy. The climate is healthy, the temperature averaging 66–88 degrees, and there is ample hotel accommodation. With the cessation of hostilities steamer traffic fast reverted to normal conditions. An official mail-barge affords daily communication with Charlestown, the capital of Nevis, once a slave-market of the Royal African Company. Those who are good sailors, and are not deterred by the inconvenience of small, uncomfortable sailing-vessels, would find Basseterre an excellent starting-place for a tour amongst the practically unknown Dutch islands of Saba and St Eustatius, the French island of St Bartholomew, the British island of Anguilla, and the strangely divided island (French and Dutch) of St Martin. But let none save the stout-hearted voyager start out on such a trip.

WILD IS WILD.

AN ANIMAL STORY.

By F. St Mars, Author of *Pinion and Paw, Snapshots of the Wild*, &c.

'They cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.'

I.

THE snake may have made a mistake and lost its way, and it may not. Certainly it was in the middle of the veranda, just outside the door, looking in, as much as it was looking anywhere.

It was dusk, and presently the white man would come from his bath, with bare feet in half-slippers, as he always did every evening, after the day's work, and he would tread upon the legless one. Then—well, then the man would die, I suppose, in the specially wrapped-up-in-knots, horrible way in which those die who are bitten by a member of the viper class. At least, he would die if he was not mighty quick with a knife and the permanganate of potash crystals.

It was very still, and only the wild, harsh cry of two green ibis, passing high overhead, and calling 'Hadada! hadada!' at the smouldering sun, and the far-away, mournful, wailing 'Yaaa-ya-ya-ya!' of a complaining jackal, broke the wonderful, vast, all-pervading silence of the wild —'broke,' I said; but they emphasised it.

And then, suddenly, the inscrutable, cold, contemptuous gaze of the lidless eyes in the flat, broad reptile cranium shifted fractionally. The owner of that devil's stare did not shift at all.

Something else alive had, as it were, floated out of the gathering blue dusk-haze on to the veranda, as soundless as, nay, even more soundless than, the snake. Impossible, for a bit, to tell what the crouched, half-misty, half-guessed form might be.

It was sniffing the floor at first—not with any noise, as most beasts sniff—and not for a second or two did it lift its head and look towards the door, when suddenly there shone a most beautiful twin gleam of purple light. That marked its eyes, and apparently to the snake its identity also, for instantly the cruel flat head of the reptile pivoted in its direction.

The gloom deepened swiftly—as gloom, whether of time or mind, does in that land—and a minute passed, during the whole of which time those two beautiful fairy purple lamps shone steadily. Then, with something of a shock, one realised that they were, had been all the time, floating imperceptibly, soundlessly, nearer the door—and the snake.

The snake, being a wild thing, must have realised it at once, for it became as a coiled, set spring, waiting, waiting, waiting. Suddenly it hissed, and there was fear for once, as well as hate and unspeakable malignity, in that long-drawn wicked sound. And instantly the hiss was returned.

It, the owner of those wonderful eyes, whose body, always intangible, seemed now to have been packed away into nothing behind its head, had flung back hiss for hiss, but it was not a snake, nevertheless.

This represented a warning and a counter-warning, and before you could lift a hand the snake was through the door. So was the apparition with the eyes.

Instantaneous as a spark, the snake came to bay, recoiled upon itself, and—*wrrhp!* It had struck.

The wraith of the dusk let the hurtling head flash by beneath his—it was a he—updrawn padded feet, as he sprang straight up in the air. Then—well, then he came down again, with his paws exactly on the nape of the snake's neck, and the snake died, wrapping itself up in horrible knots, exactly as the white man must have done if the mystery had not floated up out of the dusk and saved him.

Silence continued to reign over the wild, over the compound, over the veranda and the bungalow—silence, broken only by the ghostly, horrible whisper, like the dealing of a pack of cards, of the dying snake's scales upon the coco-nut matting.

Five minutes later the white man came from his bath to the veranda, and—he disturbed some dim live form eating a snake in the doorway. Naturally, he stooped to investigate, and in a few seconds, straightening up, he exclaimed aloud, 'Wild cat eating a night adder, by Jove! W-e-l-l, I reckon the beggar has about saved my life. Teach me a lesson—what? Good for wild cats! Behold in me your active protector from to-day.'

He did not add that he was a governor of all those vast territories about. Perhaps he thought that superfluous.

In the meanwhile, a little ruffled, but in no-wise alarmed or less supercilious than usual, the yellow-gray cat, with the faintly streaked body, the ringed legs and tail, the dark spot over each eye, the facial side-stripes, and the wonderful eyes, was sitting, or crouched—upon my word, I never know what to call that peculiar cosy posture so noticeable with all the cats—round the corner of the compound wall, watching, with his steady 'cat stare,' the governor 'way over on the veranda. He was not, strictly speaking, a

wild cat. At least, he had nothing at all to do with *our* European wild cat, and stood on the great Register of all the Wild Tribes under a quite different and learned title, that meant nothing to most people, however. To us, he can be Capri, which is as good a name as any other; moreover, it was the governor's name for him—Capri, the caffre cat.

II.

After a time the governor went in, and Capri was left alone, with the mist and the night; but he did not move so much as a paw, all the same.

Somewhere, far away among the distant hills, thunder grumbled—but truly it may have been a lion—and was still; again, a hyæna set up a malignant and diabolical sudden 'Whoo-oo!' in the middle distance, and was as suddenly silent; and there came once, dimly, a drumming of hoofs, as if phantom cavalry (none more tangible could have galloped unseated in the forested dark) had chosen that moment to deliver a charge through the night—but the real articles were zebras stampeded by some great foe.

Then a shadow detached itself from the shadows at one end of the compound and drifted across to the back-door. It might have been a wisp of mist blown by a wandering breeze, if it had not been a civet cat—which, by the way, may be, and is by the smell, civet, but is certainly not cat. The cat is an honorary term, I guess. He was a sort of an experiment, a thing between a giant weasel and a long cat, plus a scent—the civet of commerce, to wit. He classed himself at the head of the mongooses and that clique, and his coat was banded like a bandicoot's, and where he wasn't banded he was blotched. One presumes he was going to the back-door for offal—garbage, siltage, or the mice or the rats that might, or might not, have been enterprising before him. If he met a snake by the way, well and good for him; if not—there was the fowl-house beyond. And that is your civet.

There never has been any love lost between the true cats and these sort of half-weasely ones, and the caffre cat hated civets on principle. Nevertheless, he followed that gentleman out of the night to the back-door, not *across* the compound—for he was a cat and the moon shone—but skirting round the inky sides of it. You see, he had to be careful, since, though in Britain a wild cat is a big pot and gives path to none save the stag and the golden eagle, in Africa he is very small fry indeed, and more likely to be eaten than to eat.

Arrived, after a long and cautiously employed interval, at the back-door, Capri was aware of—nothing, at first. Then his wonderful eyes—better than any night-glass ever presented by Board of Trade—picked out the civet cat, hunched and waiting motionless, under the 'lee' of a wall; at least, it was not a rubbish-heap there, though it might have been another beast if the civet wasn't a civet and smelt accordingly.

Capri said as much as a Red Indian on the war-path, which was nothing at all, but just crouched where he was, with both ears cocked behind him, and his eyes upon the beast in front.

Apparently the civet was waiting for something to turn up; had, in fact, an air of expecting it at about that hour and place, and, knowing the civet, Capri might have felt sorry for that something. So they sat on, for time is nothing to the wild-folk, fear being their clock, and their stomachs their calendar.

Perhaps for half-an-hour they waited, moving as much as wood-lumps, while a jackal ran across the compound, and howled (and looked) like a spook; and a number of other things, which may or may not have been jackals or something very much worse, came and went, rustling surreptitiously, in the undergrowth outside. Once a rat—but it saw, or smelt, one of the watchers, and nearly had a fit; and once an owl—but the watchers both very nearly had a fit in turn, guessing nothing of it on the wall's top till it chose to flap away suddenly with an unhallowed yell.

Then, all at once, the civet stiffened. Capri could feel it, rather than see the fact, I think, and next instant Capri himself quivered from nose to tail-tip, as his pale basilisk eyes narrowed and focussed suddenly upon a—a something floating along the ground towards them.

It was *the cat! Not* a wild cat. Not such as Capri. Not a civet 'cat.' Nothing to do with either of them, but just plain cat, tortoise-shell, domesticated, female pussy, or, if you must be scientific, *Felis domesticus.*

Capri was there to meet her. The civet was there to meet her, though not for the same reason, and they were both of them accommodated. Unfortunately, neither needed the presence of the other: it became a question of the *tertium quid* over again, and they have a way, a hard way of their own, of dealing with that problem in the wild. The cat—the pussy-cat, I mean—knew nothing about either of them, and, till that moment, cared less. Then she did. This only shows that little domestic tortoise-shell pussy-cats have no business to go poking about o' nights in a wild they were not born to, and do not understand, at any rate in Africa, which is the unsympathetic land for the civilised.

The civet, without any warning given, and no noise—landed upon her back. She acknowledged receipt with a yell that ought to have awakened somebody, or something, but seemed only to awaken the echoes. It was her S.O.S., so to say, and the domestic 'tom,' who ought to have heard and answered it, was sound asleep on his

master's pillow indoors. Not that *he* would have made much difference, anyway.

The caffre cat, with no ultimatum delivered and less than no noise—landed upon the civet's back!

It was quick work. One—two. Just as fast as that, for Capri knew his world, and also knew his civet. It was a matter of seconds either way whether the wild cat arrived before or after the tame cat's spine had been severed, for the civet bites deep and quickly. As a matter of fact, he arrived before—just as much before as makes no odds, as they say. And the civet acknowledged receipt with a throaty cough, but it was not *his* S.O.S.

The wild cat bit quickly too, and as deep as he could, but not deep enough. He was no weasel to deliver the famous matador stroke—a stroke, by the way, which, for all their high organisation for killing, the cats never do seem to have got the hang of. He only hurt—a good deal, it must be admitted, making the civet throw up his head like a hard-held horse, then bend double like a bow, and—turn his entire attention upon the brave Capri, which, seeing that the wild cat was only slightly bigger than a large domestic 'tom,' and that the civet was four feet long, looked bad for Capri.

The little tortoise-shell crawled out from under, soiled, shocked, and upset, to find cat and civet variously mixed up in a revolving vortex, the axis of which was fangs and fur, and the outer fringes tail-ends and bad language.

Then—though she tried to avoid it with a perfect explosion of scandalised snarls—the vortex shifted, like a flash, right on top of her, and, because she was a cat and never so dangerous as when thoroughly terrified, she did the one characteristic thing that a cat does in such hectic circumstances—she glued to the first, and least catty, body she could find in the confusion, and—well, once there, there, for a certain period, she stayed.

And the civet knew it. A very nice set of teeth—but, of course, they were only weak, and not made the most of in comparison with a wild animal's teeth—and twenty sharp claws—but they felt like forty—doing their best to get as far as possible into whatever they had got hold of are not nice, in spite of thick protecting fur. And that civet did *not*, in consequence, give the absolute whole of his undivided attention to Capri, as, from his knowledge of the breed, he perhaps ought to have done. The result was that he gave an opening—only one, and that fractional; but it was enough. In the wild you must never give an opening in a fight. Nature doesn't allow slips. And the result was that he got Capri on the top of him as well—though the in-leap was so quick that the human eye could scarce have followed it.

That civet had started out by underrating cats, tame or wild. Now he overrated them. But I guess he was at a disadvantage either way, since he was fighting for the female cat *to eat*, and Capri, he was fighting for the female cat *to love*, and there is no fight like that fight; it makes even plain, timid beasts fair devils upon occasion.

After that the civet's instant and pressing desire was to return at once, or sooner if possible, to the jungle he loved. And he went there—in circles more or less, in paralytic bounds most often, and at times (I swear) upon his back. That cat—she did very well for a female—stuck like a bur, and when Capri himself wasn't sticking, he was whirling and darting in and out like an enraged hornet, till the civet burrowed, coughing more throatily than ever, into the gripping fingers of wait-a-bit thorn scrub, and the darkness and the jungle received him back. a redder and a wiser beast.

III.

The cats were left to the darkened compound and themselves, and, being cats, their first act was to slide—on their bellies and very long and streaky—to the nearest cover. And here, in this cover, under a bush, still being cats, they hunched—the exact position in which cats squat, being neither crouching nor sitting, needs a name—about two yards apart, staring at one another; just staring. Maddening brutes, felines.

So far as this story and the wild are concerned, for the next fifteen or twenty minutes they might have been stumps, or stones, or never have existed.

Once a leopard came by, grunting, which showed that something must have gone wrong with his programme. Not that one saw the leopard, mark you—one never does. Once a bush pig, or it may have been several (for all that they are not supposed to), nosed out of the dark to hunt for bungalow and village scraps, but crossed the scent of friend pard and erupted into the night again. Once a porcupine, rattling his quills for warning and talking to himself in a low key, detached himself from the gloom, and promptly fell foul of a hyæna—but that ghoul must have been insane with hunger—whom he routed to the tune of howls fit for a chorus of assembled ghosts. Then somebody spoke in a monotone up above, and a nightjar trailed his plumes, meteorwise, across the sky. And then the cats talked, after their own fashion, which is not ours, and all the night wild heard it.

Half-an-hour after the passing of the civet and all his works—his scent lasted, though—the wild ancestor of all the cats wafted (there is no other word for it) through the gloom down to the river, and behind him the little female descendant of the wild cats picked a cautious and padded way.

It was a strange and new world to her, this wonderful, mysterious world of the night wild, and very sinister, but how sinister she did not fairly guess till a reeking mass rose up in her

path, causing the adventurer who had wooed and won her to shoot up a fig-tree as if he had that moment most conveniently stepped on a spring, and for the first time in her life she heard the terrible purr of the king of all her kind—even Leo himself. That was an awe-inspiring experience from which she was still on end, so to speak, when they came together, Capri and she, to the river-bank, and heard a regiment of Egyptian geese, unseen on a sand-spur, talking in hushed voices, away across the water, and in the moonlight, just furtively staring over the tree-tops, saw a bull hippopotamus rise and blow.

The female cat was for racing home at once after that, and then for drinking, but her lover—by example, I take it, for he made mighty little sound—restrained her from both follies; and she learned, again by example, how to lap swiftly at the shallowest spot, bent like a set spring, while he watched the still black surface, keen-eyed and alert, for she knew not what.

She had no more than finished and shaken the moisture from one upraised paw—as cats will—as she withdrew, when there was a ripple, and, with a splutter and a heave, a dripping, glistening, bristling head arose, almost alongside, with a snort, the water falling from it in a diamond chain. Capri got up a mangrove-tree even as the head rose, leaving a line of snarls behind him. The female cat did likewise, but, though quick for her, far behind her companion. And together, foreshortened, from a branch they watched the wet beast come ashore and, pausing only to shake his whiskers, dive into the undergrowth. One is not trained to expect otters nearly five feet long these days, but so it was. He had snapped at the female cat as she took one wild leap for the tree-bole, and the very tip of her tail was bleeding raw in consequence. I don't know what would have happened if he had got a fair hold.

From the branches, peering out between the leaves, they watched a horrible, scaly monstrosity of a crocodile rise in silence in mid-stream, and taking the bearings of the geese that could be heard in the distance, as silently sink. Later a commotion on the sandbank seemed to indicate that he had got in with his submarine frightfulness.

About this time the female domestic pussy had had about enough of that wild, and wanted to go home to master, and saucers of milk, and safety. The sight of old croc with his horny jaws open about finished her, I fancy; and she cannot be blamed, for the view of those black, green-scummed, forbidding waters at night, which had, to her knowledge, vomited at least two undreamt-of horrors, and might contain untold deaths more that she did not know of, was trying to the strongest nerves, especially when you have, like that cat, only just drunk at the brink of that water. Moreover, the unspeakable stench of musk, which floated from the scaly terror to them across the oily reaches, was terrifying enough in itself. Wherefore she essayed to go down; but there were other things as well as leaves in that great, big, hoary old veteran of an amphibious tree, and the first thing she knew was something she had nearly trodden upon going whiz past her nose, a pounce and a fiendish snarl from her lover, a crash, a grip, cold and horrible, whipping round her body, the wild cat disappearing from sight in a wild and mixed-up grapple with something, and herself jerked and sent flying through the air by the ghastly nameless foe that encircled her body becoming suddenly pulled taut.

The chill of the cold water and the splash of it, as she finished her fall in the river beneath, struck the little beast like an electric shock; for she was a domestic cat, remember, and loathed water like a—spider. Moreover, it was her first experience of being actually in water, much less such a vile element as this, out of which any nightmare might rise and engulf her. (She had seen some.)

Beside her the caffre cat and the snake whom she had nearly trodden upon, and from whom he had probably saved her, struggled together in a deadly and ghastly embrace. But she was past caring about lovers; had, in fact, been well cured of her desire for the wild and a mate with a bit more of the devil in him than the ordinary 'tame tom.' This mate had all the devil in him she wanted, and, in addition, he seemed to live in a land of devils beside.

That cat got ashore about three times more quickly than she had ever got anywhere in all her little life. Her fur was going tingly all down her spine every inch of the way, and her hind-toes were drawn up at each stroke, with celerity and precision, as if expecting vast jaws to close upon them every second, and when she pulled herself out—well out, far up the bank—she was about the most scandalised, shocked, woe-begone, thin, and thoroughly upset pussy that you ever saw in all your life.

The gallant 'tom' came ashore gaily hard on her tail—for he knew the risk of bathing in that lugubrious bath—one half of the offending snake triumphantly held between his glistening fangs, the other half—oh! being torn to pieces by now probably by the terrible tiger-fish, or by baby crocodiles as villainous as their parents in all but size. *He* didn't care. *He* was used to it—born and bred to that sort of game; one of the few, the very, very few, members of the cynical cat tribe who didn't mind water—had not the ancient Egyptians proved it when they tamed his forefathers?—and the hundred extra ghastly risks that swimming meant in a land already teeming with ghastly risks enough as it was. Indeed, he went further, and plunging in again, swam craftily to some reeds,

from whose shelter he leapt upon, and very neatly hooked down, one out of a flock of seven duck actually on the rise as he rushed them. But it was all no good, for

> East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet—

and when he got ashore again, all dripping and small, his lady-love was gone.

IV.

For some moments he looked about, growling to himself in a proud way—like a kitten over its first mouse. Then, since a shadow with eyes that gleamed—it must have been a jackal—slid up to see what the growling was about, he entrenched himself in the heart of a mimosa, and, as the sounds attested, fed. Even he could not hide the sounds, and the jackal, not relishing an argument with him on his own spiky ground in the bush, sat on his haunches and howled 'Ya-ya-ya-ya!' till he called a friend.

Capri could see their two pairs of eyes pale green and cruel as death, like twin lamps, shifting about outside in the gloom, and he knew that when they could screw up courage they would rush him. He had no wish to meet them, however. He was in a hurry; and soon, leaving half of the duck for whoever might find it, he evaporated noiselessly into the thickets, and in that place was no more.

Five minutes later we rediscover him, an intangible shape, a wisp of mist, a shadow broken off from a hundred identical shadows — anything you please but what he was—'blowing,' light as thistledown, through the tangled wilderness. He was following the trail of the she-cat, and he had not had much difficulty in doing that, for it went just as straight as the execrable thorns—most of them seemed to be at least six inches long, hooked, and jagged—would allow her tender nose and delicate feet (this needed fine whisker-work in the dark, by the way) back to the compound.

Apparently most of the way she had gone at speed, and he came to one spot where a young leopard had sprung at and tried to chop her among the bushes, and she had apparently stampeded clear, losing her head with sheer terror, and spoilt some of her good looks in the process, as bits of fur, variously hung up on the line of flight, attested.

The caffre cat drew wary circles around that trail so long as the stink of friend leopard went with it, which was not very far, then hurried on. He seemed to fear that disaster would overtake his tame love in this grim and cruel wild before he could get to her, and for that reason, it may be, he was not perhaps quite so cautious as he had got his reputation for being. Anyway, as he swiftly skirted the wall of the compound, something unsuspected dropped on him from above with a snarl of deadly hate. And that was a pity for the snarler. It should have kept its mouth shut, and done its snarling afterwards. As it was, it gave Capri about one twenty-fifth of a second's warning, and that was enough where he was concerned. He did not look, mark you: he moved, almost two yards in one bound, and in less than the time-limit. The result was that the snarler from the wall-top—who had calculated upon bringing off an annihilating ambush—dropped upon a caffre cat that wasn't there. At least, he wasn't there in that instant. The next he was, for he moved back again to the spot where he had been, but was not, as suddenly and instantaneously as he left it, only with the positions, or the intended positions, reversed. It was *he* who was on top this time, not the snarler, and all the night knew it, for that beast, who was the domestic 'tom' of the bungalow—and a hefty bully when Capri wasn't by—had let his jealousy go too far for once in his life, and, in taking on the wild, had bitten off more than he could chew, so to say.

There was one maniacal scurry in the leering, peering moonlight, just one fiendish scurry, and then that 'tom'—what was left of him—went away. He did it quickly and without looking back, and his blood sprinkled the ground by the way.

Capri, all fur on end, tail blown out, and wicked ears flat, stood for a moment staring after him with his savage, inscrutable eyes, then doubled on himself, and hurried, under the shadow of the wall, along the trail of the she-cat. On wary paw he crossed the compound, ran the scent along beside a shed, turned the angle of the bungalow wall almost, not quite, to the veranda, and, beside some garden bushes, stopped—stopped, so utterly at once that his hind-quarters seemed to come on top of his head.

He had found his lady-love. Oh yes, he had found her again all right. She had not gone home—quite. No, all but, but not quite, for three yards separated her from the veranda and an open window and safety and home. Just three yards, that's all.

There is a saying in the wild that the length of the fur on the tip of your tail only, let alone three yards, is as good as a whole mile sometimes, and it was true in this case.

She was facing him, that she-cat, and she was lying down, and there was the very faintest of faint, faint violet light in her eyes. There was something else in her eyes, too—a fixed look of unspeakable terror; but that is carrying us into the realms of Spookland, and must not be enlarged upon. She did not move when Capri came, as it were, face to face, suddenly upon her. And she did not move when he gingerly sniffed her, making the while a funny coaxing little noise, like the noise a cat sometimes makes to her kittens. And small wonder that she did

not move, either, for her spine was bitten through at the back of her neck, her stomach was torn open, and, to use an expression which at least was not coined in this language, she had been bled—sucked—white.

Capri, with his head down, and ears folded over, and lips curled back; Capri, with his cruel eyes stabbing the shadows swiftly, even while he sniffed, did not need the sickly smell about the corpse, or his keen nose, or the imprint of clawed feet in the dust to tell him who had done this Thug's work. He knew. He was a wild beast, and he knew. In such wise do the civets deal with their prey—the civets, and, for all I know, it may be, no others. Evidently the civet had come back, or rather, if he had not come back himself, being in no condition to risk a second argument, he had sent his wife, which, so far as the cat was concerned—so far, indeed, as both cats were concerned—was the same thing.

Half-a-minute later Capri, very erect, very flat-eared, very tense, with a horribly evil look about his face, and stepping swiftly and strangely, like a beast that walks upon glass, withdrew backwards from the corpse, backwards across the moonlight, backwards slowly into the shadows, backwards, fading, gradually fading, intangibly dissolving, till only his eyes were left, only his cruel, inscrutable, gleaming gray eyes—fading, fading back into the night, into the wild whence he had come.

NEW PRINCIPLES AND OLD PRACTICES.

By M. Campbell Smith.

I.

THE wave of intense interest in social reform which lately passed over Scotland in the wake of the Temperance Act was a rather curious phenomenon. In one sense it seems to have left no trace. Except by a few, it is already nearly forgotten, and we Scots appear to the superficial eye much as we were, with the old bulwarks of alcoholism still left standing, and our reputation as a patriotic and a conscientious people not perceptibly heightened. Yet in these few months what misconception, what ignorance and illusion, have been cleared away; what sincere, practical enthusiasm has shown itself! Not all the speeches, it is true, which were delivered, not all the admirable newspaper articles which were written, availed to make the Scottish people vote effectively for any form of temperance offered by this Act. None the less, these often public-spirited efforts did fire the conscience of even the unimaginative, and shed light upon strange depths of thoughtless indifference and short-sighted prejudice; so that it may safely be prophesied that, thanks to this controversy and the keen interest with which it was followed, in gin-shops as well as drawing-rooms, those who inspire future temperance legislation will have to face a public greatly larger and more enlightened than any which has hitherto examined the question.

With all this exhaustive discussion and ingenious argument, however, no one seems to have inquired into the past history of the movement. Here is a problem which has its beginnings in the dawn of civilisation itself. Yet one might almost imagine that alcohol was as new to the world as radium, so indifferent do temperance reformers appear to all the causes and slow processes which have brought us to our present distressing position of almost national shame and humiliation. Notwithstanding, it is a vital fact—unpleasant perhaps, but not to be ignored—that men have been making and drinking wine for thousands of years, and that we are, therefore, grappling with a custom, and its attendant evils, as old as the history of the world. If antiquity can make a trade respectable, what industry is more honourable than this of the culture of the vine? If use and wont can confer a right, what human liberty has longer stood the assault of centuries than this prosaic right of man to manufacture wine, and to drink it? For good and evil, there it is; and a custom so old, so dignified by time, cannot be brushed aside like a fungus which has grown up in a night.

Moreover, from the time of Plato to the Victorian age, no great thinker (not even the ascetic St Paul) has condemned the habit of moderate drinking. On the contrary, it has been accepted almost universally, if not approved. And what is, therefore, remarkable, even astounding, is not the fact that individuals and classes of men have come forward to defend passionately interests and liberties which they conceive to be in danger, but that, in a short space of time, a strong, profound public sentiment has grown up which unhesitatingly condemns that excess in the use of alcohol which our modern cities so tragically reveal, and which has determined that the evil is to be vanquished.

For this movement is a thing of to-day, though one writer, Plato, considered the question more than two thousand years ago, in that wonderful dawn of the world, when all thoughts and ideas were new. Writing in the sadness and disillusionment of old age, the glorious ideal state which he had dreamed of in his youth no longer seemed to him possible of attainment, and he describes in the *Laws* a practical compromise, such as ordinary people, full of faults and prejudices, might be likely to accept. One of the problems

for him was this which faces us to-day, whether or not wine-drinking should be permitted within the State. And he thought the matter so important, and so beset with difficulties, as to require all the wisdom that legislators could bring to bear upon it. 'At the very mention of the word intoxication,' he says (so little, we see, has mankind changed in essentials), 'one side is ready with their praises and the other with their censures' (*Laws*, 638). But Plato came to the conclusion that the practice of drinking ought to be permitted in the State, not as something which added to the pleasures of life, but on moral and educational grounds, because it afforded a means of training men in habits of temperance. Boys, he thought, should not be allowed to touch alcohol; but after the age of eighteen years, and until they were forty, men might drink very sparingly. After forty (which he regarded as the beginning of old age) every one might take as much as he liked, 'to renew his youth and forget sorrow.' Plato's view, on the whole, amounted to this, that character should be trained by means of pleasures as well as pains; that, therefore, convivial intercourse should be encouraged, so that temperance (the highest of moral qualities, according to Hellenic ideas), or, as we should say, a man's power of self-control, should be 'tested in his cups as we test his courage amid dangers.'

Perhaps his thought was not unlike that expressed so many centuries later by Milton: 'What wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian' (*Areopagitica*).

Plato thought that law-givers, magistrates, and such persons in authority should not drink during their year of office—a suggestion which might be received with ill-favour in our modern city life. Curiously enough, Solomon, whom we do not represent to our minds as a very temperate man, expresses somewhat similar views in Proverbs xxxi. Strong drink, he says, is not for kings and princes, 'lest they drink and forget the law,' but wine should be given 'unto him that is ready to perish,' and to those 'that be of heavy hearts.' It appears to be unlikely that there was ever much hard drinking among the Jews (who, of course, made wine like other nations), for even St Paul shows no iron rigour in speaking of this form of luxury.

The glorification of wine undoubtedly came to us from the Greeks, like nearly everything that is good in our modern civilised life, and some things that are evil. If we may judge by the scenes which Plato describes in *The Banquet* (and it is clearly an authentic picture of the social life of his time), the festive celebrations of intellectual Greeks of the upper class had many features which we should almost call bacchanalian. We have no very exact idea of what ancient wines were like, or of their agreeableness to the palate, but of their effect upon the head and the legs we can entertain no manner of doubt. Socrates alone, when constrained to join in convivial libations, showed himself superior to this as to other human weaknesses. No man, we are told, ever saw Socrates drunk. But we find him, in Plato's dialogue, pledging Alcibiades in a vessel holding two quarts, still able as the night wore on to discourse on the deeper problems of philosophy, and, when his hearers were all asleep round the disordered banquet-table, leaving them at dawn to go home and spend the day as usual. This is, no doubt, temperance of a kind!

The Romans, of course, did not better this state of things. In their lighter vein they contributed much poetry inimical to the interest of Prohibition, and, of all the poets of all ages who have sung the joys of wine, none perhaps from this point of view is a greater offender than Horace. But while in this and other matters the Romans set the Greeks before them as their model, they were by nature a people of inferior refinement, and, in their ardent pursuit of pleasures of the table, they sank to degrees of debauchery which to the Hellenic mind would have been unthinkable. It must be confessed that in the early centuries of the Christian era moderation in this respect was to be found nowhere. The ideal of gentlemanly drunkenness was a Greek conception, and few of the high aspirations which have animated the human race have been possessed of such vitality. Alas! can we say even to-day that its influence for evil is dead? The belief that mysterious depths of self-control and a superior quality of understanding could be demonstrated by carrying one's liquor like a gentleman (as the phrase went in a subsequent age) became the source of unparalleled excesses, against which even Fathers of the Church appealed in vain. Teetotallers of those days—if such there were—could have found neither friend nor employer; even to be temperate was to expose one's character to contempt and one's intelligence to derision.

II.

In Great Britain we seem in no wise to have played the part of reformers. In spite of our damp, sunless climate, the vine was cultivated and wine actually made in England until the twelfth century; but gradually, as the facilities increased for importing cheaper and finer varieties from France, the home industry died down. Spanish wines became known under the familiar name of 'sack,' of which Shakespeare tells us that Falstaff was able to buy two quarts for 5s. 8d. (Elizabethan money); and in malmsey, it is said, one royal personage met his death by drowning. In truth, the extent of this trade even in the Middle Ages is scarcely credible. It is only too probable that it is the drunken

England of his time which Shakespeare has in mind when he puts the well-known passage about drinking into Hamlet's mouth, for even then we seem to have been marked as a nation fond of strong liquor. In those times the quantity of wine consumed yearly in a distinguished household was reckoned not in gallons but in tuns, and one Archbishop of York in the sixteenth century was reported to have used eighty tuns a year of claret alone. Readers of the old poets and chroniclers must reluctantly agree that the clergy showed no high example to their flocks in this respect. How, indeed, should they, when the choicest grapes were always grown on Church lands, and not only the finest wines, but all the distilled spirit, were made by the monks, who were the only educated people in the Middle Ages?

From a letter written by Dorothy Osborne to her lover, Sir William Temple, in the year 1654, we are able to infer that cakes and ale were still enjoyed in England during the reign of the Puritans. Dorothy, at the moment of writing, is staying in Kent at the house of her brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Peyton, a man of temperate habits, though a keen Royalist; the visitors who were staying in the house were, however, as she says, 'the greatest drinkers she ever saw.' She goes on: 'But in earnest there was one more to be pitied besides us, and that was Colonel Thornhill's wife, as pretty a young woman as I have seen. . . . This innocent creature is sacrificed to the veriest beast that ever was. The first day she came hither, he intended, it seems, to have come with her, but by the way called in to see an old acquaintance, and bid her go on, he would overtake her, but did not come till next night after, and then so drunk he was laid immediately to bed, whither she was to follow him when she had supped. I blest myself at her patience. . . .'

We see from this vigorous statement that there were women as early as two and a half centuries ago who looked upon a thoroughly intoxicated man with disgust; but it is to be feared, or, rather, hoped, that they were not common. Somewhat more than a century later we find another highly intelligent and observant lady relating her experiences under similar circumstances; with this difference, that the Duke of Clarence (whom we afterwards knew as William IV.) was not *drunk* so much as what we should call 'happy' when he blundered in upon the dinner-table at which sat Miss Fanny Burney and other members of Queen Charlotte's household. Nothing was for it but he would make these correct and dignified persons drink the king's health. They could not, as he said, get drunk in a better cause; and he bawled for champagne. Miss Burney, hoping not to get drunk at all, tried to evade the bumper the attendant was filling for her. But no, by G—! shouted the hearty prince; she must drink it. And so on with other toasts and other bumpers, until away went the royal visitant with his heart warm to the whole world, leaving the hearts of the household, one would fancy, somewhat warmed also.

It would be easy to quote passages from eighteenth-century literature in which illustrious personages are displayed under circumstances much more regrettable than these. The interest for us here lies in knowing what was the attitude of a typically well-bred and somewhat straitlaced woman of education to incidents of this kind. Blinded as she was by loyalty to the throne, the celebrated authoress shows herself remarkably wide awake and outspoken in her private *Diary*; the more surprising it therefore is that in this present connection the page is not illumined by any of the reluctant criticisms and pious regrets we should have expected to find. On the contrary, so far was she, apparently, from being shocked or distressed that she commented pleasantly on what had happened to the prince's young sister on the following day.

More illuminating, however, than the comments of these intelligent women is the attitude of Addison, and to this his whole life bears witness. An able writer in a contemporary magazine, starting from Horace Walpole's statement that Addison died of brandy, has attempted to prove that this idol of book-lovers has none but intellectual claims upon our reverence, and that drink was the least of his vices. Some of us may refuse to accept the reasoning of this courageous critic, and may prefer to believe that if these black and secret sins had existed they would not have remained hidden from Pope and Swift, neither of whom was inclined to see Addison as we do. This must, however, be admitted—that this great and good man can scarcely have known what it was to go to bed sober; that he wrote the most charming and delicate of the *Spectator* papers with a bottle of wine on each side of him; and that he died at the age of forty-seven, not entirely as the result of asthma. Yet where do we read of a death-bed so hallowed by faith and hope and tranquillity? Addison died in peace and goodwill, in the happy and serene consciousness of a life well spent. So intimate is the connection between our manners and our morals!

Strangely enough, unlike most men of incurably convivial habits, that kindliest of faulty beings, Richard Steele, is very severe indeed in his judgment upon drunkards. 'For my part,' he cries, 'I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious' (*Tatler*, 241). To hear him, no one would think of the fine company that poor Dick kept, or that he had sometimes to be conducted home of a night, to the indignation and distress of his darling wife, Prue. For the moment he has forgotten about this, and is all for the regeneration of mankind. In honest confidence he makes a serious suggestion to ensure their betterment: that it should be made a condition of life insurance that a

man should not drink before dinner-time. But this is not so imposing a stipulation as it may sound to the late diners of to-day; it would only mean abstinence until about three o'clock—not an unattainable feat for those who, as he complains elsewhere, turned night literally into day.

Language like this of Steele is, of course, quite exceptional, and perhaps not of great ethical value, since, unhappily, the most splendid precepts are less effective than practice and example. Far different was the attitude of the world at this time. Aristotle has observed that a virtue ceases to be a virtue when we have it in excess, and certainly Christian tolerance in this respect of latitude to fast living seems to have been unduly cultivated. Intemperate habits were taken for granted, and one is surprised to find Dr Johnson assiduously endeavouring to turn Boswell into a water-drinker. As he said with unanswerable good sense, 'You are then sure not to get drunk; whereas, if you drink wine, you are never sure.' Roused by the soundness of this logic, and eager as always to please, poor Boswell did make a pathetic, but, alas! unavailing, effort. It was evident from the first that he was 'a man convinced against his will,' and the laurels of total abstinence sat uneasily upon his brow.

Johnson himself is sometimes inaccurately spoken of as a teetotaller. But no one can justly so call him, for he stated with his usual directness that he had no objection to any man drinking if he could do it in moderation, and that it was a matter which every one must judge for himself. On his own confession, he at one time emptied many a bottle of wine. And he drank it often alone, because he could not endure that any one should see him at a disadvantage. But after an illness, during which he had to cease drinking, he decided that it was a source of danger to one of his melancholy habit of mind, and gave it up altogether. And very wisely, undoubtedly. For Johnson, as he freely admitted to Hannah More and others, was one of those individuals who can abstain altogether, but cannot 'drink a little.' In his character and manners, as Boswell shrewdly observed, there was never any moderation.

Dr Johnson was of the opinion that in his lifetime people had become more temperate, and, speaking in 1773 (when he himself was sixty-four), said that he could remember when all the decent people in Lichfield, his native place, got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of. But it may be questioned whether among the eminent men of the time there was any noticeable improvement. Eighteenth-century statesmen were not less remarkable for their gigantic intellectual and oratorical gifts than for habits of hard drinking and fast living which in our day would shake the empire of a Demosthenes. Gout and disease, lifelong debt and anxiety, were but too often the harvest reaped by men whose names were destined to live for ever.

In the nineteenth century we see a gradual awakening to the full significance of a social evil such as this—an awakening specially striking in northern countries, where, owing to well-known causes, the abuse of alcohol has been most marked. In Great Britain the high morality and example of the Victorian Court contributed no doubt in a considerable degree to making drunkenness an unfashionable vice, and to establishing a new standard of moral judgment with regard to it. But the dominant factor must be sought, here as elsewhere, in the permeating influences of a more liberal and widespread culture, and, above all, in the irresistible authority of science and the application of scientific ideas to the welfare of the race. No thinking man at the present day contemplates without dismay the continued existence of forces which are literally to be seen at work, sapping the physical vitality and rotting the moral fibre of the citizens of this Empire. So that if it be true, as is often said, that every social reform begins at the top and filters down to the less refined and less educated classes, we may regard the recent history of drinking habits in this country as bright with hope for the future. Who, indeed, can doubt that, could we but be content to stand and wait, could we leave all to the quiet power of time, every hope of reform that a rational being can cherish would inevitably be fulfilled? For we have only to look around. In provincial towns to-day wine is rarely seen on the table except on formal occasions; the old-fashioned dignified custom of pledging healths (which came to us direct from the Greeks) has almost disappeared. The lower classes still think it their glorious right to drink as much as they like; but there are a good many of them who are sorry and ashamed to be *seen drunk*. For such as these everything may be hoped from enlightened legislation; and in the meantime, when we feel inclined to judge harshly and impatiently, let us remember Dr Johnson's wise and humane reply to the old lady who wondered how men could take a pleasure in making beasts of themselves: 'He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man.'

IF YOU WERE HERE.

If you were here, no sudden flow
Of eloquence would greet you, dear,
But silence deep as driven snow—
If you were here.

And if perchance you ventured near
To look into my eyes, I know
That they would hold nor doubt nor fear,
But only joy; for glad thoughts glow
Like sunflowers when the sky is clear,
And darkest hours would radiant grow
If you were here.

LORNA KEELING COLLARD.

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SEVENTH SERIES

'DELABATE.'

By LOUIS A. BARBÉ,
Author of *Sidelights on the Political, Social, and Industrial History of Scotland*, &c.

PART I.

I.

ON the lands of Broomhouse, between the village of Preston and the town of Duns, in the Berwickshire uplands, half-hidden amongst the trees that overshadow the entrance to the historic estate, there stands a simple monument of which the very existence is unknown to many who live within a radius of a few miles. It consists of a slightly tapering, rectangular column of stone, about eighteen feet in height, surmounted by a funerary urn. The only inscription that it bears is the name DELABATE, carved on one side.

At a distance of a few hundred yards from this monument there is a plot of ground which, though now sufficiently reclaimed to be worth cultivating, is still known by its old name of 'Bawtie's bog.' According to local tradition, it is the spot on which was perpetrated the cruel deed of barbarous revenge commemorated by the pillar.

'Bawtie' and 'Delabate' are two of the many corruptions of a name which, for a brief space, figures with some prominence in Scottish history, and which recalls a career doubly interesting by reason of its romantic beginning and of its tragic close—that of Antoine d'Arces de La Bastie, the 'White Knight,' as he was frequently styled by his fellow-countrymen.

It was in remarkable circumstances that the bearer of it made his first appearance at the brilliant Court of James IV. On January 8, 1505, he had issued a challenge to the knighthood of Spain, Portugal, England, and Scotland. This extraordinary document was forwarded to Marchmont Herald, and by him duly and officially made public in Edinburgh. It announced that, with the authorisation of the most high, most powerful, and most excellent Princess, his Sovereign Lady and Mistress, Queen of France and Duchess of Brittany, Antoine d'Arces, Lord of La Bastie, in the province of Dauphiné, intended, for his own pleasure and in emulation of the prowess of the valiant knights of former days, to visit the kings, dukes, and counts of the countries mentioned, and would be ready to meet any opponent who, either of his own accord or in deference to the wishes of his lady, was disposed to fight with him to a finish. After setting forth with technical minuteness all the conditions to be observed by the combatants, it stipulated that he who was stricken helpless by his adversary should go and give himself up as a prisoner at the mercy of the lady best loved of the victor; and that in the event of his being unwilling to go to her in person, he should, within four days, through an officer-at-arms, transmit to her, wherever she might be, a diamond of the value of three hundred crowns.

The French knight's quixotic challenge does not appear to have appealed to the three sovereigns whose dominions were first visited by him, for he is reported to have been courteously put off by each of them in turn. But in James IV. Scotland had at this time a king whose fame as a patron of all knightly sports had 'sprung through all Europe,' and De La Bastie was accorded the cordial reception that was to be expected from so chivalrous a monarch. Evidence to this effect is supplied, in the first instance, by the Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, in which it is entered that, on the 26th day of November 1506, the sum of thirty-four shillings was paid to John Hertseid, 'pail-youn man,' to pass to Stirling to fetch the pavilions against the 'fechting' of the Lord Hamilton and the French knight. Direct reference to their jousting is made by three writers, who are not, however, in agreement as to the result of the contest. Sir James Balfour, whilst admitting that there were 'divers notable rencounters without any certain victory to either,' assigns such slight advantage as there was to his own countryman, who, 'one day at Falkland, was judged to have the honour; which La Bautey did impute to his own indisposition of body that day.' John Leslie is content with a contest in which 'not one of the two will give over.' In opposition to these two versions of the jousting, there is another which we owe to Aymar du Rivail, a contemporary who was personally acquainted with De La Bastie, and who gives as his authority one of the knight's

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companions-in-arms. There it is distinctly claimed for Antoine d'Arces that he had the upper hand—*eut le dessus*. The same writer adds the interesting detail that the French champion rose to such favour with the Scottish king as sometimes to be admitted to sleep in the royal bedchamber.

Du Rivail describes De La Bastie as being of average stature, but of sturdy build, and as possessing amongst other advantages shoulders of a breadth that denoted extraordinary strength. That he was exceptionally endowed in this respect might be inferred from his prowess in the lists; but other testimony to that effect is to be met with where we should hardly expect to find it—in the Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer. We learn from them that James, who was noted for his powerful physique, and prided himself on it, thought his guest a worthy competitor, and challenged him to a test with the sledge-hammer. It is to be regretted, however, that no indication is afforded as to which of the two proved to be the mightier man at the anvil. All that we are told is that on the 25th of January 1506–7 the sum of fourteen shillings was given 'to the smyth quhen the King and the French Knight straik at the steddye.'

II.

That there is no exaggeration in his compatriot's statement that De La Bastie returned to France 'laden with presents,' appears from the entries which are to be found in the Accounts, and which also go to prove with what generous hospitality he was treated during his stay of some eighteen weeks—from Michaelmas to Candlemas—at the Scottish Court.

De La Bastie's experience of Scottish hospitality and royal munificence in the course of his first visit could not have been more gratifying; and his appreciation of them was shown by the readiness with which he subsequently availed himself of such opportunities as offered to return to the country of which he retained such pleasant and flattering memories. The first that occurred was in 1508. There were then various matters to be discussed between the kings of Scotland and of France, and the distinguished Franco-Scot, Bernard Stuart of Aubigny, was sent over by Louis XII. for the purpose of dealing with them. Amongst those that accompanied him to Scotland was De La Bastie.

Pitscottie says that 'soon after D'Aubigny came in Scotland, he caused the King's Grace to set a great jousting and tournament at Edinburgh, in Holyrood-house'; that the king made him judge of it, and 'called the same the tournament of the Black Knight and the Black Lady.' From this there can be no doubt that De La Bastie was present at the extraordinary pageant given by James in honour of the 'Black-Moir,' the 'lady with the mekle lips' sung by Dunbar. It may be taken for granted that he played an active part in it; and, indeed, evidence in support of this assumption may be deduced from a flattering reference made by James in a letter to Anne of Brittany, of which the French knight was the bearer, and in which the queen was assured that he had shown himself a faithful servant of hers, to his own glory and honour.

Only a few days after the close of the memorable tournament, Bernard Stuart of Aubigny was taken ill and died at Corstorphine. As soon as the gravity of his condition was realised, and when it became apparent that there was no hope of his returning to France, the reply which he would have taken back to Louis XII. was entrusted to Gavin Dunbar and Antoine de La Bastie. They were to travel together; but, as was explained, with courteous apologies, in the letters of credence which De La Bastie took with him, the French knight was prevented by circumstances from sailing with his clerical colleague. In view of the high favour in which he stood with his royal host, there is, however, good reason to believe that when he did leave the country 'King James himself, partly for honour, partly for his recreation,' bore him company to the May, 'foranent' Berwick, as is further chronicled.

On the occasion of this short visit also, the White Knight may well have congratulated himself on his reception. Not only were his travelling expenses and those of 'his company,' as well as the cost of his own board and lodging whilst in town, defrayed from the royal treasury, but he himself, personally, received sixty French crowns on one occasion, and a hundred Scots crowns on another. And, as very substantial memorials of his stay at the Scottish Court, he carried back with him two flagons of beaten silver that had been given to the king by the Bishop of Moray, and 'six silver pieces, with their cover, in a case.'

III.

The next few years of De La Bastie's eventful career were spent on active service in Italy. When he returned to Scotland, the condition of the country had undergone a deplorable change. The disastrous battle of Flodden had been fought, the reign of the most brilliant of the Stuarts had closed with the catastrophe of his death on that fateful field, an infant less than two years old had succeeded to the crown, and the Duke of Albany had been offered the regency by one of the two factions into which the turbulent nobles had divided themselves. Though the nearest male heir to the throne, Albany was French by birth and education, possessed extensive fiefs in France in right of his wife, Anne de La Tour d'Auvergne, and had himself been raised to the dignity of Lord High Admiral by Louis XII. Before consenting to exchange the position which he held at the Court of France for that which was offered him in Scotland, he desired to secure for himself certain definite conditions,

and sent over a representative who was to submit them to the Estates. Foremost amongst them was the restoration to him, as Duke of Albany and Earl of March, of the possessions, titles, and honours forfeited by his banished father. There were also agreements to be entered upon as to the form of his government, the number of French guards he was to be allowed, and the castles that were to be given up to him to be garrisoned by them. The agent chosen by him to discuss these weighty matters was Antoine d'Arces de La Bastie. Not only was the French knight a trusted friend of the duke's, and a man of exceptionally brilliant endowments, but he also enjoyed the advantage of knowing Scotland and of being known there; and it is suggestive both of what the result of his negotiations was expected to be, and of the length of time it was intended subsequently to make use of his services there, that on this occasion he was accompanied by his wife, a Norman lady of the family of Ferrier.

De La Bastie landed on the west coast of Scotland on the 3rd of November 1513, and after resting for a few days to recover from the fatigue of his long sea-journey, proceeded to Stirling, where he delivered his letters to the queen-mother and the nobility of the realm. The conditions which he had been instructed to submit to them were agreed to; and by way of guarantee for their fulfilment, the castle of Dunbar, which had belonged to Albany's father, was delivered to him on the 19th of the month, and entrusted to the keeping of a French garrison. Six months later Albany himself arrived in Scotland. After having sworn fidelity to the king and the country, and received the oath of obedience of the Three Estates, he was duly proclaimed regent.

All that is known of De La Bastie during Albany's stay in Scotland is that he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Christian II., King of Denmark, bearing with him a letter purporting to be from the infant king himself, who referred to him as a 'veteran knight who had been most dear to his father'; and that he met with a reception so cordial and so magnificent as to call for special acknowledgment in a letter of thanks to the Danish sovereign.

During those two years the Accounts make occasional reference to the French knight in his capacity as governor of Dunbar Castle. A French architect, whom he had under him, was probably employed in superintending the building of the outworks which Albany was raising on the Inch, as it was then—the Island, as it is now—called, and of which the memory is perpetuated by the name of the 'Battery' still given to the building (a cottage hospital) that now occupies the site.

Before returning to France, in June 1517, on the leave of absence which he had obtained from Parliament, Albany appointed seven deputies to carry on the administration of the country until his return. Of these, one was De La Bastie, whom he had already made Warden of the Eastern Marches, in place of Lord Home, and who was now entrusted with the government of the Merse and Lothian. It was De La Bastie also who was to keep the regent informed as to all that went on in Scotland.

Heavy as was the responsibility laid on the French knight, it was greatly increased by the conduct of his colleagues, who, 'either out of love of rest and to be vacant from business, or out of malice, to procure him greater hatred' on the part of those whom it irritated to have a stranger set in such an important place, 'so many brave men of their nation neglected,' declared him 'absolute Deputy.'

A noteworthy instance of the 'vigilance, pains, and courage' which characterised De La Bastie's efforts to repress violence and to punish those who set the law at defiance, and which proved him to be worthy of the confidence placed in him by Albany, has been sung in verse by Sir David Lyndsay, and recorded in prose by Pitscottie. The chronicler relates how William Meldrum, laird of Binns, as he was riding from Leith to Edinburgh, in the company of Lady Gleneagles, a young widow whom he purposed to marry, was set upon by a band of armed ruffians at the instigation of a rival for the lady's hand. The outrage having been perpetrated 'beneath the Rood Chapel,' at a time when De La Bastie was in residence within the palace with 'a guard of Frenchmen about him, to the number of fourscore of hagbutters, to be ready at his command,' intelligence of the affray was not long in reaching him. He at once caused the alarm to be raised, by blowing his trumpets and ringing the common bell, and issued orders for 'all men to follow him both on foot and horse, that he might revenge the said slaughter.' The assailants, however, had not awaited his coming, but were already in full flight when he appeared on the scene of the outrage. 'Fiercely' as he pursued, he was unable to overtake them before they reached the 'peel of Lythgow,' more than fifteen miles to the west. Into this they threw themselves for protection, never doubting that they would be able to defend themselves in it. But De La Bastie was not to be so easily shaken off. He closely invested the stronghold and pressed the siege with such vigour that the defenders were soon compelled to surrender at discretion. They were given a fair trial, and, as the result of it, convicted, and condemned to be imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle during the regent's pleasure. By this conduct De La Bastie justified the praise so ungrudgingly bestowed upon him by Drummond of Hawthornden as 'having been courteous, valiant, and noble in all his actions, and a great administrator of justice who spared no travel and freely adventured upon any dangers to suppress malefactors and defend the weak and innocent.'

(*Continued on page 724.*)

TALL FOLK.

By H. J. Martyn.

I.

DONCASTER, in his *Heredity*, gives a diagram in illustration of his conclusions as to human stature. These conclusions are thus stated: 'If the heights of a large number of men were measured, it might be found that they ranged by, say, gradations from 60 to 76 inches;' and the writer adds that the greatest number, to the nearest inch, would show 68 inches, 67 and 69 inches coming next.

Tall men have unquestionably existed since the remote ages. To Palæolithic times has been traced a race of mammoth-hunters who were tall and vigorous. The Ice Age, it is supposed, had left behind it only the fittest, the less stalwart having perished.

After the close of the Palæolithic times, says Haddon in his *Wanderings of Peoples*, the main existing races of Europe began to appear as Neolithic man. The pygmy Dolichocephals are found in Switzerland. Their descendants came in contact with the fair Dolichocephals of the northern race. But taller races had preceded, and taller negroes were to come.

During explorations in Zimbabwe, where ancient gold-workings were discovered, as well as religious symbols which date back to the worship of Baal, to totem ages, and to the stone-worshipping period, graves were found many feet below concrete floors, and in one of these was a skeleton which measured seven feet in length.

In his *Anthropology*, Marett says that above the Negroid remains in caves at Mentone the remains of a positive giant were found. This giant belonged to the Cro-Magnon race, which Marett links with the Orang of the past, and he thinks it not impossible that this Cro-Magnon type may have descendants in Europe to-day, and even in our midst.

The Megalithic structures known as 'the Giant Chambers,' because it is almost inconceivable that they could have been reared by other than co-operating giants, bear witness to giants in the Stone Age, and in particular is attention called to that structure near Roskilde in Denmark.

From the tomb paintings of Theban sovereigns, and the fresco paintings unearthed with the buried palaces of Cnossos, the rulers alike of Egypt and Crete appear to have been dark and tall, with hair reaching below the waist, whence it was taken up and knotted on the top of the head.

In the Old Testament Saul towers above his brethren, and there is a tradition of a giant race in the past. The 'Anakim' whom Joshua defeated were unquestionably giants. India's claim to an ancestry that comfortably bestrode the elephant is not easily corroborated, though the Maharaja of Patiala, whilst yet in his teens, stood six feet in height. The Huns were short, but the Avars, who founded an empire which extended over Hungary, Austria, and Serbia, in the sixth century, were giants.

II.

The tallest race existing at the present time is, Sir Harry Johnston thinks, that dwelling in the Lake Rudolf district of East Africa, where a Turkana giant was found standing 6 ft. 4 in. James Augustus Grant, in *A Walk Across Africa*, found the King Rumanika 6 feet in height, and at once the handsomest and most intelligent sovereign he had met in Africa.

The Patagonians of the southern region of the American continent are noted for their high stature, which is sometimes gigantic. Scarcely inferior to them in this respect are the Polynesians or South Sea Islanders. The Scandinavians are also tall; Norsemen claim, indeed, that you can find in Hallingdal, Valders, Saetersdal, and Telemarken the finest type of manhood (both as to stature and strength) that can be found anywhere.

Few are the countries which cannot produce tall men. Lewis Wilkins, of British descent, who was born at St Paul, Minnesota, in 1874, was 8 ft. 2 in. in height, and measured 66 inches round the waist. He weighed twenty-six stones, and the interior circumference of his hat was 27 inches. Feodor Machnow, who appeared at the London Hippodrome, in February 1905, as Russia's giant and as the biggest man alive, stood 9 ft. 2 in. in his socks, and weighed thirty-two stones. He could light his cigarette from a lamp-post with ease. Kappoff, the Kirghese giant, was but a little less than Machnow in his proportions.

Marie Fassnauer, or Mariedi, the Tyrolean giantess, as she was called when she appeared at the London Hippodrome in March 1907, was declared to be 8 feet in height, and to have attained this stature when she was only twelve years of age. Mr Clive Darril, an Australian farmer of independent means, followed Mariedi from Vienna, where he first saw her, to Berlin, and thence to London, where he sought in vain to get an opportunity of proposing to her. His own height was believed to be 8 ft. 6 in. Eugénie Arcean, when seen in a circus at Madrid on 27th April 1914, was 7 ft. 6¼ in. She weighed nineteen stones, and her age was nineteen. She was still growing, and gave the impression that if she lived to be twenty-five years of age her height might reach 9 feet.

George Bell, a negro, in the cast of *Chu Chin Chow*, at a New York theatre, in May 1918, was 7 ft. 11 in., and was rejected by the American army as too big. Mr Lascelles, French master at Harrow in the 'eighties, was 6 ft. 10 in. Percy Chandler, a Canadian, who was killed in the late war, when sixteen years old was 6 ft. 4 in. Ames, of the 2nd Life Guards, was 6 ft. 7½ in.

Amongst growing youths may be mentioned Private H. Barter, who in his eighteenth year joined the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and stood 6 ft. 8¼ in.; and a lad named Marsh, whose mother had to appear before the magistrates of Newcastle-under-Lyme for neglecting to send him to school whilst he was yet under fourteen. The mother pleaded that he was six feet, that he weighed over ten stones, and that he ate more than all the rest of the family put together, and was still growing. The Bench decided that the 'child' must go back to school.

The announcement that at 'the Festival of Empire,' to be held at the Crystal Palace in 1911, prizes would be given for height and for physique generally, brought forth many claimants. Amongst these were a youth in Dr Barnardo's London Boys' Homes, named Frederick Kempster, who was twenty-two, and measured in his stockings 7 ft. 2¾ in.; and a military man, who could say, 'I am 6 ft. 6 in. in stockings, and am straight up and down. I have served eighteen years in the Royal Artillery. An ancestor carried the standard of the invaders at the battle of Hastings, being descended from Rollo, first Duke of Normandy.' Mr P. O'Connor, of Tipperary, who believed himself to be the tallest man in Ireland, and was 8 feet in height, left his obscurity for fame, as did dozens of others who dwarfed their fellows.

III.

The law of heredity pertaining to stature can also be seen in periods and in families. The age of Queen Elizabeth might be referred to in our own country as the age of tall men. It has been called the reign of eight-feet men, which is perhaps beyond the mark. In families the working of the law can be better tested, and some examples may be adduced. Readers of Harrison Ainsworth will remember the Pendrells. I met in North Wales a curate, whose name was Thomas, who struck me as one of the tallest and most finely proportioned men I had seen; but he assured me that his three or four brothers were all his equals in height, if not his superiors. Archdeacon Cartwright of Icklingham is 6 ft. 1½ in., but he had a brother inches taller than himself. Whilst staying with Mr Cartwright I met a youth of seventeen who was two inches taller than he was, and this young Prichard told me that his father, who was in the Life Guards, was inches taller than himself. Captain Archer—of Somaliland fame (1913)—was 6 ft. 6 in.; whilst Captain E. Archer, his brother, was 6 ft. 7 in. Mr Charles Nealse, of Houghton Regis, Dunstable, was 6 ft. 5½ in.; a son, in his twenty-first year, was 6 ft. 3½ in.; another, in his nineteenth year, was 6 ft. 4½ in.; a third, in his seventeenth year, was 6 ft. 4 in. There were in 1911 three other sons under fifteen, all of whom were tall. A daughter, aged ten, was 5 ft. 3 in. A widow named Swan had in 1917 five sons serving in the army, the tallest of whom was 6 ft. 3 in., and the shortest 6 feet. Archdeacon Sinclair's father was one of fifteen brothers, of whom the tallest was 6 ft. 7 in., and the shortest 6 ft. The archdeacon's grandfather presented his six daughters to George IV., on His Majesty's visit to Edinburgh, as thirty-six feet of daughters. In 1907 Lord Clifton was twenty-one, and his height was 6 ft. 7 in. His father, the Earl of Darnley, was 6 ft. 4 in.

Tall folk, when well proportioned and in health, can unquestionably eat to the astonishment of their shorter brethren. Kappoff, on one occasion which has been recorded, partook of three plates of beef-soup, four pounds of beefsteak, three portions of ham and eggs, two heaped-up plates of potatoes and cabbage, and fourteen apple-tarts, followed by six pints of beer. Machnow's bill of fare for one of his days in London was as follows: breakfast, two quarts of milk, twelve eggs, and two large loaves; lunch, two or three pounds of potatoes and a quart of beer; dinner, three to five pounds of fresh meat with vegetables, three pounds of bread, and two quarts of beer; supper, ten to fifteen eggs, bread-and-butter, and a quart of tea.

There is still less to envy in the giant when we are told that, in addition to all the ills that come with a bodily nature, there is 'a giants' disease' known as 'acromegaly,' which is little understood. When gigantic height, or even anything approximating thereto, is unaccompanied by other proportionate development, all diseases, known or unknown, are in such measure accentuated.

Few wish to become giants, but few who are under 5 ft. 8 in. or so but wish to become a little taller. Perhaps such ambition is not without regard to the general welfare, and its realisation may not be many generations ahead. Freedom from wars, healthy occupations, the better housing and sanitation everywhere sought for, the thoughtful consideration of all questions relating to foods, the discoveries and inventions in the possession of surgeons and physicians to whom the people are given freer access, are a few of the forces which can give heredity its chance to bring this about.

THE EXCHANGE.

By C. EDWARDES.

I.

THE child's father gave up the battle.

Twelve hours of night and morning, trying to save a doomed life—that's what he had gone through. And he had known all the time that there was not a chance. It was like pouring water into a sieve. Twice the baby lay seemingly dead upon his knees, and twice he restored it to life.

The nurse's entrance stirred him to fresh efforts that second time.

'How is she?' he roused to ask sharply.

'Fretting so badly, sir. Is there no hope?'

He shrugged his shoulders and said, 'None—but I'll try again.'

And again he succeeded in making the tiny lungs and heart strain at the impossible. It was the blink of a glazing gray-blue eye and the strangely horrible faint whine of pain, pleading, or protest that came with the blink (like no cry he had ever heard) that finished him. He bent and kissed the discoloured little brow.

'Good-bye, kiddie!' he said, and watched it die for the last time.

Enough of such ghastly resurrections. Even for Joan's sake, he couldn't go on with the torment of them. Gallagher was right. At 8 A.M. Gallagher had said, 'I'd face it at once, if I were you, Brindley. You can't do anything worth the doing. . . . It isn't worth doing. . . . You know it isn't.' This with the look that only passes between medical men in the presence of their invincible enemy.

Now at 10.46 (habit made him glance at the clock) he faced it. At 10.56 he rose as if weighted with lead, laid the little shape tenderly on the surgery sofa, wiped his forehead, and went upstairs.

It was their first, and there would never be another for Joan. They both knew that. But it had been such a fine child. And its sudden collapse, after three days of quite average baby will-to-live, was so surprising, alike to its father and to Gallagher, the town's leading physician, that Brindley went up to Joan, feeling much as he had felt after a certain hospital indiscretion years ago which had entailed the loss of a bread-winning life for six.

Four days of the best hopes, and now this—*that* on the sofa!

'Don't go, nurse,' he said in a tone of good cheer when he was in the room which had been so recently a palace of promise and fair harvest.

But there was no beguiling Joan, the mother, even for an instant.

'He's—*dead*!' she wailed, sitting up. 'I know he is, Tom.'

It was one hysterical fit after another for many minutes. Brindley soothed, lectured, laughed, even raged a little. Then exhaustion and drugs, his only allies in this extremity, did their work for him, and Joan lay nearly as motionless as her bud downstairs.

'That's well,' he said. 'I don't know what'll happen next when she wakes, but——' Heaving his shoulders, he left the room, closing the door cautiously.

But, with the door-handle still in his hand, he heard something which made him start, stand away rigidly, and then stare at Evans, the housemaid, who was midway on the steps beneath him, staring at him as if she were as spell-bound as himself. Another moment and he was rushing down the stairs.

'Out of the way!' he cried, and although she flattened herself against the wall, he nearly swept her with him in his headlong flight back to the surgery.

A miracle! The child was alive again, kicking literally, and rosy with impatience for attentions.

He couldn't believe it—nor, after a moment's scrutiny, did he.

There were two doors to the surgery, one communicating with the rest of the house, the other letting upon the street. The latter, which he now threw open to the bitter east wind of March, had the words 'Walk in' on an outer panel.

It was not a busy street, but over the way was a policeman by a lamp-post. To him, after a searching look up and down the nearest pavement, Brindley crossed and spoke.

But the officer could tell him nothing.

'Think, man! Some one with a child. A woman, probably!' said Brindley.

He left him trying to think, returned, locked both doors of the surgery, and examined the live babe that had taken the place of his and Joan's dead one.

A visitor wished to 'walk in.' 'Can't see you now, whoever you are. Come this afternoon,' he shouted.

Then the door on the house side was tapped, and the nurse said, 'It's me, sir,' eagerly.

With the babe crying lustily in his arms, Brindley let her in.

'I was mistaken,' he said composedly. 'It's got the turn. You will have no more trouble with it. Dress it, and bring it up when I ring.'

He put it in her arms with a look that went as deep into her as a look could.

'But, sir——' she stammered, nevertheless.

'Do as I tell you,' said Brindley. 'Take it.

away. Mind your own business, and hold your tongue. . . . I don't profess to understand, Wilkins,' he continued, with more judicious suavity. 'But we must pray that she will not know the difference. It will be the saving of her life. That's all I care about. And remember—*hold your tongue.*' This with a powerful grip of her arm, and another look as deep-descending as its predecessor.

He went up the stairs springily, and when Joan awoke the babe was by her side.

For days she was too weak to be permitted to ask difficult questions, and by then she was too happy in the restoration of her blessing to care very much that its eyes were astonishingly less like her husband's eyes than she had thought they were. There were other changes which also, under Brindley's and the nurse's persuasion, she accepted as normal features of infancy's rapid development.

When the nurse's time was up, Brindley gave her an extra five pounds. She was at liberty to think what she pleased, he said, but she was to continue to hold her tongue. And this, for a wonder, she did (on that topic) until she died of a cancer six years later.

II.

By that time Thomas Stanhope Brindley, the mystery babe, was a bouncing, young, dark-haired imp, the idol of Kerminster House, Brindley's abode. Not so much an idol to Brindley as to Joan and the two maid-servants, for Brindley was full of common-sense, and from the first was prepared for anything, including a melodramatic parent who might ring the day or night bell at any moment, shriek, 'Give me my child!' and then tender a convincing chapter-and-verse account of its exchange for his and Joan's. But as the months and years drifted by and no one claimed young Stan, Brindley let his heart have its way with the lad.

To Joan, Stan was an enchantment, right from that merciful afternoon when she found that her dream had come true. She had drug-dreamed that her little one was crying by her breast, not dead, and, lo, there he lay!

It was a trifle that his eyes had changed to brown from the blended gray and blue which had made him such a contenting sprout those three exultant days before he took a bad turn. Her eyes were gray, Brindley's blue and fierce. She thought it an odd change, and Brindley himself said that it *was* odd, but bade her be satisfied that they had not gone to green or scarlet.

She was easily satisfied about such a mere detail.

Every one, indeed, remained satisfied—except perhaps Gallagher, who hated to be proved wrong in a prognosis, and irritated both Brindley and Joan by sometimes addressing the boy as 'Lazarus Secundus.' He had a persistent way, too, of screwing his eyes at Stan as if he were a conundrum still.

For these reasons in particular, Brindley and Joan had less to do with Gallagher socially than in the past.

'There's something about him I can't like ever since that terrible day,' said Joan at one time.

'I don't wonder,' said Brindley. 'But we can't drop him altogether.'

'Not altogether,' Joan assented; and their relationship slipped to that cool level.

III.

Six more years passed, and Brindley now seldom gave young Stan's parent or parents the tribute of a thought. He was getting bald and gray, as befitted his age, which was now fifty-two.

Young Stan had grown into a striking success. There was no handsomer and more manly lad at the town's college. Certain of his abilities were of the highest order. At music, languages, and, of all queer things, dancing, he did more than could be expected of any British boy. But at mathematics, history (especially Scripture history), geography, and English or any literature he was a very remarkable dunce.

Small girls who kept diaries made entries therein of this kind: 'We had a party this evening. I danced two fox-trots with Stanny Brindley. They *were* heavenly.'

He was good at games, when he chose to play them, which was disappointingly seldom. For music and dancing, however, he was always ready.

In brief, he had the artistic temperament in a precocious degree.

This was a discovery of the head-master of the college, who called at Kerminster House one afternoon apparently on purpose to say so. 'A delightful boy, Mrs Brindley, but—may I say it?—almost perilously endowed with physical and other attractions. He has the artist's nature, plainly. He will be breaking young ladies' hearts by-and-by, or—shall we say?—developing in them agreeable emotions suitable to their time of life. Meanwhile, I feel that I must congratulate you and Dr Brindley upon the possession of a son you may both be proud of.'

Joan beamed. She was very far from well now, but such words were a fine tonic to her.

Brindley chanced to enter the drawing-room while she was still under the influence of the tonic, and she hastened to tell him what the head-master had said.

'But I can't imagine,' she continued, 'from whom he gets his talents. My husband and I have often been puzzled about it, Mr Carruthers. He isn't the least bit like either of us in appearance besides, is he?'

Brindley frowned. It was true that they had thus been puzzled, but, of course, from different

standpoints. And he had never encouraged Joan in such genealogical gropings.

'What does it matter?' he said. 'Come and see my roses, Carruthers.'

The head-master went forth to the roses. He understood. 'I'm sorry indeed,' he whispered when Brindley told him among the roses that Joan was more ill than she seemed, and that any excitement was harmful for her. 'I trust you are an alarmist, Brindley,' he added, 'and that you will both live to see your lad make a great name for himself and the school.'

'I may. She won't,' said Brindley.

IV.

Three weeks later there was a nurse in Kerminster House again.

Brindley selected Nurse Garstin from the staff of the Institute to be Joan's companion and more till the end. For it had come to this: Joan's days were numbered. She herself did not know it, but Brindley and Gallagher were certain of it.

They agreed upon another point—that Nurse Garstin was the ideal person for the emergency. Gallagher smiled queerly when he said, 'Nice girl that!' and looked as if he would have said more if he had felt sure that Brindley would take it well. But he said no more on the subject.

At the Institute also, when it was rumoured that some one would soon be wanted for Kerminster House, there was never any doubt that Ellen Garstin would be the one.

No one could say that she had set her cap at Brindley. But she was so pretty and bright, and such a willing and intelligent slave to Brindley at operations, that he would have been a stone man if he had not been impressed by her.

Still, it was only her qualifications as a nurse that interested him on this solemn occasion, and he thought little of it when, in reply to his question if she would like to come to Kerminster House, she said, 'I should *love* to, sir.'

She could blush charmingly, and she did so now. But Brindley was blind to the blush. He was looking out of the window, which made it easier for Ellen to say on softly, 'I'm very sorry Mrs Brindley is so ill, and I will do everything I can for her.'

'Very well,' said Brindley absently to the window-pane. 'Come to-morrow morning.'

V.

This was in the middle of August, and by the 1st of September Ellen Garstin had won all the hearts in Kerminster House. She did not seem to lay herself out for the enterprise, but such was the result.

Joan was easily won. In two days she was singing Ellen's praises to Brindley with almost childish ardour. And in a fortnight she could say, 'Tom, I'm as fond of that girl as if she were my sister. I should feel lost without her.'

'Girl, eh?' said Brindley. 'She's a woman, my dear, and, yes, a distinct score for us,' which was much for him.

The maids downstairs had found a friend in Ellen instead of the piece of exclusive importance in a uniform which they had expected.

As for the boy, he raved about her.

Stan's infatuation amused Joan. It had had its beginnings months ago. On his way to school Stan passed the Nursing Institute, and Ellen's face at the window had started a friendship of smiles. This news interested as well as further amused Joan.

It interested Brindley also. He saw no harm in such an intimacy, and vaguely admired the pretty sight in the garden of the boy hanging resolutely upon Ellen's arm while they paced among the flowers, flashing laughter and merry chatter at her, until duty's call drew her back to the sickroom.

He didn't mind it either when Stan spoke of Ellen as 'a perfect peach,' 'a duck,' and 'a dear.' It was perhaps, as Joan said, just the generous extravagance of such a temperament as Stan's. Joan thought it rather beautiful in its way, and Brindley had no objection.

But in the fifth week of the holidays, one evening, after supper, Brindley's mind suddenly received a stunning stroke.

'Dad,' said the boy, toying with a fork instead of getting up from the table, 'I want to ask you something.'

Brindley nodded over the pipe he was filling, and invited him to ask away.

'I bet you'll make fun of me,' said the boy quickly. 'But I don't care if you do. It's Nurse Nell. May I kiss her? She says I may, if you will let me. She says she'd like it, too—more than anything. Rum thing, but I really want to.'

'Hello!' said Brindley. He stared at the blushing youngster. It was not this that stunned his mind, but he certainly thought Stan's temperament (artistic or otherwise) was running him a little far.

'What the deuce do you want to kiss her for?' he asked, smiling gradually.

'Hanged if I know, but I do,' said the boy. '*May* I?' He looked up ingenuously and cried, 'You are laughing, dad!'

'Yes. Touch the bell,' said Brindley.

Young Stan bounded to obey, but stopped by the bell-knob. 'What's it for, dad?' he wished to know. 'You're not going to have her in here for me to do it before you like a show, are you?'

'Scarcely,' said Brindley, chuckling. 'Ring away;' and the boy rang.

It was for a box of matches to help him with his pipe, but, as it chanced, it was the cook's evening out, the housemaid was upstairs,

and Ellen was in the kitchen making some arrowroot for Joan. Ellen therefore answered the bell.

'Is it anything I can do, Dr Brindley?' she asked, with the bright face to which they were accustomed at Kerminster House.

Then her gaze went to the boy. He was standing under one of the lamps by the mirror over the hearth. His cheeks were crimson, and instantly her own cheeks crimsoned also. She caught her breath, and turned to Brindley.

'What is it, sir?' she whispered.

Brindley made no reply. The stroke had fallen upon him. As instantly as Ellen's cheeks had coloured to match young Stan's, he had seen and understood something which for the time shattered him. He laid his pipe on the table-cloth with a shaking hand.

Ellen made a step or two forward. 'Is anything the matter, sir?' she asked tremulously.

Not Brindley but the boy answered her, in his warm-hearted way. He rushed at her, exclaiming, 'Don't look *afraid* like that!' flung his arms round her neck, pulled down her head, and kissed her lips.

'*There*, dad! I've done it, and bother the consequences!' he cried triumphantly.

Then he vanished, closing the door behind him rather noisily.

The main thing, however, to Brindley in that moment was that he closed it.

Rising stiffly, the doctor passed his hand over his eyes and walked—it was almost a stagger—to the hearthrug. The evening was chilly, but there was no fire. He shivered as if he would have been glad of some warmth, and spread out his hands towards the grate.

'Sit down, nurse,' he said. 'I must speak to you.'

It was plainly a guilty woman who obeyed him; a more beautiful woman than Brindley had ever deemed her, but a woman whose beauty was heavily charged with guilt.

He went straight to the point. 'What are you to that boy? His mother?' he said in one breath.

'Yes, Dr Brindley,' she answered, looking at him through a haze of tears. Her eyes were Stan's eyes; or, rather, his were hers. The shape of her chin, a peculiar convolution of the ears—what a blind lot they were at Kerminster House not to have noticed sooner these resemblances between Nurse Garstin and the boy!

VI.

Brindley shut his eyes. The incidents of that grim March night and morning more than twelve years ago were with him as vividly as if they had happened only yesterday. His baby's collapse; the way Gallagher bit at his nails when he said, 'It isn't worth doing—you know it isn't;' his hand-to-hand fight with death for the child; death's victory; and the nip of the east wind when he ran out to see the person who had dared——

'Did *you* substitute that baby for mine?' he asked with a judge's sternness.

'Yes,' said she, sobbing.

'What did you do with mine?'

'I—buried it. I took it to Cumberland with me that night. I was mad—I must have been. But I was only eighteen, and my husband had deserted me that morning. He went away with some one else. I wanted my baby to die. That was what I came to you for—to beg you to kill him painlessly. Of course I was mad. I went in, and you know what I did. I buried your little one in a lovely part of the dale near the house where I was born. And then I came straight back here, and on to London, without going to see them at home. But I couldn't stay in town, because of Stan, and so I trained for a nurse, and came here, to be near him. But I never meant you or him to know that I was his mother, because you and Mrs Brindley have both been so good to him. There is nothing I would not do to show my gratitude. I made a little fern-rockery over your baby, and when I go home, once a year, I do everything I can think of to keep it pretty. And'—her voice sank a little—'I always pray there for you both, and Stan. I—I wish I had not come to you here now, but the temptation was too strong for me.'

There was something uncanny about the calmness with which she told her story, looking at Brindley, but not as if she saw him. Perhaps, however, the uncanniness was in Brindley rather than in herself. There was a vertical wrinkle in his brow while his gaze tried to hold hers, which seemed to cut it in two. And he was well aware that he had a mesmeric influence, although he seldom exercised it.

In truth Brindley was deeply moved, but he showed this only in the gentler tone of his next words.

'What was he—your husband?'

'He was the leading tenor singer in an operatic company. I ran away from home when I was sixteen, to go on the stage, and that was how we met.'

'Ah! Just so. That explains much. A bad lot, was he? Is he dead?'

'Oh yes. Long ago. But he wasn't altogether bad, or I should not have minded his leaving me like that. He was brilliantly clever.'

There was silence while Brindley paced from the hearthrug to the sideboard and back again.

'And his name was Garstin, eh?' he asked then.

'Yes. His real name. Not the name in which he acted.'

'Oh!' said Brindley. 'Indeed! Then perhaps no one knows that you are a widow? What were you yourself?' he proceeded quickly. 'Comedian, tragedian, or what?'

'I was nothing so grand as that. I was very little good as an actress, but the public liked me because of my dancing.'

Brindley nodded.

'I see,' he said, and paced again, then stopped and held out his hand. 'I'm sorry for you. Sorry for all of us, although—— *Don't* do that!' he broke off to exclaim sharply.

But it was done. With another little sob, Ellen Garstin had seized his hand and kissed it.

A ring of the door-bell followed.

'That is cook, I suppose,' said Brindley huskily. 'I—upon my word, I don't know what to do or what to advise. The situation is difficult. It would kill Joan outright to know. It would kill her like *that*.' He snapped finger and thumb in the air. 'As simply as that. Come, come, you mustn't cry; remember you are the keystone of everything here just at present.'

'The keystone of everything' at Kerminster House looked at him with a luminous, transfiguring smile.

'I will do whatever you wish, Dr Brindley,' she whispered. 'I never meant Stan to know that I am his mother, but I could not help loving him—could I?'

'I shouldn't think much of you if you could,' said Brindley. 'But—can you keep it up a little longer? That's the point. It won't be for long. You know that as well as I do. You *must*, nurse,' he added forcibly. '*Will* you?'

'Of course I will,' she answered.

He put his hands on her shoulders and searched the shining eyes which were now so convincingly the originals of the boy's eyes.

'*Sure* you can?' he asked. But her reply was in the eyes themselves. 'Good girl!' he went on. 'You had better go to her at once, then.'

He opened the door for her, closed it after her, took up his pipe, threw it down, and passed from the dining-room by a side-door into the passage leading to his surgery, put up the lights, and sat down.

VII.

The fateful sofa of twelve years ago was still there. It had been re-covered in the meantime, but was in the same place by the wall, and was otherwise unchanged.

Several minutes went by, and then, after a sound of tripping feet, the house door of the room opened and young Stan appeared.

'Mother's—*gone*!' he said, quite simply.

Before Brindley could rise the boy was on the sofa, and explaining to Brindley's startled mind, in a level tone, which mother he meant.

'Nursey Ellen's frightfully cut up about it—frightfully. She's crying like anything, and said she's too terrified to come and tell you herself. She went off in a sleep, mother did, and she looks just like she is when she's asleep, but Nursey Ellen swears she's dead. Isn't it awful, dad? I can't believe it's true; can you?' He slipped his hands into his trousers-pockets and swung his legs.

Brindley was about to leave the room, but paused at the door, and put a question slowly to the handsome youngster.

'Don't you feel it more than that?' he asked, in secret wonderment.

'*Feel* it! Of course I do!' cried the boy, with great eyes on Brindley. 'Why, it's—awful. But Nursey Ellen told me so often to expect it some day, that—that—you know what I mean, father, don't you?'

Brindley did not know what young Stan meant, but he knew what he knew.

'It's all right, Stan. I understand,' he said softly when the boy rushed his handkerchief to his eyes, and, having patted him two or three times on the shoulder, he left him.

. . . . . .

This was in September, and in the following January Brindley married again.

He didn't care what folks said or thought about such rapidity in giving Kerminster House a new mistress.

Neither did young Stan.

And to Ellen herself, partly as an argument to that end, Brindley said that he felt sure that it was what Joan would have wished, especially if she knew all.

GLENIFFER.

I WANDERED far one summer day,
Through dusty streets and woodland ways,
By Crookston, ruinous and gray,
And from the green Gleniffer braes
Saw Scotland's ancient mountains stand
Like warriors grim to guard the land.

Here Tannahill, that fragile soul,
Sang to his harp in solitude,
Where poesy to meet him stole,
A wild thing of the hill and wood;
Some spark of fire divine he caught,
And youth and love to music wrought.

From whirring loom and city smoke
She drew him to the sacred height;
And there he wove for simple folk
A web of innocent delight:
Again in fancy we can see
'The Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea.'

The dear old Scottish melodies,
Whose power and pathos thrill the heart,
Are heard in distant lands and seas
Wherever Scotsmen play a part;
They touch with poetry and grace
The spirit of a stubborn race.

We heard them, when the day was done,
Like dying echoes far away—
So, when the web of life is spun,
And we put off this mortal clay
May we sink gently to repose,
And hear sweet music at the close.

J. CUTHBERT SCOTT.

ENCOUNTERS WITH WILD ANIMALS DURING THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

By F. J. URQUHART.

THERE cannot be many people who have never been farther afield than Europe who realise what Central Africa is like. Again, it is one thing to visit the coastal towns of the African continent in a great liner, and go ashore and stretch one's legs in a place which does not differ to any great extent from a European port, and quite another thing to stand alone at night on the wide open plains or in the thick bush of the hinterland, and to feel one's hair rise at the rustle of a neighbouring bush or of a patch of grass, and remember that on one's skill with a service rifle—a light enough weapon against big game (presuming that one has a chance to use it, and is not sprung upon from behind)—may depend one's very life. Remember, too, that in a war it is not a good thing to file the ends off bullets to make them more deadly against wild animals. The enemy is apt to resent your being in possession of soft-nosed ammunition, and to be unready to listen to your explanations if you are taken prisoner. You probably figure immediately in the greatest tragedy of your life, and the Boche promptly complains to the Neutral Powers that the British colonists fighting in Africa are not observing the ordinary conventions of civilised warfare, conveniently ignoring any explanation you may have had a chance to make, and forgetting that his own *askaris* are armed with an enormous bore rifle guaranteed to inflict the most ghastly wounds in case of a hit.

It is easy to form a fairly correct mental picture of immense treeless plains, a couple of hundred miles or more across, dotted thickly with wandering herds of antelope and zebra; but not so easy for one who only knows the English copse to picture a virgin forest, or, still more, the African bush—that most deceptive country which lies between the plains and the sea, very sparsely populated, and in most parts waterless.

I remember shooting guinea-fowl in the thin bush on the coast just south of Dar-es-Salaam in 1918. My companion and I were walking up our birds, and keeping about a hundred yards apart. I, having once lost sight of him, in ten minutes was completely 'bushed,' and having wandered about for nearly two hours, came out on to one side of the creek which forms the harbour of Dar-es-Salaam, at an entirely different place from what I expected. My friend had with him a 'boy,' and as the latter is always more or less of a bushman, they had no difficulty in finding their way back.

Between the thin bush on the coast and the plains of the interior lies a wide belt of thick bush, chiefly composed of thorn-trees and scrub, through which it is often necessary to cut one's way. Many a man, from senior colonels downwards, having gone out from camp in the hope of getting meat, has been temporarily lost in this bush, and has spent his night in a tree, for fear worse befall.

It was in the plains between Nairobi and the German border that one of the first encounters of the war between man and beast took place. Trooper P. of the East Africa Mounted Rifles had been sent out as a scout to try to locate the enemy's camp at Longido. Having ascertained what he had set out to discover, he made an early morning start on the second day to get back to camp. He had not got very far when, without the slightest warning, a lion attacked him from behind.

This in itself must have been a very unexpected occurrence, as a lion does not usually attack unless provoked or wounded, or in the rare case of a man-eater. The lion seized him by the right arm, and he had the presence of mind deliberately to thrust his elbow as far down the lion's throat as possible to prevent it from getting a fresh hold, whilst he endeavoured with his left arm to get his rifle, which was slung over his shoulder, into such a position as to enable him to get a shot at the lion. The upshot of the struggle was that Trooper P. did shoot the lion; but he had been so badly bitten, and the shock had been so great—in addition he had to tramp some fifteen miles back to camp—that he died in hospital shortly after his arrival, partly from septic wounds, but chiefly from shock.

Another incident—one without a tragic ending—was the encounter between Driver Y. and a lion.

Any one who has ridden a bicycle or driven a car at night along an English country-road knows how a rabbit or a hare will run along in front dazzled by the head-lights, and may, on occasion, even be ridden down and caught. This is practically what happened in the case of Driver Y. He was driving, at night, a military three-ton lorry from Nairobi to a sanatorium situated some thirty miles out, on the Fort Hall road. When he had gone about fifteen miles a lion suddenly ran out on to the road, and started to trot along in front of him in the glare of his head-lights. Before Driver Y. could make up his mind what to do, he had run into and over the lion, and left it behind. He drove on some little distance, and then he determined to turn the lorry and see what had happened to the lion. Driver Y. had no rifle with him, as he was far from the scene of hostilities, and there was, therefore, no question of getting a shot at it.

He had no time in which to stop the lorry before, once more, he was into and over the lion, which seemed to have come off second-best in the first encounter. This time Driver Y. stopped his lorry, got down, and went to look. He found the lion stone-dead—truly a strangely won trophy.

Another instance of an encounter between man and lion took place on the very outskirts of Dar-es-Salaam, and shows extraordinary presence of mind on the part of the man.

A. had come up from South Africa just after the Armistice as a civilian clerk to a civilian firm, and he was, presumably, accustomed to shooting birds and small game in the Sub-Continent.

Shortly after A.'s arrival in Dar-es-Salaam he went out one afternoon by himself with a shot-gun to get either guinea-fowl or a small buck in the bush to the north of the town. Both were known to exist in a particular patch of thin bush country not more than three miles from the centre of Dar-es-Salaam. A. got to this particular patch of bush country without any more exciting incident than having to be carried across a small mangrove-swamp by a couple of native fishermen, and he was walking along a native path on the watch for bird or buck when out of the bush in front of him came a lion on to the pathway. The lion, instead of walking off in the other direction, as would have been more usual, came down the path towards A., and as he got nearer was evidently making preparations to spring.

The bush hereabouts is small, not thick, with no trees big enough to climb; but A., rising completely to the occasion, stood his ground with his shot-gun until the lion got as near as he dared let it come, and then proceeded to shoot the beast exactly as if it had been a rabbit in the Old Country. Luckily for A., he had got buck-shot in his gun at the time, and his nerve stood the strain, for if, in a sudden panic, he had turned and run, there would have been no escape for him.

The casualty lists of the East African campaign would make interesting reading if they were ever published in detail. To be reported missing in East Africa did not necessarily mean that one had been taken prisoner or killed by the enemy.

There was the case of Driver B., who was driving one of the lorries of a food convoy—food urgently required by the troops on ahead. His lorry broke down in the bush, and he volunteered to remain behind with it to prevent its being looted either by an enemy patrol or by stray natives. It was impossible for the non-commissioned officer in charge of the convoy to leave any one else, as he had only got one man per lorry, and it was essential that the rest of the convoy should proceed. He promised, of course, to send back for the broken-down lorry—a wheel had given way, and it was, therefore, impossible to tow it—if possible that night, and if not, early the following morning, and warned Driver B. that if he had to pass the night there, it would be as well to spend it in a fork of the nearest tree.

Next morning, on the arrival of the non-commissioned officer and mechanics to repair the lorry, Driver B. was missing. His end can only be conjectured, but it was definitely proved that he had neither been killed nor taken prisoner by the enemy.

A case of a man who just failed to be reported missing was that of Intelligence Scout C. He was in charge of a small patrol of native scouts, and one night a leopard entered his tent, seized him and took him outside, and carried him some twenty yards into the bush. Luckily the native scouts had been aroused by Scout C.'s cries for help, and the noise of their shouting and the firing of their rifles frightened the leopard, who dropped Scout C. and made off into the bush. The man was fortunate in escaping with a severe mauling.

Another encounter of an entirely different type took place during our first attack upon Tanga. Several of our men making their way through the dense bush between the cliffs and the town were very severely stung by wild bees, to such an extent that the troops came to the conclusion that the bees had been deliberately let loose on them by the Germans. This may seem a trivial incident, but the wild African bee is reputed to be able to sting an ox to death if ploughing is carried out near a native hive and the colony becomes enraged.

The following case does not fall strictly within the limits of this article. It was not, but it might easily have developed into, an encounter with wild animals; nor did it take place during the East African compaign, although troops were used—in fact, a whole battalion of them.

Within ten miles of Nairobi, and overlooking the town, there are the Ngong Hills, a continuation of the Aberdare mountains. In Britain these hills would be dignified by the name of mountains, as they rise to a height of eight thousand feet or more; but in Africa things are on such a vast scale, and the surrounding country is, in addition, so far above sea-level, that anything short of about thirteen thousand feet high is dubbed a hill. Between these hills and Nairobi lies the Ngong Forest. None of your English woods this, but a real virgin forest, with thick undergrowth, dense, almost impenetrable, but intersected here and there by paths made by natives, or roads cut by forestry officers, and opening out in places into glades of lush grass. Although so near the chief town of East Africa, this is no place to be in after dark, as it swarms with baboons, hyenas, leopards, and even more dangerous animals. This was the scene of my last tragedy. I should perhaps say tragi-comedy, as every one lived happily ever after—after the well-deserved punishment had been administered. My tale is the latest version of the Babes in the Wood, and is certainly not without its serious side.

M., aged ten, and N., aged eight, lived with their parents on the very outskirts of Nairobi,

and had to come into the town to school every day. As children will to the end of time, they played truant one day, and set off by themselves into the Ngong Forest. That night and the next night they did not come home. On the third day the distracted parents appealed to the authorities, and an appeal was quickly sent out asking everybody with a horse or a bicycle, or even an energetic pair of legs, to turn out that afternoon to search the forest. A battalion of the King's African Rifles was strung out at intervals of two yards, and an immense drive, formed of soldiers, Civil servants, civilians—of everybody, in fact, including his Excellency the Governor himself—was made right through the forest from the outskirts of Nairobi to the Ngong Hills. Still no children, and no trace of them.

The following morning Kinanjui, the Kikuyu chief of the district, was summoned, and he replied with the dignity and the simplicity of a native chief, 'If the white man's children have fallen in with any of my people, the Wakikuyu, they will have come to no harm.' Kinanjui promptly despatched his tribal retainers and runners in all directions to bring in reports, and on the next day the children were duly returned to their parents by one of his retainers.

The children, having been reared in the country, spoke Kikuyu as well as any native, and had been made very welcome at every native village and hut that they came across. They had thus prolonged their picnic, and were too young to think of their parents' anxiety. Truly Kinanjui knew his people.

THE BLOOD-STAINED PEARL.

PART II.

V.

WHEN the drinks had arrived Captain Summers recommenced. 'During the fifteen years I have been a pearler I have had little cause to complain of my luck. I always kept a strict watch on my crews, and by making it a practice to engage the same men time after time, and paying them a good percentage on the lugger's earnings, I managed to keep them fairly straight. Mind you, no power on earth can make a nigger honest. Cingalese, Malays, Philippine Islanders, and all the other particular brands of heathen you find out here are quite primitive in their reasoning. "Finding's keepings" is a natural enough motto with them, as it is with a good many white people; so it is up to any pearler who wants to make a living to adopt whatever measures he thinks fit to safeguard his property.

'The largest and most valuable pearl I ever owned was a great, black, pear-shaped thing, dotted all over with little excrescences, which added immensely to its value. Black pearls, I may tell you, are freak gems, and fetch a fancy price if you happen to get hold of a really good one. They are not really black, of course; just a sheeny steel colour, although you do get an occasional dark one. As ornaments they don't compare with the beautiful little pink pearls which we sometimes find in small, immature oysters. However, they seem to possess a wonderful fascination for some people, so it is not for me to complain.

'They say most of the great gems of the world possess blood-stained histories, and I'm sure my black pearl, which I christened "The Rosalie," had about as horrible a christening of blood as any of the famous jewels of the Middle Ages.

'Between ten and eleven years ago I was just beginning to feel my way in the pearling-industry. By keeping off the drink and refusing to gamble—two things which ruin half the lugger-owners in this town—I had managed to scrape together four ships of my own, and was doing fairly well.

'There was a great friend of mine in Broome about that time, a chap named Charlie Edmonds, who was going to the dogs fast through drink. One day I took him aside and said, "Look here, Charlie, if you don't pull yourself together, your wife will be a widow before long. The best thing you can do is to get back to Perth and have a shot at something else. I'll buy your boat from you, and you can catch the steamer to Fremantle on Saturday."

'Well, after a good deal of bluster, Charlie consented. I gave him one hundred pounds in cash, and paid the remainder of the purchase-money, eleven hundred pounds, into his credit at the local bank, telling the manager, old Tom Taylor, not to let Charlie have it in Broome under any circumstances.

'After I had got Charlie aboard the steamer, I went to look at my new purchase, which was lying in a creek to the north of the town being refitted and overhauled. She was named *Rosalie*, and I must say I have never seen a prettier lugger anywhere between here and Torres Strait.

'Charlie's mate, Berry, was loafing around when I arrived on the scene, and didn't seem in the least pleased when I told him Charlie had caught the steamer to Fremantle, and was now on his way south. He knew all about the sale of the *Rosalie*, of course; but I fancy he had no liking for me as owner. For one thing, he knew I would not allow any drink aboard my vessels, a thing Charlie had always countenanced, to his own undoing. However, Berry was civil enough outwardly.

'"Are you going to take me as skipper?" he asked.

'White men are scarce enough in Broome at all times, and were particularly so then, and I knew Berry to be quite a good seaman. He had need to be, with Charlie drunk most of his time.

'"Well, Berry," I replied, "I am going to make the first trip in the *Rosalie* myself, and ask you to come as mate. If all goes well, I shall only make the one voyage. You will be my successor, and will share in the profits like all my other skippers."

'"Oh, all right," growled Berry; "though I don't see why I can't take the *Rosalie* out myself."

'"Nothing of the sort," I said sharply. "You know quite well that I strongly object to only one white man being on any lugger of mine. Even when you are skipper I shall not allow you to sail alone, if I have to get a man up from Fremantle. Nobody knows better than you that there is nothing the Malays would like better than to slip their kris into a white skipper, and sail the boat back to their own islands."

'"You mean you believe in keeping a spy on board?" sneered Berry.

'"If I thought you wanted watching I wouldn't give you the job at all," I retorted hotly. "Do you want it or not?" I asked, determined to settle the matter then and there.

'"Oh, I suppose so," he said.

'"All right," I replied. "Let's shake hands and quit squabbling."

'Berry shook hands with me rather unwillingly, and we then proceeded to look over the boat and discuss requirements. The *Rosalie* was about a forty-ton boat, and had plenty of accommodation for a native crew for'ard, with a roomy cabin amidships for the white men. Berry told me all the old crew were ready to sign on again, and, not wanting to be troubled with the matter, I told him they would do, with the exception that I was bringing a cook of my own, a Chinaman named Jim Tong, who had been with me for years. Always have a Chow for your cook in these parts of the world, boys, when you go out pearling. It will be mostly tinned meats and fish you catch yourselves that you will have to eat, and a Chinaman knows more ways of preparing fish than all the rest of the cooks in the world put together. Besides, most Chinamen are fairly honest, and it is risky being the only honest man aboard a pearling-lugger.

'Well, we got everything ready for sea in about ten days, with a special supply of air-piping for the divers, for I was minded to try some grounds that had never before been fished over, so far as I knew. For divers we had two Malays, who are the best in the world. They will stand double and treble the depth any white man will tackle. I've forgotten their names; they were something unpronounceable, so I fell back on Berry's names for them—Tommy and Billy.

'The rest of the crew were two Manilamen, who are handy boatmen, and can open shell with the best in the world, and a Cingalese, whom Berry addressed as Herbert. I can't say I liked the look of any of them. It needed no great stretch of imagination to realise that Jim Tong was about the only man aboard who would not mind cutting my throat at a pinch. However, I did not allow that fact to worry me unduly. I knew—nobody better—that if I wanted a crew of nothing but honest men, Broome was about the last place in the world to get them.

'I might tell you I carried my six-chambered Smith and Wesson pistol. I never went to sea without it.

'It was blowing hard when we made our way out to sea and beat up due north to a little bay which was not marked on any Government chart, but which I had reason to believe contained millions of oysters.

'Things went right enough during the four days we were tacking up the coast, and I was shrewd enough to let Berry understand that I had not definitely decided on the particular ground I was going to fish over. Once or twice we passed small pearling-fleets, but did not stop. I was not minded to give any one a clue to my destination; and although Berry asked me more than once where we were going, I put him off by telling him I would stop at the first likely spot. We never met a soul after passing the pearling-fleets, and ran up the coast for about three hundred miles, skirting mile upon mile of yellow sand and bush without any untoward happening. Berry gave me nothing to complain of in his behaviour, although I thought he was a trifle too friendly with the Manilamen and the Cingalese.

'I was keeping a keen look-out myself, and about four o'clock in the afternoon recognised the little bay I was making for. Two long sand-spits covered with salt-bush and spinifex ran out into the sea, and formed one of the prettiest little anchorages I had seen for many a long day. But I wasn't bothering about beauty-spots just then; it was pearls I was seeking. I had a shrewd idea that there would be millions of oysters lying on the bottom of that bay, and, as we proved during the following fortnight, I was quite right.

'I could have jumped for joy as we ran into the bay between the spits, for on neither of them was to be seen the slightest trace of oyster-shells, which told me better than anything that no pearling-fleet had ever visited the place before. You can always trace the visit of a fleet by the opened shells, to say nothing of empty tins and bottles. As soon as we had dropped anchor in the middle of the bay, which was the best part of a mile wide, we lowered the dinghy, Berry and I going ashore to have a look round.

'There was nothing much to be seen except bush and scrub. Ti-tree ran down almost to the water's edge, and there were plenty of parched-looking gum-trees farther back. I was not worrying about being speared by aboriginals who might come on us suddenly—the average Australian nigger is harmless enough provided you don't molest him. No; what I was after was a good drying-out ground, which would be in full view of the *Rosalie*, and at the same time not submerged at high tide.

'I suppose you boys wondered why the *Arawatta* did not tie up at the wharf when you arrived?' said the skipper, with a smile. 'Unless you anchored out in the roadstead, you would have seen the *Arawatta* lying on her side in the mud early to-morrow morning. There is a thirty-foot rise and fall in the tide in these parts of the world, so, when you drop anchor, always remember to lay well out.

'Well, as I was saying, I wanted a place which would enable me to keep an eye on my shell-openers. Eventually I decided on the elbow of the northern spit. There was a big patch of yellow sand there, and with my prismatic glasses I could easily pick up the slightest movement a couple of miles away. I meant the mate or myself to be ashore most of the time; but as I didn't particularly trust Berry, I had no intention of losing any valuable pearls just through the neglect of an elementary precaution. You boys will appreciate that after you have made a few trips.

'It being too late to send the divers down that afternoon, I brought the *Rosalie* in to the side of the northern spit, and set the crew to giving her a good swilling down in preparation for the morrow. I personally overhauled every inch of the diving-gear, for pearl-fishing is a nasty, ticklish job. Nothing is easier for a diver handling large quantities of oysters down below than to cut his air-pipes. I have known any number of poor niggers lose their lives that way.'

(*Continued on page 731.*)

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS IN GREEK AND ROMAN TIMES.

By P. Beaufoy.

SURGICAL instruments are first mentioned by the celebrated healer, Hippocrates, born in the year 460 B.C., a period associated with the famous names of Aristophanes and Socrates. Hippocrates founded a school of medicine and wrote a number of small treatises containing rare wisdom. Among the instruments which he mentions we find trephines, needles, tooth-forceps, and bone-elevators. So far as one is able to gather from the brief descriptions of these, they were, as regards shape, very much on the same lines as our own appliances.

The majority of the surgical instruments which excavations have revealed to us are made of bronze. This does not imply, however, that steel and iron instruments were unknown to the surgeons of the early ages. We have the authority of various writers to prove that steel and iron were frequently used, but the greater durability of bronze has been the means of causing the latter to endure, whilst the former perished beneath the touch of time.

In the year 1854 a highly interesting discovery was made during some excavations in the city of Rheims. A party of workmen came across a large wooden box containing several scalpel-handles, a small drill, five hooks, some probes, a pair of forceps, and a mortar and a seal. The seal proclaimed that these instruments had been the property of an oculist of a very remote period—probably considerably before the Christian era. This would seem to prove that even such delicate operations as those connected with the eye were not unknown to our early forefathers.

Of late years one of the most important finds of surgical instruments of the Greek and Roman times was made at Baden, in the remains of a Roman military hospital. The date cannot be ascertained with any accuracy, but there is a possibility that it might be fixed about the period of Julius Cæsar. This find revealed a wonderfully preserved catheter, also some fine probes and some peculiarly shaped ear-scoops. We may gather from the last mentioned that operations on the ear were not unknown. A large case of cauterising instruments was also revealed. In this connection it may be pointed out that the early exponents of surgery, like the surgeons of the Middle Ages, had a positive passion for cauterisation, believing its efficacy to be almost unbounded.

What the unfortunate patient must have suffered in the absence of any semblance of anæsthesia, either local or general, one would perhaps not care to contemplate. It is probable that many preferred to suffer their ailments rather than undergo an operation, and one could hardly condemn them for such a preference.

A very valuable collection of instruments, dating back to the remotest period of Greek surgery, was unearthed at Cologne. Here were discovered a surgical chisel, somewhat roughly shaped, and an instrument bearing a marked resemblance to a modern pestle.

The surgical knife of those days consisted of a blade of steel with a handle of bronze. The lance was apparently identical with our own. It was invariably sharp-pointed, double-edged, and perfectly straight. There can be little doubt that the surgeons of the day had a very

keen affection for the knife. One gathers that in many cases where nowadays a patient would be subjected merely to medical treatment, the practice of those times was to operate without the slightest hesitation.

The excision of the uvula and the tonsils seems to have been practised very extensively, proving that the surgeons of the time realised the danger of those organs becoming too pronounced. A somewhat quaint description of an operation for the removal of the tonsils is given by a surgeon named Paul. The period is probably somewhere near the year One. 'Having seated the patient and directed him to open his mouth,' says Paul, 'one assistant then holds his head whilst another presses down the tongue with a tongue-depressor. . . . We take a yoke and perforate the tonsil with it, and we then cut it off by the roots. After the one excision, we may operate on the other tonsil in the same way.' (The tongue-depressor mentioned was, no doubt, an instrument shaped after the fashion of a modern spoon.)

The practice of using splints for fractures was extensively followed by those ancient surgeons. The sewing up of wounds was also executed exactly as it is performed to-day in a London hospital.

That the people of those remote times must have suffered very largely from nose and ear troubles is demonstrated by the huge number of nasal and ear-syringes which have been discovered from time to time. The syringes are, in most cases, delicately and even beautifully fashioned, showing not only surgical knowledge, but the artistic skill associated with the Hellenic races.

A reference has been made to the use of the chisel in early surgery. This was often employed for raising depressed fractures of the cranium. A hollow instrument resembling a chisel, and called a gouge, was also used in these operations. A hammer, moreover, formed part of cranial surgery equipment. Probably the hammer and the chisel were used in conjunction. Again one shudders to think of the feelings of the unhappy patient!

Cautery being so extensively used, it is not surprising that we find cauterising-knives in very general employment. Here is a brief (and rather horrifying) description of the method employed, supplied by a surgeon of the period: 'The skin is picked up with hooks and we push through it a long cautery. We repeat this six times'! The wonder of it is that any patient ever had the hardihood to recover at all.

Razors were in considerable demand for cutting the hair. This process seems to have appealed strongly to the surgeons of the time, who held that the removal of the hair was highly efficacious in certain diseases and fevers. The practice is, of course, not confined to ancient days.

It is somewhat difficult at this distance of time to ascertain whether the operations were generally successful. The writers of the period seem to preserve a discreet silence on the subject. We may, however, hazard the belief that Nature, with her remarkable habit of adapting people to their conditions, enabled patients to recover from operations which in a softer age would have proved fatal. This is pure theory, but it may be worth some passing consideration.

Dentistry was practised to some extent, but, like the modern practitioner, the Greek or Roman equivalent of our own L.D.S. always endeavoured to avoid extraction if at all possible. There seemed a very widespread fear that death might result from the operation. It is probable that dentists, unlike surgeons, were not highly skilled, and used too much force in their operations. This theory would seem to gain weight from the fact that in the Temple of Apollo at Delos there was displayed an enormous lead forceps, with an inscription warning dentists against using excessive force in their work. A practice which might commend itself to modern wielders of the forceps was that of plugging a highly decayed tooth with lint or lead, in order that it might not collapse when enclosed by the instrument.

Unfortunately, there is no record of any instruments having been discovered which can be positively declared to be dental forceps. At Pompeii certain instruments resembling them were unearthed, but the jaws were flat and unhollowed. If such were indeed used for the purposes of extraction, one can easily understand the objection of dentists to the operation, for it would be exceedingly difficult to get a satisfactory hold on a tooth with a tool resembling a gas-fitter's pliers. The method of extraction was somewhat like our own. Celsus directs that the 'tooth should be freed all round down to the socket, then shaken, loosed, and removed.' Files were used for scraping jagged edges, but the filling or 'stopping' of teeth was apparently an unknown art.

The foregoing constitute in effect the principal instruments in Greek and Roman surgery. There were others, but these are too barbarous to be described outside the pages of a purely medical journal. For instance, a species of hook was in general use, the functions of which must have been cruel to an inordinate degree. Hooks, it is recorded, were frequently used in obstetrical cases.

So far as the writer is aware, no reference whatever is made by any ancient writer to any attempt to modify the sufferings of the patient. The mere idea of anæsthesia does not appear to have entered into the imagination of the medical mind until our own day. We may gather, however, that so far as certain instruments of their profession were concerned, the surgeons of ancient times were by no means behind the civilisation of a more scientific period.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE HELIOPOLIS TRAM.

By Major LINDSAY BASHFORD, Author of *Everybody's Boy*, *Cupid in the Car*, &c.

I.

'THESE are our rulers!'

I heard the words spoken in the crowd immediately beneath the terrace on whose edge I was dining. The voice, deep and sonorous, was not that of Arab or Egyptian. It had a harsher note, and an ugly twang to the French of the words made me think at once of Syrian or Armenian, for with both these races violent emotion, scorn, or jealousy sounds vividly in the voice.

'These are our rulers!'

Round the corner, with clanging bell and the shrill scream of grating wheels, swept the long buff-and-chocolate-coloured Heliopolis tram, which was to take me, that stifling evening, into Cairo, whence I could drive to the Ghezireh Club for a breath of cool air beyond the Nile. I had dined early, depressed and exhausted by the stagnant atmosphere of this freak city of Heliopolis, in which, for my sins, and a few little sins of others, I was then stationed. I had intended to leave by this very car. Twenty minutes' swift dark run and I should be in the thronged heart of Cairo, just behind Shepheard's. But that phrase and the soft scornful voice which uttered it held me. I waited, and the tram clanged and clattered away.

I could not see who had spoken. The terrace was about man-high, and I had thus at my feet a mass of turbans and tarbushes of the strange, absorbed crowd which was watching the cinema-screen erected high above the scorching road.

Even to my accustomed eyes, tired with the daily hard glare, the scene was impressive, so strange a patchwork was it of East and West, which in all the tangled process of life can never mingle. The terrace on which I sat at my tiny dinner-table with its orange-shaded lamp was that of the Heliopolis House, a gaunt, crude building at cross-roads in the middle of the Heliopolis oasis. This grandiose and tawdry town, this collapsed Monte Carlo of the desert, with one of the world's biggest hotels, a group of exotic villas, tall buildings of cheap flats, a noisy, untidy Luna Park, and unnamable whispered haunts in the background, seemed that night to be at its most characteristic. Any caprice of extravagance or outburst of hysteria would seem normal. Such nights are not infrequent in the East. The most sinister conspiracies might well be hatching. The blue of the inflexible August sky had darkened to indigo. A stale heat, horribly depressing, rose from the asphalt pavements to make Europeans sweat and gasp. At intervals the electric trams screamed and clattered past, and from the Luna Park—the tawdry delight thrust by the West upon the East—came the swish of the cars on the 'mountain railway' and the shrill cries of excited passengers.

The mammoth hotel across the road was still in army hands, and showed no sign of life except for two or three sentries in khaki drill and very short shorts, the metal of their rifle-barrels hot to the hand. On the far side of it was the great semicircular balcony to which one went after Mess. From it one could look beyond the oasis and the smug, bare Abbassieh cantonments right out to the desert itself, and the Pyramids, aloof, serene, with that curious spareness of texture and almost ethereal dignity which solid structures assume when regarded from a distance across desert.

An hour before I had thus seen them, stately in the sunset. What a contrast to this artificial, gimcrack Heliopolis, this phantasmagoria of mixed races!

'These are our rulers!'

The voice again, soft, yet bitterly cynical. Was it my fate on this stifling, nerve-upsetting night to hear that phrase repeated with the subtle increasing hysteria of repetition—the dervish hypnotism of repetition—and only half-recognise the voice? This time there came a subdued murmur from the crowd, a whimper almost, but with an unmistakable note of approval.

From where I sat I could not see the cinema-screen on which every gaze was fixed, so I left my table to find my way back through the hotel to the street. I threaded between the busy tables where beneath the fast-darkening sky the little lamps of red, orange, and jade shone like glow-worms. I passed a regimental band slamming its way through the 'Hesitation' waltz much as a Texan cowboy might shoulder across Lucile's showrooms. The street, with its high-balconied houses, was hotter, if possible, than the terrace. The thin desert wind of sunset had now quite died down, and there was no movement of the

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air. The heat was curiously sullen, and one felt the temper of the crowd on the same note, and angry too, as it watched the development of the picture-story.

A cinema in mid-street for East and West alike to watch each evening did not seem out of place in this garish town. One only went to Heliopolis for such diversions as it could offer. Built chiefly by Belgian capital, in the spirit of Ismailian extravagance, it had been intended for a world's pleasure-city, Eastern luxury blending with more vigorous Western pleasures, outshining Monte Carlo and Ostend. Lord Cromer abruptly refused it gambling licences. The ambition was shattered, and Heliopolis to-day is but a listless suburb of Cairo, beginning to get a little dingy, its splendours tarnishing. It is a disappointed, half-finished, indolent place, and the Levantine riff-raff of Cairo loafs in its streets. No one either toils or spins more than is absolutely necessary. At night, indeed, when darkness hides its shabby tinsel and the peeling stucco of its pinnacles, Heliopolis has a certain faded charm. At night, too, one sometimes catches at its street-corners the tang, the bitter-sweet taste, the indescribable stimulus of the desert wind.

II.

'These are our rulers!'

The repetition was telling on the mood of the crowd now. There were murmurs, sharp snatches of laughter, and suddenly the whole throng swayed slightly with a strange, quick rustling almost like the intake of breath of a man in fear. At the sight and sound of that I pushed forward. I had seen that ominous swaying of excited men before. What had followed had never been pleasant to recall.

My first glance at the screen explained everything. I had anticipated the customary narrative of wild adventure and hairbreadth escape, mustangs, bucking bronchos, cowboys, and the holding-up of the California Limited in Lone Tree Valley for the robbery of Mrs Abner P. Brunckheim's Marie Antoinette tiara. But it had never occurred to me, I confess, that the films shown in such places as this might become a political factor to be reckoned with, or could ever appear, even to the Oriental mind, as approaching normal conditions of Western life. What I now began to watch was the film representation of a fairly modern English novel which in its day had been very popular. It was a characteristic late-Victorian romance, very emotional, and on the film every moment and aspect of passion was ludicrously exaggerated. The result to a European eye was sickly and artificial in the extreme, emotion stretched to the point of absurdity, and consequently very dull to watch.

I stood where pallid light from the high street arc-lamps illuminated the rows of Eastern faces. I thought I saw all the Orient there; it was certainly as characteristic an assembly of Levantine types as you could have found anywhere east of Malta that night. Tall Bedouin from the desert were there with the watchful look of distance in their eyes, quietly scornful of street narrowness. I saw the inevitable sly Armenian and the smug, shrewd Greek. There lolled the fat nondescript shopkeepers of the neighbourhood, whose race it would puzzle a tribunal of mathematicians to determine. There, too, were vagrant Europeans in shabby drill suits, the tragic failures on the fringe between West and East; women half-veiled; rapt, plump children; Egyptian student youths with spectacles and bright-yellow, long-toed, cheap American boots, a strange blend of fanaticism and half-baked cynicism in their big, reflective, aimless eyes. Stolid Cypriots were there, and Syrians, and those innumerable spare youths of indeterminate origin who throng every Near Eastern town, preternaturally intelligent, hypocritically servile to authority, picking up a living as best they can, holding all the cruelty and excitability of Eastern adolescence, imbibing Western ideas, and apt to any violence.

'These are our rulers!'

And suddenly I saw the whole miserable danger of this imported casual cinema business. East and West do not mingle. They see things always with different eyes. They were doing so now with this dull, sentimental film, this rather old-fashioned novel. Into the moments of emotion, the mawkishly exaggerated kissings and endearments, the breaking-up of a home, the hint of the 'eternal triangle,' this Eastern audience was reading its own interpretation. To the Eastern mind the emotional development of events in the story had always a much more direct sensual meaning than the novelist had intended or a Western audience would ever have thought of. To the Western mind this cynical Levantine audience was luxuriously transforming every episode of a typically English novel into something directly sensual, uncontrolled and animal, squalid, a dirty and languorous thing.

But even this, I suppose, would have mattered little had it not been for the phrase which was now being echoed hither and thither in the throng. This film was showing the East what the West was like in its daily life—its life interpreted by the Eastern mind. What vestiges of dignity and cleanliness were left to it?

The film flickered to a new scene: a man, an English peer, tormented, exhausted, beaten down by an unworthy passion. The episode, so far as I could recall, was of small importance in the novel; but here, because of its easy emotional representation on the screen, it was drawn out and heightened to an exasperating degree, making an ignominious spectacle utterly out of proportion to the current of the narrative.

'These are our rulers!' The sonorous, bitter phrase again.

On the edge of the crowd a boy's high, thin voice shrieked in hysterical laughter. Again the crowd swayed. Above us, on the terrace, the regimental band blurted out 'Land of Hope and Glory.' The film ended. A notice on the screen announced Charlie Chaplin as the attraction for Thursday, when new films were always put on.

One of the long buff-and-chocolate trams, bound for Cairo, came clanging and screaming round the corner. A group of Armenians pushed towards it, clambering excitedly into the open trailer. The spell had been partially dispersed, yet I noticed groups here and there eyeing each other with furtive glances. Then, just behind me, I heard a soft chuckle which I immediately recognised, and that same deep, level voice murmured to some neighbour, 'See how they caught that phrase! What magic there is in repetition! What fools the English to send us films we can make use of to discredit them! Yet more seed has been sown to-night.'

Two tall, turbaned figures glided away across a patch of waste land towards the dark fringe of the oasis. Of one face I caught a quick glimpse. It was a face I had seen more than once in the nasty local risings through which we had come that spring—a thin, finely cut face with high arched brows, the tapering chin of the Levant, the drooping lips of a cynic, and the gloomy eyes of the fanatic. A remarkable face, indicating contrasts of violent character which seem incredible to the grooved psychology of Europe, but are often to be found among the mixed races of the Near East.

III.

Guessing that the two agitators would join the next tram at a later and less brilliantly lighted halt, I joined it too. Although it was late, my mind was too much concerned with what I had witnessed for me to contemplate sleep. I wanted to see further. I had guessed right; two slim figures climbed into the tram at the next halt. Through the glass of the compartment door I could watch their faces, utterly expressionless and impassive. Near them an Egyptian youth was sitting absorbed in a book. He was pale and too plump for his years, spectacled and dressed in shabby European clothes, with a bright-yellow tie. A slight movement and a capricious ray of light enabled me to catch the title of the book. He was reading Karl Marx.

The big tram swung on through the darkness, its polyglot passengers half-asleep after the tawdry excitements of the Luna Park. We were clear of the Heliopolis oasis now, and crossing the wide space of shabby desert which lies between it and Cairo. Here and there a light shone. A distant train crawled across the night in a thin trail of flame. A glow appeared in the sky above Cairo itself. Then the smell of crowded Eastern habitations came into the tram, and we stopped at the station of Manchiet el Sadr. To my surprise, the two agitators got out. They were at once followed by the pasty-faced student who had been reading Karl Marx.

I knew Manchiet el Sadr as a particularly squalid village on the edge of the trim Abbassieh cantonments and the haunt of the Egyptian soldier in search of illicit delights. A mass of hovels that could hardly be dignified with the name of huts, tumble-down and very filthy, I had seen its dingy alleys by day from the tram, with slatternly women idling in them, and fowls and goats hunting for food amongst heaps of garbage. The real Egyptian village, set amidst lush fields, has always seemed to me a pleasant and kindly place, primitive though it be; but this half-suburb, Manchiet el Sadr, pander to unnamable lusts, had always filled me with disgust. And now, as I felt my way through its stinking streets, in search of I knew not what, the place appeared more repellent than ever. Its very silence mocked me, and the dim outlines of its hovels, seen now and then against the sky, seemed secretive and forbidding.

I hardly knew why I had left the tram and slipped quickly into these hot and sinister shadows; my knowledge of the East assured me that the odds were all against discovery of any agitators' lair. There might be a hundred of them in a place so squalid and obscure as this. Once, indeed, I caught sight of that cynical, yet not unbeautiful, face. At a corner the Egyptian had paused, perhaps to say good-night to his friend, and a thin chequer of light from a grating showed me his features, the finely drawn chin, the sombre glowering eyes. The plump student, with his yellow tie and paper-covered volume of Karl Marx, had vanished amidst these squalid surroundings, in which his cheap Europeanism and desperate studiousness had both seemed so incongruous. A little later, in the pitchy darkness, I heard the sound of a woman's laughter, but it was half tears. From behind a shutter, close to my elbow, there came a long-drawn sigh.

I found nothing more in Manchiet el Sadr. Its secrets were jealously guarded from me behind those filthy and dilapidated walls. Yet I was glad to have been there, for I felt myself getting a little closer to the causes of the restlessness which is ominously astir throughout the East, and which it is so desperately difficult for the Englishman to seek out and understand. My foot stumbled on the concrete of the tramway-bed, and I made my way to the little station, there to wait for the tram to take me back to Heliopolis. It came screaming round the curve, and in a moment I was watching the Abbassieh lights once more across the wide space of the Egyptian night. The surrounding vastness, the hot, steady darkness, repeated, in vivid contrast, yet another impression of this strange East that I must both fear and love—its dignity, its

patience, its permanence. There, in the serene darkness beyond the Nile, stood the Pyramids. I seemed suddenly a hemisphere distant from the sly and squalid atmosphere of conspiracy, the cynicism and half-suppressed hysteria of the evening. Yet I knew well enough that the next night I should be dining at the same table with its little orange-shaded lamp, and that the same crowd would gather in the street below to watch the film which was allowed nightly to belittle in the eyes of this people the race which rules them.

'DELABATE.'

PART II.

IV.

THERE were doubtless many to whom the French governor's vigorous and fearless administration was far from being welcome. But it was no act of his own that provoked the ruthless revenge that was wreaked on him. In the secret plotting and scheming, as well as in the open contentions and conflicts, to which the rival claims to the regency had given rise, the powerful Border family of Home played an important part. Its head, Alexander, Lord Home, joined the faction that supported the pretensions of the queen-mother, and in concert with the English carried on an irregular but terribly devastating warfare along the Scottish Border. In 1516, however, he found it advisable to make his peace with Albany, and was reinstated in the possessions which he had forfeited by his treasonable conduct. Before long he resumed his intrigues with England, and was the cause of renewed disorder in the Eastern Marches. The regent, who had hitherto treated him with more generosity than prudence, now resolved to make a deterring example of the turbulent Borderer. To avoid the risks which would attend any attempt to lay hands on him so long as he remained in his own country and amongst his own people, the bold, hardy, and devoted men of the Merse, he and his brother William were enticed to Edinburgh and there arrested. Lord Home, says Hawthornden, was first accused of the death of James IV. This not being proved 'by pregnant evidences,' he was next indicted on 'divers other points of treason,' thus summarised: 'He had favoured and maintained the factions, thefts, and robberies of wicked malefactors on the Borders; he had not honourably nor honestly carried himself at the battle of Flodden, performing neither the duty of a soldier nor commander; and he had suffered the English to repair and to fortify anew the Castle of Norham, which, without either trouble to himself or danger to his friends, he might have hindered.' Lord Home 'having failed to justify himself clearly of the accusations brought against him,' the judges pronounced him and his brother guilty, and condemned them to have their heads cut off. The sentence was carried out, and their heads were fixed on the most eminent part of the town of Edinburgh. This was in October 1516.

So far as is recorded, the only active part taken by De La Bastie in the quarrel between Albany and the Homes consisted in the arrest of Lord Home's mother, whom 'he had taken from her house and carried on a trotting horse to Dunbar, where she was kept for six weeks on bread and water.' That he was a friend of the regent's, however, was enough of itself to make De La Bastie obnoxious to the whole clan, even if there had not been the aggravating circumstance of his appointment as Warden of the Marches in the place of Lord Home.

The historians who record the tragic event are not in agreement as to all details; but they are unanimous in assigning the siege of the Tower of Langton, near Duns, as the incident by which the crisis was precipitated.

The first important point that is made doubtful by a sharp divergence of opinion between the chroniclers is whether, in the words of Hawthornden, 'the quarrel was true and real, or (as others have recorded) altogether forged and contrived to draw the Deputy in a danger.' Leslie, a contemporary, though a young one, of the incident which he relates, distinctly asserts the existence of a deeply laid plot. His narrative, indeed, amounts to a direct charge of treachery against David Home of Wedderburn. He records in brief but vivid words: 'When Wedderburn, by his spies, understood that Bawtie was near, and but few in company, he meets him with force, lays on the chase, sharply follows, hurts many, cruelly slays him at last, and four of his Frenchmen with him.'

Home of Godscroft's narrative is minutely circumstantial; but the ingenuity with which its details are made to fit together so as to remove all suspicion of premeditation on the part of the Homes, and to free them from responsibility for the affray that followed, is rather interesting than convincing. According to him, De La Bastie was holding a justiciary court at Kelso when news of the attack on Langton reached him, and in virtue of his authority he summoned Home of Wedderburn to come to him. The Borderer, however, refused to do so except under the security of a safe-conduct. This was granted him; and it was arranged that he should meet the Warden as the latter was

on his way back to Dunbar. On the 19th of September 1517 he accordingly set out, and the two men fell in with each other at a short distance from Kelso. Friendly greetings were exchanged; and, as they rode on together, it was not till the subject of the siege of Langton was broached that their real sentiments manifested themselves in angry words. To a peremptory order that he should call his brothers away from Langton, Wedderburn is said to have replied that the business was none of his, that his brothers were responsible for their actions, and that he had no intention of interfering in their affairs. It is further alleged that when De La Bastie, irritated at this open defiance of his authority, broke out into threats, Wedderburn retorted that he had come to the meeting under a guarantee of personal safety, that he would now return home under its protection, and that, for the rest, he intended to act as he pleased.

In the meantime word had been sent to the besiegers to follow up quickly in the Frenchman's rear, calling up reinforcements as they did so. Eighteen of them answered the summons, and, as they dashed along, were joined by others of their kindred and dependants. Most of the fifty men that made up De La Bastie's guard were Scotsmen, who, when they realised what was happening, made it manifest that their support was not to be depended upon. One of them, however, is credited with an action that does him honour. Mark Ker of Littledean is reported to have begged Wedderburn not to disgrace himself by attacking a stranger in the Home country, and even to have grasped the reins of his horse in an attempt to turn him away from his purpose. But the threats which he drew upon himself obliged him to desist from his conciliatory interference. It had by now been brought home to the Warden what the odds against him would be in the event of an affray. If the chronicler's account is to be accepted, he changed his overbearing tone and endeavoured to placate Wedderburn, who, on his side, assuming a more openly hostile attitude, reproached him with having been accessory to the plot by which Lord Home and his brother had been lured to their doom.

The quarrel had reached this acute stage when the approach of the Wedderburns, riding up at full speed from Langton and shouting their rallying-cry, made it obvious to De La Bastie that his only hope of safety lay in flight, and he clapped spurs to his horse. It was a powerful animal, and, to satisfy the claims of poetic justice, is said to have been a charger that had belonged to Lord Home. On this occasion it was handicapped by being harnessed and caparisoned in the heavy French fashion, and thus prevented from putting forth its full speed. It was well in advance of the men from Langton Tower, however, and might have succeeded in outdistancing them altogether if it had not been for one of Wedderburn's pages. This youth had been left at home, but getting wind that something was happening, he sprang on one of his master's horses, and, having a shorter distance to cover, was able to overtake the fugitive before the other pursuers could come up with him.

De La Bastie had reached an uneven and marshy tract of land between Duns and Preston when the sudden approach of this assailant obliged him to divide his attention between flight and defence. Thrown to the ground by an unlucky stumble of his horse, he nevertheless succeeded in springing to his feet, and was holding his own against the mounted page, whose own horse was floundering in the marsh, when John and Patrick Home rode up. In vain did De La Bastie beg for mercy, even at the cost of unconditional surrender. His enemies were implacable; and he had fallen beneath their blows when Wedderburn himself appeared on the scene.

Wedderburn's thirst for vengeance was not satisfied with the death of the regent's deputy. Ordering the head to be severed from the body, and fastening the ghastly trophy to his saddle-bow by the 'heidlace' into which the hair, worn 'lang lyke wemen's,' was plaited, he rode back to Duns with it. There he first affixed it to the 'mercat-cross, that all men might see it,' and afterwards, 'to feed his eyes with the spectacle of his rage, set it, to the disgrace of the French, on the battlements of the Castle of Home.'

The Homes were duly summoned to appear in Edinburgh to stand their trial, and as duly put to the horn and forfeited for not doing so. But England afforded them a convenient and safe retreat; and the occupation of their strongholds—Home Castle, Langton, and Wedderburn—by the forces which Arran, the new Warden, had brought into the Merse to punish them was merely temporary. Before long the predominance of the English party in the politics of Scotland secured for them not only immunity from further punishment, but even something not far removed from approval of an action by which a powerful blow had been struck at the influence of France. It is but fair to record that the sum of £184, 9s. 4d. was allowed to De La Bastie's widow.

The unfortunate knight's hair was preserved, through many generations, as a grim memorial of the vengeance of the Wedderburns. It was thrown into the fire by Miss Jean Home, at a date so comparatively recent as 1810. 'His body,' says the family historian, 'was buried in the place where he fell, and *Bawtie's grave* is still shown by the country people in the neighbourhood.' The moss-covered stone that used to mark the precise spot in 'Bawtie's bog' has since been removed, and is locally believed to be that now lying at the foot of the Broomhouse monument, which a later Wedderburn has erected to the memory of the chivalrous Frenchman who fell a victim to the lawless vindictiveness of his ancestors.

THE END.

TOO MUCH SPICE.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON, Author of *Hospital Jock.*

I.

DUGALD M'GLASHAN had taken a huff at the world in general, and women in particular, and gone off and buried himself in a place that would require some finding.

Any one who has threaded the maze of the Sundarbans at the delta of the Ganges will realise that if a man wants to get lost, that is the spot to make for. Mud-islands of all sizes, but of the same appearance, tantalise the navigator. All have the same marshy shores, strewn with broken logs and sleeping alligators; the same scrubby clothing of lonely jungle; and winding through them all is the perplexing network of channels, which only the experienced *serang* can negotiate.

M'Glashan, however, had given character to the island he had purchased twenty years before. It was no longer marshy. Artificial channels had drained the land. He had literally taken off his coat and put himself into the soil, and when a Scotsman does that, there is a bit of a stir even in vegetation.

Already broad fields yielded their harvest of jute and rice. Plantain and mango trees, well cared for, sent their annual crop to the Calcutta market. Nearly five thousand acres had been reclaimed from the sea, and the soil was of the richest, laden with the débris of ages, a greater wealth than the treasures of palaces.

But the greatest transformation was to be seen in the natives. Villages of neatly built huts dotted the land. M'Glashan's huff with the world had turned to money, and he shared it generously with those who had helped him to earn it.

His short, sturdy figure stood on the steps of the veranda as he scanned the sky anxiously. 'Barrick,' he said to his bearer, 'that sky forecasts a cyclone. If it blows up, the Padre Sahib will not get here for Sunday.'

There was disappointment in his voice, for M'Glashan was a strange mixture. Sometimes he was anything but Christian in his hot-headed rage, and while the natives loved him, they also feared him; but he always had a room and a welcome for the missionary, whose visits were few, and whose flock on the island was meagre.

The fact was that Dugald had scarcely any other white visitors, and he never went to Calcutta himself if he could help it.

'Yes, Sahib,' replied the man. 'The storm will break to-night. It may continue four days, as it did last year. If so, the Padre Sahib will not be able to cross over.'

'But the Padre Sahib studies the skies as well as you do, and has taken time by the forelock,' said a voice beside them, as a little man strode round the corner of the bungalow. 'I saw what was coming, and thought I might as well be marooned here as anywhere else.'

'Richt ye are. Come awa' in, M'Farlane. I'm rale glad to see ye, an' though ye dinna believe in pegs, we'll hae a nicht o' it, a' the same. You can dae the talkin' and I'll dae the ither thing,' said M'Glashan with a laugh, as he extended his hand for a hearty grasp.

They entered the house, and the missionary stopped in the hall, while he looked at an object framed in glass that hung on the wall. It was a big riding-whip.

'I have often wondered why you have such a strange ornament there,' he remarked in inquiring tones, as he glanced curiously at it.

M'Glashan rubbed his chin thoughtfully with his hand. 'Na; I'll no tell ye the noo, but perhaps some ither time.' Then he added with a twinkle in his eye, 'It is my fetish. The natives think I worship it; an', to speak the truth, they are no far wrang, though, like maist o' their gods, it raises the de'il in me when I look at it. Ay, I maun tell ye the haill story sometime, if it's only to get it aff my conscience—but no yet. Ye wud gie me a sermon on my paganism, an' mak' me throw the thing oot—an' I'm no ready for that.'

II.

That afternoon a little paddle-steamer was nosing its way through the narrow straits of the Sundarbans. It contained just a family party—so at least Lady Ridgeworth styled it—and had been chartered for a four-days' trip through this archipelago.

Lady Ridgeworth was not a whit interested in the reclaiming of waste land, but she pretended to be, and discussed the matter seriously with Johnstone Roller, the Calcutta financier, who, though he little knew it, had been taken merely as a matter of camouflage. He was a very important person in his own sight and in commercial circles, but he was being simply twisted round a woman's little finger, and had left pressing business in his office and kept important clients waiting that this trip might assume a serious air.

Sir Richard, Lady Ridgeworth's husband, believed what his wife said, and did what she told him. He was a pawn easily managed. Major Burton was another of the same. He was a principal in the plot, yet failed to realise that there was any plot at all. He was out to catch what he wanted, and never imagined that he was being caught himself.

Young Munro was thrown in as padding—of the lavender kind. With a dull husband a

woman needed some recreation, and Lady Ridgeworth, remembering that four days through marshes required some enlivening, had invited the lieutenant for her own special delectation.

So far as the men were concerned, they gave no trouble. It was the other woman who was the unconscious cause of the whole expedition, and she was Lady Ridgeworth's younger sister, Kate Sinclair.

The two ladies were sitting on deck-chairs watching the men having a game of quoits. The elder of the two, whose eagle eye missed nothing, noted that the major's successful shots brought no gleam of admiration to her sister's face; and for a bride who was to be married the following week to show no appreciation of her future husband's exploits, if only with quoits, was a danger-signal.

'Kate, what a lucky girl you are, getting such a man! The major is the essence of goodness, and worth his weight in gold.'

'There is not much essence about him,' was the answer, accompanied by a significant smile, as the speaker glanced at the very portly figure of her fiancé, who was finding it a gymnastic feat to pick up a quoit. 'No doubt your second statement has its attractions, if there is enough gold in the Empire to balance his weight. Girth and gold go too frequently together for my taste.'

'You were once young, Kate,' said Lady Ridgeworth, with some acerbity in her tones, 'and possibly admired athletic slimness; but years change our opinions as well as our figures. Any of your old lovers seeing you now might even think that time had spoiled yours.'

Kate reddened at the thrust she had partly invited.

Lady Ridgeworth was angry, and in her wrath she did not spare. On the very week before her wedding Kate had shown signs of balking, and her sister realised that she must be kept well in hand until the event was over. It had been difficult enough to bring her to the scratch, and retreat had been cut off as far as possible by the public announcement of the marriage, the arrangements for the service in the cathedral, and the large number of invitations issued. Kate could hardly go back now with any decency; but, then, Kate had always been the uncertain quantity in the family, and often did the most unexpected thing. She was safer on board a boat, in constant touch with her fiancé, than in a hotel with its independence, and a city with its time-tables and trains and facilities for sudden flight. So at least thought Lady Ridgeworth.

'Whatever do you expect in a man?' she asked impatiently.

'Courage and purpose,' was the prompt retort. 'A man who drifts is a weakling.'

'Well, the major has surely plenty of purpose. It is ten years now since he set his heart on you, Kate, and he has held on with wonderful persistence.'

'And you have aided and abetted him, Jane. I can't see why.'

That was just where the guileless Kate came short. Lady Ridgeworth laid her plans deep. The major had a fine estate, and a manor-house that made every visitor envious. Moreover, he was over sixty years of age, and Kate was not young. Therefore it might be concluded that there would be no children of the marriage. As the major had no near relatives, the property was almost certain to pass to Kate in the natural order of events—and after her? Well, Lady Ridgeworth had an only son. Kate would, of course, leave everything to her nephew; and, looking down the vista of the years, Lady Ridgeworth saw her boy, the one for whom she really lived, settled as squire in room of Major Burton and his deceased spouse. But if that future event was to materialise, the marriage which she had nursed with such zealous care must take place.

'Of course, I want to see you well settled, Kate. Since the war you know how your income has dropped by half. You cannot really live on it now. You must marry. Major Burton is madly in love with you, and will make you very happy. By this time you should have outlived all sentimental nonsense.'

Just at that moment the boat gave a violent jerk; the major lost his balance, and rolled on to the deck. Lady Ridgeworth caught a smile on her sister's face. It was a bad omen, for brides do not laugh at their lovers' misfortunes.

The sudden stoppage had more fateful results than a smile. The gentlemen had ceased their game, and were conversing in animated tones with the *serang* who commanded the steamer. He pointed to the sky, where heavy clouds were piling themselves up, and where flashes of lightning already heralded the coming storm.

Sir Richard moved over to his wife.

'A most unfortunate thing has happened, Jane. We have stranded on a sandbank, and the captain cannot get the boat off. What makes matters worse is that a storm is springing up, and our position will be most awkward, if not dangerous.'

'Then we shall have to give up our scheme of inspecting the islands for a suitable spot to start our work of reclaiming the land. It is very provoking, especially when we have brought Mr Johnstone Roller all this way to enlist his support in starting the company,' sighed Lady Ridgeworth, as yet not realising that her personal comfort was threatened, which was a matter of infinitely more concern.

'Here is a jolly how-do-you-do,' exclaimed Munro, coming along flushed with excitement. 'Bride and bridegroom marooned on a sandbank. What a heading for the papers! We may not get out of here for a week. If we

could only capture a padre, we might have the ceremony on board.'

'If we do not get the boat off in a few hours there will not be much left of her or of us,' put in Mr Johnstone Roller in an indignant voice. 'If the cyclone bursts, this cockle-shell will not be able to resist the clamour for self-determination on the part of its beams and planks; each will go its own way, and where shall we be?'

'Ask the alligators,' answered Munro cheerily.

'Why, I believe that is a bungalow through the trees there on the shore,' exclaimed Lady Ridgeworth, as usual wide awake to what concerned her own interests. 'I think Major Burton and Kate should go ashore and explore.'

'We will all go,' said Sir Richard.

'And what about the cook? He was certainly going to excel himself to-night, judging from the sound of imprisoned poultry I heard this morning. Are we to miss his masterpiece?' demanded Munro.

'No; we will ship the whole lot ashore, and take our dinner with us. There may not be one waiting,' answered the host.

'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' added the lieutenant.

'That is true of marriages as well as meals,' whispered Lady Ridgeworth to her sister with a significant look.

'I plump for the bush,' responded Kate with a laugh.

III.

The little dinghy was launched with noisy effort by the crew, and Major Burton and Kate were the first passengers. Lady Ridgeworth had skilfully outgeneralled her husband and the *serang*, who had intended sending an exploring-party ashore.

Lady Ridgeworth argued that there was nothing like a little spice of adventure to give a pick-me-up to a romance in bad health, especially with such a sentimental being as her sister. She forgot that the ingredients need careful mixing, and that, if the spice be too strong, death, instead of recovery, may result. As it was, it needed very little to kill a feeble love-affair that was taking fright at the approaching marriage. But the island looked so innocent that Lady Ridgeworth never dreamed it could grow so fatal a spice.

'It will let the poor dears be a little while alone,' she whispered to her husband, as she watched them embarking.

'And they will forget all about us, and never come back to report. I know the way of lovers,' growled Sir Richard.

'Oh, you silly, we shall be too wise to leave the prospecting to them. I want them to go and get lost. We will follow at a respectful distance,' was the sagacious retort, which made the husband admire afresh the profound wisdom of his spouse.

Major Burton and Kate were duly landed on somewhat marshy ground, which gave the bridegroom scope for gallantry, and he bravely faced muddy boots and wet feet in his efforts to guide his companion dry-shod to firmer ground. In this he certainly made an impression. So far the spice was of the right seasoning!

They struck a narrow path, which further aided Lady Ridgeworth's schemes; while the dinghy returned to the ill-fated steamer for a fresh load.

The major vaguely felt that the present situation had been staged by a wiser brain than his, and that he was expected to make the most of it. So he slipped his arm round his bride's waist and began to murmur sweet things about their approaching marriage.

Then they encountered the real thing in spice, the pure, unadulterated article, which Lady Ridgeworth had foolishly left out of account in her calculations.

Kate's hardness was being softened. She was beginning to see the sunny side of marriage, when suddenly she found herself alone. Her companion had done a most extraordinary thing. Was he mad?

He had made a violent spurt for a neighbouring tree, and, gripping a branch, had with marvellous agility swung himself on to it. It was an acrobatic feat of which she scarcely thought the rotund figure of the major capable. He was certainly puffed and exhausted with his effort, for his speech came in gasps.

'Run, Kate; run for your life. Get up a tree. Look, there is one over there. This branch will not hold two. It is cracking already.'

'But why——' began the astonished lady. Then she saw the reason, and further speech was unnecessary. In the long grass a little to the left she caught sight of the head of a tiger. The animal was looking at her. She did not stop to argue whether he wore a Christian or an unchristian expression, whether he was young or grown old in crime—she spurted too. But she had been so trained to be given a hand-up in life that when she reached the tree she felt for a moment helpless, and bitter resentment rose within her towards the man who had left her alone to her fate.

True, he did his best to urge her on by his words.

'Quick, Kate, or the brute will get you. Catch that branch above you, and pull yourself up. Keep cool—don't lose your head. Once up there, you will be safe enough.'

Kate made one or two more violent and unsuccessful springs.

'He is coming now,' shouted the major, 'and I have nothing to throw at him. Try to shin up the tree.'

His words stimulated memory. Kate had seen small boys perform wondrous feats with their knees, so, taking a firmer grasp with her hands, she tried the experiment. With the grip of fear she clutched the trunk, and found she

could hold on. Inch by inch she rose, until she reached the branch, and from it climbed higher and ever higher.

'As you are farther back, shout to the others when they come. Tell them to get up trees at once, and send some one for a gun,' was the major's next command. 'I will keep my eye on the tiger—I see its tail swinging.'

The rest of the party arrived in relays, and with surprising alacrity, when the situation was explained, sought the nearest perches, until every one was safely up a tree.

'What are we to do next?' inquired Sir Richard from a leafy mango.

'That depends on the tiger,' answered Munro, who on another tree was supporting with difficulty Lady Ridgeworth.

'Thank Heaven! Here comes a man,' announced the major as outpost. 'I hope he has a gun.—Hey, there's a tiger there in the grass to your right. Put a bullet in him.'

'Mair like I'll pit it intae you. What are ye daein' up that tree?' answered a Scottish voice.

'Look out. There is the tiger making for you. Run, man.' The major's voice was full of alarm now, for the tiger was springing over the grass towards the new-comer. The Scot, to the major's stupefaction, caught the beast playfully by the ears, and gave them a tug.

'What mischief is this ye're up tae, Tuffik?' demanded Dugald M'Glashan of his pet. After all, it was little more than a puppy tiger.

'Do you mean to tell me that this creature belongs to you?' asked the major in amazement.

'Ay; I'm aye makin' pets o' young tigers, an' when they get ower big for me I turn them loose. I hae lots o' freen's i' the jungle yonder, wha wud gie me a nicht's lodgin', I'm sure, if I wanted it, an' no even ask a bite in return. They're rare craturs when ye get the richt side o' them. Come doun noo, an' I'll tak' ye richt up tae my bungalow. Ye'll be in need o' a peg after a' yer excitement. I'll tell the cook to kill the fatted calf, an' we'll mak' a nicht o' it.'

'There are some more of our party,' replied the major, as he slid down to the ground.

'Where are they?'

'Up the trees there. Two of them are ladies.'

'Leddies!' ejaculated M'Glashan, and there was a note of terror in his voice. Gripping Tuffik by the ear, he began a hasty retreat. Then, realising that he was lacking in courtesy, he turned round and shouted to the major, 'Bring your party alang, leddies an' a'. My servants'll attend tae ye. I'm sorry—but—but—I hae anither engagement.'

With that he vanished up the path, Tuffik following at his heels.

IV.

'Padre, you are a godsend.' M'Glashan had reached the veranda of his bungalow in a state of trepidation. 'There's a haill lot o' veesitors comin', wi' leddies an' a'. Ye maun mak' them welcome.'

'And what are you going to do?' asked M'Farlane.

'Rin awa' as far an' as fast as I can. In a' my life I hae never entertained a leddy—no, never.'

'Well, you can begin.'

'I'm ower auld.'

'Too faint-hearted, you mean. No, no, this will never do. You must be host in your own house. I will do my best to help you out, but on conditions.'

There was a twinkle in the padre's eye as he spoke. He saw that his host was in a state bordering on nervous collapse. His mind must be diverted at all costs.

'Weel, what are your condeetions?'

'You must tell me the story of that whip, or I will not lift a finger to help you.'

'That's easily done,' replied M'Glashan, in too serious a mood to note the lurking laugh on his visitor's face. 'I'll tell ye the tale, but, mind ye, I'll haud ye tae your bargain.'

'I'm agreed. Go on.'

'I was aince young and silly—though perhaps ye wull require imagination to tak' it in. My faither had a guid farm, but didna believe muckle in education. Wark was his gospel. Sae I was sure o' siller, but my thochts turned tae somethin' else. Twa sisters lived in a big hoose in oor parish. The laird's son was courtin' ane, an' I fell in love wi' the ither. I wasna to be pit aff, for ye wull gie me credit for determination, padre, seein' hoo I hae stuck to this island like its mud. Weel, yae evenin' I was goin' up to ca', when I met the laird's son face to face. He had just come back frae Oxford, an' was a strong, weel-set-up young fellow. He was cairryin' a horsewhip.

'"Where are ye goin'?" he demanded.

'I telt him straicht. Then he suddenly laid on me wi' the whip, shoutin', "Confoond your impidence! I wull whip that oot o' ye."

'But he had coonted wi'oot his host. I hadna his skill, but I had learned to haundle cattle, an' the verra de'il seemed to tak' possession o' me. I wrenched the whip frae him, an' flingin' him doun in my mad fury, I gave him such a hidin' that I'm sure there wasna a haill inch left on his body. When I came tae my senses I had a'maist feenished him, an' he was lyin' unconscious. Then I realised what I had done, an' fear seized me. I ran awa' that verra nicht frae hame, reached Glesca, an' smuggled mysel' aboard a boat bound for India. I heard afterwards that he said naethin' aboot the whippin'. Perhaps he was ashamed. He is noo Sir Richard Ridgeworth. But I maun be aff. There come the strangers. Dae the best ye can for them.'

Before M'Farlane could stop him he had rushed to the back of the bungalow.

Sir Richard and Lady Ridgeworth led the

party. Both stopped in the hall as if they had received a shock. They were gazing at the framed whip on the wall.

'Richard, I declare, that is the very whip I once gave you before we were married. There is the silver handle with our monograms. You said that you kept it at your London club, to use only for special occasions in the Park.'

'Did I?' stuttered her husband. 'Whose house is this?' he asked, in a voice that betrayed a quiver.

'It belongs to Mr Dugald M'Glashan. He has had to go out, but he will be back shortly.'

'The man who wh——' Then Sir Richard pulled himself up shortly, and continued—'who ran away from our parish. He had the impertinence to cast eyes on you, Jane.'

'Not on me, Richard,' replied his wife. 'It was Kate he admired.'

'Not you?' gasped her husband in surprise. 'And I——'

'Did what?' asked his wife.

'Never mind what I did,' he rejoined testily. 'There has been a beastly mistake.'

By this time the company were gathered into the dining-room. The servants had already spread the table, and on the sideboard bottles were uncorked, towards which the men gravitated.

'Where is Kate?' asked Lady Ridgeworth in a startled voice after a little while. Inquiries were made, and the bearer reported that she had run up to Tuffik to pet him at the side of the house, and the master had come out and met her, and both had gone off together with Tuffik.

At that moment the storm struck the bungalow. Thunder broke in a crash overhead, doors banged and timbers creaked, and outside branches were torn from the trees.

'We must go and search for Kate,' exclaimed Lady Ridgeworth in great anxiety.

'If she is with Mr M'Glashan, as the servant says, she will be all right. He has probably taken her into some hut for shelter. They will return as soon as the storm gives them a chance,' said the padre.

But the heavens were fighting that day against Lady Ridgeworth and her deep-seated plot, and squaring the accounts of two lovers who had been mischievously separated in their youth. Hours dragged by, and the tempest only increased.

It was late at night when the missing pair appeared on the scene, shamefaced and bedraggled. 'I dinna like the job, but it's no fair to pit it on tae you, Kate,' whispered M'Glashan, as he opened the door for his companion. 'I wud rather face onythin' than yon company.'

Yet he braced himself for his task, and she, who knew what it cost him, admired his courage.

'Freen's,' he began, 'there'll be a mairrage in this hoose within five days frae noo, an' ye're a' invited. As actin' magistrate for the island I can grant a special licence, and the padre here wull tie the knot. Kate an' I hae arranged maitters atween us.'

'Oh, you silly; just think what you have given up!' exclaimed Lady Ridgeworth in an undertone of indignation as she turned to her sister. She was really thinking of her own hopes.

'But,' was the quick retort, 'I have got—a man.'

X-RAYS AND ART.

THE story is told of an American who once purchased an excellent Titian in Italy, and in order to get it out of the country—the export of old works of art being, of course, forbidden in Italy—caused a landscape in the modern taste to be painted on top. His ruse succeeded, and on his arrival in London he took his picture to a dealer to have the landscape cleaned off. Not hearing anything from the dealer for a fortnight, he called in person to inquire how the cleaning process was progressing. 'Pretty well,' said the dealer; 'we have got off the landscape, and we have got off the Titian, and we have come down to a portrait of George IV. in his coronation robes, and we think that's the lot.'

Now it seems a pretty far cry from old masters to X-rays; but, nevertheless, if that American had been really smart, he would have had his picture examined by a radiologist before making his purchase, and thereby would have saved his conscience, his time, and his money, because the X-ray examination would in all probability have revealed George IV. immediately.

This new method of detecting 'fakes' in old masters was first introduced by Faber in Germany about 1914, but the method has recently been developed with startling results by Dr Cheron in France.

As is well known, X-rays pass more easily through some substances than others; and, broadly speaking, it is possible to obtain quite a good X-ray photograph of an old painting, while a modern painting gives a flat photograph without any detail whatever.

The three materials which go to the making of an oil-painting are the canvas or other material upon which the picture is painted, the priming or sizing of the canvas, and the colours or pigments used.

Before the introduction of the X-ray method, the detection of fakes depended largely on the examination of the canvas, &c., under the microscope. The X-ray method, however, goes further. The sizing used in old pictures was usually a mixture of carbonate of lime and glue, while in modern work the sizing consists of white-

lead. A careful measurement of the absorption of the rays indicates the presence or absence of metal in the sizing.

The chief advantage of the X-ray method, however, consists in determining whether the pigments used are old or modern. The old painters used mineral pigments practically entirely, while modern colours are either vegetable or belong to the aniline group, the use of which dates back only fifty years or so. The sole exception is white, which is always a mineral pigment, and therefore absorbs the X-rays. Dr Cheron has prepared a table of absorption of the pigments employed by the old masters. Beginning with those which absorb the rays, and therefore appear light in the X-ray photographic negative, and ending with those which are transparent to the rays, the pigments stand in the following order: carmine, cobalt blue, burnt sienna, English vermilion, orange, chrome yellow.

A picture recently examined was a painting of a party of merrymakers dancing outside an inn, attributed to the Flemish painter Van Ostade. The examination gave startling results. The merrymakers vanished entirely, showing thereby that they were of modern origin, and a farmyard scene appeared, in which could be traced two peacocks and various ducks and fowls.

Another picture examined by Dr Cheron was a painting in the Louvre known as the 'Royal Infant at Prayer.' It was believed from certain documents that the original background had deteriorated, and had been superseded by a black background. The X-ray examination proved this to have been the case. The black background, being a non-metallic pigment, was transparent to the X-rays, and a background of lighter tone was shown to be underneath.

When the picture known as the 'Madonna of the Star' (seventeenth century) was examined, the X-ray photograph showed a wide white band crossing the centre of the picture, indicating that the picture had been restored very skilfully in recent times.

It was a common practice in the past for the owner of a painting to associate himself permanently with his property by having himself painted in an appropriate attitude and dress over an original figure in the picture. Several cases of this nature have been revealed by X-ray examination—the original figures becoming plainly visible in the photograph.

The development of the method will make the faking of valuable old masters well-nigh impossible. But it will also provide a new terror for curators of national collections, by showing up alleged masterpieces for the purchase of which they may have been responsible.

THE BLOOD-STAINED PEARL.

PART III.

VI.

'DARKNESS had come when we had finished cleaning, hoisted one of our jibs, and sailed back to the middle of the bay, where I intended to begin diving in the morning.

'Never sleep off your lugger, boys,' interposed the captain. 'If ever you should get marooned anywhere along this coast, God help you! Nothing else will. There is little or no water, hardly a steamer, and nobody except blacks for hundreds of miles.

'Berry and I spent the night together talking and smoking. He appeared amiable enough, and agreed with me that it was a likely place for good shells.

'Interrupting my story once again,' said the skipper, 'I might tell you my opinion is that the West Australian coast must have been the oyster-breeding-ground of the world. Down in the bed of the Swan River, in that part which runs between Perth and South Perth, there are literally hundreds of millions of oyster-shells. I suppose they have been washed up by the tides of hundreds of years, and have remained there. For a good many years past the Government has been dredging them out by the ton, and supplying them crushed to the municipalities for road-making. Excellent footpaths they make, too; they are always dry as a bone.

'All the way up this coast, for the best part of a thousand miles, there are millions upon millions of sea-oysters. But unless you strike a spot which shows promise of pearls, it is rarely worth while opening more than a few thousand. It comes expensive to keep seven or eight men earning nothing. Besides, the men get terribly discontented, and won't stick it. The best plan is to up anchor and try somewhere else.

'To get back to my story. After a wonderfully tasty breakfast of freshly caught flathead which Jim Tong had got during the night, we brought out the diving-gear and the buckets, put the ladders over the side, and had the baskets ready to be ferried across to the spot where we were to open and dry.

'The spot we were lying over was about ten fathoms deep, and calm enough for anything, although, judging by the colour of the sun, just making its appearance over the edge of the ti-tree scrub, we were in for a blazer. I meant to examine the first lot of opened shells myself; so, after getting the first couple of baskets filled from the buckets sent up by the Malays, I rowed across with the two Manilamen and the

Cingalese, leaving Berry to wind the divers up when they had had enough.

'I was rather disappointed with the look of the oysters as they were opened by the Manilamen. They were much too fleshy, which meant that whatever pearls were in them would only be tiny seedlings. However, it was no use worrying over that. The Cingalese and I set them out to dry in the blazing sun, with periodical trips to the lugger to bring back more. Berry relieved me in the afternoon, and on coming back about four, more or less confirmed my opinion that the oysters already opened were likely to yield little in the way of decent pearls.

'"What are you going to do about it?" he asked after supper. "Try somewhere else?"

'"No," I said. "We'll wait and see how this lot dries out; and under any circumstances I intend waiting until the divers get deeper down into the beds. Billy told me to-night it was the heaviest oyster-bed he had ever come across. If that is so, there must be millions of oysters underneath which have been accumulating there for years."

'"Oh, all right; please yourself," Berry answered indifferently. "It makes no odds to me, except, of course, the better we do, the more there is for all concerned."

'At the end of three days the first batch of opened shells had dried sufficiently to enable us to realise that, so far, luck was against us. Here and there we came across a few seed-pearls of no value, but I persevered, because it was obviously a pearl-bearing ground, and therefore worth considerable trouble.

'Day after day we continued going through the shells as the sun dried them. I had warned both divers to keep to the one spot in the hope of getting at the older oysters, and after a week's gruelling work I could see by the colour of the shells, which were getting a deeper green, and by the seaweed which entangled them, that we had struck a likely patch. I was feeling pretty joyful when we opened the first of the older shells and found a couple of dozen very useful pearls, not worth more than five or six pounds apiece perhaps, but jolly satisfactory in view of the possibilities.

'Luck continued wonderfully good for the next ten days; there must have been a couple of thousand pounds' worth of pearls in the little leather case I carried in an inside pocket. Altogether, things looked exceedingly rosy, for the crew were working well, and the trouble I anticipated showed no signs of ever coming. I meant to get back to Broome before long, because water was running short, and my divers had just about had enough for the time being.'

VII.

'A day or two before the time for our departure I was dozing on the deck of the *Rosalie* under the shelter of an awning. It was terribly hot, with a shimmering glare on the water which struck up and hurt your eyes. Ostensibly I was engaged in looking after the divers down below, and I actually had their life-lines in my hand. Jim Tong was lazily working the air-pumps, also half-asleep, and everything felt peaceful and quiet. Suddenly I heard an inarticulate shout from the shore. I saw Berry run over to one of the Manilamen and grab from his hands a newly opened shell. The Cingalese had just pushed off from the lugger with a load of oysters, and I called to him to ask the mate what was the matter. I knew they must have come across a fine pearl, and Berry himself dispelled all my doubts by rushing frantically to the water's edge and shouting for the Cingalese to hurry along with the boat. Jim Tong woke out of his doze at the noise, and watched with eyes no less eager than mine the spectacle of Berry bundling the Cingalese and his oysters pell-mell out of the dinghy, grabbing the sculls, and making the little boat fly across the intervening water.

'In the light of what happened subsequently, I suppose I must consider myself very fortunate ever to have heard that shouting on the shore. But very few men are capable of suppressing their feelings in the face of some extraordinary occurrence. Even the taciturn Berry gave way to excitement in this particular instance.

'"What have you got?" I shouted, as soon as he came within hail.

'Berry stopped rowing a second, turned round in the boat, and held up between his thumb and finger something I could not recognise. "A big black pearl!" he called back.

'I was nearly tumbling overboard with anxiety as Berry came up alongside, slung me the painter, and climbed over the gunwale.

'"Let 's have a look at it, quick," I said.

'Perhaps the thoughtlessly sharp request offended him, for he gave me a very peculiar glance as he slowly hauled the pearl out of his pocket. "Here you are," he said sulkily; "you needn't be in such a blasted hurry."

'I took no notice for the time being, for I had grabbed the pearl from his fingers, and was staring at it in amazement.

'"Good God," I breathed, "what a stroke of luck!"

'I suppose it must have been the greater part of an inch long, almost as thick as my little finger, tapering away at one end. Its colour was a beautiful deep sheeny gray; here and there I could discern traces where it had once been white. But most astounding of all was the way it was marked all over with little lumps, for all the world like pimples on the human body.

'I glanced up suddenly, to find Berry regarding me with a malevolent sneer.

'"Well, what do you think it 's worth?" he asked.

'"I haven't the faintest idea," I said, deter-

mined to ignore his obviously provocative manner for the time being, for I could appreciate the feelings of any man who suddenly finds a small fortune passing into the hands of another. "If it was sold in the right market it might bring anything up to ten thousand pounds. It won't bring anything like that in Perth, of course, although there are plenty of buyers in Sydney and Melbourne who would jump at the chance of getting it."

'"I suppose we share?" growled Berry.

'"You will get the 10 per cent. of the net profits we agreed upon in Broome, though I don't say I sha'n't give you something extra in view of this," holding up the black pearl. "By the way, who actually found it?" I could see the two Manilamen standing on the beach, looking towards us, doubtless wondering what we were arguing about.

'"Oh, the younger one, Moro," replied Berry.

'"Good! He shall have a couple of hundred pounds for himself," I said, carried away by my enthusiasm.

'"What the blazes is the use of giving money to niggers?" Berry growled again. "They will only drink it away."

'"So would a lot of white men," was my reply, which made him throw me another unpleasant look. "In this case I intend everybody on board to share in the good luck, black or not; I'm not one of those owners who never give their crews a shilling beyond what they are actually entitled to."

'I stowed the precious pearl away in my case, stepped into the dinghy, and rowed ashore to congratulate the Manilamen on their find.

'"What for him be worth, boss?" asked Moro, with teeth oddly gleaming.

'Rather foolishly, Berry being with me, I repeated what I had told Berry on the deck of the *Rosalie*—about ten thousand pounds. Herbert, the Cingalese, had come up to our little group, and joined in the hiss of amazement which greeted my statement.

'"You give um tot rum, boss?" suggested Moro.

'"No got, Moro," I said, with a shake of the head. "Plenty rum Broome."

'Well, I remained on the beach until eight o'clock that evening, feverishly opening oysters myself in the hope of coming across another big black pearl. So did Berry; but neither of us had the slightest luck, and when dusk made it impossible to see any longer, we boarded the dinghy again and rowed out to the *Rosalie*. Jim Tong had lit our riding-light, and with the gleams which spread over the still water from cabin and galley our lugger made a pleasant little picture for a man who has unexpectedly had affluence presented to him.

'Berry was very grumpy all through the appetising supper Jim Tong had specially cooked for the occasion, and after the meal was over excused himself from coming up on deck for a smoke and a chat by saying he was tired out and wanted to sleep.

'I didn't greatly mind, however. Jim Tong brought me my deck-chair, and I lay with my feet propped up on the rails, smoking my pipe in placid meditation, and listening to the excited chatter in pidgin English which came from the forecastle. So far as I could gather, both of the Malay divers were claiming the credit of sending up the shell which contained the black pearl; while Moro, the Manila boy, was equally energetic in telling them that but for the expert manner in which he had opened the shell the pearl would probably never have been seen at all. The Cingalese alone had little to say. I heard his high treble now and then, apparently on some question of value, but took little notice of what he actually said. Gradually the balm of the warm, starry night took hold of me; my pipe slipped from my lips, and I fell sound asleep.

'I awoke with a sudden start hours later. Jim Tong was shaking me by the shoulder, and I was wet through to the skin with the heavy sea-mist you get in the Indian Ocean. The native crew had long ago snored themselves to sleep on their mats. When I went into the cabin Berry was stirring restlessly in his bunk, muttering words I could not understand. I did not pay much attention to him, although, in the light of what happened later, I have often wondered since if it would not have been better to listen. As it was, I just tumbled into bed, placed my pearl-case under the pillow, and fell asleep again like an exhausted child.

'The following morning I had to decide what I was going to do—whether to return to Broome at once and bring back all my boats to fish the bay, or stay a few days longer, now that we had apparently come to the shell likely to contain the pearl-bearing oysters. Water was the primary consideration, and after looking at my two tanks I found there was just over a week's supply. Unless I could obtain some inland it was useless to think of staying; so, putting my pistol in my pocket, I rowed ashore, telling Berry I meant to work north and south along the coast for a few miles in the hope of striking a fresh-water creek. I had no fear of anything happening in my absence, because I had all the pearls in my possession. I was willing to take the chance of any they might find in the short time I was away.

'Luck was dead against me. I spent all that hot, broiling morning tramping through the fly-infested scrub searching for water, but found nothing beyond a few salt-encrusted pools. Nor was there the slightest sign of any human being to tell me that water might be found somewhere adjacent.

'"No good," I told Berry when I got back to where they were examining shells. "We shall have to work double-shifts on all the shell we've got for the next two days. I daren't risk trying to get back to Broome with less than five

days' water-supply. With this sou'-wester blowing, we'll be lucky to make it in that time. How have things gone this morning?" I added.

'"Oh, fair," replied Berry, digging out a dozen or so small pearls from his pocket. "I'd sooner have that black pearl than a thousand of these."

'"I dare say," I said idly, attaching no significance to what was but a natural remark.'

VIII.

'We spent the next two days working tremendously hard. I had both divers down at eight o'clock in the morning, leaving Jim Tong in charge of the life-lines and pumps, while Berry and I feverishly went through the opened oysters. Some pretty fair little pearls came our way, but nothing especially valuable; and on the Thursday afternoon I told Berry to have all the remaining shells, opened and unopened, brought on board the *Rosalie* to be gone through on the voyage back to Broome. Those shells which had passed through our hands were to be buried along the sea-front, for I had no intention of letting anybody who might chance to land there know they were in the neighbourhood.

'We got away from the bay early on Friday morning with a stiff sou'-wester blowing in our teeth. Heavy cross-seas and the difficulty of keeping anything like a straight course made it impossible to examine the oysters we had brought aboard, so I contented myself with having them lashed down aft where the smell could not blow into our cabin. Curious how we worry over trifles, to the exclusion of real danger!

'Berry had been quiet enough for a couple of days, and I had no reason to suspect that any trouble was brewing. He hadn't much to do with the two Malays, for sailing the boat wasn't their job, but I noticed he seemed to be spending a lot of his time in the company of the two Manilamen and the Cingalese. Apparently he was chivying them around, getting the boat shipshape against the time we got back to port, so I did not worry over it. Would to God I had!

'Sunday night came, and with it a new moon. The stiff breeze had died down considerably, and we were just pushing along nicely, both jibs drawing well, and the mainsail bellying out in that steady fashion which brings joy to the heart of the true sailor-man. Berry had been silent and grumpy all day, as usual, and I made no attempt to draw him out. To tell you the truth, I was sick and tired of the fellow, and meant to get rid of him as soon as we returned to Broome. His interests were not mine; that I was absolutely certain of.

'I had sat in the stern of the boat most of the day opening oyster-shells, slipping a few small pearls into my pocket as a result. Berry and the Cingalese took turn and turn about with the wheel. By my reckoning we were not more than a hundred and fifty miles from Broome, and I thought if the breeze held good we ought to make Broome sometime on Monday night. Now that we were getting in the track of the pearling-fleets, we had to keep a strict look-out, and that night I took the wheel myself from eight till twelve, with two of the crew to work the boat as we occasionally went about.

'Nothing happened. Not a sign of a sail came our way, and at midnight Berry, the Manilaman Moro, and the Cingalese relieved my watch. Dog-tired, I threw off my clothes, put both pistol and pearls under my pillow, and dropped sound off to sleep in less than five minutes.

'Dawn in summer-time comes about four o'clock in these parts, so it cannot have been more than three when I was awakened in the darkness by a dreadful scream from the deck almost immediately above my head. Out into the night it rang, a horrible shriek of agony, and for just the hundredth part of a second I thought I had been having a nightmare. But up above I could hear a rushing and scurrying of bare feet pattering along the deck. Suddenly the shrieks rang out again, and above the terrible cries I could hear the voice of the mate shouting, "Kill him, you —— fool!"

'I was out of my bunk like a flash, my blood cold with the horror of I knew not what. Slipping my hand beneath my pillow, I grabbed my pistol, and, not forgetting to push the safety-catch over, rushed up the companion-way leading to the deck.

'My haste was my undoing—although quite likely it was the cause of my life being saved. No sooner had my head appeared than—crash!—something hit me between the eyes with terrific force. I had one brief, agonising remembrance of a dark form peering down at me, and then all vanished into oblivion.

'Well,' said the captain, passing his hand over his forehead, and then taking a long drink, 'I must have come-to about twelve hours later. I opened my eyes to find myself lying on the floor of the cabin, my face and pyjamas covered with caked blood. Disgusting flies were buzzing all over me, trying to suck up the blood, and my head ached horribly. The *Rosalie* was rolling like a tub in a storm, making me feel even more sick. Despite my scattered senses I was able to realise that it would not do for me to waste any time, so I dragged myself slowly and painfully up the companion-way, and crawled out on deck. The mainsail was flapping idly in the breeze, the boom swinging over now and then, making the lugger lurch badly in the trough of the waves, while both jibs were streaming far out over the bowsprit. It was hot enough out on deck in all conscience, although nothing comparable to that reeking cabin. A rest on a hatchway cooled my fevered head slightly, and after a spell I was able to stagger round the ship to see what had happened.

'I found the body of poor old Jim Tong lying in front of the galley, with his throat cut from ear to ear. His head had been almost hacked off. All around him were pools of congealed blood, smothered with flies. The body rolled backwards and forwards with the motion of the ship, but I was too weak to attempt to move it, or even cast it over the side. It was all I could do to prevent myself fainting again. Of Berry not a trace was to be seen, and I walked groggily up to the forecastle, wondering whether anybody else was on board. But the forecastle was empty; the men had gone off without even taking their few spare clothes. The ship's dinghy had also disappeared, and I realised that I was alone on the deserted lugger, with nothing but the body of my faithful cook to bear me company.

'In my troubles I had forgotten all about my pearls, but suddenly recollected them, and hurried back to the cabin. They were gone, sure enough. My pistol, which must have fallen down the companion-way with me, was not to be found either, and I could see by the way my lockers and sea-chest had been smashed in that everything of value was missing. Even the bottle of brandy had gone.

'I felt inclined to sit down and cry over the wreck of all my rosy dreams, and for some few moments I believe I actually did. However, tears were no use. I could feel the breeze freshening, and knew that if I did not get steering-way on the lugger pretty quickly I was booked for a watery grave.'

(*Continued on page 739.*)

EGG-LORE.

By Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S., F.Am.G.S.

EGG-EATING is rather a humdrum, if costly, affair with most of us. It is limited mainly to the perfunctory absorption of the gift of the common barnyard hen, with one eye on the morning paper and the other on the clock. But meanwhile, out in the big sunny world across the seas, pleasant people with no trains to catch, and as little on their mind as on their body, are enjoying the eggs of lizards and locusts, ostriches and crocodiles, and other bizarre creatures.

The biggest eggs in the world, those of the ostrich, are eaten in Australia and South Africa. At the other end of the scale, in Mexico, people eat the tiny eggs of flies.

It is quite a task to tackle an ostrich egg, and hard on the appetite subsequently, for the contents are equal in bulk to twenty hen eggs. As an ostrich nest will contain more than a dozen eggs before any begin to become unfit for table, a considerable vista of omelettes is ahead of the camping-party that happens across one. When you find an ostrich nest, you have got to take away at once all the eggs you want, as when the bird returns she smashes the lot if she finds any missing. I am assured, moreover, by a Rhodesian who once took what he wanted from the nest of an escaped ostrich, that it is highly advisable to get a good start before the bird returns to size up the situation. A Hottentot, discovering a clutch of ostrich eggs, makes use of his shirt, with the arms tied into knots, to carry them away.

It is a longish matter boiling, or attempting to boil, an ostrich egg. The South African method of dealing with it is to stand it up in a heap of hot ashes, smash a little hole at the top end, and through it to stir, and stir, and keep stirring, with a twig, until the contents solidify. The beautiful dark-green eggs of the emu are considered rather coarse in flavour.

In some of the South Sea isles and in parts of South America lizard eggs are a delicacy. The eggs of the unlovely iguana especially are eaten. A peculiarity of lizard eggs is that the yolk remains soft after several minutes' boiling. West Indian alligator eggs are recommended by Joseph, the Trinidad authority. Those of the various kinds of Amazon alligator, although, like the flesh, they often have a musky taste, are commonly eaten by the natives. The eggs of crocodiles are frequently eaten by black and by brown men.

Curry of ants' eggs is popular in Siam, the eggs being mixed with scraps of fat pork, and served rolled in green leaves. Of locust eggs the Kaffirs and the Hottentots of South Africa make a soup.

The eggs of terrapin, tortoise, and turtle are eaten a good deal. Carolinan terrapin eggs have considerable vogue in that state. The South Sea isles and parts of the South American coast, notably Brazil, are regions in which turtle eggs are a normal article of dietary. They are inclined to be oily, and please a civilised palate best when made into an omelette. The Indians like them raw. One eats only the yolk, as the white never hardens in cooking. The shell, like that of all reptilian eggs, is tough and parchmenty, not calcareous. In some South American regions turtle eggs are salted for sending long distances to market.

The annual Orinoco turtle-egg harvest is an important affair, occupying thousands of Indians. An acre of nesting sand in which the eggs are laid will yield a hundred jars of egg-oil. As the eggs are dug up they are thrown into pools of water, and mashed up by being stirred with poles and beaten with the diggers' shovels. The oily yolk, which floats, is scooped up and boiled, after which it leaves a slightly yellowish limpid

oil. This is equally useful for dressing food or filling lamps, but it often has a nasty smell, as rotten eggs are beaten and boiled indiscriminately with the fresh.

The eggs of the green turtle make the best eating.

Eggs of certain flies and hemipterous water-bugs are even now a favourite diet of the less sophisticated Mexicans. On the Lake of Texcoco 'I saw men occupied in collecting the eggs of flies from the surface of plants, and cloths arranged in long rows as places of resort for the insects,' says Brantz Mayer. These eggs, called agayacath, formed a favourite food of the Indians long before the conquest. When made into cakes they resemble the roe of a fish, and taste like it. Mayer found that they were eaten even by fashionable families in Mexico City.

Coming to birds' eggs, we find that the Eskimo, the Chinaman, and the Australian 'black fellow' are their least finicky eaters, age and advanced incubation detracting not a whit from their enjoyment. Beaks in a Greenlander's omelette, or in Cantonese *œufs sur le plat*, are no *contretemps*—on the contrary!

It is curious that in many places the Scandinavian peasantry freely eat woodcock eggs, while refusing to touch the bird itself, holding it to be unclean, as it has no crop. When we were boys we used to boil and enjoy hedge-sparrow and thrush eggs. The eggs of water-hens and bald-headed coots make excellent eating, as I have ascertained.

It is rather odd that civilised white folks dwelling inland refuse to eat sea-birds' eggs, and coast dwellers to eat inland-water fish. Some years ago San Francisco used to consume and distribute annually, for food, half a million eggs of Brünnich's guillemot, collected from one part of the rocky Fallarones de los Frayles Isles, twenty miles west of the bay. A company exploited them with great financial success. The eggs are about half the size of those of the goose.

From Dassen Island, a few miles off the Cape of Good Hope coast, more than twenty thousand penguin and gull eggs used to be collected at three fortnightly intervals in the breeding season, selling in Cape Town for a halfpenny apiece.

Here are some useful suggestions for collecting penguin eggs from Tristan d'Acunha, that lonely islet out in the lonely South Atlantic, in case you get a hankering for this occupation.

'This is the time for penguin eggs,' wrote a woman who did. 'There are two rookeries, one on the east and one on the west of us. . . . Fancy the scene—a long, very narrow strip of land at the foot of a great rock, covered with the thick tussock grass, far higher than my head; the whole place swarming with these penguins—pretty to look at, but the most ungainly creatures in their movements that I ever saw. They are about as big and twice as noisy as a duck. Fancy going into the midst of thick grass higher than your head, with thousands of them round you, all croaking in a harsh, loud, quick note, "Cover up! Cover up!" and then kicking them right and left quickly, taking care they do not get hold of you—seizing their great eggs until you have some hundreds of them in your bosom. The men wear a large shirt tied round their waist so as to form a big loose bag in front, and pop them in as fast as they can pick them up. The men will gather two or three hundred in this way, and the boys from one to two hundred. The eggs vary much in size, from a large hen's egg to a goose's. The birds mostly lay two at once. Their nests are sometimes close together, so you can soon pick up a lot. They stand in pairs, each couple at their nest to defend it, and some will not give up until they have been kicked away two or three times. They can give you a good sharp bite if they get hold of you. . . . Fancy what work—to stand amid hundreds of the birds, all screaming round you, so as almost to deafen you, tumbling them here and there, and picking up their eggs as fast as you can gather them! I must remind you that kicking them over with our soft mocassins does not hurt them in the least, and next day they will have just as many eggs.'

The eggs of several kinds of fish are used for food. A good bread may be made from pollack eggs, declared Dr Richardson. Fish eggs are a delicacy of the Chinook Indians of Canada, who, to obtain them, place cedar-branches at the bottom of the Columbia River. In a few hours the fish cover them with spawn. The Indians squeeze these eggs into little balls and dry them. Eggs of the calipeva are extensively eaten in the West Indies, Central America, and parts of South America. The eggs of the omul, forming red caviare, and those of the sturgeon, yielding the more valuable black caviare, are Russia's most famous delicacies. There is also a sort of pale-yellow caviare, of a smaller fish egg, which I tasted in Esthonia last summer. It was rather too strongly salted to be very palatable. Eggs of the shad of the Siak, in Sumatra, are a prominent Malay delicacy.

The Wanyamwezi and East African tribes in general, says Burton, used to keep poultry, but, like the Gallas and the Somali, who look on the fowl as a kind of vulture, they will not eat it; and they even abstain from eating hen eggs. The Liberians, too, according to Sir Harry Johnston, do not seem to like the eggs of domestic poultry. Pickled duck eggs and salted duck eggs are sometimes eaten by the Dutch of Java.

The most curious piece of egg-lore I have heard of is the limitation of egg-eating, by some of the Dyak tribes of Borneo, to old folks, women, and children. They forbid sturdy young men to eat eggs.

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AN ILL WIND'S BLOWING.

By 'IGNOTUS.'

I.

A TEMPORARILY permanent memorial of the Anglo-German War, if such a contradiction in terms be admissible, is at present a familiar object of our daily life in the shape of maimed and disabled men, and, without wishing to disparage in the least the efforts made towards their relief, the sight, particularly in the case of the younger men, makes its own poignant and unfailing appeal.

It is, however, but a natural reversion to an ancient and established order of things, for never has Britain finished a long-drawn-out struggle without flooding the country-side with the wreckage of war. It was so after Agincourt, again after the Civil War, after the Peninsular War and Waterloo, the Crimea and South Africa. The sufferings of these broken seamen and soldiers, and their gallantry, have never failed to move the hearts of men, though never till now have such all-embracing efforts been made to deal with this human débris. Women in particular are responsive to this inarticulate cry, and it is to two women, as widely separated by their moral reputation as by their social status—Nell Gwynn, the ex-orange-girl of Old Drury, and Mary, wife of William III.—that we owe the practical inception of Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, the forefathers of the Pensions Ministry of to-day.

The idea of devoting to worn-out and maimed seamen the Royal Palace of Placentia at Greenwich, begun by Charles II., originated in Queen Mary's brain as a direct result of the number of wounded men cast adrift after the naval victory of La Hogue in May 1692, and though she pressed the idea to the limits of her influence, it was only after her death, in October 1694 to be exact, that the scheme took shape. 'The King's Most Excellent Majestie' granted the hospital £2000 per annum as a sufficient income to work upon; but finding the cost would be considerably in excess of his calculations, and, *par parenthèse*, his pocket, he intimated in a document still carefully preserved at the Admiralty that 'the present Necessity of his Affairs not permitting him to advance so considerable Sums towards the said Worke as he desires, the Assistance in it of his Good Subjects will be most highly acceptable to him'; and the commissioners, who had been already appointed, were therefore authorised to receive voluntary gifts and subscriptions, which forthwith began to flow in, the Archbishop of Canterbury heading the list with £500, closely followed by the Dukes of Leeds, Devonshire, Dorset, and Portland with similar amounts. Sir Stephen Fox, the father of Charles James, perhaps the best-loved libertine that has ever breathed, gave £200, the Lord Mayor of London £100, and so on, down to the modest £20 of Dr Thomas Plume, D.D., the Vicar of Greenwich.

Altogether some £8000 was secured, a goodly total when the purchasing value of money of those days is considered, and the hospital was set upon a sound financial basis.

Five years later a sum of £20,000, the proceeds of fines on certain merchants and smugglers, was handed over to the hospital, and in 1705 Queen Anne, perpetuating the tradition, made over some £6500, the effects of Captain Kidd, the notorious pirate of the Caribbean Seas. Thus the institution throve and flourished till the greatest windfall of its career, one which established it for ever, came to pass.

II.

Properly to understand its significance, it is necessary to reach back into English history.

It will be remembered that when James II. fled the realm to avoid possibly a fate similar to that which had befallen the first Charles, and Dutch William landed by invitation at Lyme Regis, it by no means followed that the new king was welcomed unanimously.

Bad though the Stuart dynasty was, and greatly though its adherents suffered, the Stuart charm was undeniable, and it endured; many of those, both gentle and simple, who professed the ancient Catholic faith, still clung to the hope of a second Stuart restoration.

James II. fled to France, attended by many of those allied to him in faith and even in blood, and in the safe harbourage of St Germain were hatched those plots that culminated in the insurrections of 1715 and 1745 which troubled the reigns of the first two Georges.

Amongst those who fled with the exile was Edward, second Earl of Derwentwater. The

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Radclyffes were an ancient north of England family, long seated at Dilston, in Northumberland. They gradually acquired more property in the slow growth of centuries, and Sir Francis Radclyffe of Dilston, Bart., towards the end of the seventeenth century had become a personage of sufficient importance to be ennobled, and was created Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Radclyffe and Langley by James II. in 1688, one of the few creations of this monarch.

The first earl, dying in 1697, was succeeded by his son Edward aforesaid, who, ten years earlier, had married Lady Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles II. by Mary Davis, the actress.

To her was born in London, in 1689, James, subsequently third Earl of Derwentwater, in whose veins consequently flowed the Stuart blood, and whose unbounded popularity abundantly testified to the Stuart charm.

His father being of that company that fled to St Germain, it followed as a matter of course that young James was brought up as a companion to the young prince, James Edward.

When his father died in 1705, James, now third Earl of Derwentwater, first travelled on the Continent, and then crossed—'returned' would be perhaps a more accurate description—to England, seeing Dilston and his vast Cumberland properties for the first time in 1710. There he remained two years, charming all with whom he was brought into contact, and on the 10th July 1712, being then just twenty-three, was married to Anna, eldest daughter of Sir John Webb of Odstock (Wilts), Bart. Impulsive as he was young, and generous to a fault, he joined the rising of 1715 as a matter both of sentiment and inclination, evading, through the devotion of his tenants, who in these short five years had learned to love him, an emissary of Stanhope, Secretary of State, who, on the eve of the 1715 insurrection, was sent to apprehend him on account of his suspected disloyal sentiments to the House of Hanover. Derwentwater meanwhile had raised a troop of horse, seventy strong, from amongst the neighbouring gentry and his own armed servants at Dilston, and joined the Pretender on the 6th October 1715.

He was entirely ignorant of the practical side of soldiering, which is hardly to be wondered at, but following a line that many thousands of others, perforce, followed exactly two hundred years later, displayed great keenness in getting his men well entrenched when invested later at Preston, in Lancashire. He appears, however, to have acquiesced very tamely in the suggestion of his senior officer, Forster, that they should surrender to General Wills, who was investing them with an inferior force and without artillery. One would rather have anticipated that such a young hot-head would try to cut his way out when it came to the last.

Consequent on the surrender, he was lodged in the Tower with Lords Nithsdale, Carnwath, Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn, whence he was in due time cited before the Privy Council, attainted, and sentenced to death.

The greatest efforts from the first were made to secure his pardon—efforts which were redoubled when three of his fellow-prisoners were reprieved. His wife, the Duchesses of Cleveland and Richmond, and other ladies were even introduced into the king's personal apartments to plead his cause; but George I., prompted by Walpole, was adamant, and the young earl suffered death on the 24th February 1716, proclaiming his adherence to 'James III.'

His devotion to the fair sex survives in the song, 'Oh, Derwentwater's a Bonny Lord'; while his fate is commemorated in the ballad, 'Lord Derwentwater's Good-Night.' The aurora borealis, which was especially bright on the night of his death, is still known in the North Country as 'Lord Derwentwater's Lights.'

Being attainted—that is, deprived of his rights on a conviction for treason—the property of the earl automatically lapsed to the Crown; but he left a son, James, who, had his father died a normal death, would thus have been fourth Earl of Derwentwater.

The Crown forewent its rights in respect of this son, who, dying without issue in 1731, at the age of nineteen, at his grandfather's London house, thus caused this vast property to lapse again to the Crown, as his uncle Charles, his father's younger brother, had likewise been captured and attainted in 1716, but had broken out of prison and escaped.

Four years later, in 1735, the House of Commons, at George II.'s solicitation, made over these properties to Greenwich Hospital, and in that ownership they have since remained.

At the time of this transfer they yielded some £6000 a year, but were encumbered with certain mortgages, which the hospital paid off. In addition a wedding dowry of £20,000 was provided for Lord Derwentwater's only daughter, Lady Anna Maria Radclyffe, on her marriage to Robert James, eighth Lord Petre; and a grant of £30,000 was made in 1749 to his nephew and nieces, the children of his attainted brother Charles, who, in the meantime, had been captured off the Dogger Bank in 1746, and executed for his share in the Jacobite risings.

III.

The Derwentwater estate, when passing to Greenwich Hospital, aggregated some thirty-eight thousand acres, parts of which have increased enormously in value in the last ninety years, owing to the mineral rights and to the conversion of England in large measure from an agricultural to a manufacturing community. Portions, too, have been sold from time to time, and realised for the hospital some £1,250,000.

Dilston itself was sold in 1874, but before the sale took effect the remains of the former

earls and their families were removed and buried at Hexham, the body of the earl who suffered execution being handed over to the then Lord Petre, as the lineal descendant of the Lord Petre who married Lady Anna Maria Radclyffe.

For well over a hundred years the hospital remained in undisturbed possession of the Derwentwater estates, administering their revenues humanely and fairly for the benefit of the seamen and marines broken in the various naval wars, and how largely it bulked in British naval life can be measured by the literature of Fielding, Smollett, Marryat, and other writers; but in the late 'sixties of last century the tenor of its even existence was troubled by a spectre not unknown to other owners of landed properties —that is, the appearance of a claimant.

The word immediately brings to mind the Tichborne trial; but there are others—the Paulett and the Portland claimants, to go no farther back.

A lady styling herself the Countess of Derwentwater, known also as Countess Sobiesky and Peggy Moffatt, arose, claiming the estates, and securing a certain number of sympathisers and a measure of local support. In some cases she even secured payment of rents, and in one case, at least, entered an action of ejectment against the Receiver of Greenwich Hospital, and the tenant of Dilston Demesne Haugh Farm. The Admiralty was at length compelled to take action, and in 1870 was awarded £500 damages against the 'countess,' who was ultimately made bankrupt, the Admiralty filing a claim for £568.

Her estate realised under £300, and a first and final dividend of 1s. 9d. in the pound was declared; while, in order to show there was no rancour left behind, the Admiralty, at the sale of her effects, purchased her portrait for the sum of £1, 11s.

THE BLOOD-STAINED PEARL.

PART IV.

IX.

'NEVER shall I forget the dreadful time which I suffered during the next few hours. As near as I could calculate, I was about seven or eight miles off the coast. Every few minutes the ship would work herself up into the wind, and then swing round again as the mainsail caught the full strength of the breeze, the boom swinging across the deck and nearly tearing the bottom out of the *Rosalie*. The jib-stays had evidently been cut, for both sails were rattling and flapping out seawards. It was quite beyond my doubtful strength to crawl out for'ard and get them in, so I resolved to content myself with trying to catch the mainsail as it swung across, lashing the boom to the rails with a swinging rope, so as to secure a little play for steering. The breeze was carrying the boat landwards, back the way we had come, but anything was preferable to staying out at sea all through another night. I might have managed to steer for a few hours. Beating up against the wind to Broome, with nobody but myself to work the boat, was utterly hopeless.

'Well, I managed it after about a dozen tries. I grabbed the boom as it swung over, nearly got carried overboard, but contrived to slip a rope through the end-block, and fastened it to the rails with a couple of turns and half-hitches. Then I made a rush to the wheel, which was swinging loosely from one side to the other, and gradually brought the *Rosalie* end-on to the breeze.

'I can't tell you how thankful I felt as the boat slowly came round and started pushing her way through the water. Once I could make land, I felt hopeful of getting back to Broome some day, although I realised that, short of the remote chance of being sighted by another lugger, the prospects of my reaching home except by walking were practically nil.

'I needn't dilate on the anxieties I suffered before I managed to beach the *Rosalie*. Two or three times I thought she was going to heel right over with the pressure on the mainsail, and I dared not desert the wheel to ease her off a little. I chose the alternative of coming up into the wind when things looked dangerous, the result being that it must have been two hours before we drifted on to the beach and stuck fast in the sand. As soon as this happened I contrived to lower the mainsail and jibs, reefing them up as best I could. My head still ached terribly, but I was feeling much better, and clambered overboard into the shallow water and waded ashore, still barefooted and in my pyjamas.

'Nothing but dry, barren country was to be seen anywhere. There were the usual, apparently endless, miles of yellow sand stretching away into infinity, the same old sand-hills covered with white-flowering ti-tree, millions of flies, and the roar of the surf crashing on the beach. Lonely! There is no more desolate spot on God's earth than this part of the West Australian coast which stretches from Broome to Wyndham. Nobody lives there, for the simple reason that there is nothing to live on.

'Still, it was no use pining. I had to decide what I intended doing, and I mighty soon made up my mind. Not for all the pearls in the Southern Hemisphere would I sleep on that blood-stained boat, with its nauseous reek of a

dead man's blood. The yellow sands of the beach were good enough for me, and I spent close on three hours climbing slowly and painfully up and down the side of the *Rosalie*, bringing off everything likely to be of use to me. I ransacked Jim Tong's galley from top to bottom, after first dragging his body for'ard, and carried ashore every particle of food to be found. It wasn't much, to be sure. Berry and his villainous accomplices had pretty well stripped the lugger of everything. Luckily they had not taken all the fishing-tackle, so I felt no qualms about starvation.

'My greatest stroke of good fortune came when I went to look at the water-tanks. I fully expected every drop to have been drained off; instead of which, my scoundrelly crew had apparently been content with helping themselves and then hurrying off. I had no doubt they were somewhere on the sea between myself and Broome, and I wished them joy in trying to sail the ship's little dinghy if it happened to blow hard. Fourteen-foot boats, even if they do possess a mast and a bowsprit, are not built to carry five heavy men in the Indian Ocean. You have only to see even the large luggers which get wrecked in the gales along this coast to realise that.

'About the last thing I did that night was to fasten one of the jibs around Jim Tong's body. The task turned me quite sick, and it was a long time before I could pull myself together sufficiently to make a running bowline and swing the remains overboard. However, I managed it at last, and dragged the body up under the ti-trees, where I scraped a rough hole and rolled it in.

'By the time I had finished darkness had set in. I made a fire with some brushwood, feeling I should go mad without light of some kind. The blaze of the bushes put me in better heart, and it was in comparatively cheerful mood that I filled one of the ship's kettles with some of the precious water and made myself a huge basin of tea. That, with a substantial meal of potted-tongue, pine-apple, ship's biscuit and cheese, topped off by a pipe, made a new man of me. I lay down that night with my blanket over me, watching the millions of stars in the sky, and thanking God for even the small mercies that had been granted me. I knew I had been left for dead in my cabin, and only the intervention of Providence had prevented my throat being cut like that of my poor cook, sleeping his last sleep under the scrub behind me.'

X.

'Morning came, and with it the problems of the future. It was obviously impossible to remain where I was on the off-chance of a passing lugger picking me up. On the low-lying coast I should never be seen by a small boat. I spent the day pottering about, amongst other things heaping up a big mound of bushes and sand over the grave of the Chinaman whose death-cry had been my salvation. I also caught a few of the big King George whiting with my fishing-tackle. Altogether, I felt quite comfortable, although I knew I should have to be making tracks before long, if only on account of the water.

'Three days elapsed before I could decide what to do. I did not know definitely, of course, but thought the distance to Broome must be somewhere between one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles, which with careful use of my strength I ought to do in a week. I reckoned to do most of my travelling along the beach, taking a rest from about one to four, when the heat of the day is greatest. How to carry sufficient water was my worst trouble. I had no hope of finding any *en route*, and could not think of any suitable receptacle, until I suddenly remembered that I had seen stowed away in the sail-locker three or four canvas water-bags. I climbed over the rail of the *Rosalie* like a madman, wrenched the locker open, and shouted for joy as I found the bags hidden deep down behind a lot of old gear.

'At six o'clock next morning I started on my long tramp home. Three water-bags were slung around me, two on the waist, one from the shoulders. A bag of food, fastened on a rope which fitted under the armpits and over the shoulders, some fishing-tackle, and my deck shoes completed my outfit. It was heavy enough in all conscience, but anything was preferable to dying of thirst. I have seen the bodies of men who have died that way.

'All things considered, I had a surprisingly smooth time. The heat was terrible, of course, and I felt the want of enough drinking-water. But I had the consolation of a dip in the sea morning and night, and that cooled me off and braced me up better than anything. I caught a few fish at night-time, and had them baked for breakfast in the morning, cooking them in the aboriginal way in wet sand with a fire on top. My worst trouble was flies by day and mosquitoes by night.

'I must have been within twenty or thirty miles of Broome—and feeling happy accordingly—when I came across something which drove the blood from my heart. Tramping up some low-lying cliffs to avoid a reef, I was astounded to see lying on the edge of the bay ahead a small boat. I knew it to be the dinghy of the *Rosalie*—premonition told me that; but what I did not expect to see was the sight of two bodies lying on the sand face downward, without a sign of movement. I flung myself down instantly, and remained there for two hours, daring nothing beyond peering occasionally from a bush I had crept behind. Too well did I know the fate which would overtake me if the party ahead discovered me. They were not likely to allow another life to stand between themselves and

safety. I spent that night in the bush, I don't mind confessing, without a wink of sleep, and not venturing to strike a match.'

XI.

'During the night I worked my way round to the scrub at the back of the dead men, and when dawn came had a long and careful look to ascertain whether any trace of the other men was to be found. But I could see nothing, and on crawling closer to the dead bodies I realised at once that there was no need to fear anything. It was the two Malay divers who had suffered the penalty of their sins. One had been shot through the head, presumably with my pistol; the other had a stab in the back which must have cut his spine right in two. They had been dead some days, as was evident by the appalling stench, and in disgust I turned to the dinghy, which was drawn up on the beach some distance away. She had probably been leaking badly, and was even then half full of water, which accounted for the deserters abandoning her.

'I was not long in concluding that no good would result by my staying in that neighbourhood. The dinghy was useless, so I resolved to tramp on, though warily. I left the Malays where they had fallen; it was impossible to go near the bodies and cover them up. I pushed ahead, avoiding every piece of high ground, although by now I felt sure the remainder of the party had reached Broome some days previously.

'But I was to experience an even greater shock before reaching civilisation. About five miles out of Broome, just as I was beginning to pick up landmarks, I was attracted by a bush-fire away on my left. It had pretty well burnt itself out by the time I got on the scene, and I was tramping along the edge of it when I came across the body of another dead man. It was Berry, who lay face downwards in the still smouldering ashes, his right hand grasping my pistol, and a Malay kris sticking in his neck. I knelt down and felt the body, but it was quite cold; and after searching in the pockets to ascertain if by any remote chance the pearls were still in his possession—which, of course, they were not—I pushed on. I was just about done up, what with the horrors I had gone through and a week's privation.

'I reached Broome about ten o'clock that night, taking a round-about route to avoid being recognised, and made my way to the house of Frank Carter, the resident magistrate.

'"Good God, man! where have you been?" Frank exclaimed as soon as he saw me. Perhaps his astonishment was not to be wondered at, for my face was raw and peeled with the salt water and the sun, my clothes were tatters, and I looked, and felt, a wreck generally.

'For two hours I sat in Carter's little office, with a stiff brandy-and-soda to help me, telling him what had happened. He could hardly believe his ears; but after I had concluded he sent off for Ryan, the sergeant of police, to whom I gave a description of the two Manilamen and the Cingalese, who, I thought, would very likely be somewhere round the town. I was in no condition to accompany him, so Ryan said it would be better to leave the matter over till the morning, when we could make a thorough search, and question some of the numerous buyers of stolen pearls in the town. I was quite certain my black pearl would be offered for sale sooner or later, and once we could get wind of the buyer, it would not be difficult to trace the seller. I slept that night in the resident magistrate's house, in the most comfortable bed I had known for weeks. Frank thought it better for me not to go into the town until all was ready for the man-hunt, and Ryan agreed.'

XII.

'And what was the end of it all, captain?' asked the four young Englishmen, as the old pearler seemed to have come to the end of his terrible story.

'Wait, and you'll hear,' replied the skipper. 'I thought my wretched black pearl had caused trouble enough in the world, but the morning was to bring to light another dreadful tragedy. Down on the beach below the wharf they found the dead body of a white man, his brains battered out by a heavy glass lemonade bottle. Clutched in his hand was the leather case in which I had kept my pearls.

'Everybody knew the fellow well enough. His name was Mendel, and his ostensible business was that of traveller for a firm of wholesale clothing manufacturers in Perth. We knew him better as the biggest buyer of stolen pearls who came to Broome. He flew at high game, and would touch nothing but high-class pearls. He was known always to carry about five or six hundred pounds in bank-notes in his pocket, but when the police searched his clothing he was quite penniless. There was no trace of my black pearl, and, with the exception that we knew the murderers must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Broome, we were just as wise as ever.

'Ryan, who knew his Broome as well as any man breathing, put in some wonderful work in the next forty-eight hours. He and his men searched every lodging-house, *fan-tan* shop, and sly grog-shanty in the place, asking for news of two Manilamen and a Cingalese likely to be flush of money. They got hold of every Jap in the town who was suspected of trafficking in stolen pearls, and eventually elicited the information that three coloured men who seemed to have plenty of pearls to sell might possibly be found drinking in a shanty close by the creek where the luggers refitted.

'Late at night Ryan, accompanied by three troopers, rode out to the shanty. With drawn

pistols he and one of his men banged through the door, and unceremoniously ordered the crowd inside to hold up their hands.

'"Where are those Manilamen and the Cingalese?" he shouted to the cringing Japanese who owned the place. "Quick, or it will be the worse for you."

'The Jap knew who was wanted all right. He took the sergeant into a little back-room, where the three were found lying asleep on the floor, dead-drunk. Calling in his other men, Ryan kicked the murderers awake, handcuffed one to each trooper, and marched them through the bush to the town jail, where they were handcuffed properly and chained to staples in the wall. Slung around the neck of the Cingalese in a little leather bag they found the cause of all the trouble—my black pearl.

'Well, there isn't much more to tell,' said the old man, with a deep sigh. 'Frank Carter committed all three for trial on my evidence, and sent them down to Perth in the *Arawatta* to be tried. It was three months before they faced the judge, and during that time the Cingalese turned King's evidence in the hope of saving his neck. I am glad to say it was all in vain, for, as was disclosed at the trial, it was the Cingalese that had engineered the whole dreadful conspiracy with Berry, who had himself been murdered by the treacherous native of Ceylon.

'All three were hanged together on the one scaffold in Fremantle Jail; and there was nearly another life sacrificed through my pearl, for the chief warder, who happened to be standing on the scaffold, had the horrible experience of falling down the drop with the executed men. Luckily he got off with a broken leg. Eight men had lost their lives over the pearl; it would have been too terrible had another been added to the list.

'I got the pearl back after the trial, and sold it for eight thousand pounds. It brought a high price on account of its blood-stained history; why, I cannot imagine. I would not touch the money. One-half I gave to the widow of Berry, who came forward at the trial, and was in poor circumstances; the other half I gave to the Perth Hospital. And I have never regretted it. I got the *Rosalie* back, and I made a fortune fishing the bay where the fatal pearl had been found.'

THE END.

IN OLD STAMBOUL.

By Roy Elston.

I.

IN the hush of a new morning I stood upon the old Seraglio, and watched the purple-tinted mists ascend like the last warm breath of night. The city stirred, like an autumn wood when vagrant winds blow through, and over the shadows a rich, warm glow spread softly, even as light expired in gloom, and anon was light again. Sunbeams flew silently out of the east like a million white doves at noonday, and dome and turret and minaret glistened as they passed. Out of the lilac-tinted shade flung freely down by the towering walls of mosques and palaces, a multitude of gaily coloured houses lifted their anxious gaze to neighbouring magnificence. And in the distance were the hills; and all among it were the cypress-groves; and at its feet was the Bosphorus, which seemed to whirl with it a host of happy swimming girls whose hair was encrusted with sand and sea-shells.

Then dreams and the mists of morning were dissolved. The natal sweetness of the day became quenched in the arrogant enthusiasm of the climbing sun, and with it the gentler delights of Stamboul seemed stifled too. From beneath a near-by cypress-tree a beggar clad in crimson rags arose and yawned. Several drunken Turkish youths, dressed in Parisian fashion, wandered unsteadily up the roadway, and I conjectured that they had spent an excitable evening in one of the new Russian cabarets in the Grande Rue de Péra. An early shepherd drove his sheep towards Galata Pier, where pick-pockets, porters, beggars, and merchants were noisily assembling. Sea-gulls flew up from the poplars of Scutari, and straightway made for three wooden barges, from whose stinking bowels the accumulated garbage of Constantinople was being vomited into the sea. Soon the harsh screaming of the scavengers drowned the song of a thrush that had remembered the delights of early dawn. A Greek girl in an ill-lighted café commenced to sing, and so sweet was her voice that I thought the lost song of the thrush had entered into her breast. . . . Andromache was her name. How sweet a name! Lips red as blood were hers, and I thought them but wisps of the sun-drenched cloud that hangs on a western hill each summer evening as the day goes by. Her eyes were brown as morning shadows on the hillside, and she told me strange things as she smoked my cigarettes. The garishness of the fierce day was obscured by her smile, and for a moment it seemed that romance had returned. But as I began to realise how such romance unduly drained my purse, an English provost-marshal entered. We had *mastik* together, and as we drank he bade me have no more truck with the pretty *bulbul* of the café. 'This place is pest-ridden,' he said, 'and I am putting it out of bounds to the army.

Most of the places about here are rotten; it is not the Stamboul of a few years ago. Vice, disease, and decay are everywhere, and have been augmented by the hordes of Russian refugees that now infest the city.'

We left the café, and when I parted from the indignant soldier I heard the song of Andromache grow fainter as the shouts of ragged pedlars grew nearer. How sweetly that Greek girl sang!

II.

As I walked through the streets I observed that a sinister decay was everywhere revealed by the sun, and I wondered if the dust that filled my eyes was the dust of dead glory, and of that impelling mystery that moved the poets of yesterday to rhapsody. For it is true: Stamboul has changed—the East is ever changing, if only by the sad processes of decay; and now you must seek with patience, and no little fortitude, if you would find the beauty that drugged the minds of singers long since dead; or you must wait till the sun has ceased his unhappy searching, and the city's wounds are nursed and hidden by a kindlier power.

Not alone in its beauty has Stamboul changed; for annoyances peculiarly Oriental have given way to the aggravations of the Occident, and, although the former caused much ill-temper in their day, one cannot see them pass without some feeling of regret. Even the homeless dogs that once infested the streets of the Caliphate are gone. They were collected and placed on a near-by island barren of food. They ate each other, of course, and their piteous cries borne down on the night winds startled many a passing mariner into fingering his rosary or praying to his gods. It is said of these dogs that they had divided the city into well-defined sections, among which they proportionately distributed themselves. No dog from one community dared to enter the confines of another, or he would have been set upon at once, unless he happened to be an official courier, in which circumstance he went unmolested except for the stones of small boys who had not the wisdom of the dogs. They were almost as conservative as the pigeons of Saint Mark's. The sound of their barking is no longer heard, but the violent hooting of unrestrained American motor-cars has admirably filled the breach the going of the dogs had caused.

Turkish women now throng the streets as they never did before; but the charm of wondering what delightful lips lay concealed by silken veils has ceased to be, for as often as not the Turkish lady walks abroad unveiled. However, there is recompense for this, for when lowering her veil she raised her dress, so that her dainty ankles are exposed in all their bewitching loveliness. The men, on the other hand, reveal no beauty in their new Parisian clothes; indeed, they seem most uncomfortable, and I have seen nothing so grotesque as my friend Murad Effendi when, in tight-fitting Western dress, he sits on a low divan and puffs away at a hubble-bubble while the tassel of his fez sways gently to his nodding.

And the old wooden bridge called Azab Kapu is tottering and little used. Look to your step when crossing it, or you will stumble, and in your discomfiture you will, I am sure, lose much of that dignity so much beloved of English visitors to the East; for many a gaping hole and missing plank renders Azab Kapu a precarious path, and reveals swift waters rolling black beneath, or the dust-strewn decks of rotting hulks. I stood a while, leaning on the insecure railing of the bridge, and gazed down the Golden Horn to where a thousand vivid colours seemed to hover near the water like dragon-flies about the lotus-blooms of some Asiatic pool. In the distance, the sea was all flecked with white foam and resting sea-gulls; and, nearer at hand, as my vision penetrated through the swaying ropes of caiques, I could see the polyglot concourse streaming in brilliant medley across Galata Bridge. From beneath them came smoke-enveloped tugs and clumsy hulks that bore rich merchandise to the city of the Sultan, as caravans had done in other days.

The seven hills of Constantine stretched before me, defined by the multitude of domes and minarets from the seventy and seven hills on which 'New Rome's' increase has taken root; and threading in among them was the generous sea, that 'bowing slave of the Sultan' who 'watches the walls of his serail, stifles the intrigues of his Ministers, quiets the scandals of his Courts, extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one.' The band of a warship anchored near Stamboul began to play a loud jazz tune, and the sirens of two or three steamers sounded from the crowded Galata Quay.

Hot winds played among the dust and rubbish strewn along unswept streets, and the Black Sea army's motor-cars made every crossing perilous, so that the *hamals*, obscured beneath their cumbrous burdens, kept to the narrow footpaths, and called forth invectives from fellow-pedestrians. When I had passed some ornate shop-fronts, whose Western designs and American wares contrasted strangely with the neighbouring squalor of foul saloons and dirty, picturesque bazaars, I came upon the mosque of Valideh. Its numerous steps were thickly littered with sprawling, sitting, squatting folk, like careless heaps of rags. The stench was peculiarly Oriental, and I thought with a sigh of the 'perfumes of Araby' as I continued my course through winding highways and byways beset on either side by hovels.

III.

Where was the lovely East of dreams? Surely not here among this dirty, shouting,

excited mob? Surely not here in this whirlpool of hooting, stinking, clanking traffic? Nor here in this jungle of verminous hovels? I sat for a while in the stall of a *kafedji*, and sipping his unstrained coffee, I began to think of the dream of Othman, the founder of Islam's Empire. It were better, I fancy, had he and his ambitious children been content to roam the pleasant Seljukian fields, pasturing their herds, and dreaming their dreams beneath fig-trees where nightingales sang. But a woman spurred ambition's wings (a woman generally does, I am told); for was it not Edebali, whom people called *Kamauya*, or 'moon-lustrous,' who inspired the dream wherein Othman saw the mountains, like pillars of a temple, hold up the earth-enveloping canopy of boughs, and gush forth the waters of the Nile and the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Danube? And under the canopy were domes and minarets, fortresses and obelisks, towers and palaces, lifting their lofty grandeur to a golden crescent that hovered in the heavens; and the crescent lay in the hand of God, and by Him was dashed at the arrogant Emperor of the Byzantines, whose wondrous city lay at the meeting of the waters, . . . and the offspring of Othman and the moon-girl became the sultans of a great Islamic Empire! The dream was told to the father of Edebali, and at once the marriage was allowed. The prince saw his dream in part fulfilled, and his descendants, no less ambitious, soon had the green flag of Islam floating from the walls of the city of Constantinople. But the moon of Edebali is cold.

The coffee drained, I resumed my walking, and soon, soaked in perspiration, covered in dust, bumped by angry porters, pestered by piteous beggars, jostled by Greek and Turk, Albanian and Jew, Bulgarian and Russian, all hurrying by as if to escape some impending ill, I forgot the dream of Othman and thought of Pierre Loti, the while I wondered, perhaps a little vexatiously, where the poets found the threads to weave their Eastern songs. Pondering thus, I reached the great Byzantine church erected to the Eternal Wisdom in a greater Eastern age than this. I found the courtyard of Aya Sophia filled with dirty idlers, curious Americans, and voluble guides. People about to pray sat washing their feet at the numerous fountains whose Italian adornments flashed in the light. Seek not to rest where a hundred people wash their feet! I hastily entered the interior of the mosque; for the musty smell of carpets is but a little thing to bear.

Later I climbed yet farther up the hill, having refreshed myself with water from a pig-skin hawked by a Turkish boy. The sun beat down with an insistent glare, and cynically displayed the decay and disease that is slowly eating away the romance of Islamic Stamboul. From near by the ancient Hippodrome I hired a tolerable carriage, which rattled and bumped through cobbled streets, and in and out of evil-smelling byways lined with wooden houses, behind whose latticed windows peeped—I dare not think who peeped from behind those latticed windows; for I have a recollection of a serious difficulty into which such curiosity precipitated me when in Cairo. A leprous-looking child ran by the carriage and pleaded for alms, and once we waited twenty minutes in a narrow street until two oxen-teams had passed into a courtyard. From the foot of the hill I looked up at the jumble of wood and stone that climbed, like a lazy beggar, up the historic hillside. Glistening cupolas here and there seemed like great empty shells, something like what the intrepid Sindbad must have seen when he chanced upon the nest of a roc. The tall minarets were as stark tree-stems shorn of their leaves and limbs, and carrion birds wheeled about them and screamed.

Then the twilight came, and the glory of the Caliphate returned. The garish harshness of the day went out with the last fevered gasp of the sun, and a soft flush of purple spread over the heavens, reflecting its exquisite hues on the city beneath. As the night wore on, an ineffable sense of repose and sweetness was born to the city; the cruel day was dead; and old Stamboul became once more a paradise for poets. The murmur of the sea, fretting through cypress-groves and poplar-shaded cemeteries, added mystery to the call of the muezzin, whose strange voice floated on the cool night winds: '*Allah Akber*. . . . There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet.' And through the dim twilight I could see the faithful wending their way to prayer.

THE ANGELS.

I SOMETIMES wonder who God's angels are,
And how they travel on their journeys far;
Not, surely, dressed in glittering white and gold,
As once the little children all were told,
But in a garb of gentle twilight gray
Like opals, and the greens at close of day,
With folds of lavender, and warm soft light
About their heads, as candles shine at night;
Not stern and swift, with Gabriel's flaming sword,
But like the folk whose voices once we heard—
Perhaps, indeed, they are the very same,
If we could see and call them by their name.
And out of fair and wide eternal spaces
They bend, and sigh to see our weary faces.
They set a baby laughing, or a brook,
And turn the picture-pages in God's book,
And pluck our sleeves to make us come and look. . . .
Yet we their kindly hands shake off again,
Or cannot hear them for the noise of men,
So miss life's joy and only find the pain.
But where the children are, they fold their wings
And stay, and give them thoughts of pretty things,
And tell them tales of heaven for a while—
And yet we marvel that the children smile!

CHRISTINE G. M. ORR.

THE HATRED OF TAKATO.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals*, *Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

JACK ELWOOD was out with his rifle on a sundown prowl for prairie-chicken, or anything else that showed itself. He was accompanied by Takato, a full-blooded Indian, his uncle's faithful slave and bodyguard. Jack had lived at Lost River trading-post just over four months. The youngest son of a large family, he had not failed to see the wonderful prospects that opened up for him when his uncle, the trader at Lost River, had offered to take him on, with a view to his finally inheriting the business. A lonely life, to be sure, up here in the foothills, with only the Indians as outside companions; but here Jack was, and here he jolly well intended to stay till he had made his pile.

Reaching the crown of the ridge, the young man dismounted and gave his bridle to Takato, who took it with his usual sullen grunt; then, the light repeater in his hand, Jack stole to the edge of the cliff and peered down in search of game.

Now, no one on earth was less prepared for what happened next than was Jack himself. True that Takato had never displayed any friendly spirit in their dealings together, but, so far as Jack could make out, Takato had nothing but grunts for any one. The young white man had not even realised that his arrival at Lost River marked a new era in the life of Takato, who had been at the trading-post almost since his infancy as sole companion for Jack's uncle. But so, indeed, it was. Takato had heard of the coming of the young white man in sullen silence, and in sullen silence he had so far endured Jack's presence. He regarded the boy as an interloper, and hated him accordingly. In the old days Takato and Ben Elwood had lived their lives in two-man loneliness. In the Indian's boyhood old Ben had been more than merely a master. He had taught Takato to read and write; he had made a white man of him, so far as it is possible to make a white man of one who springs directly from the wild red race. They had spent their evenings together, and Takato had wanted nothing more in life than to spend his evenings in peace and quietude with the Great White God he served.

Then Jack had arrived, and slowly, surely, Takato had fallen from his place in the household. He was no longer old Ben's sole companion, and by degrees he came to know the bitter truth—that white is white and red is red. For five days Takato went about looking like a man who has trodden on the teeth of a hay-rake, and consequently received a blow on the nose from the shaft; then he began to hate—to hate Jack Elwood!

It was only natural that during their fireside conversations Jack and old Ben forgot the apparently dozing bronze statue seated bolt-upright on its old accustomed soap-box behind the stove. Now and then one of them would shoot a question at him; but Takato was slow of thought, and when, finally, he answered, generally two or three minutes later, the conversation had drifted into other channels, and probably the answer was ignored. So, when, at the end of a month, Takato no longer frequented his box behind the stove, they hardly missed him; and now Takato had fallen head foremost to the first floor, where he served as general boot-boy and water-carrier, which, by the proper order of things, was really all he was entitled to expect.

Takato may have been a civilised Indian, but he was an Indian nevertheless, and deep in his innermost being there still smouldered the true savage, ready to burst into flame at any moment. One can tame a wolf till it becomes as docile and affectionate as a domestic dog, but nevertheless that wolf remains a wolf; and some day some seemingly slight incident may awaken its wild-wolf instincts, and the creature turns and savagely chews a chunk out of the man who has 'tamed' it.

So it was with Takato. To-night, as he watched the white boy peering over the edge of the cliff, all the laws of civilisation crumbled to powder at his feet; and for the first time since, in his infancy, Takato had jig-jigged on clumsy papoose-legs to the sound of the tom-toms round the stew-pots of his tribe, he stood as his true self—a savage, ready to fight and slay for what he desired.

Takato let go the bridles, and slid noiselessly up behind Jack. He wanted to be rid of the boy, and it had occurred to him that here was a very appropriate opportunity of getting rid of him. They were alone with the great gray loneliness, and if Jack fell over the edge of the cliff, that was Jack's show. No one could blame Takato for it!

Of a sudden Jack, peering down, became horribly aware that some one had him by the feet, and was trying to precipitate him over the edge. His first idea was that some one was having a joke with him; then he realised that he was in deadly peril, so he kicked out desperately. Turning, he caught one horrifying glimpse of the face of Takato, grimly in earnest—a savage, Indian face, with murder clearly written across it.

Somehow Jack managed to swing round his rifle, dealing Takato a terrific blow across the bridge of the nose with the barrel. This caused a momentary, and sorely needed, lull in the proceedings, and Jack succeeded in wriggling a yard from the edge, obtaining a good hold of the Indian's hair. 'Yes, my lad,' he gasped, 'if I go over, you go with me!'

Then the fight began in real earnest. Jack had enjoyed many fights, but he did not enjoy this one. The edge of the cliff was too near, and the cat-like agility of his adversary too dangerous. Looking back afterwards, Jack realised that it had not been a pleasant fight. He himself was fighting for his life, and so, now, was the Indian. More than once Jack found himself at the very edge of the precipice, and the only reason why he did not go over was because he stubbornly refused to go alone. He had obtained a good grip of the Indian's hair, and he managed to keep it.

Jack was almost beaten when his head came in violent contact with a loose stone at the cliff-edge. It all but knocked him silly; but—oh that thrice blessed stone!—it gave Jack an idea, and he devoted his whole attention to carrying that idea into effect. So far successful was he that Takato presently received a wallop that would have stunned an ox.

Jack rose. He stared, panting, at the Indian, who lay unconscious at his feet. 'For two pins I 'd boost you over the edge!' he gasped.

II.

Jack's one idea for the present was to put as much space as possible between himself and the edge of that wretched cliff. He scrambled over to his *cayuse*, and went straight back to the trading-post.

He found his uncle elbow-deep in the bread-bowl, and to him Jack gasped out his story. At first Ben could hardly believe it; then he ran his mind over the incidents of the last few weeks, and saw daylight. He shook the dough impartially from his finger-tips, took his *quirt* from the wall, and made a dive for Jack's *cayuse*, still waiting at the door.

'All right, my lad!' shouted old Ben over his shoulder; 'I'll soon teach Takato what he 's up against.'

'If you 're going to fight him,' Jack advised, 'do it at the bottom of the cliff—not at the top. He 's too infernally wiry!'

In the meantime Takato had come to his senses, and his first realisation was that he had failed in his intentions. His second realisation was that he had completely outlawed himself so far as the white race was concerned, and that now, at last, he had returned to the old savage order, and was an Indian fighting for his existence, as his fathers had done. Well, he may have been faithful to old Ben once, but that faithfulness was dead. Takato was now at war with the trading-post where he had lived since his boyhood. To-day he had become an Ishmael—an Indian without a tribe, without a home, with nothing very much, indeed, to live for, save the art of getting square with those who were at the root of his imagined grievance. In short, Takato, once a civilised Indian, was now something worse than the lowest savage, because he respected not the laws of civilisation or of savagery, and, over and above this, he had as substantial backers the cunning of the white race and the treachery of the red. All things considered, then, the last few hours had converted a respectable, peaceful, Christian Indian into the very worst type of cut-throat with which the foothills have the misfortune of being familiar.

Takato, I say, had made his decision. He rose, a veritable wild beast, snatched up Jack's rifle, splintered the butt against the ground, then mounted his *cayuse*, and rode away into the silence of the prairie.

It was almost dark when Ben arrived at the scene of the recent lively combat. Takato was gone; but, peering from the edge of the cliff, Ben saw a black speck across a ridge far in the distance. At full speed he set off in pursuit, and then it was that Takato, dazed and reeling in the saddle, heard suddenly the thud of hoofs behind him.

The fate of Takato still hung in the balance, but at that crisis he sealed it for himself. He was fully armed, though, for obvious reasons, he had not used his arms when fighting with Jack. Now he whipped a heavy black revolver from his belt, and as the thud of hoofs drew nearer he turned and deliberately fired at Ben Elwood.

Fortunately for Ben, it requires some practice, which Takato had never had, to shoot accurately from a galloping pony; but, nevertheless, the trader heard bullet after bullet whistling perilously near his ears.

Ben was a hot-headed man, and if one thing was calculated to annoy him more than another, it was the indignity of being shot at. He was not specially afraid of being hit, but woe betide the man who fired at him and did *not* hit him! Ben waited till Takato had blazed off the contents of his chambers; then he 'turned on the gas' and went right in. He overhauled Takato as a racing-automobile might overhaul a street-car. He caught Takato by the collar, yanked and jerked and dragged at him till the two, interlocked, fell between their ponies and somersaulted, still interlocked, through a gigantic cloud of dust.

Ben Elwood was angry enough to begin with, but the fall annoyed him still more; and there, his eyes and mouth still full of sand, he gave Takato the hiding of his life, which was saying something. In the end Takato got up and ran off at his top-speed, which was about the best thing he could have done, for Ben was obviously no sprinter.

Thus the fate of Takato was sealed. From that hour on he was to live his life in bitter hatred of the white race in general, and of two members of it in particular. He might, had he wished it, have sniped both Jack and Ben any day he chose, and but that he was 'civilised' he would probably have done so. But civilisation had taught him two things—firstly, the power of the white man's law, which follows always to the finish; and, secondly, it had taught him to think, to scheme, to succeed where a raw savage might often fail, by reason of the fact that a raw savage goes right in and does it, man to man, heedless of law and everything else, while civilisation breeds cunning. Yes, Takato would get his own back in time, but it might take a *long* time.

III.

The weeks drifted by. Jack and old Ben forgot the incident so far as one does forget such incidents. Their lives were too cram-jam full with daily affairs for retrospect to play much part.

Takato, in the meantime, drifted. He drifted down to civilisation, and drifted back. For a time he trapped musquash in the river-flats at no great distance from the trading-post; then, automatically, he drifted into the Cree tribe at their permanent summer-quarters in the Long Valley.

Takato was not of the Cree people; and one evening, as they sat about the tepees repairing the fish-nets, while the old squaws got ready for winter by renovating sled-harness and renewing *muckluck*s, Takato held the crowd in merriment by his tales of the white race and of his own daring. One young Cree, by name Long Snowshoe, at length became tired of Takato's boastfulness and bombast, and, rising, he tapped Takato on the forehead with his bony forefinger.

'You speak nothing but evil of the white race,' he said. 'I and my brothers are at peace with them. See, we are well clothed and well fed. The young squaws sing, and the tepees are full of happy children. Before the coming of the white trader hunger was our companion, and sickness was ever with us. It is not well that you speak thus of the white race, who have fed you since your childhood.'

Takato rose. 'Little brother,' he said, 'you do not know the whites as I know them. All my life have I lived with them, and great is my wisdom. I have seen——'

'Great indeed may be your wisdom,' broke in the other—and for an Indian to interrupt his fellow is the deadliest of insults—'great indeed may be your wisdom, my little one, but you are not of this race. You are but our guest, and as such should hold your tongue till you are invited to speak. You belong to the Blackfeet tribe, and to them you should return.'

Again civilisation came to the aid of Takato. Had he been a raw savage he would have struck down Long Snowshoe, or himself been struck down. Long Snowshoe's hand was at his hip—he was ready and waiting; but instead Takato smiled the sickliest of smiles, and thrusting his fingers into the collar of Long Snowshoe, he drew forth the mission station medal that the young Cree wore about his neck. 'See, we are brothers!' he cried, and Long Snowshoe was disarmed.

Gladly would Long Snowshoe have struck down Takato where they stood, but his superstitions forbade it. To Long Snowshoe the mission station medal about his neck was a sacred and a magic thing, and by its magic he was forbidden to strike down an Indian who similarly wore that masonic sign. If he did so, then assuredly he would bring down the wrath of the Great White God upon himself, and so, with a gesture of disgust, Long Snowshoe turned upon his heel.

IV.

It was autumn now, and one evening Jack opened up a new line of inquiry while he and Ben sat over their supper. 'I have received a hint,' said Jack, 'that Takato is still in the valley, and thirsting to get even with us.'

Ben was for a moment silent; then he answered, 'Not he! Takato has gone north to his own people. He'll never have the pluck to show himself about here again. Gee—you should have seen the thumping I gave him!'

'I know,' said Jack; 'but I wouldn't mind betting you, all the same, that he turns up some day. The hint was given me by Long Snowshoe, and he's an Indian to be depended upon. Should Takato turn up when you aren't about, what shall I do with him? If I plug him, we shall have the whole territory up in arms, ready to burn down the trading-post. If I don't plug him, he'll probably plug me! What's a fellow supposed to do under such circumstances?'

'Dope him, of course,' replied Ben. 'Give him a good stiff dose; then hammer him when he comes round.'

Jack thought. 'Excellent idea,' said he. 'But where's the dope? I'll dose him up stiff all right.'

Ben strode behind the trade counter, and from a tiny cupboard he withdrew a bottle of some colourless fluid. 'That's the stuff to give 'em,' he said. 'About one drop in a stiff peg of fire-water. Don't give him more, or you'll finish him for good. This stuff is really a wolf-poison, but in smaller quantities it's a pretty potent drug. If Takato turns up, just you be friendly. Ask him to have a drink. Being a civilised Indian, he won't refuse, and you can dope his liquor for him.'

So that blew over, and autumn merged into winter. White and cold and desolate the north country lay. Jack ceased to parade the vastness

with his rifle, but instead, mounted on snow-shoes, he spent much of his time going the round of his sets with a bundle of steel traps over his shoulders.

One day, at no great distance from the trading-post, Jack found an old black bear fast in one of his traps, and having despatched it, he discovered the skin to be so moth-eaten and mangy as to be of no value to any one; therefore he decided to make a wolf-set, and to utilise the bear-carcass for the purpose. Dragging the huge hulk to the edge of the timber, he craned it up into the branches, and suspended it by the hind-legs, so that the monstrous bait hung within leaping distance of a wolf or a pack of wolves. This done, he set his wolf-traps just where the animals would alight from their leap, and went his way, well content with an unusually thorough set.

Scarcely had he disappeared from view when, watching cunningly, Takato appeared from the timber-edge at no great distance away. Takato examined the set, and his cunning brain was at work. Yes, here at last was the opportunity for which he had waited!

V.

It was midnight, many hours later. The moon was not yet up, and darkness reigned supreme in the empty space surrounding the trading-post, save for that faint phosphorescence that seems to issue from the very whiteness of the snow. Presently, across this open space, drifted a shadow. It might have been a wolf or a lynx, or a phantom of one's own imagination. In point of fact it was Takato!

The trading-post was sleeping—the deep sleep of healthy manhood. True that the doors were locked, but that was merely a matter of custom. Why should one trouble to lock doors when the back-windows of the premises are covered merely by sheets of flimsy parchment, which serve to exclude draught and to permit the entrance of a certain low percentage of the available light?

Takato knew his way about that trading-post as well as any man alive. Since his boyhood the glue-pot had stood on a certain shelf, the scissors had dangled from a certain hook, and in their respective places these things would remain for so long as old Ben lived.

With the point of his hunting-knife Takato levered out the tacks securing one of the parchment sheets, and noiselessly wormed into the trading-post. He went silently and directly to a certain small cupboard behind the trade counter, and from it he took—a bottle of wolf-poison! Then, noiselessly as an owl a-wing, he drifted out again, and with the bottle in his possession he refixed the parchment over the window as best he could, and went his way.

The steps of Takato led him back to the monstrous bait dangling from a branch not far away. He cut little nicks in the carcass of the bear, and injected dose after dose of poison. Not till the bottle was half-empty did he desist; then he thrust the bottle back into his wallet, and thanked his lucky star for the light snow that was falling, blotting out all tracks.

It is necessary to explain at this juncture that the use of poisoned baits was much against the law in that locality. White trappers hated it, believing that poisons tend to destroy the quality of the fur. Red men hated it still more, regarding its use as an unnatural method, which was sure to bring down the anger of the Almighty. The result was that only an Indian outcast, who recked neither for himself nor for any man alive, or a licentious and devil-may-care white trapper of the lowest order, would have dreamt of using poisons in that range; and in either case the renegade would have done it with the full knowledge that he took his life in his hands.

VI.

At daybreak Takato, covered with snow, and having apparently been on the trail all night, burst into the Indian encampment with the news that he had seen herd after herd of caribou drifting across the foothills not far away. The Indians were short of food, and the news at once threw the whole camp into a state of excitement. The young braves were away hunting in the hills, but the old men immediately donned their hunting-gear, while the squaws got ready their sledges to cart back the meat after the kill.

Thus, at the head of his motley band, Takato sallied back by the way he had come. They found no caribou signs, but they found something which could be had for the taking—something which speedily caused them to forget the missing caribou; for there, suspended from a branch, was a monstrous black bear, that some wasteful hunter was using for a bait, while they themselves were starving!

It took the Indians about five minutes to remove the bait, and to leave in its place only such parts of it as they did not require, and, this done, the meat was loaded on two sledges, and left for the squaws to bring home.

That night there was a great pot-lash among the Long Valley Indians; and while the bear-meat simmered in the stew-pot, collecting ashes and smoke-fumes sufficient mercifully to disguise its flavour, while the women stumbled back and forth, while the dogs fought for places nearest the smell of that all-prevailing stew, Takato betook himself to the shadows, and was forgotten during the general excitement.

But the feast was short-lived, and midnight found two-thirds of the camp prone on their backs, with their knees aspiring skywards. All of them were poisoned, and not a few quietly died; and thus, stepping like a ghost into their midst, came the knowledge that they had partaken of a poisoned bait!

Then the old squaws got to work with their

herbs, and by dawn those who had survived both the poison and the herbs knew that they were going to live, and, following the ghost of the night, a demon of fury was ushered in with the dawn. Who had set the poisoned bait? Who? Why ask who? At this juncture Takato reappeared, rubbing his stomach in pretence that he, too, had partaken of the deadly stew; but, forgetting his sickness as his eloquence grew, he pointed out that there was but one man in all these woods who had poison at hand—Ben Elwood!

A few minutes later the party of hunters, who, fortunately for them, had been away on an expedition for some days past, arrived back at the camp, saw the dreadful scenes, and heard the dreadful story. Indignation and fury were on every hand; only Long Snowshoe was calm, and his eyes were upon the face of Takato.

VII.

Takato it was who now led the band of indignant warriors—Takato, who now ranked among the greatest of Indian criminals the North-West had ever known. He had striven to attain his ends heedless of all consequences—heedless of the lives of those who had befriended him, sparing not even the papooses of the tepees. True that they were not his own people, and that, therefore, by the Indian code of morals, he was not so bad as he might have been; yet clearly there was no humanity left in his soul. Now, for the first time for many years past, the people of Long Valley were on the war-path—out to annihilate the trading-post which, for so long, had stood as an oasis in the midst of that lean land.

Ben Elwood and Jack were at their breakfast, and Jack had just dumped the frying-pan, full of sizzling eggs and bacon, in the centre of the breakfast-table, with the appropriate advice to his uncle to 'help himself,' when a chicken flew cackling through the open window. There quickly appeared at the casement a swarthy face, then another and another, till a whole row of swarthy faces peered down upon the white men's meal.

Old Ben jumped up, crimson with fury. 'Here, if you want me, come at the proper time and to the proper door,' he blurted out in the Cree tongue; but ere the words had left his lips the living-room door was flung open, and at the threshold, a murderous scowl on his face, his thin lips drawn into a sneer of triumph, stood—Takato!

Ben glanced at Jack, who nodded gravely and muttered, 'I told you so.' Before either of them could act, or even think, a band of scowling cut-throats were upon them. Takato went for Jack, and they grappled madly, but in an instant Jack was down. Some one kicked him in the ribs, and ere he could get his breath his hands were tied behind him. Glancing round, he saw old Ben ignominiously trussed to a chair, and still wasting good breath on utterly futile words.

Then, as quietude fell with the end of the scuffle, broken only by the 'yoffeling' sounds of one lank brave who was attacking the eggs and bacon before the others had time to realise the possibilities, Takato spoke. He spoke of the finding of the poisoned bait—emphasising the fact that it was not *he* who found it—and of the resultant poisoning of half the Long Valley tribe. He accused the white traders of using the poison; and when they indignantly denied it, Takato smiled tolerantly, and remarked that no other persons in the country had poison in their possession. '*You* have,' cried Takato, pointing an accusing finger, 'and I, who have lived here many summers, know it!'

The remaining Indians waited for Ben to deny the accusation, but he did not. Instead he said in a low voice, 'I know I have. Every trading-post has. In that cupboard is the bottle of poison I have had by me since Takato was very little in his manhood. You will find it now as it was then—full to the cork! That will be proof enough that we have used none of it.'

Several of the Indians moved towards the next room to see for themselves, but Long Snowshoe swept them aside and went himself. Through the open door connecting the two rooms they saw him stoop and open the cupboard door. Then he rose to his feet, scowling viciously at Ben. 'Empty!' he said. 'There is no bottle there!'

The trader was about to burst forth into another volley of futile indignation, when he realised that he was a victim of some deeply laid plot—that, indeed, his life and Jack's life hung by the merest threads.

VIII.

An ominous murmur broke from the waiting braves. One of them snatched a knife from the table, and crouched before Ben, like a panther ready to spring. Old February Wolf, having 'necked' the eggs and bacon—I can find no better word—was looking round for the whisky, and on his way smacked Jack across the mouth. Takato interposed. 'No,' said he, still with his sinister and superior smile, 'the poison is not there, because it has been used!' Then his eyes blazed. He was anxious to cut short this period of questioning and cross-examination. He gabbled to his followers of the awful sin that had been committed, pointed out that there was no doubt as to who had committed it, and urged them immediately to seek their justifiable vengeance by setting fire to the building with its occupants inside. Suiting the action to the words, Takato, with a savage cry, dashed off to procure the paraffin-can, with which he presently returned, and began to spill its contents across the floor.

Then Long Snowshoe laid his hand upon the

shoulder of Takato, and there was something in the eyes of Long Snowshoe that compelled obedience. 'He who is youngest among us wishes to speak,' said Long Snowshoe, and silence fell.

Jack spoke. 'You who are of the Cree tribe,' he said, 'why do you allow one who is a Blackfeet to lead you? Are you women, or are you so weak that you merely follow him who can talk loudest and longest? This man Takato is a Blackfeet; you are Crees, and within my own short life the Blackfeet came down from the territory of the Bear Lake and slew all the Crees on the north shore of Little Lake. Listen here. Long Snowshoe is your leader, and let him who has the heart of a rabbit obey Long Snowshoe, and him only. Listen again. If I prove to you that it was Takato who poisoned the bear-meat, what will you do to Takato?'

There was no answer, only sullen glances at Takato, who was watching like a tiger. Jack turned to Long Snowshoe. 'Loosen my hands,' he said. Long Snowshoe obeyed. Jack stood free, calmly rubbing his wrists to restore the circulation, while every one waited as though expectant of some marvellous conjuring feat. Then, like a flash, Jack leapt. He leapt towards Takato, who was ready for him; but in an instant Jack had torn the wallet from the Indian's belt, and tossed it to Long Snowshoe. 'Open it!' he cried, for when first Jack had closed with Takato he had felt something uncommonly hard within that wallet.

Instantly Long Snowshoe obeyed. He tore the wallet open, and held aloft—a half-empty blue bottle!

Ere the other savages could grasp the significance of the discovery, Takato, with a savage cry, snatched a box of matches from somewhere, and, striking one, set fire to the floor-boards, already soaked with paraffin. The flame took hold with a roar. In a moment it was all like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*. Jack sprang to old Ben's aid, and cut him free. Ben rushed into the store-room, took a bag of gold-dust from the counter, and dashed out into the open with it.

Then a strange thing happened. The Indians, the purpose of their visit here forgotten or abandoned, fell to like men and helped to empty the store-room, so that, by the time the fire reached that quarter, there was very little of value to be destroyed.

As the log-dwelling burnt merrily Ben looked around and exclaimed, 'Where's Takato?'

Takato was missing!

'I don't know,' replied Jack presently; 'but here's February Wolf, who ate my breakfast and hit me in the face, so I, at any rate, have something to get on with.'

But in a moment February Wolf also was missing, while the fire raged on.

Without food, without dogs or a rifle, Takato had set off, with the dawning of winter, for his own far northern land.

IX.

It was one month later. Snow and ice were still everywhere. A band of Indians, led and encouraged by two white men, were just putting the crowning timbers to the roof of the new trading-post, larger and finer than the last. They sang as they worked, and contentment and plenty were everywhere.

Two hundred miles north, in the cold grimness of the eternal forest, one Indian, alone, an outcast, sat in the centre of an open space. Around that open space, coming and going, appearing here, then there, their cold, green eyes upon the silent figure, paraded a pack of those gray ghosts of the northern solitudes—the ever-waiting wolves. The Indian knew that they were there, yet he did not move. He had reached the end of the Trail, and that also he knew. He did not see the blizzard sweeping up from the north-west, nor did he see the wild fireplay of the aurora, rustling like wheat-sheafs in the wind through the tree-tops all around him. For the face of Takato was hidden.

MYSTERY SHIPS.

THE British Navy during the late war had several 'mystery' ships. The sea has had hers for centuries—is always having them. One of the latest unsolved secrets of the deep is that concerning a trading-schooner in the Mid-Pacific. She was picked up, drifting before the trade-wind, sound and seaworthy in every respect, without a living soul on board, and neither of her boats was missing. Everything was in order, including the captain's papers. On the table of her deck-house lay an Australian journal many months old, with a spot or two of dried blood on it. What became of her crew is a mystery apparently insoluble.

There are a number of similar instances on record, and, doubtless, many more have escaped attention. Two are especially worth recalling—one from the Barents Sea, and the other from the Atlantic. The discoverer of the first was a Greenland whaler out of Peterhead. In the Barents Sea she sighted a strange-looking derelict, her running gear and standing rigging broken and flying loose, her canvas in tatters, and hull terribly battered and weather-worn. Her boats were gone. When she was boarded, it was seen she had been built early last century, and had been ice-bound for many years. In the main cabin there was lying on the floor the body of a

young woman, perfectly preserved by the Arctic frosts. Sitting near her, and not far from the long-dead fire, was the corpse of a young man, still holding in his hands the flint and steel, which he appeared to be striking. In one of the cabins off the cuddy was found another body, a man, embalmed, as it were, by the Arctic. He was sitting in a chair, and leaning back in a most natural position, with all the freshness of life in his attitude and expression. No clues were obtained which could explain the mystery.

The other rivals in its eeriness the weirdest supernatural of the land. In December 1872 the British brig *Dei Gratia*, in lat. 38° 20′ N., long. 17° 51′ W., sighted in the Atlantic a brigantine, the extraordinary behaviour of which under sail prompted a boat from the *Dei Gratia*. The brigantine was found to be wholly deserted. None of the boats was missing—all were sound and safely secured. The vessel herself was perfectly tight. There was no water in the well. Although some of her sails and parts of her gear were not there, her jib and foremast stay-sail remained hoisted.

She was the *Mary Celeste*, bound from New York to Genoa with a cargo of alcohol. Her master, Captain Briggs, was well known and respected in the Mediterranean trade. He, his young wife, their little girl, and a crew of seventeen officers and men had totally disappeared. More: it was very evident the vessel had not been long deserted, for the remains of a meal that was on the cabin table were quite fresh, the galley fire was not out, and a watch was still ticking.

The *Mary Celeste* forms the classic mystery of the sea. Though there are other sea mysteries as utterly bewildering, there is none with so many clear and succinct details, which cause the mystery connected with her to be the more baffling.

Although Captain Moorhouse of the *Dei Gratia* was short-handed, he sent his mate and two seamen on board the brigantine with orders to make their way to Gibraltar, the *Dei Gratia's* port of destination, where she arrived on 12th December, a day before the *Mary Celeste*. Here the derelict was examined by the Admiralty authorities. Her hull was in fine condition, and there was not even the suggestion of either collision or rough weather having been experienced. The official examination was most thorough, even to overhauling the seamen's chests, in which everything was in good order.

Aft, the same negative evidence was obtained. Books and music were lying about the main cabin, and the harmonium remained open. A child's frock was in a sewing-machine there just as Mrs Briggs had risen and left it, and near by stood a small bottle of machine-oil, a thimble, and a reel of cotton—items proving in themselves that bad weather could not account for the missing crew. A considerable sum of money was found, and personal effects of worth, including a woman's and a child's clothing, some jewellery and gold lockets.

The most speaking discoveries were, that the ship's documents and chronometer were missing. Also, a sword appeared to have been drawn from its scabbard, and it showed on its blade marks of blood. Strangely enough, similar marks were found on the foremast stay-sail. They were submitted to analysis, but the experts could not agree whether the stains were of human or of animal blood. Another extraordinary find was that on each side of the bows there was a cut as if made by some sharp tool. Captain Schufeldt of the U.S. *Plymouth*, who examined the derelict on behalf of the U.S. Department of Navigation, averred those cuts to be merely splinters made by the bending of the planks.

The ship's log of the *Mary Celeste* was found to have been written up to the 24th of November, when she was in lat. 36° 56′ N., long. 27° 20′ W., and the slate-log carried on to 8 A.M. next day. From the details obtained it was apparent that the brigantine had held on the same course as that on which she was found for the whole of the ten days elapsing between the last log entry and her discovery. No vessel with a loose wheel, and yawing around under jib and foremast stay-sail, could have sailed such a distance east in ten days. It was officially deducted, then, from the examination of the vessel, that she had been abandoned on the morning of 5th December—abandoned when she was well found and well provisioned.

Why *did* Captain Briggs and his crew, including his wife and child, desert the *Mary Celeste*? And *how*? And what became of them? Many theories have been put forth. At the time in Gibraltar grave suspicions were aroused because of the fact that one of the barrels of alcohol had most evidently been tapped; and foul play was suggested. Later, however, it was ascertained that Briggs's crew were—rather, had been—quiet and orderly men, and even the most truculent seaman does not get out of hand unless there is some good reason. Moreover, if they had done away with the 'after-guard' and the captain's wife and child in the fury of drunkenness, they also must have done away with themselves, for the *Mary Celeste's* boats had remained unlaunched. Some folks have suggested that the sea-serpent or a giant octopus had climbed on board and devoured every one. The mystery of the *Mary Celeste* is impossible of explanation.

As puzzling and extraordinary is the mystery of the sailing-craft *J. Hopkins*. Some three weeks after she had left Savannah, Georgia, a half-caste fisherman living on the east side of Anegada, British Virgin Islands, West Indies, saw a sailing-craft had grounded on the south-east spur of the formidable Horse-shoe reef that nigh surrounds Anegada, and he gave

the alarm. On boats putting out to her, she was found to be the *J. Hopkins*, and to have no crew. All sail was still set; the fire burned brisk in her galley, and breakfast had apparently been in preparation; in the skipper's cabin a pipe half-smoked and a half-emptied tumblerful of rum-and-water lay on the table. Everything above and below deck was in order. But—one of her two boats was gone.

Where was her crew of ten men? Their fate has never been explained, save in the proposition that on the calm having set in the boat had been lowered to tow the vessel, but had parted company somehow; and, caught in the race of one of the many strong currents in the neighbourhood of the British Virgin Islands, the small craft had taken the ten men to a death of thirst and madness.

There is another class of mystery ships, that are found in the latitudes where float the bergs that become detached from the great Arctic and Antarctic fields of ice. In 1911–1912 the captain of the French barque *Emilie Galline*, homing from New Caledonia for Bordeaux, reported on making port that they had sighted a mysterious derelict in a very singular position. The *Emilie Galline*, when rounding the Horn, ran into a vast field of great icebergs, and while groping her way into the open she passed a gigantic berg near to starboard. To the amazement of all hands, it was carrying in a cleft on its crest a large three-master, partly dismasted, but otherwise apparently intact. Her boats were still on the booms. There were no signs of human beings on the berg, though every effort was made to discover any survivors. How came that vessel there?

That steamships also figure in one of ocean's mysterious tragedies is evident from a report which was current in Rotterdam a few years ago. A Netherlands liner, bound for Curaçoa, when in West Indian waters sighted a large tramp-steamer plainly not under control. Not getting any answer to her signals, she sent a boat across. On the Hollanders boarding the vessel, the only living thing found in her was a great retriever, crazy with terror.

There was no apparent reason for the vessel having been abandoned. Steam was yet in her boilers, but shut off from the engines; in the caboose were the untouched breakfasts for the forecastle and the officers' mess-room; in the chart-house, between the pages of the log, which was written up to date, lay a pen-holder, the ink hardly dry on its nib. There were no signs of mutiny or murder. But in the officers' cabins and forecastle alike, articles were strewn about as if the owners had been hurriedly packing; in the stokehold and the engine-room, 'slices' and shovels had been thrown aside, and tools and oil-cans suddenly dropped; and two lifeboats and a small boat had been got away.

What became of her officers and men, and what their reason for abandoning ship, belong to those mysteries which apparently are never to be solved. That which had driven the dog crazy had doubtless driven them off the ship. The earth occasionally gives up its mystery. The sea remains silent, as if in scorn and derision of us, the would-be know-alls.

There are times, though, when human agency appears to be responsible for the mysterious fate of a ship at sea. A very recent instance is that which the U.S. authorities made public not long ago. In the late spring of this year the five-masted schooner *Carol Deering*, of Portland, was found abandoned near the Diamond Shoals Light, off the coast of North Carolina. As with the *J. Hopkins*, all her sails were set. The vessel was in fine seaworthy condition; she had abundance of stores, water, &c. But not a soul could be found on board, and there were indications that though a meal was about to be served out, the vessel had been abandoned in a great hurry. Except that two small skiffs were missing, she remained fully equipped. All possible search was made by the authorities for her missing crew of twelve men. No traces of them were found. The *Carol Deering* appeared to be another *Mary Celeste* phenomenon.

A few weeks after the discovery of her, a bottle came into the possession of the authorities. It had drifted ashore near where the *Carol Deering* was picked up. Within it was a scrawl on a scrap of paper, purporting to have been written by the vessel's mate, and reading: 'Oil-burner tanker or submarine has boarded us, and placed our crew in irons.' Since then the officers and men of the *Carol Deering* have vanished, leaving not a trace behind. Persons familiar with the handwriting of the mate declare that he wrote the note.

After the disappearance of this schooner, the U.S. steamer *Hewitt*, also of Portland, went as mysteriously from ken. She was literally swallowed up, for not a spar, not a life-buoy, or a body came ashore from her or was recovered at sea. The *Hewitt* might have been in the neighbourhood of the Diamond Shoals about the time when the *Carol Deering* was abandoned. Since then two other American vessels, the names of which the authorities decline to give, have likewise disappeared.

It seems like telling a story to amuse a youngster to talk about piracy within sight of the American shore, but that explanation is what the authorities at present do entertain. The piracy is apparently being carried out, up to the time of writing, according to the best traditions of the Black Flag—vessels boarded, and their crews murdered or carried into captivity. Only, to be up to date, the pirates use the submarine. Although it seems fanciful, this hypothesis is being given examination on all sides by the authorities, who seek to solve this latest mystery of the seas.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE looks and the thoughts of people have been turned towards Morocco recently, with wonderings and with questionings. There was a sudden intervention of dramatic circumstance; there was a sharp clash of arms between two civilisations; aeroplanes hummed over beleaguered and waterless Spanish columns amid mountains of Morocco to drop blocks of ice among them; and the enemy, these fighting Moors, tribesmen of the hills, such as in places listen to the call of the muezzin, the dreamy chanting of the name of Allah from whitened towers to the faithful in the streets below, have been rattling and thundering in the valleys and the plains with machine-guns and big cannon, largely captured from the Europeans. Morocco? Morocco? People have wondered upon it. It had seemed to be outside all political schemes of things, and never considered. A little soft, red leather, some desert sands, a sultan, a harem, a crescent in the sky, a few figures in the burnous, mysterious of look, and yielding fanatical spiritual allegiance to Mahomet—this has been all Morocco, filmy and unreal, to the average British person, and he was only a little concerned, if at all. Perhaps, now, it comes to be understood that here, at our European door, veritably within sight of a British fort, there is being pursued one of the strangest, intensest dramas and tragedies of civilisation and progress—to put it in that, the novel, way. Europe, and even the world, may be disturbed by the working of this plot; already a great nation, one with a glittering history, has suffered more in human losses in a few days than in months and years before, and is now busy with her preparations for winning back, and punishing, for her credit's sake. It seems to some that we have gone far and strangely, when there are hundreds of British people, some who fought in the Great War, crowding round the Spanish Consulate in London, appealing to be included in the Foreign Legion of Spain in Morocco; and I have just had private news from one who is there amid the fighting that this Foreign Legion, embracing English, Scottish, American, Italian, German, Russian, and Austrian soldiers, was placed in the vanguard in the first important attack that the Spaniards made after the big reverse that they had suffered. An advance was made to take new positions and fortify them a little way out from Melilla, on the borders of the country of the Beni Sicar tribes, those who have been loyal to the Spaniards all through this trouble. General Berenguer, who planned the operations, placed the foreigners in the van, because he hoped, and believed, they would set a fine example to the Spanish regular soldiers who followed them; that their methods, and their dash and their *élan*, would encourage the others. So it was. The Foreign Legion—strange medley of men, some of whom had fought side by side on European fields, while many were enemies to each other then—threw itself into the combat with enthusiasm and yells, and presently was fighting the rebel Moors hand to hand. A little later those natives were in fastest flight; and the Foreign Legion, with its English and Scots, its Germans and Austrians, was pitying itself for the too sudden termination of its action. For a moment it had seemed like old times—like 1915 and 1917; but to these bellicose beings, as to gentler folk, the old times were almost as the best, and there are no more like them—none. Some did not think it war; these fellows are saying now that war was war when battles lasted a month, and not half-an-hour or so, as on those Moroccan plains and slopes. Despite an exercise of knowledge and perception, one has difficulty in appreciating the mentality of a Foreign Legion such as this. The European war scarcely over, and yet they want more fighting! Some are of the unemployed and hungry, but that is not by any means all. There is something in the battle instinct that they have acquired, and an idea of the romance of Morocco attracts them. One is told that the Austrians are prominent in this Legion, and that it includes a Russian prince.

* * *

While English and Scots are thus, as we have seen, being recruited for Spain, it is time evidently for all the people to sit up and take notice of what occurs out there, and at the first sitting up the new inquisitive discovers how little he knows of this part of the world, near as it may be to him—that for some time this affair has been going on quietly without attracting any attention; and then he discovers—having informed

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himself a little upon geographical and political facts—how little the English newspapers seem to know, and how frequent seem to be their misunderstandings. The impression was conveyed to the British people, when the trouble began this summer in the Melilla region and the Spaniards suffered a very severe shock, that this region was virtually the whole of Spanish Morocco, instead of being, as it is, but a small, though important, corner of it. Readers were given to understand that if Melilla went down, all went so far as Spain was concerned; and it was plainly stated in headlines, 'All that is left to Spain,' meaning that Melilla and its immediate environs were all that remained to the Spaniards of their African possessions and the dreams that had been associated with them. This was misleading. Morocco, as a simple political fact, is divided into two protectorate zones. The Spaniards hold the upper, or northern, zone, which is spread along the Mediterranean coast as far as Algeria, and it is near to the eastern, or Algerian, end that Melilla is. At the other end it takes in the north-west corner of Africa and a piece of the Atlantic coast, Laraiche being the main Spanish port there. Precisely at that corner is Tangier, which, with a few miles of surrounding territory, is as a piece chipped out of the Spanish zone, and is under international control. As those who apply any study to foreign affairs are aware, this international zone is a bone of considerable contention, a matter of much embarrassment in European politics, for both France and Spain desire possession of it, and each makes a case for itself. This, however, is another matter, though what has happened in Morocco in recent times may have some bearing on the settlement of the question. The lower, or southern, zone, separated from the Spanish by a mere political line, is French, spreading also from the Atlantic coast to Algeria, with Casablanca and Rabat as the chief places on the coast, and famous Fez, Marrakesh, and Mequinez inland. The rebel Moors, as we call them, fighting for the exclusive possession of their own land, draw small distinction between French and Spanish and their zones; and though we now hear so much of the fighting the Spaniards are having to do, and have done for a long time past, the French, as a matter of fact, are necessarily engaged in much the same business, General Lyautey directing them, and there are operations against the rebels continually. Inevitably, then, the French feel a very peculiar interest in what is happening in the neighbouring zone; the result might concern them deeply. Melilla is at the eastern end of the Spanish part, but Spain has been most concerned hitherto with her works at the other, or western, end. There is her important port of Ceuta, opposite to Gibraltar, and a short distance from it inland is Tetuan, which is the capital of the protectorate and the headquarters of the High Commissioner. For long past Spain has been deeply concerned with the pacification of large tracts of territory in this mountainous region; has subdued the war-like, the ferocious, Anyera tribesmen; has chased Raisuli from place to place; and has generally, during the last two years at all events, made good progress. This is the part of Morocco most important to her. Between this and the Melilla region is a long stretch of country, with the Riff coast, which is in the full occupation of the natives. It is quite unsubdued, almost untouched, and there is no land communication across here for Spain from Tetuan to Melilla. The way between the two for Europeans is by the sea. So the Melilla region is isolated in a sense; and the Spanish operations which, mishandled by General Silvestre, led to the great disaster in July were mainly directed towards pushing forward from the Melilla end towards the other, the region of Alhucemas Bay being the first objective. It is as well to understand these things; the Morocco problem becomes more and more complex and intense, and it is a problem for the world as well as Spain: for the land of the Moors is rich.

* * *

This strange Moslem world, swarming on a thousand hills of north Morocco, abounds in mysterious figures, that seem sometimes to hover spirit-like in the mists, working a spell upon the tribesmen. These are cunning leaders, a certain romance about them lifting them above the common lot, who exert such a power upon their fanatic faithful as could not be if the element of charm were not so much mixed up with it. There is Abd-el-Krim. I heard much of him when along these ways a few months ago, and was the keener in curiosity because Arabs of high intelligence gave me a dark assurance that the world would know far more in a very short time from then. They said that Abd-el-Krim was a greater and a stronger man than El Raisuli. They declared he would lead his people farther, murmured that for Morocco and the Moors—'rebels' so called, for that they struggled to keep possession of their native land, their own territory, that their imperial chiefs had half-bartered off in agreements and conventions to the French and the Spanish—he would do far more. It could be said that in a manner Abd-el-Krim in the east of the Spanish zone of Morocco is the complement of Raisuli at the western end. Raisuli, of old establishment in these affairs, well studied in the tricks of manipulating Europeans, their civilisation, and their sometimes easy confidence to his best advantage, is subtler, perhaps, in employment of his resources. The green mantle of his Prophet's strain, the tomb of his ancestors hard by Tazarut, to which he led his followers for sanctuary a few weeks ago when most severely pressed, are among a grand assortment of working tools.

These he employs with cunning, and, when need be, with a master-hand of statecraft. Raisuli is an utterly selfish, amazingly unscrupulous egoist, not a patriot; it is his habit to play double, to treat simultaneously in pretended confidence with two or more opposing forces. El Raisuli is more to him than all Morocco is. During the European war he dealt at the same moment with Spain and Germany, and he cajoled his people for the advantage of his personal schemes. When, sometimes, they have doubted, become for a time suspicious, Raisuli, the master-manipulator, has brought them back to full faith in him again. The fanaticism of the tribesmen leads them on to many follies; but they, too, have a lively sense of what self-interest means, and Raisuli's game is one that may be too often played. So it seemed this summer, when, at the full crisis of the fortune of the Moors, while Raisuli was in sanctuary by his ancestor's tomb, and appealed to a great gathering of the tribesmen to take note that Spanish bombs, dropped from aeroplanes near that place, did not explode —Allah was great—those Moors found out that he was treating for terms with Spain, the enemy, for his own personal gain, asking for nothing less than a splendid Caliphate, a rulership of a section of Morocco, for the which he offered to bring the tribesmen round to some sort of Spanish reason. So Raisuli lost prestige. He had lost it before, and won it back again; but this time the case seemed more serious for him. And his followers heard just then that over the mountains, two days' journey off, along by the Riffian coast, over towards Melilla, there had been a mighty rising of the native people, that Abd-el-Krim had led them with marvellous success against the Spaniards, and that now Abd-el-Krim was sending a special army over towards Raisuli to bring him back to Moorish duty, or beat him off for ever. It may just have been tribesmen's talk and fancy, but it counted for something.

* * *

Now, Abd-el-Krim, without a doubt, has his personal ends to serve as well. Nearly everybody in the world, it seems, has his personal ends to serve; pure altruism is rare as the ideal diamond, and with the effluxion of time it becomes not less so. But there are degrees, and a leader may so lay a patch of good purpose and another of a fair sincerity upon his crude and selfish materialism, that he may pass for honesty and the most truthful advantageous service. So this man is being considered as the truer patriot, and it seems that his power in a crisis is greater than was ever Raisuli's. It is a curious point for contemplation that in a certain set of circumstances he of himself might be the forceful instrument of changing the political complexion of a part of Europe and swerving the destiny of North Africa. He, by his attitude and his army, has embarrassed Spain most seriously. In a given event, Spain, as some imagine—but very erroneously, as most others believe—might be led to abandon Morocco and draw more inwardly upon herself, as some of her old conservatives would have her do. That in turn would probably lead to a vast extension of French interests and aspirations in North Africa, for France virtually possesses, as protector, the lower part of it, contiguous to the Spanish. From that might follow some vast international complexities. This is the more curious when it is perceived that the attitude of Abd-el-Krim originated in a little personal spite. So it happens that an antipathy, that of a single Arab, might change the way of progress of an important part of the world we know. For an appreciation of this pertinent point let us look at the personality and the career of this surely remarkable man as we have heard of it in his own land, so little of it being known in ours. It is worth a contemplation, since he has evidently become, for a time, one of the human forces of the world. His full name and title is Sidi Abd-el-Krim Ben Mohamed el Jatabi, de Aydi Beni Urriaguel; from this we perceive that he is an Arabian person of some importance. He is a fine-looking man, some thirty-five years of age, keenly intelligent, and in a manner well cultivated. The instincts of the man are keen, and, on the whole, they may be classed as good. He has fine feelings; we shall see in a moment that there is much of the gentleman in Abd-el-Krim. His father, also, was a Moor of aspirations. Seeing far into the future, he could perceive that, for all their faith and all their resistance, Europe must exert herself ere long upon Morocco and transform her. Among the tribes of Beni Urriaguel he was a chief of great importance. But he felt that these tribes would not for much longer exist as they were then. Law, on the one hand, and engineering, on the other—these were studies that attracted him vaguely, for he knew that when the time came they were the two that would be of most account in the new Morocco. He had been over to Spain to hear more about them, and how the studies were performed. So it happened that his son, naturally apt, keen to acquire knowledge, conscious, in a way, of the contraction of the world and the coming absorption of Morocco into the general system, was afforded a good education.

* * *

The best that could be done for a young Moor of family and ability was to send him to Fez to study law, and that was done with Abd-el-Krim. He studied well. At the same time he displayed a considerable natural aptitude for acquiring languages, and he speedily gained French. He learned Castilian, speaks it like a Spaniard, and writes it with a fair pretension to literary style. He has also a knowledge of German; and there are those who say that one cannot hold secrets from him when speaking in his presence in various other languages. This is clever of

the Moor. Afterwards he went over to Spain to study engineering; and he has a younger brother of four or five and twenty who was sent there also, and has gone through a preparatory course in mining-engineering in Madrid. This young brother made the best use of his time and knowledge, and, after a while, became devoted to the exploitation of the mines in the country round about Alhucemas, on the Riffian coast, where much of the recent severe fighting took place. Abd-el-Krim through his studies became much enlightened, and, at the same time, he came to appreciate the Europeans more and more, and particularly the work upon which the Spaniards were engaged in their zone in Morocco. He grew to like them sincerely, and not to regard them as mere infidels and enemies, as so many of his countrymen did. He mixed among them, and made close friends of some of importance. General Fernandez Silvestre, who became his victim recently, was one of them. In those days, with his views and his enlightenment, Abd-el-Krim was favourably disposed towards the Spanish enterprise. He wrote articles in Arabic in the Spanish newspaper of Melilla, the *Telegrama del Rif*, explaining to his Moorish readers the character of the Spanish penetration and its advantages to them, regarded as a means for the civilisation of his compatriots, and he was given an office of some importance in the administration of Melilla. He made friends with General Silvestre, Colonel Riquelme, and other high Spanish officers; he was on terms of intimacy with them; they esteemed him; and he devoted much of his time to teaching them Arabic, the language and the dialect of the Moors. Colonel Riquelme was his special friend; another was Colonel Morales. To this point all was well. But there came the European war—the universal disturber. Abd-el-Krim before the war had developed some acquaintance with the Germans in Melilla, and during the war he manifested certain pro-German sympathies. To what extended this acquaintance, how much it was merely sympathetic, how far it was practical, is a matter upon which there is a difference of opinion between the French and the Spaniards. The latter did not think that Abd-el-Krim was doing any ill to France during the war; but German machinations were hot afoot, France was strongly suspicious, and representations were made from Paris to Madrid that for safety's sake Abd-el-Krim must be imprisoned. The order was passed on from Madrid to General Silvestre at Melilla, and, sad about it, he had to obey. Abd-el-Krim protested against the injustice, the ingratitude. Silvestre said he was grieved for it, but plainly it had to be. So Abd-el-Krim was imprisoned in the fortress of Rostrogordo.

* * *

Abd-el-Krim endeavoured to escape, broke a leg, and was recaptured, a stormy interview then following between him and General Silvestre, in which, it is said, the latter, feeling himself in danger of being compromised, treated the Moor disrespectfully. Abd-el-Krim swore vengeance. Soon afterwards he succeeded in escaping. He went away among the tribesmen of the Riff. Beyond doubt there were Germans to assist him there. A great army, a *harka* of the tribes, was collected, organised, drilled, as the Moorish rebels had never been before. Tribesmen that had surrendered to Spain, and had been made into soldiers by her, went over to him in companies, and in due course the time for action came. The supreme hour of the vengeance of Abd-el-Krim had struck. He launched his blow against Spain, against Silvestre, and Europe last July sat up in great astonishment. . . . Abd-el-Krim now wears upon his burnous some silken bands and golden tassels taken from the uniform of General Silvestre. Colonel Morales, old friend of this vengeful Moor, his companion in many hours and days of study and contemplation upon the conjunction and the conflict of Europe and Africa, was killed, also, in this great clash of arms. Abd-el-Krim lamented. He wrote a letter to his other friend, Colonel Riquelme, and caused it to be sent to the Spanish camp, saying that he had viewed with grief among the bodies just brought in that of poor Morales, his old friend and pupil, whom he so much esteemed, to whom in death he conceded the homage of honour and respect. He offered the delivery of the body to the Spaniards, and proposed a form in which such delivery might be made. Riquelme showed the letter to General Berenguer. These were not times to trust the Moors in anything, but they felt that this was a case for trust. It was agreed to follow the instructions, and at the hour indicated a party of the Moors at a point upon the coast delivered the body to the sailors of the Spanish ship, the *Laya*. The Moors paid fitting honours upon the occasion; they presented arms. From the summit of an adjacent hill Abd-el-Krim himself looked on in solemn state.

TO NIGHT.

O WELCOME night, send down thy darkness smooth
Upon the world, and with thy curtain cool
Hide from our eyes the vanities that rule
Us with their fond display; then swiftly soothe
Day's fretting influence, and shed the balm
Of slumber deep upon each seared soul,
Dispersing weariness, that takes its toll
From mind and body. Freely through thy calm
And hushed demesne still let sweet fancy stray
In scenes beyond the ken of day and light,
Thine own peculiar realms, O lord of night,
Where mortal miseries thou dost allay;
Or, if thou wilt not, then thy subjects keep
In blest oblivion—in dreamless sleep.

G. F. BUCK.

THE COMPLEAT SNOB.

By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY,
Author of *Johnnie Maddison, The Man Who Pulled the Strings*, &c.

I.

THE man who is incautious enough to announce with unction and pride that he is a self-made man sometimes pays himself unconsciously the most back-handed of compliments: he relieves Providence of the responsibility for his creation.

That fact had never occurred to Mr Heathley Smith; it had not even been vaguely brought home to him when, on one occasion, he impressed his pride upon a mixed audience at a political meeting, and was met by a query from a thin, sardonic-looking gentleman in the first row, who remarked, 'Made yourself, did you?' as Heathley Smith took a sip from the speaker's tumbler.

'Yes, my friend,' Smith had replied pompously. 'Certainly!'

'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir,' was the answer.

The man who has always had money regards it as unimportant, just as the man who has always kept cars is the last man to insist on your seeing them and admiring them, and hearing him tell you what they cost. But the man who begins without wealth attaches an undue importance to it, and will have you believe that its acquisition can be largely achieved only by the possession of super-normal brains and the exercise of all the reputable virtues.

Heathley Smith's money gave all his dependants indigestion. He forced it down their throats—metaphorically, of course, for he was one of those people who give actual coin only for services rendered. His wife was always being reminded of his soaring fortunes; reminded also, with the delicacy which was Smith's, of the part it had played in raising her from a position which was utterly negligible to a place by his right hand. His son, then at Cambridge, was also told about it, until he loathed the crackling of five-pound notes, and wished he had been left in early life on the steps of the Foundling Hospital. Heathley Smith told all his poor relations of it when he invited them annually to a dinner, at which he enjoyed himself thoroughly by explaining the price of every article on the menu, the cost of the wines, the separate value of each grape, the extravagance of each cigar. And then he used to wind up with a short story of his life, and a lecture to them all, in the manner of Dr Smiles, in which he clearly proved to them that their own defects had provided their defeats, and his virtues his personal victory.

They say that money talks. It does, much and often. It talks far too much, and becomes the greatest bore in creation!

Gerald Heathley Smith was young and good-looking, and obviously a throw-back to the good old working-stock which had provided him with ancestors. His face was refined, his manners were excellent, his good-humour such a marked quality that, although he knew his father was a thoroughly vulgar man—one of money's (not Nature's) gentlemen—he preserved his loyalty to his parent, and suffered hideous pangs thereby.

During one Long Vacation he had given way to his father's repeated request that he should invite some of his 'chums' down to stay. After careful consideration he invited two, Bobby Ames and Tom Webster, because both had patience and tact, and neither would be likely to make subtle fun of their expansive host.

Heathley Smith had lately taken Bentham Priory, in Worcestershire, a magnificent Jacobean mansion, standing in a beautiful park intersected by the river Bryne. The river had been preserved at all times; but Mr Smith had had it stocked anew, and welcomed the sight of the young men when he saw that they carried rods in their luggage. He said as much when he passed them gigantic cigars after dinner, and took them out on the balustraded terrace to show them the view.

'Goes back to the Conqueror, I understand,' he said, waving a hand at the magnificent Jacobean façade.

'Really, sir?' said Webster and Ames, gravely puffing.

'A fine place, though I say it,' said Mr Smith; 'a superb residential property, standing in its own magnificent grounds of two hundred acres, with fishing in the delightful little river Bryne, hunting with three packs, two thousand acres of shooting, and other amenities.'

This catalogue, which even the inexpert would recognise had a dangerous similarity to an estate-agent's advertisement, and was indeed what Smith recollected of the one describing Bentham Priory, made poor Gerald shudder swiftly. Fortunately he had selected his friends well. They nodded, puffed again at their cigars, but betrayed no outward traces of amusement or cynical mirth.

'You're lucky, sir,' said Webster, as Smith paused.

Their host straddled on the terrace. 'Bit of fun for you boys that river'll be,' he said. 'Gerry'll take you down to fish to-morrow.

I aim to show good sport to my guests, and I'm telling you no lie when I say that I paid a good pound-note for every trout I had put in it. Might, of course, have economised and stocked it with yearlings, but the best isn't too good for me and my guests. I asked the fish-hatchery man (since I don't fish myself) what was looked on as a good-size trout, and he said a pound fish was fine, if there were enough of them. What did I say, d' ye think?'

Webster removed his cigar. 'Do tell us, sir.'

'I said, "Look here, my boy; my guests has to have everything tiptop. Three-pounders is what they're going to catch, and I'll have a thousand of those, and I don't care what they cost!"'

Ames nodded. 'Jolly generous of you, sir.—Gerry, you old fraud, why didn't you tell us we were in for a fight with these sockdologers? Jove! I sha'n't sleep for thinking about 'em.'

It was episodes like this that drove poor Gerald to thoughts upon the happiness of poverty and life without ostentation. Ames and Webster never spoke their thoughts to him or to others; but they were the exceptions, and loyal Gerald passed hours of misery watching the faces of other guests, who sniggered politely behind his father's back, or ventured on subtle rudenesses and witticisms, which were lost on the pachydermatous self-made man, but cut deep into the soul of his sensitive son.

Driven at last to despair, Gerald put it to his father that he was leaving Cambridge at the end of next term, and thought of taking rooms in town. He wanted to study some subject on his own. He thought it was time he launched out, and, then, it was quite usual for young men in his position to do something of the sort.

Heathley Smith debated that point. There was plenty of money, and Gerald could have the Grosvenor Square house to himself if he liked, as there were still the one in Bruton Street, Bentham Priory in Worcester, and Gains Crag in Argyll to house his father and mother. But, in the end, Heathley Smith agreed to think it over before the end of the next term.

At the conclusion of that term his father wired to Gerald making an appointment for luncheon at the 'Ritz,' and after lunch took him by the arm into the street, where his magnificent car stood waiting. 'I've been thinking over what you said, boy,' he remarked boisterously; 'I've got a little place for you.'

'That was good of you, dad,' said Gerald doubtfully.

The little place was a suite of chambers in Piccadilly, which had a lounge-hall with a palm, a bedroom to house a giant, a sunny drawing-room, and a study, which was a large apartment decorated with book-shelves containing many hundreds of expensive books.

'Gave the bookseller chap a *blanche* card,' said the father proudly. 'Plenty of books, and the best. Come and see the bathroom!'

Gerald looked about sadly, and followed him. The bathroom was about twenty feet long, contained a marble bath with silver fittings, a weighing-machine, plated silver hot towel-racks, a waterproof cigar-cabinet, a ditto book-shelf, and a machine on which you could practise rowing after taking your tub.

'The best of everything for you, my boy,' said Smith.

Gerald shuddered imperceptibly. He had wanted a snug little suite of three comfy rooms, where he could feel less like an Eastern despot and more like a man. His father's generosity moved him, but this place appalled him. He made up his mind quickly. 'It was awfully good of you to waste so much money on me, dad,' he said hastily; 'but, didn't I tell you—I am staying on and going to take a sort of—er—post-graduate course? I am horribly sorry to have put you to all this trouble and expense.'

Mr Heathley Smith's jaw dropped; then he pulled himself together. 'I'll let it until you are ready to move in. When did you get this bee into your bonnet?'

Gerald did not reply directly. It would have been rather difficult to explain that this new resolution dated back only twenty minutes—from the time when he was shown into those luxurious chambers. 'I thought it might be a good thing to do,' he said evasively.

He was grateful, and he was aggrieved at the same time; just like a bride who returns from a long honeymoon to her new home, only to find that it has been furnished by a generous relative in a style she does not care for.

II.

It was during the latter portion of what Gerald had spoken of as a sort of post-graduate course that word came to Heathley Smith's ears of a development in the situation. A business associate of his, also one of the newly rich, had taken his own son down to Cambridge, and returned at the end of a week full of praise of the amenities of the place; full also of the fact that he had seen Gerald Smith on three occasions in the intimate society of a young lady. She was pretty, he admitted, and did not look 'common.' On the other hand, neither her dress nor her general appearance hinted at the possession of wealth. He knew Heathley's plans for his son; he had been undercut recently by Heathley in a deal, and so he was pleased to warn the anxious father of the slight cloud which had appeared in the offing—no bigger than a woman's hand!

Heathley Smith thanked him dryly, and suggested that Gerald was very well able to take care of himself. But when the other had left him, he was consumed with annoyance and per-

plexity, both of which he hastened to share with his wife.

'The young dog!' he said hastily. 'Post-graduate course, indeed! It's the kind of course that'll land him in a muddle if he don't take care.'

His wife intervened timidly. 'Oh, Heathley, you don't think Gerry's been led away by some fast woman?'

Smith frowned portentously. 'He didn't say the girl was fast; he said she looked poor!' he grunted. 'Tell you what it is, Jane; some girl out of his rooms has caught him. Mark my words! Don't tell me they don't know he's the son of me—I mean to say, he's got a father with the dibs. Why, bless your heart! they soon gets to know who has money and who hasn't.'

'What are you going to do, dear?'

'What am I going to do?' he repeated, stamping. 'Going down to put my foot on it; that's what I'm going to do. Do you think I bring up Gerald with the best and most expensive of everything, put him to a public school where it costs to breathe almost, and then to university, and fit him to be the husband of a countess nearly, only to have him throw himself away on some lodging-house young person? There's Miss Trevenne, now—father a baronet, and moving in the highest circles. *She's* fond of Gerry; and if I've spent a dozen bottles of my dearest champagne on her father, I've spent two hundred, until he's come round to see it might be the best investment his daughter could make.'

When Heathley Smith moved, he moved swiftly. The next day he had wired to a Cambridge hotel for rooms, and followed the wire in a Pullman-carriage. But he did not wire to Gerald. He wanted to spy out the land a little before he engaged in that crushing pedestrian operation, 'putting down his foot.' His business rivals knew what that meant, and shivered in their shoes whenever Heathley's extremities grew restless.

Inquiries at Cambridge relieved his worst fears, only to encourage others. The lady of Gerald's choice was not the daughter of a lodging-keeper. Her father had recently died. He had held the position of Reader in some subject which Heathley found difficulty in pronouncing, and that, with some tutoring, had enabled him to maintain a small house and an appearance of respectable poverty.

Then another aspect of the affair struck Heathley. Gerald had not fallen in love with some overdressed and under-refined young person, who might be trusted soon to disgust his æsthetic sensibilities, or, in the worst event, might be bought off by a generous parent. Heathley saw her once, from the cover of a shop door into which he had withdrawn on her approach, and grudgingly admitted that she was a 'lady,' and a pretty one at that, with a small, delicate, rather sad face. But she was equally obviously not well-to-do, and the ambitious father hardened his heart.

When money talks, the conversation turns often on its own omnipotence. Money can buy so much that it believes in the end that it can buy everything—except exemption from death and taxes.

Heathley was under no illusions with regard to his son's relations with Miss Gale. Himself unseen, he had seen them together, walking shoulder to shoulder, intent on each other's eyes, and oblivious to the rest of the world. It was into this paradise of the lovers that Heathley determined to enter—heavily. Now, and not later, he must put his foot down on the soil of their Eden.

The self-made man always prides himself on his directness. 'I believe in saying what I mean right out!' is his Credo. This engaging belief enables him to tread unconcernedly on delicate places, to exacerbate raw places without regret, to indulge in that happy rudeness which is the stamp of the insensitive giant.

He knew where Mrs Gale lived, and thither he directed his steps. It would be idle to talk to the girl, to Gerry; but he could approach the mother as parent to parent, point out his ambitions for his son, appeal to her better nature, and, if absolutely necessary, offer a pecuniary solatium for any feelings which might be wounded in the task of prising the young people apart.

He found Mrs Gale's villa small enough to arouse his worst fears anew. Would a girl from a place like this ever consent to release a young man with the reversion to two houses in town, a shooting in Scotland, and a place in Worcestershire? He pursed his lips as a small servant admitted him into a small drawing-room, and told him that Mrs Gale would see him in a minute. He did not sit down, but looked about him, and noted with some surprise that the furniture and fittings of the house showed taste. There were, indeed, some nice old pieces of Queen Anne furniture, and several bits of china which he recognised as surpassingly expensive to purchase.

When Mrs Gale came in—a tall, graceful woman of about fifty-five, with an extraordinarily aristocratic air—Heathley had an odd sort of feeling that he had met her before somewhere, but where he could not for the life of him imagine. She exchanged a word with him, asked him to sit down, and then, relapsing gently into an easy-chair, fixed upon him a look of gentle but obvious inquiry.

Heathley was not quite comfortable. She gave him a feeling of social unfitness. He had meant to put her in the witness-box, so to speak, to examine her, and then to deliver judgment, or firmly suggest a compromise. But her air made him feel like a witness upon whom the judge has fixed his eyes.

'Ahem—ma'am,' said he awkwardly, 'you will wonder, no doubt, why I came here this afternoon?'

'Oh no—not at all; at least, I can guess,' she said gently. 'I am quite sure I remember you, though it is a great many years since I saw you last. But I didn't know you had set up in Cambridge.'

Heathley gasped. He had been right, then. They had met somewhere before; and, now he came to think of it, there was something in her face—though it was older now than when he had seen her last—that appeared to have stamped itself on his subconscious memory. But what did she mean by the phrase 'set up in Cambridge'?

'Well, I did seem to remember you,' he returned, with a puzzled air; 'but, if you'll forgive me saying it, how could you tell why I came?'

'I didn't know; I only guessed,' said she, in her turn a little perplexed as she looked at his expensive clothes and the fine solitaire diamond he wore in his tie. 'But, really, this is such a small place, and we burn so little coal, that I——'

She paused, because he was growing apoplectically purple.

Heathley was not one of those nimble-witted men, out of business, who are apt readers of riddles. He stared at the lady, and the lady looked back at him with growing misgiving.

'Coal?' he gasped. 'Did you say coal, ma'am?'

She knew then that she had committed a solecism, though she did not yet realise the depth of her crime. 'Then you didn't come to—to—ask for—for my orders?' she fluttered.

Heathley was speechless for a few moments. The lady tried to cover her manifest embarrassment by getting up and ringing the bell for tea. He had come as a conqueror, and she had taken him for the coal-merchant! Even his ample waistcoat quivered with indignation. 'No, ma'am, I did not!' he said hoarsely.

She pulled herself together, and played with her lorgnette. 'I am sorry. I know that once—long ago——'

Heathley Smith licked his dry lips. 'No, ma'am, I did not come for any orders. I came because I understand that my boy——' He paused, fumbled with his diamond pin, and went off on a new tack. 'I'm all at sea, I confess. Would it be rude if I asked you where we met before? It wasn't at Lord Perton's, was it?'

Her eyes widened. 'Lord Perton's? Oh, good gracious, no! It was a year or two before I married—quite twenty years ago.'

'Where? Where?' he urged, forgetting his manners in his anxiety.

'I was living at home then—at Sincombe Abbey, my father's place,' she said, feeling that some explanation was due to him. 'I was Miss St Clair Honenge then.'

A flood of memories invaded Heathley's brain at the words, and his colour deepened into a fixed brick-red. He knew that people said he had changed very little, unless it were circumferentially, but horror grew in him as he reflected upon the damning evidence of their former acquaintance. The self-made man likes to boast of his humble origin; but that is only a perverted form of pride, the species of humility which was proverbially supposed to excite the risible faculties of the Devil. It is not for outsiders to conjure up the ghosts of the self-made man's past.

'St Clair Honenge!' he murmured weakly.

His mind pictured the stately pile that was called Sincombe Abbey; pictured, too, the girl he had seen often in the vicinity of Sincombe—sometimes shopping in the little town while the carriage waited, sometimes hunting on a blood-mare. And once she had come herself into the tiny shop where he had just set up as a coal-agent, and ordered ten tons of best coal for the Abbey. He had understood from her then that her father, Sir George St Clair Honenge, Bart., always believed in patronising the local shops when possible.

The pictures flashed through his mind with the speed of light. He remembered his past joy at receiving that order; he could almost feel again the pressure of the counter on his mid-waist as he had leaned over it, and beamed, and rubbed his hands, and hoped in a voice of honey that he would have the honour and pleasure of serving Sir George in future, and would assure him that he would do his best to give satisfaction.

The Honenges! Why, they were a real family—cousins to half the peerage, counting themselves superior to many a modern brood of peers, secure in an ancestry that went back beyond even Norman William. Had there not been, in the distant ages, blue-woaded Honenges who had led the defence of the British beaches when Julius Cæsar came?

Mrs Gale smiled gently. 'It was the best coal we ever had,' she said. 'Papa was delighted with it, I remember, and he was sorry when you went away. I suppose you haven't been to dear old Sincombe since, Mr Smith?'

He pulled himself together bravely. After all, he had sold good coal then, as he had worked hard and honestly before that at delivering coal in the days before he set up for himself. So Sir George had approved him; had, indeed, been sorry when he went—Sir George, who was a small deity in the county, Lord Lieutenant, M.F.H., and who knows what else!

'No,' he said slowly, 'I haven't been there since, Mrs Gale. I have been busy since then—very busy. I've made money. I don't mind telling you that there aren't twenty men in the country who could show bank-balances against me—not ten, perhaps.'

The little servant had brought in the tea. When she had laid out the fragile Derby cups on the lace table-cloth, and lighted the wick of the little spirit-lamp, Mrs Gale dismissed her, and turned to her visitor. 'I am very glad,' she said. 'Sir George always said you deserved to get on. You take sugar?'

'Thank you, ma'am, two lumps.'

'And cream?'

'Thank ye.'

Mrs Gale handed him his cup, still gently smiling. 'I expected Norma and Gerald to tea,' she said casually, as if they had been friends all their lives.

Mr Heathley Smith sat up very straight. 'You don't mean my boy Gerald?' he said hastily.

The lady opened her eyes, as if surprised. 'Norma is my daughter,' she explained. 'Her fiancé's name is Gerald.'

'My boy!' said Smith heavily. 'I was going to tell you, when something else came up. That's why I called, really. Some one told me Gerald was—had—that is to say——'

She came to his aid. 'Then you are Gerald's father—is that it? How extraordinary! I was thinking of writing to you to-day.'

Heathley Smith did more quick thinking in those moments than he had done for years. Miss Gale was poor, but she was half a Honenge, related to half the population of Debrett, a granddaughter of Sincombe Abbey, of Sir George St Clair Honenge, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant, K.C.M.G., a capillary, so to speak, branching from an artery filled with the bluest blood. It is impossible, too, for a man to sell coals to a lady, and then—oh, altogether impossible!

He smiled for the first time. 'Well, I've saved you the trouble, haven't I, Mrs Gale?' he said. 'I never told Gerald I was coming down. I meant it to be a surprise to the boy. But when I was here, I thought it was up to me to drop round and see you.'

'That was very charming of you,' said she.

'I've always wanted the best for Gerald,' he said hurriedly. 'I've always said to myself that I didn't care what happened so long as the boy was happy——'

So far had he got, when the front-door of the house was opened, and footsteps were heard across the hall. Then the door opened to admit Norma Gale and Gerald.

Heathley Smith rose. 'Gerald, my boy!' he said heartily; 'here I am waiting for you, you see—waiting to meet my daughter-in-law that is to be!'

JADE.

By Arthur O. Cooke.

THOSE persons who—in ever-increasing numbers, if we may judge from the growing display to be seen in the windows of jewellers' shops—are pleased to bestow their approval and patronage upon the bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings, and pendants of green jade are probably for the most part quite unaware of the important position held by this interesting mineral in the daily life of the Chinese, and especially of the extent to which it is involved in their beliefs and religious ceremonies. This ritualistic rôle, we may add, does not prevent it from being held in high esteem for purely ornamental purposes by the inhabitants of the Celestial Land, who are prepared to pay high prices for fine specimens. What is at the present time the market-value of jade in Canton—a city probably no more exempt than others from the world-wide rise in prices and the presence of the profiteer—it may be difficult to say; but of the values ruling forty years ago, when Miss Gordon-Cumming made the tour which resulted in her delightful *Wanderings in China*, we have an illuminative record. About that time a mandarin was quite prepared to pay a thousand pounds for a necklace of good bright-green beads; nor would he haggle over a matter of thirty pounds for a pair of cap-buttons. Even a personal ornament of very moderate size, if produced in jade of the favourite colour and shade—green resembling that displayed by a field of young rice-plants—had a retail value of about five hundred pounds. The author of the book just named remarks that even such small articles as thumb-rings and ear-rings were priced far beyond the limits of her purse, and that she was compelled to turn her curio-hunting eyes from these attractive wares, and to content herself with vases of a cheap green stone.

Reading of prices upon such a scale, it may occur to purchasers whose brooch or pair of ear-rings has not cost them more than a few pounds to doubt if they have really got the genuine article. It may perhaps reassure them to be told that even true jade—namely, nephrite, a hard, non-crystalline mineral composed of silicates of calcium and magnesium—varies considerably in quality; and that 'jadeite,' a still harder silicate of alumina and sodium, may be regarded as quite a respectable substitute. It is, upon the other hand, a little ominous to learn that about one hundred and seventy different varieties of stone are frequently included in the wide-embracing term 'jade.'

Leaving aside as hardly germane to the present point of view the articles of jade discovered in Alaska and elsewhere in North America, the axe-heads and other tools unearthed from lake-dwellings in Switzerland, and the still only half-solved question of what brought them there, it is

of more interest to us to note that the chief source of nephrite or true jade is in the Kuen-lun Mountains of Chinese Kurdistan. Here for long ages nephrite has been worked by means of tunnels burrowed in the hills—tunnels which in some instances completely pierce the mountain, opening on the farther side. The seams are often fairly thick, but also usually much shattered, and a 'bowlder' of large size is very rarely found. Blocks of importance were invariably regarded as a tribute to the emperor. This was the case from very early days of the imperial rule. There was a special Court official to receive this class of tribute, and another who presided over the imperial factory and store.

A word about the name itself. Our English term for what in China is called *yu* is derived from the Spanish *piedra di hijada*, or 'stone of the loins,' pains in that region of the body being deemed amenable to treatment by the stone. Raleigh appears to be the first who brought the name to England, and it occurs in his writings. Whether the Indian 'jade' ornaments found by the Spaniards in Central and South America were of true jade is doubtful, as no traces of the mineral are there found. Nephrite exists to some extent in New Zealand, as in some of the Pacific Islands; while jadeite occurs in Burma.

Several Chinese works on jade have been produced, dating respectively from the eleventh, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries; and a more modern *Investigation into Ancient Jades*, the work of a Chinese author named Wu, was published in 1889. The magnificent Heber Bishop collection of worked jade, housed in New York, has been described and illustrated by Bushell in a sumptuous work which weighs about one hundred pounds! Finally, the three Chinese religious rituals all contain much information as regards its ceremonial use.

For a highly picturesque description of one item in this use we may turn again to the pages of Miss Gordon-Cumming's book. Within the walls of the Chinese city at Peking stands the temple erected for the worship of Shang-te, Supreme Lord of Heaven. Its colour-scheme is a celestial blue; and upon those occasions when the emperor went in state to offer sacrifices for his people and himself, the musicians who, to the number of over two hundred, accompanied the great procession were robed in blue, as were also the ceremonial dancers. The ritualistic prayers were written on a tablet of the heavenly colour; rich pieces of blue silk were burnt in sacrifice; and a fine slab of choice blue jade was offered, although not destroyed. At the close of the ceremony it was deposited in a great carved and gilded chair and carried back to its special sanctuary. At the Temple of the Earth, the scheme of decoration being yellow, jade of a tint in harmony was used.

So much for an example of the religious use of jade; the mineral also entered largely into the punctilious ceremonial of the Chinese Court. From very early times it was employed for writing and other tablets. Three varieties of these seem to have been used by the emperors: circular tablets, which, it is perhaps needless to remark, implied by their shape a perfect or 'all-round' virtue; small writing-tablets of varying sizes; and a large tablet which was carried in the imperial girdle. This last is sometimes stated to have been about three feet in length; but as this must have been a very inconvenient size, most modern experts on the subject are disposed to think that there is some mistake in the measurements given by early authorities.

At one period at least the emperor only permitted himself the use of a writing-tablet of this material if all was going well in his land, and more particularly if harvest prospects were bright. In 'bad seasons' he employed a writing-tablet of bamboo. Courtiers admitted to imperial audience had their tablets also, upon which were written notes of the reports, or of petitions, which they had to make—doubtless an admirable plan, well calculated to prevent delay, diffuseness, and perhaps loss of presence of mind. For writing on such tablets ink resembling varnish was in use, and could be washed off easily and quickly. Prayers to the gods, however, were inscribed.

Specimens of such writing-tablets show, as might be expected, one or more holes, by means of which they could be attached by silk cords to the girdle. In the case of inscribed tablets of permanent importance, several were often fastened together in such fashion that they might be folded up. One such jade volume, if we may so term it, was protected upon either side by a plain slab of jade, which serves as binding, and the whole was fastened by a golden cord, and also sealed.

The perfect circle was a symbol of good omen; sent to an exile, for example, it conveyed the welcome intimation that he might return. Quite the reverse was the broken circle or half-ring; if handed to a high official when about to start upon a journey, it was understood too well to mean that he must not present himself again at Court. Of somewhat similar nature was the pointed tablet; it conveyed to the recipient a strong hint at conduct which required to be changed, and was often sent as a gentle warning to distant officials whose methods were not deemed satisfactory. Jade tablets were employed as their credentials by imperial messengers, much as the signet-ring was often used in Western lands. When feudal lords were received in audience by the emperor, they presented their insignia of rank. On these their master placed a small jade cube, which, having a hollow on one face, was emblematical of the empire being covered and protected by the imperial virtue.

Fish entered largely into these official emblems. A fish was the symbol of authority, and one half of a split jade fish was handed to the

general of an army when about to take up his command. Upon his return from the 'front' he restored it to his master. Jade tablets were despatched with princely gifts, and these were carefully adjusted to the nature of the gift itself, some being sent with horses, others with furs; while presents of silks were all accompanied by their special class of tablet, the variety being regulated according as the silk was plain, embroidered, variegated, or black and white.

In China many of the numerous objects buried with the dead are made of jade; but the statement of an early native writer to the effect that casks of this material were employed as coffins has not so far been supported by any actual 'exhibits.' Among the tomb-found objects are ornaments which were cherished possessions of the deceased during life, others supposed to possess the property of preserving the body from decay, and amulets. Among the last-named jade mouth-pieces are common, often taking the form of a strip of jade shaped roughly like the tongue, and intended to be placed on that organ. Such tongue-pieces were favourite offerings from a prince to a dead friend of rank. A curved piece of jade was also placed upon the upper lip, thus covering and protecting the moustache; while jade fish, emblems of watchfulness, were laid upon the eyes. Another favourite amulet was in the form of the cicada chrysalis, which obviously possessed symbolic meaning, pointing to resurrection and a life to come.

This custom of placing jade objects in the tombs of the deceased is readily comprehensible when we know that in the days of the Chou dynasty not only was the taking of food and drink from jade bowls and cups extremely popular, but that powdered jade was actually mixed with food and eaten, under the belief that it tended to prolong life.

A Chinese lady looks on jade as Western women look on diamonds—with longing eyes—and, if unable to disburse the price demanded for the real stone, will fain content herself with imitation ear-rings, hair-pins, beads, and combs. Besides employment in such forms, as, too, for coins and seals, jade is in great request for girdle ornaments. And here again there is a ritual which must be observed. The girdle with its pendent ornaments should be removed from the person as seldom as possible, for it is indicative of virtuous qualities. Nevertheless such ornaments should not hang down, swinging and jingling freely, in the presence of its wearer's father, or at Court; on such occasions all the pendent objects should be hitched up securely on the left side.

A Chinese carries, hanging from his girdle, such small matters as his snuff-bottle, his favourite pair of chop-sticks, and his fan, together with a dozen other objects which are frequently of jade. These will include such toilet implements as toothpick, tweezers, ear-spoon, with a brush for oiling the hair, and a single-toothed general-utility instrument which will serve alike to scratch the head—or at times the back—and to loosen a knot. Then there are various emblems of felicity, including models of a certain fungus looked on as of happy omen, and the figure of a crane, which is a token of longevity. And, lastly, from still other of these girdle ornaments may be ascertained the occupation of the wearer; a farmer has the share or the handles of the plough; an artisan will 'sport' an axe-head, adze, or other tool.

Blindness, largely the result of the smallpox scourge, has long been a prevalent affliction of the Chinese; and it is interesting to note that jade was formerly in constant use for imitation eyes. The colour most preferred was creamy-white, especially if streaked with red to represent the veins.

Mention has already been made of the jade buttons for the head-gear of a man of rank. Ear-rings are also worn; but these must not be looked on solely as an ornament. They usually hang not from the ears themselves, but from the sides of the cap, in such a position as to cover the ear-holes, thus preventing the entrance of evil discourses, slanders, and other undesirable communications!

Jade possesses one of the qualities of our English bathstone; although comparatively soft when quarried from the mine, upon exposure to the air it soon grows very hard, and its working is a slow and laborious process. In Canton the lapidaries who work in this stone occupy a street devoted almost wholly to their trade. The first hands to which a block of jade is submitted are those of the sawyers, who, using a steel-wire saw worked by a bow-shaped handle, cut it roughly to the size and the shape required. A thin paste of emery-powder and water is dropped from time to time upon the line of cutting to facilitate the work; and ultimately the severed block is passed to other workmen, who employ small circular saws and delicate tools for the final detail.

The East is unhasting; the production of an elaborate jade ornament or other article may be, and often is, the work of many years. Diminutive trees are a not uncommon ornament, their flowers and seeds being fashioned of pink coral or of precious stones, the leaves of sea-green jade. There is the record of a workman who, entrusted with the making of an imitation tree, spent three years on each separate leaf.

What, then, must have been the patient toil bestowed on one of the most beautiful jade objects known — a magnificent incense-burner and cover of grayish jade, richly ornamented with carved open-work, and believed to date from some period between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries! The handles upon either side of the bowl are in the form of dragons'

heads, and through each passes a loose ring of jade. These rings, from their position and the absence of a join, were clearly carved from the same block of stone as was the bowl itself.

Hardly less wonderful are the long, slender chains of many links, which, themselves of jade, support the musical jade-stones that are such favourite household ornaments with the Chinese. Jade, too, is often the material of the many gongs and bells employed in the Confucian temples. Flutes of jade are known; and this material is employed for upright screens.

The leading centre of the jade trade is the great open-air market held, at an early morning hour, near the temple of the Five Hundred Disciples at Canton. Not only the great market-square itself, but several streets in the vicinity are almost wholly given up to this most interesting trade.

MADEMOISELLE JOSÉPHINE.

A MEMORY OF 1870.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of *The Attack on the Farm*, *The Colonel's Murillo*, *Christine*, &c.

OUR French allies, according to their papers, have been much elated by the return of trophies taken from them by the Germans in 1870. Among these, there were few that gave them greater pleasure to receive than a famous gun named Joséphine. The apogee of the Second Empire may be said to have been reached in 1867. This was the year of the Exhibition, and never before had France been more prosperous. Among the many potentates who came to see the Exposition was Wilhelm I., King of Prussia, the grandfather of the unscrupulous *poseur* who, with the ambition of a Napoleon and the vanity of a peacock, has ruined himself, and half-ruined Europe, by the Great War. Along with the king came the Crown-Prince Frederick, who had as his aide-de-camp Count Helmuth von Moltke, then in his sixty-seventh year. A grand review at Longchamps was held in their honour, and we can imagine what interest the austere aide-de-camp of the prince, silent in seven languages, must have felt as he watched those troops.

The family motto of this clever old Dane was 'First weigh, then strike.' This grand review gave him the chance of seeing how he was going to fill the scales. The recently invented needle-gun in the previous year had enabled Prussia to bring Austria quickly to the ground; but in the new chassepot the French had got a far better gun, and he knew it. Thus he had to take that into his calculations; but, in the other scale, the French field-gun was not up to the Prussian. Altogether it would have been better for the French if he had not had such a chance of seeing the review, as he remarked, four years afterwards, how he had noted the loose marching, the bad discipline of the troops, &c., and summed up the French Empire as a 'Magnificent Swindle.' *

Apart from the review, in their vanity, the French kindly allowed the Crown-Prince and his aide-de-camp to go over the fort of Mont Valérien, situated in the bend of the river, the most powerful of all the forts round Paris. There they had a most famous gun named St Valérie, that could send a bomb a league and a half—an extraordinary distance in those days. When Paris was invested, three years afterwards, we may be sure that their quiet, home-loving, gentle old visitor, so fond of music and a game of chess, in placing his own batteries, did not forget the range of this wonderful gun. But not content with having made St Valérie, the French set to work on another gun. This was the far-famed Joséphine. She was no great beauty, this Mdlle. Joséphine; she weighed about forty tons, with a calibre of sixteen-and-a-half inches, and was comparatively short and sturdy. Colonel Hope's wire process was then unknown, and she had not the tapering, graceful outlines of our modern monsters on the *Queen Elizabeth*, &c. Unfortunately she was not finished before the war began. One has never been able to find out for certain where she was placed, but from what followed, it was probably in a redoubt in advance of Fort Valérien, near Rueil, or in one near La Jonchère.

Bismarck said, with his true Prussian delicacy, he would make the Parisians 'stew in their own juice,' and that he would 'bleed them white'—and he did, too; but, by the help of Mdlle. Joséphine, the Parisians once got a little of their own back. In the dark evenings of that terrible winter, the coldest for nearly twenty years, as they sat in their darkened rooms (for there was no gas, and candles were forty francs a kilo.), when an extra deep boom came over the city from the west these people would say, '*Écoutez; c'est Mdlle. Joséphine qui parle.*'

Most visitors to Paris know the famous 'Henri Quatre' on the terrace at St Germain-en-Laye. The restaurant was as noted as the Hôtel des Reservoirs at Versailles for its cuisine and its wines; and, of course, the view was far more beautiful, for St Germain-en-Laye is the Richmond of Paris, with the Seine beneath like a

* Vol. i., p. 231, of his *Letters*.

silver snake gliding between it and the city, and forming a complete letter S. The great fort of Mont Valérien can easily be seen in the distance, about five English miles away as a bird flies, and therefore beyond the capabilities of St Valérie to injure it.

It was a beautiful winter day, and up there on the terrace all was bright and clear; but below, over the river, there was a mist, and Mont Valérien was hidden, and not a glimpse could be caught of the city, not even the golden dome of the Invalides. At midday the restaurant, ay, and the terrace, were crowded with German officers of the 5th Corps (Poseners), commanded by General von Kirchbach, and the Landwehr Division of the Guard, swilling champagne, and, what is more, it is only fair to say, actually paying for it; for the 'Kultur,' with its poison-gas, &c., that was destined to place the sons and grandsons of those very men outside the pale of civilisation was then unknown.

All went merry as a marriage-bell. With napkins tucked in front, with hog-like grunts of satisfaction, they gulped their soup, and smacked their lips as they pulled, after the German manner, chickens to pieces with their fingers. No great attention was paid to a deep boom. But through the mist below, a huge whistling shell shot out across the clear blue winter sky, and then, horror of horrors, instead of falling short, or even passing harmlessly over their heads, before these Prussian guzzlers could realise it, the bomb fell plumb on the terrace into the middle of them, killing five outright, and wounding more than a dozen. It seemed as if the Devil himself had sighted that gun. The jokes and laughter suddenly ceased, and in consternation chairs and tables were overturned as the roisterers fled right and left, fully expecting another shell to follow. In a moment the terrace was deserted. Von Kirchbach soon appeared, telegrams were hastily sent to Headquarters at Versailles, and later Von Roon came from Headquarters.

To all the whole affair was inexplicable. If one shell could be sent so far, then why not a dozen? They waited and waited, but never again did one come anywhere near the place. The most peremptory orders were given to keep the occurrence secret, but after a week it began to leak out, and Archibald Forbes told me that the correspondents received the strictest orders to say nothing about it, for, do what they could, the Germans could not prevent English papers, though they might be three weeks old, getting into Paris, and if it once became known, St Germain-en-Laye would have had to be evacuated.* But, alas! the French never did know till the siege was over; that was the irony of it.

The mystery was never really cleared up. France having no use for her fleet, the forts round Paris were manned by eighteen thousand sailors to work the large guns, and it is generally supposed that some of these may have put the gun at an extraordinary elevation. The shot came off, but it deranged the mechanism. Whatever the reason may be, there can be no doubt that the bomb must have come from Joséphine. It could not have come from St Valérie, or from another huge gun at Fort Brioche. So that is why, fifty-one years after her lovely shot on that bright December day, the Parisians have given such a warm welcome to Mdlle. Joséphine on her return to her native country.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EDINBURGH'S PLACE IN SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

BY no means the least interesting event in connection with the recent visit of the British Association to 'the gray metropolis of the north' was the preparation by the Local Editorial Committee, of which Dr Cargill G. Knott was the competent and energetic secretary, of a volume setting forth *Edinburgh's Place in Scientific Progress* (W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.; 6s. net). This volume, which has been made available to the general public as well as to the members of the Association, is replete with interest to every Scotsman and to every student of science, and presents what will be to many an entirely new aspect of the influence of the Scottish capital in human progress. Each section has been written by an expert in his particular subject. To mention only a few, we find that Dr Knott himself, in the chapter on Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, treats, *inter alia*, of 'the first great scientific Scotsman,' John Napier of Merchiston, and his discovery of logarithms, 'his supreme gift to the mathematical world'; of Balfour Stewart and his researches on radiant heat; and, to come to more recent days, of the important work of Professors Chrystal and Tait, of Clerk Maxwell and Sir James Dewar. Dr Dobbin, in the section on Chemistry, deals with the epoch-making researches of Joseph Black, the eminent chemist and the propounder of the theory of latent heat, and with the labours of Rutherford, the investigator of nitrogen, and of Lyon Playfair and Crum Brown. Messrs Bailey and Tait, under the heading Geology, give an account of 'the Father of Modern Geology,' James Hutton, and his famous Theory of the Earth; of his disciples,

* Nothing, therefore, is said about it in *The Daily News Correspondence of the War*, as Forbes dared not do so, and, of course, Henry Labouchere, within the city of Paris, knew nothing of it.

John Playfair and Sir James Hall, and of the leader of the rival school, Robert Jameson; and of the great services rendered to the science by the well-known brothers, Sir Archibald and James Geikie. In the chapter devoted to Engineering, Professor Hudson Beare duly notes the pioneer work in steam navigation of Patrick Millar and Wm. Symington; nor does he neglect to mention James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer. Professor Herdman, the late president, writing on Oceanography—a subject of study with which Edinburgh is specially connected—pays a well-deserved tribute to the brilliant and enduring formative work of Edward Forbes, and of Wyville Thomson and Sir John Murray, the famous leaders of the Challenger Expedition. In the section on Botany, Mr W. W. Smith keeps alive the fame of Sir Robert Sibbald and Sir Andrew Balfour, who conjointly secured the establishment of the first botanic garden for the study of medicinal plants; of James Sutherland, the earliest occupant of the chair of Botany in the University of Edinburgh; and of one of his best-known successors, Hutton Balfour. The city has long been famous for its medical school, and the chapters on Medicine and Surgery contributed by Drs Comrie, Ritchie, and Miles recount with pride 'John Goodsir's pioneer work in cell-life; Robert Christison's investigations into the action of various poisons in the human system; Charles Bell's discoveries in the nervous system; James Y. Simpson's introduction of anæsthetics; and Joseph Lister's revolutionary work in antiseptic surgery.' Nor, to bring this catalogue to a close, does Professor Shield Nicholson, under the caption Political Economy, fail to do justice to the services of David Hume, Adam Smith, J. R. M'Culloch, and Dr Thomas Chalmers to the cause of Economic Science; nor Dr Drever, writing on Psychology, to mark the contributions of Dugald Stewart, Sir William Hamilton, and George Combe to the science of mind. The whole record is a great one for any single city, and the perusal of this volume impresses upon the reader 'the vigour and individuality with which the various schools of thought in the capital of Scotland have worked for the good of the community.'

SPECTACLE MAGNIFYING-GLASSES.

For watchmaking, for the study of botany and biology, and for other purposes, magnifying-glasses are often indispensable, and these are held either in the hand or in the eye-orbit. The former plan, however, leaves only one hand free for manipulation, while the holding of a glass in the eye-orbit is tiring to most people. Moreover, only one eye is used, so that objects are not seen stereoscopically. It might be thought that ordinary spectacles or eyeglasses of higher power than usual would prove satisfactory, but although the unaided eyes can readily converge upon objects twelve inches or more away from them, this could not be done without considerable strain by an observer using the ordinary magnifying-glasses of short focal length. To overcome this difficulty, spectacles of comparatively high magnifying-power have been devised in which prismatic lenses are fitted that converge on the object being examined in such a way that the eyes are relieved of all strain, while a stereoscopic effect is obtained. The lenses are smaller than those in ordinary spectacles; hence they are mounted in blackened fibre discs which fit the frames. Spectacles of this type are obtainable with magnifying-powers of $3\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ diameters respectively.

'ANTI-DAZZLE' FOR MOTOR HEAD-LIGHTS.

A correspondent kindly forwards to us a simple, yet efficient, method of obviating the dazzling effects produced on the eye by the powerful head-lights sometimes employed on motor-cars. Immediately such a light is seen approaching, one eye should be shut, and not opened again until the light is past. This eye will then be found quite able readily to discern whatever may be in the road behind the car.

ANOTHER GAS-PRODUCER FOR CARS.

In our issue for October 1920 a description was given of apparatus which enabled producer-gas, made from coke or anthracite, to be used in the motors of cars and boats in place of petrol. It was also stated that the cost of employing anthracite was only about one-fifteenth of that involved in the use of motor-spirit. Since that time a new producer plant has been designed, primarily for lorries and other commercial road vehicles, on a number of which it has proved entirely satisfactory. When the apparatus is added to an existing lorry, the motor remains as before, except that the carburetter is superseded by the gas-pipe. The actual producer, which is fixed at the left-hand end of the dash-board, consists of a cylindrical fire-box having a grate at the bottom and a lining of firebrick or some other refractory material. Air is admitted to a steel outer cylinder surrounding the fire-box, whence it passes into a closed ashpit under the grate. Steam is required to produce gas of the type used in engines, and this is supplied by an annular water-trough forming part of the grate, in which the water-level is maintained by a float-chamber at one side of the ashpit. Immediately above the fire-box is a rectangular gas-chamber, from one side of which the gas is drawn off. Over this chamber is the fuel-hopper (with a screw-down airtight lid), the bottom of which is in direct communication with the fire-box. A perforated cone plate prevents the fuel from filling the gas-chamber as it flows through to the fire-box. What is known as foundry coke (used in cupolas for melting iron) has been adopted as the most satisfactory fuel, although

gas-coke can be used if desired. The hopper holds 75 lb., which will last for 25 miles on a 3-ton lorry with a 45 horse-power motor. As produced, the gas is very hot; also, it contains tar and dust, which would be deleterious to the motor. It is, therefore, passed through a cooler and dust-extractor, and also through what is known as a scrubber. In the former the gas is passed round tubes through which cold air is drawn by an ingenious device on the exhaust-pipe, while the scrubber contains water at the bottom, with a filter-bed of pebbles above it. The gas is compelled to bubble through the water and pass through the filter-bed, which is maintained in a wet condition by capillary attraction, the bottom just touching the water. Here the tarry matter is removed. When the motor is running, the suction of the pistons draws air into the producer and through the whole apparatus. To begin with, a hand blower is used to bring the fire to a correct condition. The apparatus does not project beyond the side of the vehicle, and it takes up no space that could be used for carrying any part of the load. With graded foundry coke at £4 per ton, petrol would have to be reduced to 7½d. a gallon to compete with it. In a specially designed motor, however, still better results could be obtained. The amount of water required is small, the original petrol-tank being quite large enough to maintain the supply.

A NEW SPLASH-GUARD.

Efforts have been made for years to invent a splash-guard for motor vehicles which would prove efficient and satisfactory in everyday use. That the problem is a difficult one has been amply demonstrated by the number of devices which have been tried without complete success being achieved. A new splash-guard has recently made its appearance, however, which bids fair to solve the problem. It consists of a sheet of india-rubber or other flexible material, suspended on a frame at the outside of the wheel, with its lower edge almost touching the ground. In length it is about equal to the diameter of the wheel, while its height measures between four and eight inches. The middle portion of the device is plain, and is almost in contact with the ground; but a piece at each end is slightly shorter, and is formed into fingers by vertical cuts, so as to give greater flexibility. The material is hung on a metal frame at the top, which is suspended from a bearing upon the wheel-cap. Springs are also provided to prevent the device from swinging, and to enable the guards to be restored to their original position should the wheels be brought in contact with kerb-stones. This type of guard is specially designed for use on heavy motor vehicles, such as motor-lorries, charabancs, &c. Another splash-guard, devised by the same inventor, consists of a rubber flange at each side of the tire and rotating with it. The flanges may be either made in one piece with the tire, or carried by the rim or felloe. This form of guard is particularly suitable for light cars; the double flange not only prevents pedestrians from being splashed (an offence, it may be noted, for which the sufferer may recover damages by legal process), but it also protects the under part of the chassis.

SMOKELESS TOWNS AND CITIES.

Those of us who live in large cities and towns must have noted the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere during the later stages of the coal strike, when very little coal was being burnt. So clean was the air in London that washed linen could be dried in the open without becoming soiled, and white collars could be worn for two or even three days, instead of becoming dirty in one, as was the case before the strike. Sooner or later these conditions will be made permanent by a drastic revision of our methods of using coal. This matter has been dealt with already in these notes, and therefore the developments almost certain to take place in this direction will only be briefly touched upon. Almost every one is familiar with the principles upon which gas is made, the coal being heated in retorts, where the gas is driven off, coke, tar, and other by-products remaining. This plan, however, although sound in principle, requires modification in practice. It is found that by heating the coal to a much lower temperature than that adopted in gas-works much better results, from a national point of view, are obtained. The main feature of the modified process is the production of a richer coke, which can take the place of coal as a domestic fuel. Gas-coke is unsatisfactory in that it must be used with coal for open fires, or even in the smaller closed stoves. The coke made under the new conditions lights easily, will burn in the smallest open grate, and is entirely smokeless. According to the proposed scheme, all coal is to be heated in retorts at the pit-mouth, the gas being used to generate electricity, which will be distributed throughout the country for power and lighting, the resultant coke being used for domestic cooking and heating. A cheap form of gas for heating purposes would also be produced, probably at existing gasworks, this being made from coal or coke. In any case no smoke would be produced. In his 'James Forrest' lecture, Sir George Beilby, the Director of Fuel Research, commented as follows upon this scheme: 'The carbonisation of selected coals at 550° to 600° C. yields a coke which, while still containing 10 to 12 per cent. of volatile combustible matter, burns with a very slightly luminous, perfectly smokeless flame. Undoubtedly if this smokeless solid fuel could be produced at a cost permitting of its being sold at little more than the price of the coal it would replace, it would lead to a complete revolution

in domestic heating, and among other good things to the abolition of black smoke from house fires. . . . If low temperature carbonisation is proved to be a feasible operation commercially, it would find its first and most natural application to the thirty-five million tons of coal used for domestic purposes. Were this coal all carbonised it would produce about two million tons of fuel oil for the navy, or considerably more than the peace requirements, though considerably less than the war requirements. The motor spirit produced would amount to about one hundred million gallons. The capital expenditure required for the installation of carbonising plant for thirty-five million tons of coal per annum would be from thirty to forty millions sterling.'

A MOTOR-DRIVEN TIRE-PUMP FOR CARS.

All car-owners who have blown up a tire by foot-power will agree that a pump that can be easily driven off the engine is a boon and a blessing. Recently a very neat little rotary pump has been devised which does its work most effectively. It consists of a cylindrical aluminium case with shallow coned ends, which revolve on a fixed spindle. Inside this casing are four little pistons, which are fixed, so far as their distance from the centre is concerned, although they are allowed a certain amount of lateral movement in the plane of rotation. A steel eccentric is mounted solid with the spindle, upon which revolves a bronze casting having four cylinders in the form of a cross, in which the pistons move in and out as the cylinders revolve round the eccentric. There is an air-port at the bottom of each cylinder, and these coincide with suction and delivery grooves on the eccentric which communicate with central holes in the spindle. As the pistons are moving out of their cylinders, air is drawn in at one end of the spindle, and this continues during one-half of a revolution. During the other half the pistons are returning, and force the air out at the opposite end of the spindle. Each piston is fitted with cast-iron rings to render it absolutely airtight, and the case revolves upon ball-bearings. Cemented to the outside of the case is a friction-band, and the pump, being mounted upon a swing arm, is pressed up when in use against the periphery of the flywheel by a spring, to be rotated at a high speed by friction. The delivery end of the pump is connected to an air-plug on the dash-board by a piece of rubber tubing, and a hand lever, also on the dash-board, puts the pump into or out of gear with the flywheel as desired. The equipment includes four yards of flexible tube and a pressure-gauge, the former being used to connect the air-plug with the valve of the tire. A run of about one minute is long enough to inflate an 820 by 120 tire to 75 lb. As the case is filled with oil, the wear of the parts is infinitesimal, and the pump requires no attention other than the addition of about a soup-spoonful of thin oil every three months.

A NEW 'ONE-RING' GAS-COOKER.

The need for all-round economy and the increased price of gas have led to the introduction of many 'one-ring' gas-cookers, some of which have been described in these pages. These have fully demonstrated the fact that the ordinary gas-cooker is unnecessarily large for a small family, and consumes more gas than is actually required. A small, inexpensive gas-cooker has recently made its appearance on the market. It is entirely self-contained, in that a gas-ring is included in the outfit, and heat is not derived from a ring at the top of a larger cooker. The gas-ring is housed in a rectangular box, of which the top forms a hot-plate. At one side of this box, and attached to it, is the oven, which is of the usual form, having a door at the front, and is 15 inches high, 12 inches broad, and 12 inches from front to back. Over the gas-ring is a conical hood with three flues at the top, one of which directs the whole or part of the heat into the oven, while the other two guide the hot gases, so that they impinge upon the lower surface of the hot-plate exactly under the cooking-utensils. These flues are controlled by dampers in the form of sliding plates. If desired, the oven may be removed, and the third flue used for boiling. Made of stout sheet-steel and enamelled, this cooker is mounted on short legs for standing on a table or a shelf. Among the advantages claimed for it, in addition to low cost and economy in gas, are: (1) boiled-over foods cannot clog the burners; (2) the heat is directed exactly where it is wanted; (3) the flames are entirely enclosed, thus minimising the risk of fire; (4) the gas-ring being easily removable, there is no necessity to heat up the whole stove when only a kettle is to be boiled.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SEVENTH SERIES

BRISTOL EYES.

By G. Appleby Terrill.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS because Traline's bills had a habit of arriving by the last post, the mental atmosphere which enveloped the pair of us for an hour after dinner was usually one of gloomy financial debate.

On the particular evening when *the idea* came to me, however, the atmosphere chanced to be remarkably different. . . . The local doctor had pronounced me 'badly run down again,' whereupon Traline had purchased a case of really good port for me. The shortage of ready money, which was his constant trouble, was so acute just then that it caused him no little inconvenience to pay for the wine; he was left with barely enough cash in hand for those expenses, such as gardeners' wages, which had to be met promptly at the end of the week.

In these circumstances I naturally refused to taste the port unless he had a glass. We argued. At length, grumblingly, he sampled the vintage. I made him have a second glass—a third; and the upshot was that presently we settled down in the veranda with two or three bottles between us. The ensuing atmosphere might be described as bright and mixed.

At this time I had been Traline's secretary, or, rather, his guest, eleven months—that period having elapsed since I lurched ashore at Dover, a temporarily pessimistic vagabond of thirty-eight, rocky in health, deficient in dollars, void of inclination to work, and that moment returned from a prolonged sojourn in equatorial regions, every one of which had regarded me as the reverse of an acquisition to its community.

For a little while after landing I had sat on the sea-front, staring at those cliffs which old Julius Cæsar didn't like the look of, especially when the Dover Volunteers of the epoch paraded on the crest of them. Then, having forgotten Cæsar in the stress of one of those unpleasant five-minute spells which would descend on me now and again—spells of discerning clearly that I was a paltry rascal, and that the odds were a hundred to one on my remaining a paltry rascal till I died—I rose from the bench and started on a drag-foot walk to London.

After covering a few miles I heard Traline's name mentioned in a village hostel. It appeared that he was a landowner in the neighbourhood. I went and saw him. We had not met for fifteen years. Most men would have hustled me off, and hoped we should not meet again for fifty. But Walter Traline at once took me as his private secretary—unpaid, because he could not afford a secretary, but permitted to borrow occasionally.

It was sheer, incredible kindness on his part. He did not want a secretary. He preferred to write letters, and to fulminate at columns of figures, for himself. I really retarded matters, by beguiling him into conversation when he was at these pursuits. He was a bachelor; he had never travelled farther than Norway (a fortnight's 'conducted tour'); and he had got into a lonely sort of groove. He averred frequently that my companionship was a boon to him. But that does not alter the fact of his utter kindness; and I would not write a word of this chronicle were I not sure that it will be obvious that I alone was to blame for any divergence from strict honesty which Traline may seem to have been guilty of in the course of the events narrated.

The idea had to do with finance. The atmosphere in which it occurred was, as I have implied, singularly remote from finance.

Traline and I, with the May twilight deepening about us, and a fresh-scented, newly mown lawn at our feet, sat facing the dim hill-slopes, patched blackly with woods, a couple of miles away. I had reverted to an old habit—the making of verses. Into my mind had shot the picture of a beach (very wonderful after a storm) which I had seen somewhere at some time. I could not remember whether the beach belonged to Sussex or Sumatra. I could not recall whether the little things that littered it were starfish or jelly-fish. I did not mind which they were. But, for the sake of pulchritude, they were going to be starfish now. So much of the poem as I accomplished I manufactured aloud, lilting the lines into the twilight:

'The Beach of the Starfish.

'I was down by the Beach of the Starfish,
Which a blow from the south had bestrewn
With a million or so little stars from below,
Coloured lemon, and mauve, and maroon.
I was there in the amethyst——'

At 'amethyst' Traline interrupted me fatally.

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'Now you mention Hammerfest,' he remarked, 'you put me in mind of a girl——' Then he interrupted himself. 'But Bristol, Dick! Ah-h, if ever you can afford to marry, go to Bristol for a wife. . . . Bristol—all hills and steeples, and sweeter-faced girls than you'd find anywhere else on earth. . . . Eh? . . . Sab—Sab—Sabanilla? Never heard of the place. Bristol, I tell you, Dick. No man ever saw Bristol and died a bachelor. I'm going back there one of these days. . . . It's the eyes of those girls that are so wonderful. They're so bright, you'd think they'd put something in 'em if you didn't see it was a pure light shining out from the very depths——'

'When all those kids wake up of a morning,' I said, 'they must make a difference to the daylight, particularly in winter:

'Tis not the rising sun which thus
Illumines Bristol skies.
It is the gentle opening of
The Bristol ladies' eyes.'

'That,' observed Traline, 'is worse than the piffle about the cray—I should say—the sun-fish.'

The mention of Bristol was to prove a most astonishing coincidence. My thoughts, however, were deflected from that fortunate city by Traline's unfinished word 'crayfish.' They were deflected to the village which lay invisible between us and the hill-slopes—to old Colonel Crayo's early seventeenth-century house which was in process of demolition. Twenty years ago I had been a student of history, and, in spite of everything, I had not quite lost my affection for things historical.

'I was thinking of Crayo's place,' I remarked presently.

'Ugliest colonel in Kent, but not a bad chap, although——'

'I didn't say *face*. I said *place*—house. . . . Wonder Crayo didn't try to prop it up. Did Stevens tell you they found a couple of Charles I. coins in the wall this afternoon? Perhaps they'll discover a regular hoard.'

'Crayo won't miss it if it's there. And precious quiet he'll keep about it if he finds it when no one else is around—so that the State won't drop on him for a big share. . . . Jove! I can just see him nosing about early and late, when the workmen are off the premises. . . . That's my one great objection to Crayo—he's worth half a million, yet he's a money-grabber. I consider—I say outright—he fairly did me over Three-Pool meadow.'

Traline, breathing indignantly, groped for his glass.

I took out my cigarette-case, envying Crayo his opportunity of a treasure-hunt in comfortable home surroundings. There is a fine exhilaration in treasure-hunting, however problematical the treasure. My principal essay in that direction had been a spell of six weeks' solitary digging in Ecuador. The only material results were a yard-long stick of rust, that might have been a pike-head or a poker, and damage to my constitution; but the thrill of those weeks was rapturous. The memory of it, as I sat there in the veranda, suddenly freshened my faculties, bringing other clear memories—memories which caused me to smile. One or two people had to thank me for thrills similar to mine. There was a fellow in Bogota, and another in Kupang, to whom I imparted for a handful of silver dollars the secret of a treasure which lacked no attractive feature—save that of actual existence.

I lit a cigarette, and felt annoyed that Crayo, with bad taste, had gossiped of me as a 'sponge,' a 'parasite,' and 'Traline's evil genius, mark my words!' thereby leading me—since he was too old a man to hit—to insult him virulently in return. I should have liked immensely to join him in his hunt.

With a sigh I wished that there was a chance of a treasure-search in Traline's domain. And it was precisely then that *the idea* came. My brain was strangely alert by this time; and in ten seconds *the idea* was complete at every point; and it was so sparkling, so touched with humour, that I laughed aloud.

I moved my chair nearer to Traline's, breaking a bottle—fortunately empty. 'Walter Womack Traline,' I said, 'I owe you more than all my affection, and all the money I may raise by borrowing from you, can ever repay, don't I?'

'How's that?' asked Traline sleepily, unbelievingly.

I shook him. 'Think. For nearly a year you've fed me, sheltered me—simply and absolutely looked after me. And the whole time you've been worried by your own affairs; for your income won't keep you, and the market-garden you're running costs three times as much as it brings in, and you've had to start selling bits of your land, as you don't like the idea of mortgaging it.' I pressed his shoulder. 'It's all this worry of yours that makes your kindness so unrepayable.'

He drew at his pipe. 'No kindness. . . . You're worth a lot to me as an an—an—I should say—antidote to worry. Those yarns that you spin me of your adventures, you know; they do me ever so much good. 'Stead of bothering over £, s. d. when I go to bed, I think of them, and wonder how'n earth one man can invent so many lies.'

'We're getting off the beat,' I said. 'The mention of my indebtedness was intended as a prelude to another remark. I believe I can return a fraction of what I owe you. You're trying to sell the north field. Well, I may be able to arrange that it sells for several hundred pounds more than you expect.'

'Don't expect a ha'penny. I told you I can't get a single offer for it. Nobody seems to want

land. The north field's worth a thousand. I'd let it go for five hundred—glad to.'

'So, if Crayo came along and paid you, say, twelve hundred for it, you'd feel you were making a bit—that you were handsomely recouped for the Three-Pool meadow business?'

Traline peered at me, a sudden glow from his pipe illumining his puzzled blue eyes and the fair, bushy eyebrows he was lifting high. 'Should feel I wasn't awake—if Crayo recouped me, or recouped anybody else.'

'Just feel awake now, and tell me—if Crayo happened to find a manuscript which informed him that a treasure worth at least ten thousand pounds was buried in the north field—buried deep and secure—don't you reckon he would readily give you twelve hundred for the field, if that were your price?'

'Exactly what he would do—not say a word about the manus—manus—cript. But since there isn't two penn'orth of treasure in the field——'

'What has that to do with it? The point is that, with your permission, there's going to be a manuscript, which I shall insert stealthily tomorrow night into some chink of Crayo's late abode——'

Traline took his pipe from his mouth with a 'P-ff!' 'If that's not a low-down, scoundrelly trick!' he ejaculated. D'you imagine I'd agree for a moment to such a—a——' And then his indignation vanished in a chuckle. 'I say—just as a joke, it would be immense!' He felt about for a bottle. 'But very likely Crayo won't find the paper. The workmen will. What then?'

'They'll probably give it to Crayo without unsealing it—he's only three doors off. But if Crayo's first on the scene after I've been there, he'll find it himself. It'll be projecting. A slab of plaster will have fallen during the night. . . . It would be much more than a joke, Walter. Think of the twelve hundred—the couple of thousand—we might screw out of your friend!'

'Cheat him of. No, thank you, Dick. It would have to stop before then.'

'He would be trying to cheat you—a second time; doing his best to rob you of a fortune.'

Traline held his glass and a bottle athwart the sky, and filled the glass to the accompaniment of considerable waste. He drank, and was silent for a minute. I was preparing to shake him from a doze, when he chuckled again, and proceeded to show me that he was extremely awake. 'My dear boy, you couldn't carry the thing through. It would be reality, remember, not one of your efforts at fiction. Presuming that Crayo found the manus—manuscript, wouldn't he take the utmost pains to assure himself it was genuine before starting to deal with me? I rather expect he would cut it in two, and send the half which didn't tell much to a wily expert. That'd finish you absolutely. For instance, what's to be its date?'

'August 19, 1651,' I said without hesitation.

'Oh-h!' Traline was obviously disconcerted by my promptness. 'Any special reason for that?'

'More or less. You see, the treasure was buried by that old Cavalier chap, John Lafone, who actually lived in Crayo's house. He buried it before he rode off to join Charles the Second's forlorn attempt of '51. He was killed at Worcester Fight—he really was—and so he didn't come back and dig up the treasure. North field was common land in those days. Lafone went there because he guessed his back-garden would be searched.'

'I'm hanged!' Traline exclaimed irritably. 'Talk of warped genius! I can see us both in the dock for conspiracy to defraud. . . . Where's the seventeenth-century paper coming from?'

'There're five or six seventeenth-century books, which you never look at, knocking about the house—blank leaves in all.'

'Seventeenth-century ink? They'd test the ink in some way.'

I flipped my cigarette-end into the night and watched the curving descent of the red spark. 'Two of the books,' I said, 'are thick with annotations scrawled in seventeenth-century ink. These are doubly useful. An hour's copy-book work with a quill, with an annotation for a model, will enable me to develop a characteristic seventeenth-century hand. Then I shall boil the annotations.'

'Boil!'

'Practically, in a drain of water. Then I shall partly distil that, and the process will give me a few drops of colour, mostly ink, which your wily expert is welcome to analyse till he's blue in the face. . . . Any further objections, beyond the obvious one that a specimen of Lafone's handwriting may exist? That's an unlikely thing that we must chance.'

'He might have come back and dug up his valuables—before Worcester.'

'The manuscript will prove that he didn't. You'll understand when you read it.'

'Shall I?'

Traline struck a match for his pipe, searching hard for further difficulties; while I drank blithely to the project.

'Why did he want to make a document at all?' was what I heard next.

'Being methodical, he naturally compiled a list of what he had buried; and, of course, he wasn't going to trust to his memory for the exact number of yards from his house at which he had planted the treasure. Like me, by the way, he was able to pace yards with uncanny accuracy.'

'U-um,' said Traline, 'I should imagine you haven't an equal at specious argument.'

I fumbled for my matches, borrowed his,

and got another cigarette going. 'Among your neglected literary heirlooms,' I said, 'is a Tudor period law-book. It has a queer, curling parchment cover, which looks like green gelatine, and several tabs of ancient sealing-wax. Ever shown that book to any one?'

'Didn't know it was there. Worth anything?'

'As a supplier of specious arguments it's worth a lot. It supplies me with centuries-old wax; and part of that cover is just what I want for forming a sheath to hold the manuscript—which would have mouldered if it hadn't, fortunately, been protected. . . . Somehow that parchment isn't suggestive of a book. Nothing about the manuscript must be, of course. That would give a dangerous hint. . . . Before I write on the blank page I shall have to cut off the edges deeply, because three will be browned by light, and the fourth by the binding. I shall have to soak the page in dirty water and knead the new edges to remove all traces of cutting. . . . Even after the writing's done I shall have to moisten that page again—by steaming, I think—to dull the ink, and drive it well into the texture.'

Traline chuckled once more, a little uncomfortably. 'This—what d'you call it?—grasp of essentials is making me half-believe one or two of your adventures—the most villainous ones. But we've been talking rot long enough. I'm off to bed.'

'I'm off for a stroll,' I replied, shaking a bottle to ascertain its condition. I tossed it into a bush and stood up. 'I want your electric torch and the compass on your watch-chain—if the needle isn't still pointing sou'-west by south.'

'Why?'

'I'm going to set my heel against the north wall of Crayo's house and steer a straight course north till I'm opposite the north field, and then a straight course east to the plumb centre of it.'

'Not being a clever person myself,' said Traline urbanely, 'I should have steered straight from Crayo's to the field.'

'I'm sure of that. You'd have laid a nice intricate nor'-nor'-east course which, if by any chance it didn't floor you, would certainly floor Crayo—land him in one of Jim Taylor's meadows. No; by going due north and due east I simplify things for him. And by having the treasure in the centre of the field I make certain that, unless he muddles his pacing desperately, he will come to anchor somewhere in the north field. . . . What did you say? You'll sleep with an easy conscience? What d'you mean?'

'I mean,' answered Traline, who was getting on to his feet somewhat labouredly, 'that if your legs are anything like mine—and I presume they are—there'll be so many paces in those straight courses of yours that Crayo'll finish up on Walmer beach.'

(*Continued on page 788.*)

SOME HUMOURS OF THE LAW COURTS.

By Sheriff Orr, K.C.

PART I.

I.

THE law courts in which the administration of justice is carried on are admitted by every citizen to be among our most essential and most important institutions. Nothing is of greater moment for the well-being of a State than that justice should be purely and impartially administered, and there is, happily, a well-founded confidence that in our country this is actually the case. Oddly enough, there is in the breast of every citizen another sentiment perhaps even more deeply rooted, the desire, namely, to have as little personally to do with courts of law as he possibly can. Everybody knows that the position of a litigant in the civil courts is always a harassing and generally a costly one, and the position of an accused person in the criminal courts is still more unenviable. To the judge whose duty it is to apply the principles of law to the facts of the particular case, and to the student of law who traces those principles as they are developed and built up in the records of decided cases, the work of the courts has a deep and ever-living interest. The advocate or barrister who seeks to conduct his case skilfully and successfully finds his profession engrossing and fascinating; and the law-agent who is the confidant and adviser of his client, and steers him past the shoals and hidden dangers of a lawsuit, has a legitimate pride in his professional triumphs.

But more fascinating than any of these is the study of human nature itself—that strange and elusive compound of which we have all a share, some of us an abundant share, which makes each individual different from every other, yet makes the whole world kin; pitiably weak, yet unconquerably strong; paltry, yet noble; hard, yet tender; fountain alike of laughter and tears. The thing best worth studying in a court of law is, after all, not contracts or wills or claims of damages or crimes, but the original stuff of human nature out of which all these spring. A court is a kind of operating-theatre in which is dissected and exposed to view not the human

body, but human nature and human conduct. The late Rev. J. P. Struthers, of Greenock, had the quaint notion of spending a holiday—when he took one, which he did but seldom—inside the law courts. Most people would think the day wasted, but he was a student of human nature and a lover of his fellow-men, and never missed a chance of learning.

The great majority of people get through life, I suppose, without being actually parties in a law case; but to most people comes the moment, sooner or later, when they have to appear inside a law court in the character of witness. If there be any one thing on which men and women are agreed, it is their repugnance to enter the witness-box. I have seen a woman approach the witness-box as slowly and reluctantly as she would enter a fever ward, with a sour and threatening look which indicated a gathering storm. Resolved that, at least, she would have her revenge for being dragged there, she boldly denied that she had seen things which happened a yard or two in front of her eyes, or heard words uttered at her elbow, although both sight and hearing were excellent. To unseal her lips it required, indeed, a sharp rebuke from the bench, with more than a hint that trouble was in store for her; and—a hitherto blameless matron—she returned to private life without a rag of reputation for truthfulness.

It has to be admitted that on the threshold of the witness's task he experiences a shock which often proves too much for the nerves—especially if *he* be a woman! The first question usually asked is, 'What is your age?' That is a disturbing inquiry at any time or place; but in the cold daylight of a public court, amid prying eyes and inquisitive ears, it is appalling; and the tense silence that prevails until an answer is forthcoming is one that can be felt. In the case of a male witness, the worst that happens is that he scratches his head and performs some kind of mental arithmetic, which produces a figure at least approximating to the truth. In the case of the other sex, I don't profess to be acquainted with the process, although the result, I understand, is always remarkably accurate.

It is an interesting proof of the advance of civilisation and the softening of manners that we are falling on a device which robs this barbarous ordeal of most of its terrors. The recording angel, who is known as the shorthand writer, is seated at the end of the bench near the witness-box, and a courteous counsel or agent politely requests the lady in the box to state her age to that official. It is generally done in tones which baffle the curiosity of the sharpest ears.

I suppose it is a feeling of vague apprehension that something unpleasant is in store that accounts for the vagaries of many excellent people when they enter the witness-box. A temporary paralysis of the nerve-centres seems to take place, and the power of self-control disappears. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for a time they scarcely know which is their head and which their feet. Certainly they do not know their right hand from their left; when asked to hold up the right hand to take the oath, they very frequently hold up the left.

Another amusing symptom of the same disease which appears in other victims is that after taking the oath they proceed to give their evidence still holding the right arm rigidly aloft.

Witnesses of this type display an extraordinary ingenuity in doing or saying the wrong thing. Sometimes they are tongue-tied, and absolutely unable to express themselves; others are absurdly voluble, and unable to stop speaking. I have seen a capable and self-possessed man in sheer nervousness talking with fatal fluency until he rambled into nonsense, with beads of perspiration rising all over his face. Again, another witness persists in addressing the youthful counsel examining him as 'My lord,' while the judge, whom he apparently regards as a mere outsider, barely gets the scant courtesy of 'sir.'

I don't know if we are to put it down to the same cause that prisoners brought up from the cells to the dock frequently stand facing the open court, presenting their back to the judge, until directed to make a right-about turn. Certainly it was not nervousness, but too great familiarity with the rôle of the accused person, that explains Lord Morris's story of the Irish jurymen. The judge explained that as their names were balloted they were to take their usual places (meaning in the jury-box); but, to his amazement, they one and all made straight for the dock.

II.

But this is only one side of the picture. My experience has taught me that women, speaking generally, are excellent witnesses, and that frequently quiet and timid women make the best impression of all. Judges are disposed to listen to them with a favourable ear, and with juries they win triumphant and often easy victories.

I recall a scene in which a pleasant-looking young woman won a very delightful triumph at the hands of twelve worthy jurymen who were not ashamed to confess that they had somewhere in their hearts a tender spot of sentiment and chivalry. She had been cashier in a business establishment in a town which need not be indicated. Her employer took it into his head one day—entirely without cause, as the sequel showed—that she was acting dishonestly, that money was disappearing, and that she was manipulating the books. Without explanation or inquiry, he charged her with this misconduct, locked her into her room, and sent for his agent, who, in a high-handed manner, proceeded to

browbeat the girl, charged her with dishonest practices, and tried to extort admissions of guilt. She was prevented for a considerable time from communicating with any outside friend, and subjected to great and needless insult and humiliation. The whole matter became the subject of inquiry in an action of damages which occupied the attention of a jury for two days. Everything was explained to their entire satisfaction, and no doubt whatever remained that the young woman had been badly treated, and was entitled to damages. I had the pleasure of acting as her senior counsel. In the witness-box she was modest, quiet, and self-possessed. I don't think it too much to say that when she left the box her case was won. I admit that a hint was conveyed to her through her agent as to the kind of dress she should wear on the occasion: quiet colours, nothing loud or gaudy, and so on. Looking back on it, I feel sure she did not need the hint. At all events, she completely won the hearts of all the jurymen, who did what I never knew done before or since in a civil court. They not only gave her handsome damages, but as they quitted the jury-box they went up to the young woman where she sat, and, led by their foreman, shook hands with her, each man of them, and heartily congratulated her upon the result.

But a woman shows at her best when she speaks not for herself, but on behalf of another—some one near and dear to her. I have known occasions not a few when a man who had been in a position of trust was charged with an offence which, if brought home to him, would mean loss of position, dishonour, perhaps ruin. Circumstances pointed strongly to guilt; things looked serious for the accused man. The wife of an accused man is now, happily, a competent witness. His wife went into the witness-box. Something in her demeanour favourably impressed the court. Every one felt she was herself a good and true woman; every one saw she herself still believed in this man. She was able to explain some things that needed clearing up; other things she set in a different light consistent with honest conduct; little by little, clouds of suspicion began to melt away. The total impression produced by her evidence, still more the impression produced, not by anything she said, but by her personality, was sufficient to turn the scale and win a verdict of acquittal. I have seen few things more touching, more true to human nature on its best side, than to observe such a woman, while the jury were absent considering their verdict, steal up to a seat behind the dock, or as near to it as she could press, and sit with downcast eyes and shrinking form till the moment when the verdict was announced. Then she cast fear and timidity to the winds, and opened her arms to welcome back again the man she loved.

I said few finer scenes are witnessed in a court of justice, but it is only bare justice to human nature to add that there is something better still. A true woman will fight for a husband whom she believes to be innocent; but she will do more—she will plead for one whom she knows to be erring. Even though she herself has been the victim of his cruelty, and has to appear in court bandaged like a hospital patient, such a woman, called as the leading witness against him, and compelled to give some account of his ill-treatment, has frequently interrupted her evidence to make an appeal to the judge for the man in the dock, describing him as the best and kindest of husbands, only that he sometimes tastes just a drop of drink; but on the present occasion she owes her broken ribs entirely to her own fault, because she has a sharp tongue and foolishly provoked him. She sometimes goes the length of suggesting that it is really she herself who should be dealt with; and she makes it plain that she would willingly bear the punishment if it would save him.

It is easy to smile at all this, and to suggest that it is due to fear of reprisals. It springs from a deeper and worthier root—the love that refuses to let go, and sometimes grows the stronger when the object of it has fallen very low.

The softer sex, I am glad to say, have no monopoly of compassion. I have known jurymen so moved by the plight of some poor woman who figured in a trial before them as to subscribe a goodly sum of money, and have it sent to her through a private channel.

III.

There remain two types of witnesses who deserve a few words. The first of these I may call the non-committal witness.

I have mentioned the general dislike which people have to being called as witnesses. Whether it arises from this feeling, or whether it be due to some idiosyncrasy of the cautious and pawky Scottish character, I do not know, but many persons exhibit in the witness-box a rooted aversion—and in highly amusing ways—to express or to be tied down to positive statements either of fact or of opinion. And that not only on matters of importance, where hesitation would be intelligible, but on quite minor points well within their knowledge, and as to which a definite statement might safely be hazarded without danger to life or liberty. Highland witnesses frequently possess this highly developed bump of cautiousness, but the Lowlander runs them close.

'What is the distance between A and B?' (two places witness has been speaking of in his evidence in chief).

'I don't know exactly.'

'But, approximately, how far is it?'

'I canna say. I never traivelled it.'

And so on till the counsel, in desperation, tries his last and most unlucky shot: 'Well, how far is it as the crow flies?'

'I dinna ken; I was never a craw.'

Hesitation, if amusing in a witness, is fatal in a counsel; he must at least appear to have a thorough belief in his case. If he does not, there is little hope of his convincing either judge or jury. At a certain circuit the prosecuting counsel was full of doubts, and, oddly enough, the prisoner's counsel, a man of great learning and ability, could not rid himself of a lurking suspicion that his client was guilty; and the result was that the two opposing speeches were strangely lacking in point. The judge happened to be a well-known judge of the old school, who liked nothing so well as a case in which he could sum up dead against the prisoner. For once he was in a quandary, and he hit off the situation in his own way: 'Gentlemen, I don't know what to say to ye. Mr A [the prosecuting counsel] will not let me convict, and Mr B [the prisoner's counsel] will not let me acquit.'

The other type of witness is at the opposite pole—the man (I have not found any woman in this class) who enjoys the witness-box, who shines most brilliantly under cross-examination, and generally discomfits his assailant.

Men of this class are not numerous: they are men who know thoroughly well what they are speaking about, who are always masters of themselves, and who also understand human nature. A performance by such a witness is one of the rarest treats which a court of law affords. Two striking illustrations I recall. One was the late Sir John Fowler, the eminent engineer. He was a man of great intellectual power. In the witness-box he used few words, but those few were far from palatable to the counsel who cross-examined him. His answers to every hostile question or suggestion reminded me of the statement we used to read so often in the French official *communiqués* during the war: 'The enemy yesterday endeavoured to leave their trenches, but were immediately stopped by our curtain-fire.' The curtain-fire from the witness-box soon reduced the cross-examination to impotence, upset even the gravity of the Bench, and brought the case within measurable distance of a termination.

The other was a gentleman of whom we had more frequent experience in the courts of Scotland—the late Sir Henry Littlejohn. His *sang froid* was perfect, he spoke with an air of absolute conviction, and he added more than a touch of humour, which never failed to make his appearances in the witness-box welcome to a jury and a delight to the spectator. He took care to reserve his most telling points and his wittiest sallies for cross-examination, and these he delivered with an expression of preternatural gravity. Woe betide the cross-examiner who entered on his task with a light heart or without thorough preparation! He very soon found that the weapon he discharged on the dangerous foe came back like a boomerang to his own destruction.

A well-known member of the legal profession used to relate to me with great relish an experience of his own under cross-examination in a case at the parliamentary bar. Shrewd mother-wit and presence of mind came to his aid in a somewhat amusing manner. Counsel had put to him a long and involved question. He saw clearly the drift of it. It was an awkward question for him, and he wanted further time for reflection before giving his answer. It happened that he suffered from dullness of hearing—quite genuine, but also quite useful for diplomatic purposes. My friend politely informed counsel that he was unfortunately a little deaf, and would be greatly obliged if he would repeat his question. He had more than a suspicion that counsel could not accomplish that feat, and so it proved; he broke down in the attempt, and the witness escaped gracefully from a tight corner.

It occasionally happens that a witness is so hard pressed that he gives up the attempt to maintain his ground, and takes refuge in some ludicrous and irrelevant outburst. A foolish man married (as many foolish men do) before he had gathered sufficient money to furnish a house. He got a loan from a friend on an undertaking to repay at a certain time, and on default was sued for the amount. Baited and exposed in the witness-box, it occurred to him to try to save himself by dragging the sheriff also into the mess. He turned to the bench with a half-piteous, half-defiant cry: 'But you married me yourself, my lord!'

(*Continued on page 798.*)

THE GRAY GOBLINS.

HERE in the twilight, my book on my knee,
Little gray goblins come sailing round me.
Fluttering, hovering, dancing away,
Under my eyelids I watch them at play.

Quaint little elfin-folk, figures of fun,
Some wearing red caps, and some wearing dun;
One with a top-knot, and one with a curl,
All dressed in tunics of mother-of-pearl.

They are the goblins in summer one sees
Riding white butterflies, chasing the bees;
Tolling the bluebell, and when the gale blows
Lying curled up in the heart of the rose.

Are they dream-fancies? Well, you shall decide.
Turn the door-handle, and hold the door wide.
Only tread softly, and don't come too near—
Little gray goblins are easy to scare!

C. M. STEEDMAN.

'SCOTS WHA HAE . . .'

By Brigadier-General C. Dalrymple Bruce, C.B.E.

'*MAIS, oui, mon Général;* I who speak saw it all!'

We were standing, this good Belgian farmer and myself, in one corner of his well-stocked orchard, overlooking the little hamlet of Bellaise. Bellaise lies some twenty-five kilometres to the west of Mons. At our feet, unmarked save by the presence of a battered trench-helmet lying almost hidden in the long grass, were two low mounds, the last resting-places of unknown British soldiers.

The farm had lain, as it happened, right in the track of the retiring British Expeditionary Force during those never-to-be-forgotten days of August 1914. Five epoch-making years had passed since then. Duty had taken me back to Belgium as member of a special mission to inquire after missing British officers and men who had fallen during the retreat. Our work lay chiefly in the more or less unvisited country districts, and the desired information usually came at first-hand from the good *curés*, friendly farmers, or through the local *maires*. Singly, or by twos and threes, we had been shown many hitherto unknown graves. They were to be found in overgrown country lanes, the occupants buried just where they had fallen. In woods, in hay-fields, in orchards, even in roadside ditches, these unknown heroes lay, their lonely resting-places known only to the kindly Belgian peasant-folk, who, frequently, had seen them die. To our front, and below us as we stood in the orchard, lay Bellaise, sweltering peacefully under the hot August sun. The village stood almost hidden in a fold in the ground—at least, hidden until the traveller dropped into it approaching, or rose from it quitting, the depression in which it lay. Westward through half a mile of thick wood the road from Bellaise climbed on to the upland on which the farm was built. The edge of the wood thinned out somewhat, and ended abruptly five or six hundred yards from the farm precincts. In the full glare of the midday sun the dusty white road emerged from the wood. It passed within a couple of hundred yards of the farm itself, and stretched away beyond almost to the horizon. On either side a grass-grown ditch separated the road from the fields.

Stooping down, I picked up the battered helmet, on the off-chance of finding in it some indication of the owner's regiment or name. There were no marks at all.

'Have you any knowledge who the soldiers were?' I asked of the farmer.

'If monsieur will walk a few metres to the farm I can show him papers,' was the friendly reply. 'And,' the man continued, 'from that little rise there by the roadside he can see where these brave men died.'

To the farm we went, where the precious papers taken from the dead were reverently placed in my hands.

'And now, *mon Général*, you must hear the story of the fight,' my host began, as he led me to the hillock by the roadside.

'It was a day just such as this is, five years ago. But yes, five years, for our little Albert is now five years old, and he was born the day after our fight, as we like to call it. All the previous day we had watched the splendid English army pass. Artillery, cavalry, wagons, the infantry. Such men! Such horses! *Mon Dieu!* who has seen such men? Towards evening many had passed. But later came others—some wounded, some weary, many footsore. We gave food, wine, tobacco. They thanked us and passed on. As the moon was rising over Bellaise two soldiers knocked at the door. We opened to them. They were of the Scots. Monsieur knows well the Scots? A bonnet, a short skirt, stockings of red and white, the little squares! Ah! but they are men, these Scots! That night we fed them. They were tired—oh, so tired! The one had been wounded in the leg, the other in the head. We made for them clean bandages. They lay down in the barn to sleep among the hay. In the morning, it is arranged, they will start to catch up the army. All will go well.

'Next morning, monsieur, I rose at dawn to milk. What did I see? *Mon Dieu!* in the yard, almost undressed, at the pump, the two Scots. One would raise the pump-handle; the other would let the cold water run right over him—his head, his face, his breast; but it was surprising! And when the two had finished, how the faces shone! *Dieu*, how they shone!

'Then we took coffee together, the two Scots and I. We were about to rise, when from the wood, through the door in the wall, I saw a neighbour from the village running headlong up the road. His face was white like a sack of meal; he was without breath. He threw himself on the bench at my side.

'"The Germans have arrived!" he gasped. "The Uhlans are in the village!" He was shaking like a leaf. Maybe it was from terror, for we Belgians know what the Uhlans are, and there were maidens in the village. The two Scots drank quietly their coffee.

'"The Huns, is it?" they asked. "The Huns?"

'"But yes," I told them, "name of God, it is the Huns! You must fly; you must hide."

'But to us they said nothing, though they talked quietly together.

'It was then eight o'clock, monsieur, that beautiful morning in August. Why, it is five years ago to-day, I declare. The sun was warming the wood of Bellaise and the house-roofs below. It shone upon the dusty road and the golden apples ripening. All was so peaceful, so home-like. The two Scots had helped each other to replace the pack and to adjust the belt. Each man examined carefully the rifle and counted the cartridges in his pouch.

'Yes, *I* know, monsieur, for I who speak also have been a soldier. Then they shook hands with us, both, and walked towards the high road. In the hand of each man was his rifle. Down into the dusty road they went, then into the ditch. Into the ditch, monsieur! Think of it! I swear to you! They lay down carefully, as if to take a nap. But they did not sleep. Oh no! In front of him each man placed his cartridges, then on the edge of the ditch a few bushes to lie behind.

'Assuredly they were mad, monsieur! Mad as the May moon! Two men alone, those two Scots, with hardly a score of cartridges between them, and in that village below hundreds of Germans! It was magnificent! But for us, too, there was danger. The Hun kills at sight, as monsieur knows. So we hid, my neighbour and I, in the little straw stack close to the road, and this is what we saw.

'For perhaps a quarter of an hour nothing —nothing at all. Then out from the wood— five or six hundred metres distance—appeared a small troop of Uhlans. They were talking and laughing, as they lounged in the saddle smoking. The soldiers sat carelessly while they rode. Why not? The contemptible Englanders were running away. But they had not ridden a few metres when, pouf! pouf! from both sides of the road we saw the Scots fire. As we looked up the foremost Uhlan fell forward on his saddle, then slid to the ground, all limp like a half-filled sack. His horse shied violently, sprang into the field, and galloped away. At the same moment another of the horses pitched forward on to his knees on the road, and rolled over, crushing the rider beneath him.

'It takes long to tell, monsieur, but it was all over in less than a minute. After that we saw the officer in front of the troop hold up his arm. The Uhlans halted. He looked our way, evidently uncertain. Again, pouf! pouf! and this time the young officer pitched sideways from his horse and fell into the road in a little cloud of white dust. Beside him yet another Uhlan rolled from the saddle, just as though some one had pushed him. There was a hoarse shout, and the troop turned and took cover in the wood.

'For some minutes we lay idle, my neighbour and I, wondering, *mon Dieu*, how these Scots could shoot! Five hundred metres, and to kill men as if one pushed them out of the saddle! But *we* knew these Uhlans—the devils. After a short time, at the edge of the wood, we saw single Germans sitting on their horses. They were gazing with their field-glasses up the road. They thought they were hidden. So did I. But no. Once again, pouf! pouf! from the ditches, and on either side, where the road leaves the wood, we saw two riderless horses gallop out. One dragged something from the stirrup, which bumped, bumped, at each bound of the horse.

'It seemed a long while after that. I had almost thought of coming down from the stack to try to reach the farm, when another thing happened. Two or three hundred metres away from the road, again where it leaves the wood, we saw four Uhlans, two on each side of the road, emerge into the open at a canter. They were a hundred paces apart, and rode as if direct for the farm. They had not gone fifty metres before the men in the ditch fired. Down went two of the horses crash, throwing both riders heavily. One Uhlan rose at once and ran for the wood. The second never moved. The remaining horsemen quickened their pace, aiming evidently for the farm, but neither reached it. Not a hundred paces from the stable wall, pouf! the third rider fell forward, then, as his horse swerved, frightened, fell heavily under the wall on to the stubble. The horse of the fourth Uhlan seemed now to be out of hand. We saw it swing round—against the will of its rider, be it said. Half-way across the field the Scots fired again. The Uhlan fell backward with two bullets through him, while his horse galloped madly into the wood.

'It is true, monsieur! I swear to you! Every word I have uttered! Oh! indeed they were heroes, these two. But it could not last for ever.

'We lay still, perhaps for ten minutes, wondering what the end would be; and it came, monsieur—came suddenly by the mercy of God.

'Out of the wood like a whirlwind came half-a-dozen of the Uhlans, lance in hand, galloping straight up the road towards us. As they emerged one of the Scots jumped to his feet, and racing across the road, flung himself down beside his companion. Both were then kneeling. We saw the glint of the sun as they whipped out their bayonets and fixed them, hardly wasting a moment. Up came their rifles, each man now firing as fast as he could into the advancing Germans, though it seemed only seconds before the latter were upon them. While the leading Uhlans were still a hundred paces off the two Scots jumped to their feet. We saw them turn towards each other and grasp hands. The next moment both were lunging desperately into the chests of the galloping horses; were hurled backwards; ridden down, and speared.

'Mother of God, it was terrible!

'Two of the Germans afterwards dismounted, and we saw them plunge their hands into the dead men's packs; but in ten minutes they rode on.

'It was not until the moon was up that we dared come down, monsieur. Then my neighbour and I carried the two heroes up to the orchard. We buried them at the foot of the old apple-tree, where monsieur saw. *Mon Dieu*, but these Scots are brave men!'

STRANGE HOBBIES OF COLLECTORS.

By Clive Holland.

I.

FROM the time of the Queen of Sheba 'collecting' has been one of the most popular of fads and hobbies, and many objects are hoarded nowadays by people who seek to combine eccentricity with a desire to collect something.

Of all hobbies, probably that of collecting foreign stamps is one of the most educational and sensible; and it has the additional advantage that if only discretion is used regarding the specimens one buys, ultimate profit is almost sure to result. Many a collection made twenty or thirty years ago is nowadays worth three or four times the amount of its initial cost. And we know of one at least which, made only thirty-five years ago, is worth in hundreds what it was then worth in tens. The same remark applies almost equally well to the collecting of old books, china, and prints, provided, of course, that care has been taken to obtain good and rare specimens in the first instance.

Only the other day a Sèvres vase was knocked down in an auction-room for two hundred and fifty guineas; it had been acquired twenty years before in another saleroom for less than a quarter that sum. Many of our readers must be aware of the greatly enhanced value which some books attain by reason of their being out of print, or from other causes rare. The romance of collecting such things has been written of very frequently, and people with money and leisure are apparently always seeking some new thing in which to specialise.

Quite recently we were shown a series of beautifully bound volumes containing nothing but labels such as are placed on one's trunks when one is leaving a hotel. These multi-coloured pieces of paper, numbering over three thousand, were constantly being added to, and presented an interesting study of colour and design. The European book contained labels ranging from 'The Carlton,' London, to that of a tiny inn in Sicily; and from that of the Hotel Bristol, Paris, to a gay red-and-yellow label, execrably printed, belonging to a humble *gasthof* in the Black Forest. The label of the Gezireh Palace Hotel at Cairo was in strong contrast to a dun-coloured label which had emanated from a little inn on the outskirts of the Crimea; whilst an Andalusian inn label, with yellow and red predominating as its colours, stared at one from the page in close proximity to a black-and-yellow label of a well-known Viennese hotel. From the Caucasus to the Pyrenees, and almost from the North Cape to Cairo, were gathered together representative labels.

Many—as the collector was a great traveller—had been obtained first-hand; others had been obtained by purchase. Asia was represented by labels from India, Japan, China, and other countries; and Africa had many labels or tickets of the hotels at the Cape. America, both South and North, was well represented; and in the labels of the American volume one could trace the progress of the owner from New York to San Francisco, with detours northward into the prairie towns, and southward where he spent some months alligator-hunting. 'If,' said the owner, 'I had the money in my pocket that these labels have indirectly cost me, I should be several thousand pounds to the good—that is to say,' he continued, laughing, 'if I value the labels at the amount of my respective hotel bills. Many hundreds, of course, I have got by purchase. That one' (pointing to the name of a well-known and fashionable Egyptian hotel) 'cost me five shillings from a dealer; and that one' (pointing to a label of a Petrograd hotel) 'was even more expensive. I value my collection at several hundreds of pounds; although I very much fear that I am unlikely to get such a price, unless from some one who follows the same hobby.' Some travellers and tourists, it is whispered, collect labels and stick them on bags and trunks which have never visited the places indicated.

From hotel labels to teeth is a far cry, but a certain French collector has made a speciality of the teeth of famous people. It is very probable that in this collection, which numbers several hundred, and is contained in a specially constructed cabinet, there are many 'doubtfuls'; but in it are reputed dental specimens of Napoleon I., Julius Cæsar, Victor Hugo, the Duke of Wellington, Louis Napoleon, Thiers, Bismarck, and several members of European royal families, and one each of Lafayette and of George Washington.

From what we learned of the teeth-collecting hobby, there appears to be in Paris at least one dealer who is reputed to have dealings with the principal dental surgeons in the various European capitals, by which means the market is

somewhat vicariously supplied. One wonders nowadays, when one hears so much of the manufacture of old furniture, &c., how many of these teeth are those of quite unimportant individuals; but we were given to understand that all the specimens supplied by this particular dealer were vouched for as 'veritable.'

As to the value of specimens. We were told that this varies almost as much as that of autographs. Lafayette's tooth cost the collector we have in mind many hundreds of francs, and Bismarck's very little less. The tooth of a certain historical personage we prefer not to mention was valued at five hundred francs, whilst Victor Hugo's had cost the collector no more than fifty shillings. Doubtless the high prices which prevailed are attributable to the fact that the supply, at any rate of genuine articles, must be in the course of nature limited.

II.

Quite a different collecting hobby is that followed by another Frenchman, who has a *penchant* for memorial brasses and curious carvings off tombstones. In his garden, situated not far outside Paris, is a strange collection of these latter articles, which turns one corner of a pretty *bocage* into something nearly approaching a cemetery in appearance. The fact that in France graves are frequently leased for only short periods of time enables a hobby like that of Monsieur B. to be practicable. In many French cemeteries, indeed, one finds piled in corners heaps of tombstones which have been rooted up when the lease of the graves, the position of which they marked, had run out.

In the house itself, contained in cabinets, are numerous rare pieces of brass taken off tombstones for the purposes of sale. No doubt many of them were stripped from their original positions at the time of the Revolution, as Monsieur B. informed us that he had obtained most of his specimens at old curiosity shops in Paris, Antwerp, Bruges, Rouen, and other French towns.

Antiquaries will doubtless be horrified at this hobby, and it is certainly not a variety of collecting which should be in any way encouraged. But so long as there is a market for such things, people will be willing to strip brasses from tombs to supply it. 'But,' said Monsieur B., 'at all events, here are preserved many interesting documents of the past which might otherwise have been lost.'

One of the most interesting brasses in this collection, that of a mediæval knight and his wife, was in a fine state of preservation; they were originally entombed in a Normandy cathedral. On this brass is recorded in a mixture of mediæval Norman-French and Latin the astonishing adventures of the knight in question.

Another brass had belonged to the tomb (which was desecrated at the Revolution) of a bishop whose name is writ large in both the ecclesiastical and the political history of the time of Louis XIV.

It is an American lady who has made a hobby of collecting pens used by famous people, and those in particular connected with historical events, or the writing of some famous book. She would, doubtless, as she is wealthy, give a fortune for a pen that signed the Peace Treaty at Versailles.

In this collection are pens said to have been used by Nelson (a fine gray goose quill with a much-worn nib), Wellington, Palmerston, Victor Hugo—a pen used by him at Guernsey when writing *The Toilers of the Sea*; a pen said to have been used by Napoleon III. in writing the note giving instructions to capitulate at Sedan; one used by Queen Victoria on board the yacht *Osborne*; and others belonging to, or used by, the Empress Eugénie, Abraham Lincoln, President Roosevelt, H. M. Stanley, Livingstone, General Gordon, Charles Dickens, Lord Leighton, Rudyard Kipling, Tennyson, Émile Zola, Balzac, Gérome and Meissonier, the French painters, and many others. Some of these were acquired by purchase. Palmerston's cost Mrs C. five-and-twenty dollars, and that of Nelson far more; whilst Tennyson's was obtained for ten shillings, and President Roosevelt's for about half-a-dollar.

One of the most interesting pens of the whole collection is undoubtedly the one to which a card is attached bearing the information that 'This pen signed the famous Berlin Treaty of 1878.'

Once or twice Mrs C. has said, 'I have been fortunate enough to get pens of famous people for nothing—either by writing to them, or by happening, as I have on several occasions, to be at the same hotel at which they stopped. In this way I acquired the pens used by several notable political and literary personages, as all I did was to watch them in the writing-room and take the pen after they had used it.'

Although Mrs C. has perfect faith in the genuineness of her specimens, inasmuch as she had bought some at old curiosity and *bric-à-brac* shops, their authenticity must in a measure be taken upon trust.

III.

The collection of first editions of books is one of the most popular hobbies with a certain type of moneyed amateur; but the path of a collector who indulges this taste is beset with many pitfalls. Not only are there many spurious specimens, but first editions of, at any rate, modern works are liable to the most alarming fluctuations.

An instance of this was afforded some few years back by the works of a certain minor poet who has almost disappeared from the ken of the general public. Little booklets bearing his name, some of them semi-privately printed, fetched fabulous sums owing to a boom which was engineered, and the vogue that he enjoyed

for a short time in consequence. Although most experienced collectors and, at any rate, experienced dealers shook their heads and fought shy of the works of this versifier as a speculation, many collectors were unwise enough to pay the absurd prices at that time asked for specimens. On several occasions something like thirty pounds was paid for a complete set of the booklets in question, which were some half-a-dozen in number. The same set was within three or four years sold for a five-pound note, and we doubt very much if nowadays it would fetch more than thirty shillings!

Finely illustrated books of the latter half of the seventeenth century and early part of the eighteenth have proved, many of them, good speculations. But several expensive works in this *genre* published of recent years have turned out sorry bargains when their owners have sought to dispose of them. One book in particular, which cost originally over forty pounds some few years ago to subscribers, may nowadays be picked up in good condition for four or five guineas.

One of the most interesting collections of first editions and rare books generally is that owned by a country gentleman in the west of England, who has practically devoted his life to the acquisition of fine and interesting specimens. Many are the stories of unexpected bargains which this collector can tell; but none is more romantic than the one he relates of his acquisition of a religious work, beautifully bound in white vellum and richly gilt-tooled, which belonged to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and probably was used by her during her incarceration in gloomy Fotheringay Castle.

Another interesting hobby, which is also an expensive one, is that of collecting play-bills, early specimens of which frequently fetch long prices at auctions.

In one collection, which includes some of the earliest specimens known, there are no fewer than eight thousand seven hundred examples, including bills of nearly all the famous actors and actresses from the reign of George III. In the collection are almost complete sets of play-bills on which the names of David Garrick, Edmund Kean, Macready, and Mrs Siddons appeared. More modern actors and actresses are represented by very complete sets of play-bills relating to the Kendals, Irving, Ellen Terry, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, and others; and foreign actors and actresses, including Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, and the Coquelins, are well represented.

Although certain of these play-bills acquired at the time of the performances cost very little, some of the older ones cost large sums. One of Mrs Siddons's bills was knocked down at auction for upwards of five pounds, and a David Garrick cost several sovereigns more. The whole collection, which is beautifully kept in albums and portfolios, is valued at a sum of upwards of six hundred pounds, and probably would fetch that amount if thrown on the market.

IV.

Among hobbies more specially appealing to feminine minds are those of collecting articles of wearing-apparel worn by celebrated personages.

One well-known 'Society' woman of New York possesses a unique collection of shoes once belonging to famous people. In it, contained in a series of glass cases, wardrobes, and glass-topped boxes, are many beautiful and curious examples of the shoemaker's art. Amongst the most valuable and interesting is a pair of white satin shoes embroidered with gold *fleurs-de-lis*, which were once in the possession of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; a pair of tiny black satin shoes with enormously high heels belonged to the not less unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe, with the details of whose awful fate at the hands of the revolutionary tribunal no doubt most of our readers are familiar. A pair of shoes stated to have belonged to Good Queen Bess show that she possessed a foot of almost masculine dimensions; whilst the faded silk shoes of her unhappy cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, prove that she was blessed with a singularly elegant foot. A shoe of Sarah Bernhardt is in the actress's section alongside one formerly worn by Ellen Terry, and hard by is a much-worn shoe of one of the famous Misses Gunning.

Amongst the other specimens in this collection, which totals some four hundred examples, are a pair of shoes of the late Czarina of Russia, made for her in Paris, of white kid exquisitely embroidered in gold thread; and a pair of rather large, high-heeled shoes belonging to the unfortunate Queen Draga of Serbia. A down-at-heel, brown leather shoe has attached to it a label stating that it formed one of a pair worn by Charlotte Corday: it may be one of the very pair of shoes which she wore on her way from Caen to stab Marat in Paris. Another pair which never fails to arouse interest is two tiny satin shoes worn by the present King of England when a small child; and, indeed, the shoes of royalty are very well represented in this interesting collection. Queen Isabella of Spain's shoe is what may be called of a 'comfortable' size, whilst that of the Queen of Italy is of very graceful proportions. A shoe of Taglioni, in white satin, is one of the shabbiest in the collection, and may possibly have been worn by the famous dancer on the occasion of one of her numerous triumphs.

The lady who owns this interesting collection recently acquired at very great cost some family heirlooms, belonging to a well-known English West-Country baronet, whose title dates from the early years of James I. Amongst them are a pair

of shoes once belonging to Charles I., left behind by him on a visit that he paid the then head of the family, and also a brown satin shoe which belonged to Queen Anne.

Of course, such a collection as we have described was not acquired except at great cost, and one is not surprised to find it valued at upwards of ten thousand dollars. Marie Antoinette's shoes twenty years ago cost between thirty-five and forty pounds, whilst the tiny shoes of the future King of England cost ten guineas. Charlotte Corday's shoes, too, were among the most expensive in the collection, partly, perhaps, because the authenticity is satisfactorily vouched for by documentary evidence. Good Queen Bess's shoes cost forty pounds—and one is tempted to wonder whether they were worth it, even as a curiosity.

A curious collecting hobby which a lady, also an American, has is that of collecting historical garments of many kinds. Amongst those in her private museum are waistcoats, dresses, corsets, besides combs and other articles which have interest and value either from their historic or their antiquarian associations.

Another most interesting collection made by a lady is that of hair-ornaments of different nationalities. In it appear the well-known jade-headed pins of Japanese women; the sharks' teeth ornaments of the women of a South Sea Island tribe; the roughly carved and skewer-like hair-pins of Zulus, Basutos, and other African tribes; the high tortoise-shell combs of Spain and Morocco; silver-headed pins of quaint design from Norway and Brittany; wooden combs from Egyptian tombs; and bronze hair-pins dating from early Roman times.

Such a collection as we have just described is not only of great interest, but is of considerable value from an antiquarian and art point of view, and such a hobby is one which is well worthy of encouragement.

These, then, are some few of the more curious collecting manias or hobbies of modern men and women. There are, of course, others which are of equal interest, and of even greater eccentricity.

KINGS AND COMMONERS IN WEST AFRICA.

By 'PEKE.'

I.

'KING done come, sah.' Thus my African 'boy,' a middle-aged gentleman answering to the extraordinary and most inappropriate name of 'Fine-Boy.' He may have had another and more suitable name; but if so, I never heard it, and he was invariably addressed by all his confrères as Fine-Boy. Indeed, in the particular portion of West Africa—the Cameroons—in which he had his being, and in which I was serving at the time, it is the custom among those natives who aspire to serve the white man to provide themselves with names which can be negotiated by the foreign tongue, to the entire exclusion of their own rightful patronymics. Among such pseudonyms Fine-Boy is one of the most favoured, but one has also met 'Whisky-bottles,' 'Saucepans,' and 'Gin and Bitters,' names which possibly indicate the prevailing characteristics of some former employer. One applicant for service I well remember, who, admitting that his name was Fine-Boy, had it changed on the instant to 'Ugly-Mug,' there being already a Fine-Boy in the domestic circle. Far from being hurt by such an aspersion on his appearance, Fine-Boy, *alias* Ugly-Mug, hailed his new name with delight, no doubt congratulating himself on the acquisition of an entirely new-sounding appellation.

To return to our king.

When this somewhat startling announcement was made I was enjoying a much-needed tub among the still smouldering ruins of a German rest-camp from which, earlier in the day, we had evicted a party of Huns. We were the advance party of a small mixed column (five hundred rifles and two mountain-guns) engaged in rounding up the Hun. Our opposite numbers were a party whose job was to delay us, and who had put up a bit of a scrap the previous day. By now, however, they had decided that they had better rejoin their main force, and surmising that they would no longer require their rest-camp, took the precaution of setting it on fire before they left. On the face of it this action was distinctly annoying, as there was much rain about, and we had been wet through for two days and nights; but in reality it was a blessing in disguise, for the place was so foul that even the purifying action of the fire hardly sufficed to remove all smells.

Had the Hun left us shelter and smells we should have been grateful; as it was, he left us a selection of the latter without the former, for we had to use the ground on which the rest-camp had stood as being the only piece of cleared ground in the vicinity, and as offering some small possibilities of defence. So we were obliged to do the best we could with what remained, and I was coyly sheltering myself and my canvas tub behind a dilapidated mud wall when the aforesaid announcement was made to me. Glancing over my wall, I saw a group of negroes approaching, one of whom seemed of some importance, though his costume—or, rather, the want of it—hardly warranted this assumption. My knowledge of the etiquette usually

observed at West African Courts was limited, but I did consider that a birthday suit set off with a piece of lamp-wick was hardly the correct order of dress for a potentate visiting the commander of troops in effective occupation of the country. Possibly, also, the absence of a robe of ceremony was meant to be insulting. Moreover, a slight delay would enable me to finish my tub in comfort and get back into my own clothes, such as they were. I therefore instructed Fine-Boy to convey to his Majesty with all the delicacy possible the information that unless he wished to be mistaken for a carrier he had better return to his capital and put on his best clothes.

II.

His sable Majesty took the reproof, conveyed by the medium of pidgin-English, the lingua franca of the country, in good part, and trotted off to his village, reappearing shortly afterwards dressed in his best. By this time I was prepared to receive him with what ceremony I could muster. A chop-box (*Anglice*, food-box) did duty for a seat, and a half-burnt square of matting had been hastily rigged up as an awning. Two other officers of the party were seated one on each side of me as supporters, while a few Indian sepoys were drawn up in rear; another officer with a certain knowledge of pidgin-English acted as interpreter.

All being ready, the king was bidden to approach. His dress now was distinctly ceremonious, and he had gone to the other extreme by clothing himself from neck to ankle in a confection in red, consisting of a long, loose coat and voluminous trousers. These trousers were caught in at the ankles by feathered garters, making his enormous feet appear larger than ever. His chief glory was, however, his head, the hair of which was dressed in a large 'bun' sticking out a good six inches behind. On this 'bun' was fixed an absurd crown-like arrangement of alternate red and black feathers, his whole appearance being exceedingly striking.

Conversation was carried on with difficulty, as I do not think the king knew over-much pidgin-English; at any rate he did not appear to understand the interpreter. Possibly the fault was not all on the king's side. However this may have been, the interpreter decided that his Majesty said that the Germans had been evacuating Dschang—twenty miles farther on—for the last five days. This may or may not have been true. At all events the place was evacuated by the time we got there, though we had a pretty stiff scrap before we did so. He also asserted that he knew nothing whatever of the lads with whom we had quarrelled the day before, and that he had nothing in the way of supplies in his village. After this effort conversation flagged, and the time for the inevitable 'dash,' or present, arrived. Mine to the king consisted of a tin of bully-beef, and another of rather doubtful salmon. *En passant* one may remark that even very doubtful tinned salmon would not have come amiss to our visitor, the West African tummy being so constituted that it can and does assimilate any old thing—the older the better. The king's 'dash' to me took the shape of an undersized goat, which throughout the interview had been bleating plaintively at the end of a string held by one of his Majesty's suite.

Having made this very useful 'dash'—we had had no fresh meat for many days—the king evidently thought that he had given rather more than he had got, and intimated his desire for some rum; and the fact that it was required medicinally—to counteract the salmon probably—he contrived to convey to us by means of signs. We had no rum, but we had whisky—the fiery, potent stuff of the chop-box brand—so we gave him a good big mugful of that. This he swallowed neat at one gulp, without so much as blinking. The production of the whisky was somewhat wanting in dignity, as, not having contemplated a 'dash' of this nature, we had made no arrangements for its being forthcoming when required. Consequently it necessitated our rising from our seats and searching in the chop-boxes for the necessary bottle. Two days later, having in the meanwhile been joined by the rest of the column, we pushed on towards Dschang, and did not see our friend of the 'bun' again.

III.

Our next encounter with local royalty was some three weeks later, after we had arrived at Dschang. On the face of it this seems rather a long time to spend in going twenty miles, even taking into consideration the fact that we met with considerable opposition; but there were good reasons for the delay, not the least of them being the obligation we were under to shift for ourselves. We had no well-defined and garrisoned lines of communication, and were a force very much *en l'air*, and the farther we got from railhead the more difficult things became and the weaker our force got, as we were obliged sometimes to leave a few rifles at a critical spot. As far as Dschang the country was barren of everything but an occasional goat or cow, and all our food had to be brought up to us; and, what is more, we had to fetch it ourselves. However, when at last we were able to move on, we outwitted the Hun—after he had first done the same by us—and arrived in Dschang from an unexpected direction, the small German garrison then in occupation clearing off just before our arrival.

Once there, we found ourselves in comparatively pleasant surroundings. At the time of which I write—late 1915—Dschang consisted of a walled post or fort, containing various barracks and other buildings. All were more

or less in a state of disrepair, not to say ruin—a memento of a hurried visit paid by a British column a year before—but they were sufficient for our needs, and considering that we had been living for many weeks in grass shelters, anything in the shape of a *pukka* building was acceptable, even though the roofs were perhaps not so sound or weatherproof as could have been desired, or the walls beyond reproach. At any rate they kept out some of the rain, and did not collapse on our heads, as many of our former residences had had an unpleasant habit of doing. To the west of the fort proper, and about two hundred yards from it, on the top of a gentle slope, stood a well-built European house with wainscotted walls and heavily built furniture, all of mahogany, which in this country is put to many everyday uses, even the sleepers of the railway being made of it. The collection of buildings which went to make up the settlement was situated on the northern lip of a sort of cup in the hills, while some half-mile to the south, standing on a hill of its own, was the inevitable mission. This, at the time of our arrival, was occupied by the usual so-called Swiss missionaries, who had signified their non-combatant status by hanging out the week's washing from various coigns of vantage. In the immediate neighbourhood of the post were well-tilled gardens, and we found traces of many kinds of European vegetables—not much more than traces, though, as the Hun had removed everything he could. He had, however, left undamaged several acres of promising potatoes, which came in very useful later on. The place also boasted a pipe water-supply and a *pukka* built slaughter-house, while down in the valley were large fields of some kind of grain. Germans certainly cultivate the ground they settle on. At a later date we marched for two miles through an experimental farm growing every conceivable kind of cereal and fodder grasses, and provided with an efficient system of irrigation for the dry weather.

Dschang was once debatable ground between two rival kings, and was consequently the scene of continual bickerings. Possibly a desire to stop such unseemly behaviour, coupled with the fact that it stands some four thousand five hundred feet above sea-level—a consideration in West Africa—had something to do with the German choice of the district for a settlement and the headquarters of a commissioner. It is also said to have been one of the places used for the incarceration of the unfortunate Hereros, who were deported from South-West Africa some years ago, and of whom few ever returned.

The natives of this part are a strange people, with strange customs and little or no intelligence. Their apparel—that of men and women alike—varies from nothing at all to dilapidated remnants of European clothing, not always worn by members of the sex for which they were originally intended. The uncivilised African does not seem to wear clothes on account of his health or from any idea of modesty, but merely from an ape-like desire to copy other people. It is said, in fact, that when such a one takes to clothes he generally dies of pneumonia.

Some weeks later, in another place, we were privileged to see a most extraordinary sartorial effect due to this childish passion for 'dressing up.' At the time of the occurrence we were in Fumban, an important town some fifty miles farther inland, and after a strenuous week were enjoying a much-needed rest in comfortable quarters lately occupied by the Hun. 'Duck-fowls' and 'hen-fruit' were plentiful, and we were making a hearty meal off these delicacies, when, to our astonished eyes, appeared one 'Johnnie'—of whom more anon—garbed as follows. His powerful nether limbs were squeezed into what I believe ladies' outfitters usually describe as 'longcloth knickers O.S.' His upper works were veiled under an ancient skirt or petticoat worn poncho-wise over his shoulders. On his head he had a German *askari's* (soldier) red fez, and he carried a broad-bladed spear in his hand. His appearance was too ludicrous for words, and, after a moment's stupefied silence, we one and all burst into a roar of laughter. Notwithstanding this unkind reception, Johnnie seemed highly pleased with himself, and cocked his fez and swung his cloak in great style. The clothes had doubtless once been the property of one of the female missionaries, of whom there had been several in the place, but how Johnnie had become possessed of them remained a mystery. After this exhibition sumptuary laws had to be introduced, and Johnnie was firmly but kindly advised to abjure fancy dress for the future, and to take into wear again the serviceable pair of corduroy breeches which he had acquired at the burning of a German camp soon after we left Dschang.

IV

During our short sojourn in Dschang we instituted a daily market for the encouragement of trade with the local villagers, who were permitted to bring in their produce of eggs—more often than not of the election variety—ground-nuts, plantains, and chickens. Payment was made either in marks or by means of salt, the latter being far more acceptable to the vendors. In this connection, however, salt had to be used with discretion, as the Germans were very short of the commodity, and there was danger of it finding its way into their hands. Whole families appeared at the market, and while the 'mammies' and the 'pikkins' (women and children) remained in charge of the wares, the menfolk stood about in groups staring at the Indian sepoys, who to them were very strange beings. Of white men they had seen enough and to spare, but a dark-skinned man, totally

unlike themselves or anything they had seen before, was a continual source of wonderment.

At a given hour in the afternoon the market was closed, and all natives had to remove themselves and their belongings from the neighbourhood of the fort and beyond the line of outposts, and this general exodus was marked by the most discordant vocal efforts on the part of the retiring merchants. The noise did not appear to indicate any deep-seated objection to going; in fact, the mixed posse of Indian and African soldiers charged with the duty of clearing the market had no trouble whatever. No; the noise was a cheerful one, and was nothing more or less than a method of intercommunication between different members of the same family. Each group seemed to have its own particular cat-call, which to our ears differed one from the other only in the degree of discordancy. The mode of procedure was somewhat as follows. Father would move off to a convenient position and give vigorous tongue; on the instant every member of that particular family would answer on the same musical note, and would make his unerring way towards the originator of the noise. When half a hundred patriarchs were uttering their family squeal and four times as many of their brood were replying, the resulting din is better imagined than described. It may reasonably be likened to that which several hundred amorous cats might be expected to produce, and to my mind there is no doubt as to whence the original exponents of jazz music got their inspiration.

V.

I have already mentioned that the neighbourhood of Dschang boasted at least two kings, a lesser and a greater one. The day following our arrival one of these—the less important one—hastened to pay his respects and assure us of his earnest desire to serve us, and, no doubt as a proof of his goodwill and a sample of what he could do if he tried, he produced a large box marked 'Church Candles,' which, he explained, had been given him by the missionaries for safe keeping. As the missionaries had left that morning under escort for the base, he now handed over the box to us. On being opened, it was found to contain a rifle and two shotguns.

The other and more important monarch was inclined to be rather dilatory in his methods, and was no doubt engaged in the interesting pastime of 'sitting on the fence'; but in due course, and after receipt of an ultimatum that if he did not come immediately of his own accord he would be fetched, he condescended to put in an appearance with a large and naked retinue, his Majesty himself being the only one clothed. But the magnificence of his appearance made up to some extent for the Garden-of-Eden-like costumes of his followers. His coat was of red and black; his trousers, or, rather, shorts, were of red, garnished at the knee with large black frills; on his head he had an immense picture-hat of fibre trimmed with feathers and worn well at the back, thus forming a sort of halo; add to all this extraneous adornment his immense size and the fact that he had elephantiasis in both legs, and it may fairly be stated that his *tout ensemble* was really imposing.

After compliments, his Majesty was shown the error of his ways, and in order to encourage him to keep the straight and narrow path for the future, he was ordered to surrender his eldest son as a hostage. This princeling later on became known as 'Johnnie,' whose eccentricities of dress I have already mentioned, and his enforced surrender caused much grief to the old man, his father, who no doubt thought that Johnnie's number was up. In fact, the Intelligence Officer told me that the king had privily offered a 'dash' of several hundreds of marks if Johnnie escaped hanging! As a matter of actual fact friend Johnnie proved a most useful asset to us during our next forward movement, and, attached to the Intelligence Officer's staff, did some quite good work. He remained with us till we again returned to Dschang *en route* for the base, and was restored to the bosom of a very joyful king as we marched through his village. He was, I am convinced, quite sorry to leave us.

The word king in West Africa has a very wide meaning, ranging from the headman of a petty village to the recognised ruler of a considerable tract of country. We met many of both sorts during our travels. Among them one was so important that he had been an assistant commissioner under the German régime, and possessed a German uniform. Another made a practice of riding a selected courtier to save himself the trouble of walking. Yet another kept a solitary ostrich in a pen, as we might keep a chicken, and ornamented the roof of his palace with its eggs—or rather, in the language of the country, with its 'fruit.' A detachment of our column even came across a tract of country ruled by a lady, and from all accounts a very capable one, too. Her costume, though, was somewhat startling, consisting as it did of a pair of patent-leather boots and nothing more. While the detachment was in this lady's capital the men composing it had the pleasure of watching a fight between the forces of the queen and those of a rival claimant to the throne. When the fight had gone on long enough and the noise—of which it chiefly consisted—was becoming irksome, the officer in command sent a message to the commanders of both armies that if they did not stop at once and go home he would take a hand in the matter, and that his efforts would be on the side of the lady.

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SNOW-SHEDDING.

By Bart Kennedy.

I.

AFTER I got to Fort Donald, in British Columbia, I found myself engaged in pick-and-shovel work. There was nothing else for it: if one did not toil, neither did one eat. Snow-sheds had to be built in certain places in the Rockies, so that the permanent way of the Canadian Pacific Railway should not be overwhelmed by falls of snow in the winter-time.

To say that I regarded pick-and-shovel work with enthusiasm would be to say the thing that was not; for, though I was physically a powerful person, I always gave hard toil a miss whenever possible. Its appeal to me was faint. Besides, it is only fair to say that pick-and-shovel work is work, so to speak, of a more toily nature than usual. When you are indulging in it, you do not need to have a wireless to put you on to the fact that you are really working; the state of your back will make you realise that you are earning your bread by the sweat of your more or less lofty brow.

However, the gangers were not bad—I will say that for them. They did not overdrive us, or, rather, they did not try to overdrive us. If you straightened your back, and took a calm and easy look at the glorious surrounding scenery, they said nothing; that is, they said nothing unless you indulged too long in your artistic appreciation.

The grub was good. There was plenty of it—lashins and lavins. The chef, however, was not too great an artist; and the waiting at table was of the 'Here-grab-it-quick!' order. But it was all right. The pick-and-shovel exercise, combined with the mountain air, gave one an appetite: you felt that you could wolf-down anything.

We slept in wooden shacks—long, low, rough buildings. Every man had a bunk to himself, and a couple of blankets. I think we had bedding also, but I am not sure as to that. After a day's work, and two or three hours' social intercourse, the soft side of a plank was good enough for any one.

We were called up at six in the morning; and, after we had made our somewhat sudden toilets, we sat down to breakfast—a good, fine, substantial meal! The coffee was a bit off, though. But that was a mere detail.

At seven o'clock we were out—doing our bit. Some of us were drilling holes in rocks that had to be blasted through, or blasted down; others of us were loading up cars with the broken rock that had to be shot down a dump; others were doing various other things. The sounding of hammers, the scraping of shovels, the tapping of picks were going the whole time, with, now and then, the sudden rumble of an explosion. In it all was a certain rhythm. If one had heard it from a distance, one might have sensed a consonance in it, as of music.

The scene around us was glorious. And as the sun rose higher and higher, it changed from splendour to splendour. Off yonder was the wondrous shining of a glacier that was centuries upon centuries old; the light of the sun played and played upon it. And high up, and far out yonder, and around, were the white eternal mountain-crowns of snow. And down in the valleys were shades of brown and russet and green, and shades between these shades. And there were great tall pines, standing in impressive gloom. Those Rockies! They were, indeed, vast mountains of magic. And the air! It was as the wine of God.

II.

Working away! We were working away in the midst of this scene of magnificence. And all at once a voice would ring out—a beautiful human voice: a man with a tenor voice was singing. We knew him well. He was the big Italian, Carlo, who came from old Milano. He often sang whilst he was working. I used to wonder about him as I heard his glorious voice ringing through the mountains. Why was he here with us, helping to build these snow-sheds? Why was he not singing in opera?

We worked on and on through the hours; and, at last, there came to us a certain welcome signal. Twelve o'clock! Picks and shovels fell suddenly from our hands. Why, it was twelve o'clock! Dinner-time! Off we rushed to the shanty where we had our meals. We were shouting like schoolboys. There was the table, set with tin dishes—yes, tin, if I remember rightly—and on the table were big stacks of

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bread. We sat down on the wooden benches that were alongside the table—waiting! Every man Jack of us was as hungry as hungry could be. Come on! We were waiting! Ah!—here it was! Here was the soup, and we fell to. There was no talking. We were all of us good trencher-men.

On came the meat! Still no talking. There were only the rattle of dishes, and the sounds of the knives and forks, and the sounds gustatory; we were all getting on the outside of the provisions swiftly; we were all wiring in for all we were worth. The sauce that we had to go with these provisions was the finest sauce of all, that sauce that beats everything—hunger!

And now there came a bit of a slackening. We were winding up with pudding—at least I think there was pudding; in fact, I'm pretty nearly sure that there was—pudding of the rice variety, I believe.

Yes, the surrounding of the food had begun to slacken, and conversation arose—conversation of the most varied kind imaginable. Amongst us were cultivated men, and uncultivated men, and many other kinds of men. Every man there had something to say for himself; every man had been more or less through the mill; every man had been through the only school that is worth a rap—the school of Practical Experience.

Voices were going busily.

'When I was goin' round the Horn it was pretty rough business, and——'—'The colours here are most beautiful, and there are so many things that are finely arranged. That glacier now, it——'—'Ah! give me the Old Country, after all. Give me the Thames with its wonderful quiet charm.'—'Nonsense, man. Don't be such a clam. You can't carry the Old Shop on your shoulders all the time.'—'Ah! *la bella scena.* Eet ees *magnifico!*'—'Why the blazes isn't the coffee right?'—'Look here, my lad, you would grumble if you were going to be hanged—on my soul, you would. You would kick like blazes.'—'The cook wins the cake, I guess.'—'Well, I was a-tellin' 'im, I was——'—'The drills want proper hardening. How in the name of hell can you get through rock if you haven't the drills all right?'—'Ah! shure it's the truth I'm tellin' ye. I've been followin' public works now for fifteen years, and——'—'Shut up, Mick; give us a rest.'—'Really, he was the finest debater I ever heard, I can——'

And so on, and so on. Pipes were going, and every one was talking at once. Every one was airing his views. These men were really men. It was fine to be amongst them. It mattered not where they had come from. Some of them had come from out jails; some had left their respective countries for their countries' good—but that didn't matter so much. Many a good man has had to leave home for the good of his general health; many a good man has enjoyed the hospitality of his country for a clearly defined period. In my travels I've met such men, and I must bear witness to the fact that they were of the best. Many a real, low-down criminal is too artful to get into jail. However, that's neither here nor there.

III.

Again the signal came. And, perhaps, it is just as well to confess that it was not quite so welcome to us as was the signal of an hour before—it meant going back to toil. But when one is plentifully supplied with good grub, work is not such a bad thing, after all—though I must admit that I have never cared for it. I've had to do my whack of it, though. Really, it is most astonishing the number of physically powerful men who are lazy. I suppose their ideal is to conserve their energy.

Yes, we were back at work—shovelling, working whenever possible with the pick; drilling holes in the rock so as to blast it away with dynamite; drilling holes with hand-drills in places too awkward to be got at with machines; doing all sorts and all manner of things—working away here in the great, wonderful mountains.

The hours passed. The glorious, gorgeous sun went on its way; the air was clear as crystal; the sides of mountains that were a long, long way off seemed to be quite close, everything stood out so sharply and distinctly. The air was warm and still; at the same time there was a sense of delicious coolness in it, and it was laden with a stimulating fragrance. Never was there such air. No, never have I come upon such air as the air of those Rockies!

And now the rays of the sun were taking on a softer tinge; it was still high in the heavens, but into its rays was coming a golden quality. What time was it? Ah! it was not far from the time for knocking off. A quarter-past five! It was getting near to the time when we should give over, when we should stop. Though we were in the midst of wonderful surroundings, we should not be sorry to stop.

Half-past five! Well, well! it was getting on; it was not so long now. No, it wasn't that we were tired; but we should be glad to go to the shanty and have supper—then we would smoke and take our ease.

It was only a question of minutes now. No; it was only a question of a minute or so. There! Surely it was the time. Yes, it was sounding out! It was six o'clock. Our day's work was over. We dropped our tools, and went on our way towards the shanty. We were not shouting like schoolboys now; we were going along more easily, more soberly. Perhaps we were a bit tired after the work of the day. And as we were going along the voice of Carlo, the Italian from old Milano, rang out. How beautifully it sounded! There was gladness in it. He was

glad that the day's work was over. It was always his way—it was always his way to sing when the day's work was over. I can hear his voice echoing among the mountains as I think of him. It is a long time ago, now—a long time ago.

IV.

Back we were again in the shanty having supper. We were not so hungry now as we had been in the middle of the day; and we were a bit quieter, too. There was not the same rattle and buzz of conversation.

But when supper was well over things revived. Our pipes were going once more, and we were yarning, or listening to yarns; or discussing, or listening to discussions. A few of us were playing cards; a few were looking on whilst a game of draughts was being played. And then some one would propose a song.

The concert usually opened with a song in a comic vein. There was always plenty of good, strong applause at the end of it. And then there came a recitation. A man who must have been an actor at some time or another used to give Mark Antony's speech from *Julius Cæsar*. He was very fine indeed. I also used to sing. And then some one would spin a yarn that was so impossible as to be comic. Our sailor friend, who used to refer to the roughness of the rounding of Cape Horn, was especially good at this. He told the most fearsome and unbelievable stories with a solemn air, and everybody had to be quiet whilst he was telling them. If any one cut in with a word or a remark, he would stop at once. This shell-back had enclosed within him the soul of an artist. He was a great lad, who was much given to swearing by all that was holy that he would never go to sea again!

Needless is it to say that Carlo would appear on the scene. He would sing arias from *Il Trovatore*, and also he would sing old songs of Italy. Besides having a fine voice, this man was an artist.

At about ten o'clock we turned in to sleep the sleep of the just. We were tired, and we had to be alert and fresh for the next day. There was but little talk going after we had got into our bunks. If a man persisted in talking, a boot-messenger was thrown in his direction. Snoring was the order of the day—or the night!

Occasionally we had fistic encounters, for it is hardly necessary to say that we had amongst us men who fancied themselves as being artists at the fighting game. We had an old pair of toughened boxing-gloves. Getting a punch from one of them was calculated to make one sit up and take notice. I remember having a scrap myself—and truth compels me to state that I was knocked out. The blow that wafted me to sleep landed in a rather curious place—it came right in the centre of my forehead. My opponent was a big, powerful Irishman named O'Shaughnessy. He had very black hair, and his face was formed on pirate lines. He was a tough proposition, was O'Shaughnessy. And how I came to be idiot enough to challenge him to fight puzzles me to this day. But we turned out to be great pals in the end. Fighting on fair and straight and level lines is the finest and healthiest of all exercises; and it makes men really know and respect each other.

V.

Sundays were for us strange days. Perhaps there was in them a touch of sadness. Thoughts of our homes far away came to us. There was nothing for us to do but sit or lounge about and think. There was a good deal of silence among us on that day, especially in the morning. The scenes of my early days in the great manufacturing town in Lancashire where I was reared up used to come to me. That dear, old, ugly, smoke-darkened town, how I longed to be back again in it! How I longed to see the faces I had known in the past! That old town was an ugly and a sordid place, but still I loved it—it held those who were dear to me. I had had to leave it and go forth into the world because of the iron pressure of poverty; I had had hard times there in my boyhood, but still I loved the old town. If it had been possible for me to transport myself suddenly from this wonderful, magical place to the old, smoke-darkened town, I'd have done so.

As the day wore on things began to brighten up. We began to stir ourselves. Sunday afternoon was the time when we washed our shirts and mended our clothes. Some of us were quite expert washermen. Washing one's shirt—and getting it really clean—is not as simple as one might think. It is a commonplace art that has to be acquired by practice—even as many another commonplace art. And here I should like to remark that washing one's own individual shirt is a most educative business.

When we had washed our shirts, we would wring them out in a simple and effective way. You would take one end of your shirt, and another man would take the other, and both of you would twist and twist simultaneously—taking care not to twist the shirt in two—till the water was well out of it. Then you would put it on—damp—and go forth for a walk or a climb in the mountains. Cold? No, none of us ever caught cold. And the shirts were dried in no time by our own bodily heat.

In our walks and climbs in the mountains we saw occasionally, in the distance, the natural-born citizens of the Rockies. They were usually great big bears, and the sight of them made one feel that it was as well not to get into any personal argument with them. They did not seem to mind particularly the putting of the Canadian Pacific Railway through their

territory. Though they were a long way off from us, we could see them very distinctly because of the wonderful clearness of the air. Those great, immense beings who belonged to these mountains! They knew as much in their own way as we did! They, beyond doubt, apprehended the fact that we, the workers, were not dangerous to them. As long as we did not bother them, they would not bother us.

Through the whole of the time men were leaving us, and going on their way towards the Pacific Ocean. The roadway had already been cut out to the terminus, though the rails as yet had not been laid. There was no chance, therefore, of a man losing his way. All he was up against was a certain amount of hardship. He would have to sleep out at night, for one thing. But that was a mere nothing. Men like ourselves had become salted. The only thing was to have enough money to get food on the way. This could be managed by keeping at work till a pay-day arrived, and then going on. . . . .

And now I myself was going on, alone! I had left the camp. I was going along—going towards the West!

BRISTOL EYES.

CHAPTER II.

I.

AFTER breakfast next morning Traline went out to poke the hedges for his compass and torch, and I set to work on the manuscript.

Traline had recovered his property by lunch-time, but it was nearly midnight ere my manuscript was ready for sealing in its sheath. The thing that had taken me longest was the composition of a statement which, without seeming quite unnatural, should explain all that had to be explained. I succeeded fairly, but only by dint of making poor Lafone a prolix old curmudgeon.

Mounting to Traline's bedroom, I woke him up and handed him a piece of drab paper, on which was faintly inscribed the following:

'Writ this XIX day Aug., 1651, and to be hidd in my wall against my returne, if that shal bee, from the campaigning, I now setting forth to joyn His Maty. that is by Stoke towne with his Scots battalia.

'These stones and gold, that I suffer none to knowe of, lest I, who haue given so much to His Maty., bee upbraided for that I give nott these allso, and that I feare to concele hard by the house, since, when I am rode abroad, divers rebbels and ill persons will of surety both spoile my house and prie the earth nearunto; these, wich I haue bury'd fower foot down in the chalk, in the night—my cares and the raine hauing even now dispel'd all signe of my digging—these, lett me note (for feare my head shal nott retaine the numbers) I am to discouer again thus.

'Setting my back to the midst of the north wall of my house, and every of my strides beeing a true yard, I shal make of such strides eight hondrede straite to the north; wich done I shal look straite easte and make thereto two hondrede strides and a score, and my foot shal bee onn the place.

'Lest I strike open the box when I do delve for it, whereby aught maye fall out, I must haue care that I recouer the fower contentes thereof.

'I. The gold and diamant cup the D. of Orléans gave my uncle.

'II. The little purse of three rubies and five diamants.

'III. The little purse of six finger ringes.

'IIII. The leather sacke of three-pounde pieces, dragon angels, suvereignes, and double royales, to the amount of two thousand poundes.

'Tho' there is no savour in my tobacco-pipe as I sit before this paper and thinke onn my treasury bury'd yonder, yett, when I do bringe it hither again, a sweet pipe I promise me, for I declare I will fire my tobacco by a flame from this paper wich now I looke uponn in such parlous mind. J. LAFONE.'

Traline, ruffling his hair, blinked for a while at my calligraphy. Then he examined it with a steady frown. His eyes, when finally they turned to me, were dubious. They were perturbed, yet there was a glimmer of excitement in them.

'Can't make it all out, but it looks—too thundering real. I think I shall tear it up.'

I smacked my hand on his wrist, gave it a wrench, and, before he could bring his other hand into action, retrieved the manuscript unharmed.

'Now go to sleep,' I said, making for the door; 'it'll be your last night in bed for perhaps a week.'

He stared across his blue-and-white-striped shoulder in blank amazement.

I explained. 'I'm just off to Crayo's house—as soon as I've sealed this in its sheath. He'll have it to-morrow. If you and I don't pitch a tent on the edge of the north field, and sleep there for our health from to-morrow night onward, what d'you think will happen? We shall find a big hole one morning—and you won't get an offer for your field.'

That was the turning-point with Traline. From the first he had been against the project. I expected him to refuse uncompromisingly to camp out, and half-anticipated that he would follow up by forbidding me to go on with the matter. But somehow the idea of lying in wait for Crayo, Crayo tracking treasure under cover of night, appealed to him immensely.

He lay back in bed and shook with glee. 'If he comes, what shall we do? Jump out with a war-whoop—eh?'

'Jump out with——' I nearly swore in my irritation. 'We shall do absolutely nothing,' I said, 'except that, if necessary, I shall cough in my sleep to draw his attention to our open-air habits.' And I snicked out Traline's light.

II.

It wasn't Crayo. So far as I could make out, with the moon floating in cloud, it was that tall, red-headed gardener of his.

The fellow had slipped, causing a rare cracking of sticks, into the ditch on the inner side of the north field hedge, just as I had a fortnight before; and though, when he glissaded, I was sleeping much more deeply than I had intended, the snapping was amply sufficient to bring me to my knees, peering through an interstice of the bathing-tent. For a moment I thought I heard a voice besides his; but he alone came out of the shadow of the hedge, slowly taking big, stiff-legged strides, like a man measuring a cricket-pitch. They, of course, removed any possible doubt as to why he was in the field.

I was the only occupant of the tent. After eight nights Traline had abandoned it, vehemently abusing the manuscript, and scoffing at me because I hung doggedly on. And this very evening two heavy bills (old acquaintances) having arrived, accompanied by threats of immediate action, he had decided that he would go on the morrow to Taylor, our farmer neighbour, and practically give him the north field for three hundred pounds.

I had made my way to the tent thoroughly depressed. Traline, discouraged from war-whooping, had evinced for a while a more business-like appreciation of the scheme, and had promised me the handsome commission of 20 per cent. if it succeeded. Because of this, and because it was quite fascinating in itself, it had been of huge interest to me.

Having deposited the manuscript in Crayo's wall, I had strolled into the village the following afternoon, and, casually glancing at the work of demolishing, had noted that the green sheath was gone from its cranny. But with the passing of nights my hopes were borne down steadily by disappointment. Traline's decision was a final blow.

I had felt so certain that the project was a complete failure, that now, with the intruder before my eyes, I found it curiously hard to realise that it was a brilliant success. But it was! It was!

My heart thumped and raced, causing me to shake all over, as I watched the grotesquely striding figure. Yet for an instant, though only for an instant, my thoughts veered from it—that was when I became aware that my right hand was stealing to my hip. A memory told me why—a memory of a night in less peaceful surroundings, when, kneeling as I was now, I had taken a desperate chance by drawing a bead on a point of space six inches in front of the nose of Magistrate Biggin of Spotted Shark. The zephyr of that bullet was most satisfactory in result. Mr Biggin waited for reinforcements, and I embarked for somewhere else.

My hand went from my hip to my chin. I held it tightly, as the intruder drew close to the centre of the field, which was roughly fifty yards from the tent. I was intensely interested to see how his pacing would agree with mine. He did not pause at the centre. One—two—three—four—I counted his strides as he continued on. Eighteen—nineteen. He stopped. And again he reminded me of cricket, by digging his heel into the turf and turning on it, like a bowler making his mark.

Facing the hedge from which he had come, he lifted his hand. So Crayo was there! But, though the moonlight was better, it was possible that he would not detect his henchman's gesture. And I did not want any shouting. If I woke up the situation would be awkward. I moaned in my sleep. The sound carried. I saw my man start round as though I had challenged him. The white of the tent caught his eye; and, unmistakably, he perceived what I wished him to—namely, that he was in the haunt of an open-air enthusiast whose proximity spoilt all chance of unauthorised digging. He flung down his hand disgustedly, stood for a while directing—I surmised—maledictions at the tent, and then walked leisurely to the hedge and vanished in the gloom of it. There was a faint cracking; I caught the sound of his voice, low-pitched; and five minutes afterwards I heard him cough, away towards the village.

I picked up an electric torch and looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven. My hands were quivering rapidly. I felt dizzy—almost ill. I was not quite fit enough for excitement, it seemed. But some hot tea from a vacuum flask improved me; and presently I lit a cigarette, and thought Crayo a fool to take his gardener into his confidence, as, by the man's demeanour, he appeared to have.

III.

That was on a Tuesday night. Until the Thursday of the following week there was no development. Traline, who shared the tent with me again, began plainly to hover between

two opinions: either I had lied to him, or I had dreamed of an intruder.

The development, when it took place, was no uncertain thing. Traline and I were having tea. The parlour-maid brought him a card. He blenched. 'She 's let a London solicitor into the house!' he whispered to me, his broad, pleasantly rustic face wearing an expression of sheer helplessness. 'It 's trouble—those seed people, I expect. Shall I see him?'

'Yes. Call me in presently, and I 'll tell him that, though I object to lending money, I 'll advance you a couple of hundred on Monday.'

Traline went. I filled my cup, and contemplated the blue flame of the spirit-lamp which was on the table. In a minute Traline was back with a rush, gasping in his elation. 'It 's the field! He wants to buy it! Look here, what had I better ask?' He rubbed his hand over his hair, his blue eyes scintillating. 'What shall I ask? It 's a dastardly game, but—but I 'm going to sell. . . . Serve Crayo right! Why didn't he come himself? Suppose he thought a lawyer would get it cheaper. Dick, what shall I ask—twelve hundred?'

I levelled my finger at him with something like menace. 'Fifteen hundred. Stick out for that. Don't you take one penny less.'

'Fifteen? He wouldn't listen——'

'He 'll listen. But you 're not to listen when he tries to beat you down. Now, go back. Tell him fifteen hundred 's absolute zero.'

Some twenty minutes later I heard the stranger leave, and Traline reappeared, a mixture of triumph and incredulity. 'Thirteen hundred,' he breathed.

'Not so bad. Got the money?'

'Shall have next Thursday. You can't fix these things up in five seconds. I haven't my title-deeds here, for one thing. Scarisbrooke 's got 'em. I 'm to meet this chap at Scarisbrooke's office to-day week to complete matters.'

'Talk of delays!' I fumed, thinking of my 20 per cent. 'Anyhow,' I added, brightening, 'this means another week in the tent for you. I rather expect a raid, and I 'm not equal to fighting lone.'

Scarisbrooke was Traline's lawyer in Dover. Before the day of the appointment arrived Traline was wavering badly—now hinting that he would put a stop to the business, now speaking of altering his price to a thousand pounds or less. By argument and entreaty I steadied him again at thirteen hundred. But I thought it necessary, to frustrate last-hour vacillations, to accompany him when he went to Scarisbrooke's; in fact, I accompanied him into the presence of the two lawyers, and took a seat in the background.

Crayo was nowhere visible.

Scarisbrooke, dark-haired and youngish, greeted us cheerily from behind the breastwork of papers on his desk, and fired a joke at Traline. The London solicitor, a big, stout, gray-headed man, scarcely spoke, and looked positively sullen. Traline quickly revealed himself as impatient and peevish. Scarisbrooke, having shown a document to his professional brother, wished to read something aloud. Traline said that he knew all about it and did not want to hear; whereupon the two lawyers murmured together over the document for a minute. Then the London gentleman handed to Scarisbrooke another document—and a cheque. Scarisbrooke read the former, and, laying it on his desk, remarked, 'Just run your eye over this and sign it, Traline.'

Traline merely signed it—in a swift scrawl. 'That everything?' he asked.

'Except this,' said Scarisbrooke merrily, holding out the cheque. 'Yes, that 's everything. The ownership of the north field has passed to Mr Parron—that is, to Mr Parron's client.'

'Colonel Crayo,' said Traline, appearing a little happier as he slipped the cheque into his pocket.

'Colonel Crayo?' Scarisbrooke and the London lawyer, Parron, repeating the words, eyed him in perplexity.

'He 's your client, isn't he?' asked Traline, turning to Parron. 'I don't believe you mentioned his name, but——'

Scarisbrooke laughed outright. 'There 's the man who knew all about it!'

'I am not acquainted with any Colonel Crayo,' observed Parron, more ill-humoured than ever. 'My client, an orphan, who most unfortunately came of legal age two months ago, and, against my—my urgent pleadings, has sunk practically every shilling in the purchase of this field, for some inexplicable reason — my client is not called Crayo, as you might have ascertained, sir.'

'Oh-h?' said Traline. 'What 's his name?'

'*Her* name,' replied the lawyer, 'is Miss Jeanne Rose Lafone.'

The only sound in that stuffy, book-lined, paper-piled room for several moments after that was the slight hiss with which I sent my breath between my teeth. By some extraordinary oversight, in the whole of my career I hadn't cheated an orphan girl. It might be worth doing—for two hundred and sixty pounds. All the same, I felt—well, I felt too much her elder for that sort of thing.

'Deal 's off, Walter,' I said.

'Yes; I can't—I 'd rather not sell,' ejaculated poor Walter, his cheeks flaming.

'But you *have* sold,' snapped Parron, staring in astonishment. 'The field is my client's now; and I know she will not consent to a reversal of——'

'Certainly not,' interrupted Scarisbrooke. 'Why should she? What 's the matter, Traline? You might explain this change of front.'

But this was what Walter could not do. Had I alone been concerned, I would have told them

everything, and not turned a hair. But Walter, despite his financial embarrassments, was accustomed to hold his head high in the district. It was not to be expected that he would confess to participation in a somewhat slim piece of work.

'I don't care to—to take a girl's money like this,' he muttered lamely.

'Nonsense; she wants the field,' said Scarisbrooke.

'She has it,' said Parron, with a note of finality in his voice.

'Oh—well—all right,' answered Traline. And the discussion ended.

(*Continued on page* 810.)

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL TRACKER.

By 'YERRILEES.'

I.

BY many eminent observers the race from which the black tracker has sprung is considered to be one of the oldest in existence, and it is connected by one writer, at least, with the original race of India. There seems very little doubt that the ancestors of Australian aborigines flourished in the Pleistocene Ice Age. This has been proved by the finding of the Talgai skull on the Darling Downs, Queensland (where these present notes are being written). It is certain that for many thousands of years the Australian aborigines had been isolated from any form of civilisation other than that belonging to the marauding Malays, who used to touch on the northern edge of Australia. Their nearest neighbours were the New Guinea cannibals; so, when one comes to consider them as having lived in isolation so long, it is surprising to find what fine specimens of mankind, physically and mentally, they had become after working out their own existence in their own way.

These remarks apply exclusively up to the time the Bora ceremonies were strictly carried out by the tribes, and not after the contaminating 'civilised' influence of the white man had broken them down. The general impression that they were the lowest form of humanity can be brushed on one side as having been formed on grounds that were not justified, and that grate on the nerves of white observers who have had the means and the time to investigate closely their customs and everyday life. From time immemorial these aborigines have been hunters, and not tillers of the soil: they never lived in one locality long enough to cultivate the land. It will thus be seen that every form of bushcraft was made a science, in order to hunt for food as well as to protect themselves from land attacks by other tribes. In fact, their tribal customs were the purest form of socialism that could well be imagined where food was concerned. Under these conditions the art of quickly noticing tracks on the ground, grass or twigs turned out of place, marks on trees, movements of animals or birds, became a science, the foundation of which each inherited from birth.

When the civilised, highly educated white man found himself placed on the same footing in Australia, he was at the black fellow's mercy if unarmed, and very often as helpless as a child. The white man quickly learned how to utilise this gift of tracking in order to run down criminals, and the black men became enrolled as a unit of the police force of the different states. To-day it is usual in the Queensland police administration to find a black tracker and his wife (*gin*) at the most important centres. These men are the scourge of horse-, cattle-, and sheep-stealers in the stock country, and of the burglar in the populated districts. A few instances on record will help to illustrate their methods.

A police magistrate, who also held the position of gold-warden, had occasion to visit a gold-mining field which was many miles away from his main office, and which had to be reached on horseback. He asked a friend to come along for company, the party being led across the mountains by a black tracker by the shortest route. At midday the party were travelling single file along a cattle-trail on top of one of the mountains, when the tracker drew his superior's attention to a new cattle-yard made of young trees (saplings) hidden in the bottom of a secluded glen. The magistrate asked what it meant, and the tracker at once replied, 'That fella duffing-yard,' meaning that cattle-thieves were using it to brand stolen young cattle and calves. 'Go down and have a look; we will wait here for you,' said the magistrate; and the tracker reluctantly did so, not knowing when he would receive a bullet from a scout. While the black fellow was closely investigating the tracks around the yards the magistrate and his 'mate' had dismounted, and were sitting on some immense granite rocks having a quiet smoke, and chatting away about these infernal cattle-duffers and the annoyance they caused station-owners and officials like himself. The tracker had seen enough to convince him that a gang had been operating there that morning, and advised his chief to get away as quickly as possible, which the unarmed men did.

Two days afterwards, as the official and his companion were returning to the main police-office, a friend met them, and laughingly remarked what a grand time they must have had at the granite rocks while the black fellow was exploring the duffing-yard. 'What do you know about

it, anyhow?' was the reply. 'Well, the whole town knew yesterday what conversation took place between you all, because the duffing-scout was hiding among the rocks at your elbow.' Of course, that settled any further operations at that yard.

II.

Another case happened only three months ago, where a country inn was robbed, and the burglar got away with about thirty pounds in cash. The nearest police depot was at once notified, and a white officer, with a black tracker, promptly arrived. George, the tracker, was told to find out which way the robber had gone from the bedroom window. After closely examining the ground, he picked out the robber's foot-prints from several others, and followed them at a quick walk over grass, climbing fences on the way, to a hollow tree several miles away. Here some torn paper was found, which, on being pieced together, was recognised as having been with the missing money. From the tree the tracks were followed to a farm-house, and the tracker pointed to a young man who was there as the thief. Although a search was made, no money was found on him or about his sleeping-quarters. As a result the police magistrate who tried the case could not convict on the evidence produced, so the young man was acquitted; but the black fellow was positive that the accused man was the culprit.

The suspected youth left the district; but a few weeks afterwards a country railway station was broken into during night-time, and a fettler 'running the road' was the first to notice the door open and the iron safe gone. Before any one else had time to come on to the earthen railway platform the police-station, eight miles away, was telephoned to, and several young Australian police, with Black George, arrived by car. Directly the black tracker stepped on to the platform he promptly said, 'Two fella been here. One fella all the same longa public-house'—meaning that one of the burglars was the youth who had been tried for stealing the money from the inn three weeks before. The safe was found in the yard, broken open by a crowbar, with sixty pounds' worth of money and stamps gone. The safe had been washed near a tank and all finger-prints removed. George quickly showed the police which way the burglars had gone, in separate directions, and said, 'Me follow public-house fella; you catch him this fella,' indicating the way the accomplice had gone.

The young Australians, once on the trail, followed the tracks to a church, underneath which the stamps were found. By this time Black George had followed his man's tracks on to and off the railway-sleepers to where the two burglars had met again. He pointed this out, and saying, 'Now then, you look out for two fella,' made a bee-line across grassed paddocks and over fences on to a public road, where two men were seen resting on a log. One of them was the youth already referred to. A search revealed pound-notes inside the lining of a boot, also in the lining of wearing-apparel, where silver was also found. Practically all the booty was recovered, and the men received sentences of four and two years respectively.

Almost weekly the newspapers record cases of men, women, and children being lost in the bush, and extraordinary rescues from death by thirst or starvation are made by these dusky trackers, who follow the tracks in favourable country without getting out of their saddles. Generally, however, the tracking on hard ground is done at a swinging walk, and the tracker can tell how many hours old the tracks are, also where the lost one has sat to rest or has slept. The white troopers are always prepared with food and water for instant relief.

The better to illustrate this, let me give an instance that happened recently. A youth of eighteen, who had passed the whole of his High School examinations successfully in one of the largest cities of Australia, came to Queensland for a short holiday prior to going to a university to study for a profession. He was a fine, strong young fellow, and stayed with friends who had a large cattle-ranch. One day he took his gun, and went for a stroll into the bush to have a shot at any game that turned up. The sky became overcast, and that afternoon a violent cyclonic thunderstorm broke over the place, with heavy rain. As the youth did not come home that night, the squatter and his family became alarmed, fearing that he had been struck by lightning. Next morning at dawn an urgent courier was sent to the nearest police-station, twelve miles away, and in a few hours the officer, with a black tracker, arrived. The tracker was shown the youth's tracks when leaving the house, and was told to find him. Without getting out of his saddle, the tracker followed up the trail through the forest for seven miles on to the banks of a watercourse. Here the gun was found, also the ammunition. The tracker, on dismounting, pointed out that the youth had lain prone on the ground and fired at something below; then, following the footprints down the bank and across the water, he discovered the clothes. In a very short time the young fellow's body was located in a fringe of weeds at the bottom of the water. The unfortunate youth had evidently followed a wounded duck into the water, and diving, had become entangled in the weeds below and been drowned.

To white people who have been fortunate enough to see black trackers at work it is an object-lesson, proving that, after all, the despised Australian aboriginal can teach much that the civilised and educated white man knows nothing about.

MISS POPE'S PIANO.

By Lady KITTY VINCENT.

I.

THE Dresden china clock on the mantelpiece struck eight, the tea-urn hissed at boiling-point, and the door opened and let in Miss Pope.

She ran an eagle eye over the breakfast-table, and smiled with pleasure. The thin pieces of toast in the silver rack were exactly the right shade of brown, the minute slice of bacon was curved as delicately as the petal of a rose, and the table-cloth was unwrinkled. She moved the glass of roses the fraction of an inch nearer the middle of the table and sat down.

'These flowers are not lasting very well,' she murmured to herself, 'and to-day 's only Wednesday.' On an income of three hundred a year it is absolutely necessary that flowers should last their allotted week. 'Fancy wasting money on flowers with that income!' you say. But, bless my soul! if Miss Pope chose to economise in meat, and be extravagant over other things, that was her business. 'We always had flowers at the Rectory,' she would say, if any one looked disapprovingly at them, and it was her pathetic desire to have everything as like her old home as was possible.

Economy is not amusing, but it may be reduced to a fine art, and Miss Pope was a connoisseur. She knew to a fraction how far an ounce of butter would go, and how much vacuum could be filled by boiled cod. A succession of small maids had learned the first principles of household management under her tuition. There were still mothers in her home village who were old-fashioned enough to wish their daughters to go into service, and who more fitted to teach them than the late rector's daughter?

Curiously enough, Miss Pope had such a small appetite that the maids had to do most of the eating. 'I've outgrown being hungry, my child,' her mistress told Susie one day. 'At your age I could have eaten two rice-puddings;' and she put another generous helping on the girl's plate.

Miss Pope poured out her tea carefully, and unfolded the *Times*. She would as soon have thought of turning Roman Catholic as of taking in the *Daily Mail*. The *Morning Post* was permissible on a journey, but the *Times* was the staple diet for sober minds.

She glanced at the personal column, but resolutely turned to the leading article. She never allowed herself the luxury of reading that delicious and enchanting medley of paragraphs before digesting the serious news of the day.

To most of us the personal column is merely a vehicle for acquainting the general public with the fact that we have something to sell. But to Miss Pope it was romance. It was her theatre and her library combined.

Three hundred pounds sterling a year, minus income-tax, leaves precious little for the trimmings of life. Some people can subsist on a diet of facts alone, but others have that incurable malady, a love of humanity. Nothing can assuage it but contact with life, and to be on hail-fellow-well-met terms with life costs money.

Miss Pope agonised in mind over the appealing messages in the personal column, and once she even mentioned a certain person in her prayers. He had begged his 'Maisie' so piteously to return to him that Miss Pope's tender heart was torn, and she put up a special petition that 'Maisie' might relent. Being one of those simple souls who believe implicitly in the efficacy of prayer, she was delighted, but not unduly surprised, when, a few days later, appeared a message from 'Maisie,' giving a rendezvous. She would weave romance about the various characters, and extract from four lines enough material to make a three-volume novel.

This morning she waded through the leading article, read the news of the day, and then turned with a sigh of pleasure to the personal column. Her eyes travelled slowly downward; then she gave a gasp, and the colour rushed into her cheeks. The paragraph stood out boldly. 'For Sale. A Cottage Piano. Very Cheap. No dealers. Apply to 12 Portland Place.' Miss Pope read it through again slowly; then she put the paper down, and a far-away look came into her eyes.

I suppose during our lives we all want something more than anything else. But the fashion of to-day is to grasp what we fancy, whatever it may be, and whatever comes between us and our need. Besides, in the rush and noise of modern life, it is impossible to want anything very deeply. Some other glittering toy claims our attention, and we snatch as eagerly at the next attraction as we did at its predecessor.

You must live alone in one of life's backwaters, with nothing to disturb the quiet current, to realise how one overwhelming desire may influence and affect your whole existence.

This little old maid was dominated by one great longing—to possess a piano.

In the old days at the Rectory a small cottage piano stood in the corner of the drawing-room, and on the top was a bowl of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain, always filled with flowers. Miss Pope still had the bowl, but no piano on which to place it. That had been sold with most of the other furniture when her father died. In her present minute drawing-room

there was a corner which cried mutely for a piano; it looked empty and forlorn. Obviously the architect had had the idea of a piano in his mind when he designed the house. It had remained empty—that lonely corner—for twelve years.

Pianos are unbelievably costly things—when you want to buy them. Miss Pope felt that she had let a gold-mine slip from her grasp when she sold the old piano. To begin with, after she had saved, by dint of the most rigid economy, forty pounds, she used to walk boldly into any piano-shop and ask to try the instruments. But she soon learned her lesson. Sometimes the smart young assistants would be outwardly polite when they heard her price, but more often they were openly contemptuous. There seemed to be so many pianos that she could hardly believe that she would be unable to find amongst them all one that was waiting to be sold for the ridiculous sum which she could afford. But after a time her spirit quailed, and she realised that she must wait and save some more.

Then came the war, and her nest-egg, which had reached the respectable sum of sixty pounds, diminished to thirty.

There were so many things which needed doing—which *had* to be done. Socks to knit, shirts to make, and little chintz bags filled with small gifts to be prepared. And every day prices soared, until they reached unbelievable heights.

Now, eight months after the war was ended, she had managed to scrape together once more forty pounds, and the corner in the drawing-room seemed more mutely reproachful than ever.

'Cottage Piano. Very Cheap.'

Perhaps 'Very Cheap' might mean as little as forty pounds. Obviously, the owner was not in desperate financial straits, or he would never have said 'No dealers.' Dealers were waiting in flocks like hungry vultures to swoop down and carry off any piano they could hear of. Twice had a dealer beaten Miss Pope upon the post, so to speak. But to-day they were foiled.

She trembled a little in her excitement, and pushing aside her cup of tea, she went upstairs. Carefully she selected her London clothes—the shabby black-silk coat and the thin ostrich-feather boa, then peered uncertainly into the recesses of her worn purse. The household money was low, but she could afford a glass of milk and a bun. The forty pounds she put into a hidden pocket, and closing the front-door behind her, she started out on the great adventure.

'I might come back with the piano,' she whispered to herself, ignoring the details of transport and such trifles.

II.

London was stiflingly hot, with a wind which whipped the dust and refuse into miniature sand-storms, and blew them, germ-laden, into eyes and mouth.

The train from Clapham was slow, and Miss Pope was tortured by the thought that some dealer might disguise himself as an ordinary God-fearing citizen and steal the piano from its unsuspecting owner.

No. 12 Portland Place was a large block of flats, and she paused uncertainly in the black-and-white marble hall, doubtful how to proceed.

'Lookin' for some one?' asked a small and impertinent Buttons.

'I've come about the piano,' Miss Pope faltered.

'Wot? A tuner!' The boy looked incredulous.

'No! no!' she said; 'there is a piano here for sale, and I have come to look at it.'

'Oh, that one,' Buttons condescended. 'The 'ousekeeper knows about that. She may be in, or agine she myn't.' He strolled to the head of the stairs which led to the basement, and emitted a shrill whistle. 'A person to see you, Mrs Thompson.'

Mrs Thompson looked such a perfect lady that she was rather overwhelming. You felt instinctively that she would shudder at a coarse word. Her diction was excessively refined. When, as happened occasionally, an 'h' slipped, she hastily put it back without any slavish adherence to its rightful place. Her black-satin costume was what is described by our 'best sellers' as 'moulded to her figure.' It looked in places as though the mould had not been cast upon sufficiently generous lines. But the outstanding fact remained: Mrs Thompson was a perfect lady.

'I have come about the piano advertised in to-day's *Times*,' Miss Pope murmured.

'The piano?' Mrs Thompson said vaguely, as though recalling her mind from the contemplation of eternal verities to more mundane things. 'Ah! the piano. Major Vane's piano. Quite so, quite so. He 'imself his, unfortunately, in hospital, but has left all arrangements to me. Will you proceed hupstairs?—Boy! The lift!' She ejaculated the last words as though she were a queen addressing one of the slaves.

Miss Pope followed her meekly, and they proceeded skywards with sickening speed.

'This is the hinstrument,' Mrs Thompson said, flinging open the door. 'A sad pity indeed that Major Vane is so ill. A charming man. I said to 'im, "Trust me, major, to look after your hinterests as though they were my own."'

But Miss Pope was not listening; she was fondling the satiny surface of the piano as though it were alive. The tears came into her eyes with the intensity of her feelings. It was the right size, the right colour. She turned to the housekeeper, her voice trembling. 'Might I try it?'

'Well, well, why not?' Mrs Thompson said

indulgently. 'I often think to myself, better that the instrument should be sold than that it should stand there hidle.' She uttered the words with the expression on her face of one who has given a great truth to the world.

Miss Pope played little snatches of melodies long since forgotten. She had no technique, no style, only a certain sympathy in her touch.

'How much is Major Vane asking for the piano?' she said. 'The advertisement said "Very cheap,"' she added humbly.

'Oh, the major's soft about money matters,' Mrs Thompson said contemptuously, 'but I manage for 'im. "Leave it to me, major," I told him; "I'll see you don't get cheated."'

'And how much are you asking for him?'

'What were you preparing to offer?' Mrs Thompson said majestically.

'Forty pounds.' Miss Pope caught her breath, and her heart thumped painfully.

'Why, there was a gentleman in here this morning—well, more than a gentleman 'e was, being a lord—and he offered forty-five pounds, and I wouldn't take it.' She paused dramatically. '"I wouldn't take less than fifty," I told him, "not if you were a duke." I must do my duty by that poor fellow.'

Miss Pope's heart sank. 'Perhaps Major Vane would take forty pounds down, and wait a little for the rest?' she suggested, greatly daring.

'A-a-ah.' Mrs Thompson was not committal. 'I wouldn't go so far as to say he wouldn't; but then, again, I wouldn't say he would.'

'Will you give me his address, that I may ask him?' Miss Pope was desperate.

'His address!' Mrs Thompson pondered. 'They wouldn't let you see him. I was there last week, and they wouldn't let *me* up. But 'e might think it over and let me know about it. 19 Park Lane is where he his. It can't do any harm for you to ask, but you can't go before four o'clock.'

III.

They were whirled downstairs again, and Miss Pope made her way into Portland Place. She felt dazed and tired, and yet desperately excited. She must have the piano. It was what she had dreamed of for years. Surely this Major Vane would be kind-hearted enough to wait a few months for the remaining ten pounds. The only major that she had ever known intimately had been an old white-moustached gentleman at home. He had been addicted to looking upon the wine when it was red, and he had a habit of saying, 'Eh! what, what!' at the end of every sentence.

Miss Pope's knees trembled at the thought of the approaching interview, but she would have faced worse terrors than the unknown 'major' to gain possession of the piano.

She turned her steps towards an A.B.C. shop, but just as she was going in she caught sight of a blind man, seated on a chair, with a small dog in his arms.

She dropped a small coin in his tin, and then something in the hopeless patience of the dog's eyes tore at her heart. She went into the shop, and returned with milk in a saucer. The dog lapped it up greedily, and she bought more, only to find herself left with but sixpence in her purse. She dared not spend more than twopence on a glass of milk for herself, and she wandered with dragging steps into the Park to await the moment when she could approach the formidable 'major.'

As the clock struck four she rang the bell of 19 Park Lane. 'Could I—would you——?' she stammered; then she lost her head completely. She was very tired, and she had eaten nothing since breakfast.

'Oh, please ask Major Vane if he would see me for a moment,' she said, her hands unconsciously clasped in her earnestness. 'It's about his piano.' She extracted a card from her purse.

She was left in the big waiting-room. It was furnished both charmingly and simply, but something of the tortured suspense endured by so many waiting souls had left its impress on the atmosphere, and she shivered.

'Major Vane will see you.'

She followed the servant into the lift, and once again she felt as though she was being wafted to the skies. The door was opened quietly, and she blinked a little as she entered the big, bare room. Nothing was visible from the window except the blue skies and the tops of the waving trees. So high up was it that it felt as though you were above the earth, in some airy palace amongst the clouds.

She looked nervously across the room towards the bed, where a thatch of brilliant red hair showed vividly against the white pillow. A pair of light-blue eyes peered at her half-suspiciously, rather as a dog looks when he is not certain of how he will be received.

'Are you Major Vane,' she asked—'the Major Vane who is selling a piano?'

He nodded. 'Please come in. Are you thinking of buying it?'

Miss Pope looked at the face where pain had scored many weary lines. The blue eyes were keen and humorous, but the lips closed in a straight line.

She spoke in her precise, formal manner, though her heart was beating like a sledge-hammer.

'I have just been to see the piano that you advertised for sale in to-day's *Times*. It is exactly what I want; but your housekeeper, Mrs Thompson——'

'I am sure that worthy lady was most business-like.' There was the suspicion of a smile round the corners of the closely folded lips.

'She isn't hidden downstairs by any chance, is she?' he added apprehensively.

A twinkle crept into Miss Pope's eyes.

'No; but I shouldn't be surprised if she came round to see that you weren't being cheated,' she said. 'It's quite right of her, of course. The fact is, Major Vane'—she hesitated painfully—'I understand that a gentleman came this morning and offered her forty-five pounds. I have forty pounds in cash, and would pay you another five during the next four months. I have no right to ask you to trust me, and to wait for the money—I do want a piano so very much.' The last words came with a rush.

'Oh, that's all right,' Vane said awkwardly, 'You can have the piano. It doesn't matter about the extra money—I don't want it. I'd sooner you have the thing, if you want it, than some one who's only buying it for a gamble.'

'No, Major Vane,' Miss Pope said with dignity; 'it's very kind of you, but I must pay you the right price. I couldn't take it under any other terms.'

'I don't see why not,' he began obstinately, when the door opened, and a nurse put her head in. 'A telephone message from Mrs Thompson to say that the gentleman who came this morning has returned and offered fifty pounds for the piano, so she has sold it.' There was a little inarticulate sound from Miss Pope, and Major Tony Vane said 'Damn!' forcibly. 'The piano's not going to be sold,' he said furiously.

But Miss Pope laid her hand on his arm. 'I am very glad you have got a good price for it,' she said quietly.

The door was shut, and there was a moment's silence; then Miss Pope rose to go. She felt very tired and old, and nothing seemed worth while. 'I hope you will soon be better.' She held out her hand.

'I don't suppose it's any use asking you to stay and have tea with me?' The voice was indifferent, but there was an unconscious look of appeal in the blue eyes.

'Tea with you?' she echoed. 'But I expect you have lots of visitors.'

'No, I don't,' Tony said flatly. 'I don't have any nowadays. They used to come, but I expect they have forgotten me. I don't blame them,' he added quickly. 'I have been in this damn place eight months, and people can't go on visiting their sick friends for ever.'

'Of course I'll stay,' said Miss Pope. 'To tell you the truth, I shall be very glad of a cup of tea; I've had a long, tiring day.'

There was a pause, and she racked her brains to think of something to say. Tony lay back upon the pillows, his flaming red hair glinting in the sunlight like a bed of sunflowers, and his odd blue eyes gazing into space. He seemed quite contented, and made no effort at speech. 'It's nice to be so high up,' she said at last, rather lamely.

He brought his gaze back and looked round the room. 'The only decent thing about it,' he said shortly. 'But it is good to be away from the noise and the dust. I feel sometimes as though I were back in the clouds again.'

'In the clouds?'

'Flying,' he explained.

'Are you in the Flying Corps?' Miss Pope asked breathlessly. Many a romance she had woven, during her lonely evenings, around the popular air hero of the moment. To her vivid fancy he was something between a Crusader and a Fairy Prince, and to meet one in the flesh was more than she had ever dreamt of in her wildest imaginings. Perhaps Tony was not exactly what she had pictured—most of her heroes had been dark and handsome—but she was not critical.

'I was,' he said gloomily. 'I doubt if there'll be any more flying for me. But it was good fun while it lasted.'

'I'm sure you'll get better,' she said hopefully. 'Don't get depressed. You ought to read a lot, and you want some flowers to make the room look brighter.' She looked round, with a woman's primitive instinct to make a place look home-like.

'The man next door sent me in rather a jolly lot of flowers the other day,' Tony said. 'He had an operation, and got snowed up with them, so he sent in the overflow.'

IV.

The nurse entered with the tea, and put it in front of Miss Pope. 'Will you pour out?' she said brightly. 'Major Vane's so clumsy, he spills it every time.—Look at your bedclothes,' she added severely, arranging the sheets with a brisk professional touch.

He moved restlessly when she had left. 'I like my bedclothes tumbled,' he complained. 'Why must nurses be so tidy?'

'She hasn't arranged your pillows,' Miss Pope said. 'Let me make them comfortable before you have your tea.' She shook them up and patted them into shape.

Tony looked at her gratefully. 'That felt good,' he said with a sigh. 'It's very kind of you to bother about me.'

'I like doing it.' The words were spoken before she had time to think, and she almost blushed at her own frankness.

'I do feel sick to think that you haven't got the piano,' he said slowly.

'Oh, I can easily get another,' she assured him hastily and untruthfully. 'Don't bother about me. Do you play a lot yourself?'

'Me play!' Tony laughed. 'I can pick out "God Save the King" with one finger, and I am rather good on the combs.'

'Oh, then——'

'I bought the piano for a girl I was engaged to.'

'Does she—did she play very well?' Miss Pope felt she was treading on uncertain ground.

'Not awfully well; but she played the things I liked—not rag-time, but things with a tune. "Annie Laurie," and the "Banks of Loch Lomond," and "Belle Mahone."'

Miss Pope smiled in sympathy. She knew so well.

'She was playing "Belle Mahone" the first time I saw her, out in France at a Y.M.C.A. hut. My word, it was cold that night! I remember I was half-frozen. I'd been up all day, and I went along to the hut to get some paper—we'd run short. I stopped and listened, and she played all the things I liked most.'

'And then you got engaged?'

Tony nodded. 'I bought the piano because it just fitted into the flat at Portland Place, and she liked its tone.'

'Did she—aren't you still engaged?'

'No. As a matter of fact she married another fellow.' Tony spoke lightly, but his eyes contracted. 'He's a very decent sort of chap, and they're awfully well suited to each other. Of course, I didn't want the piano any longer, so I advertised it for sale.'

'I see.' Miss Pope smiled, but she felt something very like hatred in her heart when she thought of the girl.

'But I wish you'd got it,' Tony said, reverting to his old grievance. 'I say, you're not going, are you?' he added, as she rose to her feet.

'I must,' she said; 'it's getting so late.'

'Look here,' he said suddenly, 'I don't want to be a nuisance, but if you could spare time to come and see me again, it'd be perfectly ripping of you. One gets pretty sick of being in bed. I've been here eight months, and they keep operating, thinking they'll get me right; but I've pretty nearly given up hope. Don't bother about coming in unless you're passing,' almost gruffly.

'I pass here very often.' Miss Pope lied well, considering her inexperience. 'Of course I'll come in again very soon.'

She smiled back at him as she left the room. He reminded her of some shaggy dog with his mop of scarlet hair and his queer too-light eyes. But something in the rough awkwardness of him appealed to her protective instinct, and she would dearly have liked to meet face to face the girl he had loved.

When she reached home she looked at the empty corner in the drawing-room with a smile. The piano seemed such a very small thing now. A half-remembered quotation floated through her mind: 'Heartily know when half-gods go the gods arrive.'

V.

Next day Miss Pope's household duties were shamefully neglected. She was thinking out a plan, and when the plan was complete she felt it was Machiavellian in its subtlety. That evening she took her best note-paper and wrote a careful little note:

'DEAR MAJOR VANE,—Isn't it too disappointing? After all, I might have had the piano. A relation has just died, and left me a little money—enough to have bought several pianos. May I come and see you the day after to-morrow?—Yours sincerely, ANGELA POPE.'

She dropped it into the letter-box with a sigh of relief, and went upstairs to bed with a delightful sense of expectancy. Next afternoon she took a train after luncheon, and went straight to the big florist's in Piccadilly.

'I want some flowers to be sent every day to this address,' she said to the girl.

'Certainly, madam. What flowers would you prefer? We have some lovely red roses coming in at present.'

Miss Pope looked longingly at the roses, but a vision of Tony's flaming hair rose unbidden to her mind, and she smiled. 'Not red flowers,' she said; 'they wouldn't go with the—er—room.' She looked round for inspiration, and her eye fell upon a mass of dull mauve carnations, soft and misty in tone as the bloom on a grape.

'Send three dozen of those every day,' she said, taking a ten-pound note out of her purse, 'and let me know when you want more money.'

'Shall I send your card with them, madam?'

'Oh, no,' said Miss Pope hastily.

'She doesn't look much. Funny old trout, isn't she?' The girl laughed as the little figure left the shop. 'But I shouldn't be surprised if she's rolling in money.'

She looked at the slip of paper in her hand. 'Major Anthony Vane—why, she's got a young man. Should think he'd wish he's got something a bit livelier.' She gazed at her plump charms in the mirror and giggled.

'Did you send those flowers?' Tony asked next day, when Miss Pope came in at tea-time.

She smiled.

'Thanks most awfully,' he said awkwardly; then he blushed a fiery scarlet, which swore horribly with his hair. 'I'm so rotten at saying what I think,' he muttered; 'but you don't know what a difference it makes to have any one think about, a thing like that. Of course, it is very wrong of you to spend money on me.'

'I told you I'd been left some money,' Miss Pope said; 'it's just a pleasure I'm giving myself in sending you the flowers.'

I think the Recording Angel forgot to put a black mark against that particular lie. After all, there was no piano on which to spend the forty pounds, so the money had been left, she argued.

The friendship between the two grew rapidly, and Miss Pope never missed the tea-hour, nor

did the misty mauve carnations ever cease to make their appearance.

Both found in the other what each had missed in life—some one who responded to the crying need in all of us: the desire to be something, however small, in some one else's scheme of existence. Perhaps, as was only natural, the little old maid's was the greater need. She poured out the whole store of her affection at Tony's shrine. His very awkwardness and lack of physical attraction made him all the dearer, as a mother will love a plain child best. And he, on his side, grew to depend upon her visits as the sole interest in his lonely existence.

One day Tony looked white and drawn.

'Did you have a bad night?' Miss Pope asked anxiously.

'Rather rotten. They are going to chop me up again to-morrow. They swear they can put me right this time.'

Her heart contracted, but she smiled bravely. 'It must be a double bunch of carnations to-morrow,' she said.

'I've told them to telephone you when it is over,' Tony said, 'and directly I'm presentable, you will come and see me, won't you?'

'Oh, I shall be here,' Miss Pope said gaily. 'They're used to me now, though they must think me a tiresome old woman always ringing the door-bell.'

VI.

Next day was cold and wet. The rain fell in long leaden lines, until the wind came and lashed it into driving sheets of water. Miss Pope sat in the drawing-room; she knitted as though she had a given task to perform in a certain time, but her eyes kept straying to the clock. The silence seemed tangible, and her ears ached in listening for the sound of the telephone-bell to break the deathly quiet. At last it rang, and the little house seemed to quiver and vibrate with the waves of sound. Miss Pope stumbled to the instrument.

'Is that Surbiton 28?'

'Yes.' Her heart thumped as though it were in her throat, and she choked.

'Can I speak to Miss Pope?'

'I am speaking.'

Then silence, and at last in the distance a very thin, small voice.

'This is the matron speaking. Major Vane never recovered consciousness after the operation. He was very happy and very calm, and'—the voice faltered—'perhaps it was better for him in the end.'

The receiver fell from Miss Pope's hands. She looked blankly into space, and then the slow, difficult tears of old age began to run slowly down her cheeks.

. . . . . .

Six months later, and Miss Pope again sat in the drawing-room. The fire burned brightly, throwing long shadows across the walls, and dancing patterns upon the closed curtains. She was knitting, half-dozing, her thoughts in the past.

The corner was no longer empty. A table stood against the wall, and on the table a pastel sketch. Tony Vane's queer light-blue eyes looked out of the frame with a half-smile lurking in the corners, and the shock of red hair shone against the dark background like a beacon flame.

Miss Pope awoke from her reverie with a start, and looked across the room. Then she smiled.

A handful of dead carnation-blooms—the misty bloom gone, but a faint fragrance still clinging to the petals—and a small pastel sketch were all that was left to her of her forty pounds. But to her, at least, the corner looked empty no longer, and the finest piano in the world would have found no welcome.

SOME HUMOURS OF THE LAW COURTS.

PART II.

IV.

ODD as it may appear, I have known cases where the most effective way to treat a hostile witness was not to cross-examine him at all. He has given his evidence in chief in so partisan a spirit and committed himself to statements so outrageous as to discredit him in the eyes of every onlooker. Then he folds his arms and turns aggressively towards the opposite counsel, as if inviting him to come on and do his worst. That gentleman says quietly, 'No questions, my lord!' and the warrior in the box gasps in vexation and discomfiture, and retires completely crestfallen.

Cross-examination is one of the most difficult parts of the pleader's art, and in order to be successful calls for a wide and varied knowledge of men and manners. The youthful pleader, unless he is wary, falls into many a pitfall. Sometimes he thinks he has only to travel over the same ground as his opponent, merely giving his questions an aggressive and hostile turn. It was to such a pleader that the judge remarked, 'Mr Blank, you appear to think that cross-examination means to examine crossly.' More frequently the fatal mistake is made of trying to make clear what may have been left in doubt by the other side. If the cross-examiner does not know his ground, he generally succeeds only

in extinguishing any chance his client may have: when the full truth is dragged out, it is almost certain to prove fatal to him. A man is on trial, let us say, for assault and robbery. The assault was committed at the mouth of a 'close' at night, and the prosecuting counsel has left it in doubt how far, owing to the darkness, his witness was really able to identify the accused. Instead of being content to leave the identification more or less in doubt, the enthusiastic counsel for the prisoner proceeds. 'You say it was a dark night?'

'Oh, well, not so very dark after all.'

'But, of course, there was no moon that night?'

'Yes; the moon was shining quite brightly.'

'The man ran down the close. It would be dark at the mouth of the close?'

'Oh, no, I remember now; there was a gas-lamp just at the place;' and so on, and so on.

It was to a junior who was gaily tying the rope round his client's neck in this fashion that the same old-fashioned judge remarked, 'Mr Blank, you're making the case verra clear against the prisoner.' Another he encouraged with the exhortation, 'Now, Mr Blank, don't be putting any more of your preposterous questions.'

That might well have been said to the youthful pleader who, forgetting the limited vocabulary of a homely Scottish woman, threw at her a question the meaning of which she very dimly grasped. She had spoken to several facts and dates, and he opened his cross-examination with the startling query, 'My good woman, do you keep a diary?' 'No,' was the reply; 'I keep a whusky-shop.'

I find that Lord Kingsburgh has a good deal to say on this subject out of his long experience. 'No man,' he says in his very readable reminiscences, 'though he may know all that professors and law lecturers can teach him, is really equipped for a pleader's work. He has another branch of study before him, a knowledge of which he can acquire little till he is engaged in the actual study and work of his profession, as distinguished from mere equipment and learning, and has opportunity to watch how man deals with man. He must study human nature, gaining an insight into its different types, and learning to know how surrounding circumstances affect men, and how to deal with them—ay, and with women too—who are associated with litigations, either as parties or witnesses. And this is not all. . . . He must learn how the men of a jury are likely to look on what is brought before them, to know how to enlist their careful consideration, and, where it is possible, their sympathy, and to avoid—to use a colloquial phrase—setting their backs up.'

In connection with cross-examination, I recall a very curious experience. My senior was a well-known leader of the bar, no longer living, and had the reputation of being one of the most tenacious of cross-examiners. On this occasion his locks were shorn and the strength departed from him in an extraordinary way. The litigant against whom we were acting happened to be an elector of the constituency for which my senior sat in Parliament, and not only that, but an active supporter. On the morning of the trial, before the case was called, he went up to his member, and, being a very outspoken man, at once expressed his surprise that he should be acting professionally against a strong political friend and supporter. Apparently the fact had escaped counsel's notice; he was completely taken aback, and manifestly felt uncomfortable. The sequel—I do not say the consequence—was that the cross-examination of that gentleman was like the grasp of the velvet glove without the iron hand.

v.

I have quoted some of an old judge's caustic comments on a cross-examination of which he thought poorly. If counsel indulged in bad law to the jury, he was no less unceremonious in his language. After restating what had been laid down by counsel, he would say to the jury, 'Now, ye'll just pay no attention to that. I've often done the same kind of thing when I was a young man myself.'

There is another critic of counsel's performances besides the judge, and this critic is one whose comprehensive glance takes in all—judges included—I mean the prisoner at the bar. He has an entirely independent point of view of the whole proceedings which so closely affect himself, and occasionally he does not hesitate to give expression to it in a way that surprises every one.

I have seen a prisoner stop the counsel who was conducting his defence, and announce to the court that he was thoroughly dissatisfied with the way in which his interest was being looked after, that he intended to throw over the learned junior, and conduct his own defence. He proceeded to do so to his own satisfaction and with a certain amount of cleverness; but the cleverness of a rogue generally defeats its own end, and the trial terminated in a well-deserved verdict of guilty.

Lord Kingsburgh tells of an earlier incident of a similarly amusing kind. At that circuit there happened to be only one counsel present, and the judge requested him to take up the defence. The advocate happened to be a small and very boyish-looking person, and the prisoner, after looking at him, jerked his thumb towards him and asked the judge, 'Am I to be defended by that laddie there?'

'Yes,' said his lordship; 'Mr Blank has kindly undertaken to act for you.'

The prisoner looked again, and turning to the bench with a shrug of his shoulders,

said, 'Aweel, I think I'd better juist plead guilty.'

Between the prisoner in the depths and the judge on the heights there is a great gulf fixed, but the oddities and weaknesses of human nature are common to both. The judge rules as king in his court, he talks when he pleases, and therefore he displays more amply before the world what manner of man he is. The result is that legal records abound in stories of judges. The judges best known in Scotland (I mean outside the Law Reports) are, unfortunately, the men immortalised in the pages of Lord Cockburn. Flourishing as they did in the days of the French Revolution and the early years of the nineteenth century, a time of political reaction in Scotland, they are notorious chiefly for coarseness and savagery. It is a far cry from those times to the present, and the only judge still surviving in my early years at the bar who bore the impress (albeit greatly modified and softened) of the olden days and was in many ways a character was Lord Deas in his old age. He believed with all his heart in severity and long sentences, he hardly gave juries an opening to let anybody off, and seemed mightily displeased if a jury, as occasionally happened, had the courage to acquit a prisoner.

Fortunately a new day in criminal jurisprudence has dawned, when other and more rational methods are being adopted. Human nature is more sympathetically and scientifically studied; the influences which tend to foster criminal tendencies are combated by methods which aim at prevention rather than punishment, especially by removing young people from evil surroundings and placing them during the formative years of life in an atmosphere and under discipline which develop habits of industry, self-respect, and self-control. How hopeless was the old plan of mere repression was brought home to a young advocate beginning to go on circuit, as I well remember, by seeing gray-haired men brought up for trial who had spent practically their whole life within prison walls, had cost the State a great deal of money, and were none the better, but very much the worse. Many of those poor creatures Lord Deas knew well from their repeated appearance in the dock; he and they may be said to have been old friends, and he sometimes referred to this circumstance in his own half-pathetic, half-ludicrous way. When passing sentence on one occasion on an aged and incorrigible prisoner, he referred to the unlikelihood of their meeting again in this life. 'You an' I hev met here before, but looking to the sentence I must pronounce now, I doot when we meet again it'll be at anither bawr.'

It was a pleasanter task which fell to a witty English judge trying a prisoner whom the jury acquitted. The prisoner was charged with theft. At first he pleaded guilty; then he withdrew his plea, substituting a plea of not guilty. The case went to trial; the jury took the same view, and returned a verdict of not guilty. The judge (Mr Justice Bowen), in dismissing him, thus addressed him: 'Prisoner at the bar, you have admitted you are a thief; the jury have found you are a liar; and you now leave the court without a stain on your character.'

A Scottish story has come down from the middle of last century about an excellent man and judge which gives an amusing insight into men's habits and opinions then, though they hardly square with the most recent scientific views. The jury had retired to consider their verdict. By-and-by they rang their bell, not to indicate that they were ready to return to court, but to ask if they might be allowed to have a glass of water while they were in deliberation. According to the law of Scotland it is forbidden, when a jury has been enclosed, that they should be suffered to have any meat or drink until they have returned their verdict. When the request was conveyed to him, the learned judge, looking up meditatively, delivered himself in slow and deliberate tones, heard throughout the court, thus: 'Well, ye canna call it meat' (and then more rapidly), '*and it sairtainly is not drink.* They can have the water.'

An affectation of ignorance of things which every schoolboy knows is a foible of the Bench which some judges are prone to indulge, but occasionally there is a remarkable display of real ignorance of things of the world.

The first Lord Moncrieff was a lawyer pure and simple and an accomplished judge, but strangely ignorant of practical matters. His friend Lord Cockburn says he showed 'a great inferiority of general knowledge.' An illustration of this occurred in the trial of an engine-driver in the early days of railroads. A man had been run over at a level-crossing and killed. The driver's fireman was brought as a witness for his mate, and being asked whether the prisoner whistled on approaching the crossing, answered that he did. Asked how loud he whistled, the fireman replied, 'He whistled loud enough to be heard more than half a mile off.' Lord Moncrieff laid down his pen, and after looking sternly at the witness, turned to Cockburn and said, 'Cockburn, did you hear that—whistling loud enough to be heard half a mile off? The man's perjured.'

'Oh, but,' replied Cockburn, 'he doesn't mean that he whistled with his mouth; they do it by a whistling-machine.'

'A machine for whistling! I never heard of such a thing;' and with a half-consciousness that he was being made to look foolish, he said in dudgeon, 'I'll tell you what it is, Cockburn; you're most abominably rash to say such a thing!'

THE END.

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SEVENTH SERIES

PILGRIMS OF THE SNOW BRA'.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking*, &c.

I.

THE moon hung low in the misty autumn sky, and the southern slope of the valley, black and immense, seemed on the point of overstepping its assumed perpendicular, to the complete annihilation of the world below. At the foot of it, winding and glistening, the river laughed sleepily, dazzlingly silver though all else was black—all save the jagged, fantastic mist-wreaths that hung midway between skyline and valley. It gave one the impression of being a dead world, for the laughter of the river was a thing apart, as the river is apart in all things. One heard it as one might hear the laughter of people through the oppression of a trance, or the laughter of a crowd without when within a solemn courtroom—a thing that, haunting the realms of silence, seemed to add to their death-likeness by its very incongruity. There was something mirthless, too, in the laughter; it was icy, metallic, suggestive of the gnashing of cold teeth—an ironical joy in which there was no happiness, and no sympathy.

Yet there *was* Life, here in the very river—life teeming in every pool, fighting and glistening along the gravel shallows; while from the deeper stretches came the sound of heavy wallowing, as though herds of ghost creatures were fighting amidst the sepulchral quietude.

Ewen M'Nab crouched and watched, every nerve tense, his gaze fixed upon the shallow backwash behind a boulder in midstream. Just behind that boulder lay his snickle—a three-pronged hook with a lump of lead attached. He had seen two gigantic salmon lying there, but they had moved as he approached; so now he waited, knowing they would return, whereupon a snatch at the line he held would bring the snickle ricochetting across the redd.

Nor had he long to wait. A grilse came slowly by, its back half out of the water, and shot up the shallow above like a ray of silver; then came a salmon—but what a salmon! There in the deceptive moonlight it looked of incredible length as it rose and went down, then came steadily on, a wedge-shaped wave marking its progress—on and up towards the redd—seven yards, six yards, now opposite—zipp!

The lead weight, with its sister hooks, took one gigantic spider-like leap from the gravel-bed, and the line became taut. There was a thunderous swirl in midstream; then, in an instant, it seemed to Ewen that the whole surface of the creek was lashed into foam. He saw fish after fish shoot past him up the shallow, but the one he had hooked headed down, towards the fall.

The line was slender, yet unbelievably strong, and though it seemed that something must break, Ewen hauled in, hand over hand, dragging his catch broadside on, heedless of its frantic efforts. He drew it up to the shadows at his very feet; then, putting out his hand to clutch it, he received the fright of his life. For Ewen's fingers touched fur—cold, wet fur—and ere he could snatch his hand away a vice-like grip closed upon his sleeve.

With a startled oath Ewen drew back, throwing the otter—for such it was—high up the bank. Mon, he wanted his snickle! The creature turned, and began to work like an eel back towards the river. Ewen tightened up again; there was a scuffle, the line parted, bitten clean through, and the otter was free! Yes, free, but carrying those triangle hooks and the chunk of lead with it.

II.

These were the days of Lutra's harvest. For an hour or so at sundown she would fish, and it cannot be doubted that she killed as many salmon as Ewen himself, who, like the other shepherds all up and down the glen, poached enough salmon each fall to fill the pickle-keg for winter use. Sometimes Lutra would take only the 'otter's bite' from behind the head of the kingly fish, leaving the rest to drift away as so much worthless carrion, and soon, replete and happy, she would voyage on from pool to pool, rolling and gambolling, swimming belly upwards, or in any other way she chose, for among all our wild creatures the otter is the only one that swims like a leech—that is, uses its whole body, instead of merely its legs. In this way she had journeyed from the sea, where she was born, into the heart of the Highlands, and in this way she had encountered the cruel barbs of Ewen M'Nab's snickle.

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Now, having freed herself, Lutra plunged down-stream—head foremost down the fall, and so into the effervescing pool below, where there was a cave among the rocks, known as the Otter's Cave. And such it was, indeed, for of that world-old procession journeying from the sea, each and every otter passing this place paused here to rest a while, or to leave the sign of its passing.

The three-pronged hook burned like fire in Lutra's flesh, for it was deeply embedded just behind her forearm, and now for an hour or so she fought with it, hissing and clucking and twisting herself into boneless attitudes. But dislodge the hook she could not, and, sick and exhausted, she finally curled herself up on the dry sandy bar deep in the darkness of the cave.

Nature has one simple remedy for the physical ailments of all her children—sleep. Sleep and awake refreshed, or sleep and do not awake, is her simple, merciful doctrine, and Lutra slept the remainder of that night, all next day, and far into the following night. The sleep refreshed and strengthened her, but it did not dislodge those cruel hooks. She was hungry, and in the pool above the fall fish were always to be had for the taking, for they lay exhausted after their ascent. Thither Lutra mounted, but once she was in the deep water, the lead weight swung about, threatening to capsize her, and a sudden panic fell upon her. She turned and gripped her own burning flesh, whereupon the free hook penetrated her muzzle, pinning her head to flank, and, struggle as she might, she could not free herself. She rolled, she somersaulted, drifting on towards the brink of the fall, then over and down!

Midway Lutra struck a slimy shelf, and rebounding from it, was borne with the solid weight of water into the seething pool below. She was flushed to the surface amidst a million million bubbles, stretched stiffly out, her head freed by the fall; she, to whom these mighty forces had hitherto been the toys of life, became the sport of the tiny eddies, to be drifted, at length, between two jagged boulders, where she lay, moving limply with the tide.

A little while later another otter came along, a voyager from the sea like Lutra, and found her lying there. They had never met before, yet his anxiety and distress were pitiful to behold. He swam from rock to rock, calling, calling, at times sneaking back to look at her, then lashing the water into foam.

So it came about that Ewen M'Nab, returning very late in hilarious mood, heard the din in the pool, and guessed rightly that it had something to do with last night's affair. He went to the water's edge, just to see, for Ewen had no quarrel with the otters. Poachers they might be, but so was he, and he knew that, save on the salmon-redds, the otters fully pay their way by clearing up the deadliest vermin of the pools.* So Ewen went—and he saw—saw a large otter snaking through the grass towards his feet, for all the world like a mighty conger-eel; and as its eyes flashed suddenly red in the moonlight, he turned and fled, crying out that the Devil was in the 'burrun'!

When Lutra came round, she found the gallant stranger guarding her, but whether her heart went out to him I cannot say. Anyway, she clucked and hissed most ferociously when he dared to try to follow her into the cave, so he went gaily off on affairs of his own.

It was not long, however, ere he was back, landing on the boulder by which she had landed, and by which every other otter visiting that 'otter's inn' had landed since the waterfall was there. In his jaws he carried a silver grilse, fresh-run from the sea, and now he gave the shrill 'moorhen' call, with which every lover of the lonely waters is familiar.

Thus, in the first dim morning light, Lutra ate the first food he had brought her—call it her wedding-breakfast if you will, for it marked the opening of a lifelong union. Lutra looked demurely upon her lord; then with snap and hiss she drove him clean out of the pool and fifty yards down the river ere he could stop.

III.

From that hour on Lutra began to forget the hooks, for she no longer suffered the persistent, gnawing fret of the lead weight, which somehow had become detached during the fall. She had learnt that the hooks could bite back, and so she wisely left them alone. Nature, working her own magic remedy, having unsuccessfully tried to force the triangle inwards, reversed her tactics, and in due course Lutra was freed of the hateful thing.

Had not she and Viator met, each would have journeyed on and on, following that silver highway of the wild with all its romantic histories. Each spring it led a piping, feathered multitude from the coast, to meet and marry; each autumn it brought the kingly fish and the otters from the sea. They would have journeyed on to the silent loch which stands aloof from all the world, pine-girt and wonderful with its mist-draped islands; and voyaging farther still, they would have followed a certain tiny burn, trickling from the uttermost heights. By an uncharted runway, which the otters for centuries past have traversed, they would have crossed those cruel, wind-swept heights, sacred to the ptarmigan and the snowy hares, and so down to the next river, which they might have followed to the sea. For the sea is the true home of our otters, a source of inexhaustible supply, and those of their kind we find inland are but ambitious wanderers, who one day will retire to some delightful seaside spot.

* Eels and old cannibal trout, &c.

As it was, partly because Lutra was injured, partly because this was the Harvest Moon and both were idle, they remained about that lonely stretch of river just below Ewen's homestead. For some reason, possibly because it stands midway between the enchanted lower glen, silver with those shimmering ladies of the woods and radiant now with rowan-berries—midway between a thousand dells of loveliness, which weary city eyes, alas! so seldom see—and the gray, inexorable, lashing storms of the heights, belonging to neither, yet partaking of the charm of both, a halo of romance seems always to overhang that lonely stretch. There, at dusk of evening, the lordly blackgame feed in the twisted alders, or a little prong-horned roe-deer, leaving his network of pathways in the wooded corrie above, stands by the 'otter's inn' to admire his image in nature's mirror below. At dawn the grouse come down to drink, a red-deer paws the gravel-bed, or a lank, lean mountain-fox, watching the shadow in the skies, sneaks in and out among the boulders on his way to the fir planting. Thus in an hour one may stand and watch the kings of all our birds and beasts and fishes —the eagle, the stag, and the salmon—living their lives unfettered and unrestrained, in their own unbounded universe.

The Moon of Plenty drifted by. The red-deer returned to the greater heights, and the coy blue-hare assumed its winter coat. This was the dawning of the Hunger Moon, and many there were who sought out the nooks and crannies, there to sleep away the dreaded winter months. Many, too, there were who mounted the higher heavens and fled southwards with the sun, but Lutra and Viator were among the few who stayed to meet Old Man Winter in his own domain, to beat him at his own game, or die.

IV.

There had been little rain for weeks past, and now the kingly fish which but a month ago had grimly fought their upward way turned their heads seawards, and casting the spray aloft, down-stream they flashed. At first just an odd one here and there, fighting down the shallows; then the move became a general move, and they fled in panic-stricken herds, fearful lest the Ice King should trap them in the shallow waters. And Lutra and Viator watched their going, till it seemed that the sight angered them, and time and again they dashed into the shallows and slashed and chopped the deserters. In a week there was not a salmon left.

The millions of burn trout—where were they? They, too, had forsaken the river; for as the salmon leave the parent sea and journey far inland to deposit their spawn at the river-heads, so the trout forsake the parent river to lay their eggs high up in the tiny streams. The river was truly lifeless now, laughing its Sphinx-like mirthlessness, and hunger befell the last of its faithful children. True that a few trout remained, but they were given to hiding under the stones, and were hard to catch, and even when caught they were so poorly nourished that Lutra and Viator might eat their fill, yet go their way hungry. Thus the Frost King caught them, his sword triumphantly aloft, and better that we should describe only the outstanding incidents of the days that followed.

How do the otters survive such times? Of those that the Frost King catches in the heights few and only the fittest do survive, yet the sceptre of Dame Nature is ever keen to protect her kindred from the deadliest of their foes, and she has planned the life voyagings of the otters with a view to their welfare. She calls the young together at the meeting of the salmon at our river-mouths, and fishing together, they mate and marry. In their mating is the secret of their survival, for they hunt together, and so are better able to circumvent their quarry. Then, again, among the otter kind there is an established law, a code of honour—that the kill belongs not to the master-angler, but to him and his mate, or to them and every other otter within calling range. Thus, in these hard times, if Lutra or Viator made a catch, be it only a Miller's Thumb, which in summer would have been gobbled when caught, he or she landed with it at one of the recognised landing-places, and there both of them would call and cackle for a time, sniffing the meal hungrily, but making no attempt to eat it till a minute or so had passed. Then, if no other otter joined them, they would share the meal. Thus, by a common law, the catch of one is common fare.

But one day another vagabond of the waterways answered their calling. He was lank and lean, and his poor head nodded as he looked at them. For three days Viator fed him; then, fearing to outstay his welcome, the stranger voyaged on, calling, calling to them till his voice was swallowed in the mists. And it was he whom Ewen found, lying stark and stiff, at the point where two burns meet, at the foot of M'Nab's croft.

The otters hunted day and night now, and one day Viator, fishing alone, lay on a boulder in midstream, watching hungry-eyed the hungry blackgame crowding into the alders and gulping the bone-hard catkins. He was wondering how he could catch one of them, when a peregrine swooped from the blue. The blackgame rose *en masse* with a terrified warning, but directly over the river the peregrine struck one of them down with a report that awoke the echoes, and the postman on the highway above saw the blackcock splash into the stream. In an instant Viator was upon it, and the peregrine, descending, struck its talons deep into the otter's flesh. The bird was dragged under, clean out of sight; but almost instantly it rose, striking the water with its wings and screaming angrily as it circled

back into the heavens—and that was Viator's and Lutra's last meal for many days.

The river became more and more wonderful to look upon, but, oh, how cold and cruel were its jagged ice teeth! The deeper pools began to freeze from the banks outwards, till there was only a dark channel down the centre. The boulders became bearded and festooned and radiant with a million jewels, till even the shallows began to freeze, each stone and pebble forming an icy mushroom crown.

Viator was hunting alone now, and often Ewen saw him moving wearily about the ice. The man pitied his listlessness, for how different Viator was from the never-resting otters of the summer months! Ewen had plenty of salmon still in the keg, but here was the master-angler starving at his door!

Lutra was hiding now—hiding because she was afraid to show herself. Above was the silence, broken only by the grim 'Yoch-yoch' of the ravens, ever watchful, ever searching, and Lutra, in her weakness, was afraid of them. She knew that they, too, were hungry. And this is the law of the Hunger Moon—by those that perish others remain alive. It is a case of every creature for itself, and the sword of the Frost King for the hindmost. The feeble watch for those who are feebler, and thus all things are weighed in the balance together, and the dice are cast for life or death. And Viator, always alone, became gaunter and feebler.

V.

Often we judge the wild kindred harshly, condemning them as treacherous and thieving, with no thought of the levels to which we ourselves might sink were we, and those who are dear to us, clinging to life by feeble, frenzied fingers. We might even steal from our friends, and assuredly it would be no dishonour to steal from our foes! Yet the crowning theft of Viator was, in the human light of things, an unpardonable crime, for which he and Lutra and every other otter that treads their world-old highways might justifiably be destroyed as 'varmints.' Lutra was going; Viator himself was tottering at the brink. So with his last remaining strength he set his feet to tread the perilous bridge which formed the only way towards the golden gateway of the spring.

It was just after midnight, and the moon shone down upon a great white world. Viator mounted the bank, and, the beads of water freezing in his coat, he began to creep towards Ewen's cabin. He reached the high boundary wall, and struggled feebly over it. Jagged teeth of ice hung from the eaves of Ewen's cabin. The very walls scintillated; the trodden pathway shone like burnished steel; but from within the cabin, warm and enticing, there came a scent—the scent of food, of *Life*—Life for him and Lutra. It happened that that night Ewen had forgotten to replace the cover of his pickle-keg!

Directly above the wooden shelf by the door, where Ewen stood his buckets to sweeten, was a tiny oblong window, composed of four squares. One of the squares was glassless, and over it, to exclude the draught, Ewen had carefully tacked a sheet of paper. Up to it Viator climbed, clawing and slipping, but no longer trembling at his own daring. There remained nothing of him but his hunger, pathetically urging him on, insistent and appealing, and so he thrust the paper sheet aside and crept into Ewen's larder. He slid across the sink and gained the lid of the pickle-keg, perilously poised as Ewen had left it. It tipped and rattled under his weight, but the desperate otter reached down and clutched a salmon from the vat. He began to haul it out, but the weight of the big fish upset his balance, and down they fell with a clatter—lid, otter, and salmon!

In an instant the startled Ewen was up. He lit the candle by his bed, and grasping his stick, adjourned to the larder, when something dark slid past his feet—an otter, feebly dragging a salmon in its jaws!

An oath broke from Ewen's lips, and he snatched the rusty fowling-piece from its hooks above the door. There was Viator, sliding in and out among the furniture, keeping close to the wall, watching the light, but still desperately dragging the salmon with him. He came to rest under the window and looked into Ewen's face.

They were brother anglers those two, but in the man's eyes there was none of the sympathy of brotherhood. 'Got you!' he cried. 'You thieving little varmint!'

He threw up the rusty shot-gun, and the shattering din veritably shook the plaster from the walls. The shot, travelling solid at so short a range, tore up the woodwork at Viator's very nose, and Viator fell limp where he had crouched.

In the deadly silence that followed Ewen strode up, clutched the poor otter by the tail, and hauled it out, its jaws still locked in the hunger-grip of death on the thing that it had stolen. Stolen? Yes, stolen—stolen from a thief! Ewen looked at the thin, wasted body, the jewels of ice in the creature's coat, and somehow a sense of remorse came to him. It had been so easy, the pressing of the trigger, yet it had meant so much—meant that he had taken something he could not give back.

Ewen went to the door and threw his victim out, still clinging desperately to the fish which it had risked its life to win—so little to ask of man, who has so much, yet sufficient to cause him to sweep the offender from his path. Ewen had often watched the otters during the summer months, and had wondered at their faithfulness and beauty. They had helped to enrich his life, as indeed does everything living and

beautiful we look upon enrich our lives, each one a tiny jewel in life's substance, till that substance becomes studded with jewels, instead of being merely a mass of clay, with no bright spots of happy retrospect—and retrospect is half of life.

Thus at the soul of Ewen M'Nab, the brother angler, was remorse, because to-night he could have done a gentle and charitable thing, could have set a jewel in his own life's memory, but instead he had placed his foot upon a clod of clay. Now he stood looking out at the cold, bright world, with its towering peaks, cloud-wreathed in pearl-white strata, its velvet glens, its glassy slopes, and he shuddered a little at the cold, and at the silence which was a part of the cold, and again at that still, cold, sad little mound on the steely earth beyond. Then he heard the calling of another otter down at the river, heard her calling, calling, and he closed the door and cursed himself as a sentimental fool. She was calling for something he had taken, which he could not give back—no, nor all the Kings of the Earth!

. . . . . .

No sooner was the door closed than Viator rose, dragging the pickled salmon with him—rose and dragged himself unscathed across the spangled ling. He had played his last card—he had played it well. He had proved himself among the fittest, and it was for him and Lutra to live their lives, which is all the wild folk ask of man—their lives!

And when Ewen went out next morning and saw how he had been fooled, he laughed a triumphant laugh and beat his great fists together. 'Good! Good!' he cried. 'Come again, little varmint. So long as the cold snap lasts there'll be a salmon for you every week on the dung-hill!'

And Ewen kept his promise, and some weeks later he smiled the gentlest of smiles when he saw many tiny star-like prints in the golden sand about the doorway of the 'otter's inn.'

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

By Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir FRANCIS HARRISON-SMITH, K.C.B., R.N.

IN *Chambers's Journal*, somewhere about the years 1883 to 1885, I tumbled across an article entitled 'Some Curious Advertisements.' To my great astonishment, one of the advertisements quoted in the article referred to myself, and as its repetition is so appropriate to the said *Journal*, I will begin by relating the story in its proper order in time.

From January 1873 to December 1877 I was at the Royal Naval School at New Cross. In the earlier half of that period I was very ill, not with measles, as the sequel might imply, but with some internal complaint. When I was well enough to be sent home, my mother, bringing with her my next brother, came to take me away, and we three left New Cross together in the same compartment with a lady and some little girls who were entire strangers to us.

The incident was entirely unremarkable, and might never have recurred to my mind had it not been that, some ten years later, when I was serving in the flagship in the East Indies station, I read this article on 'Some Curious Advertisements.'* Remarking that the advertisement was a fine specimen of maternal indignation or sarcasm, the writer of the article quoted from the *Times* of a date in 1874, corresponding exactly with that of my illness, an advertisement in the following terms: † 'Should this meet the eye of the lady who got into the 12.30 train at New Cross Station on Friday, May 15, with two boys, one of whom was evidently recovering from an illness, she *may be pleased* to learn that three of the four young ladies who were in the carriage are very ill with the measles, and the health of the fourth is far from what her relations could desire.'

Thus the maternal indignation had for all those years been hidden in the Agony Column of the *Times* from those at whom it was aimed, to be at last revealed to the wrongfully suspected culprit in Bombay harbour by an article in *Chambers's Journal*. The mother and her two little boys are still alive and well—though the littler of the two boys is now in his sixtieth year—and hope that the mother and her little girls are equally alive and well, that they have forgiven the suspected measles-carrier, and will be amused to hear the end of the story of fifty years ago.

My old school at New Cross provides me with another coincidence. The French master during my time was known to us as Monsieur Paul La Combe. He was reputed to have taken a great part in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71, and to have behaved with conspicuous gallantry. It was stated, on the authority of some one who had seen him in the swimming-bath, that he was covered with many scars; and he was believed to be able to speak many languages. I regret to say that all this did not save him from the 'humbugging' which some of their pupils meted out impartially to French and German master alike; but, for myself, I liked him, and was often provoked into active sympathy when his young enemies in my class went beyond what I could bear in the way of

* See *Chambers's Journal*, June 24, 1882.

† At the writer's request, the Editor has kindly verified the wording.

ragging my hero. In 1878 I went to sea, and for some reason or another I had perhaps more than once been led into talking of my school-days and relating what I knew, or thought I knew, of my old French master. Now there was in the ship a certain navigating lieutenant who seemed to take an interest in my story of M. La Combe, though I suspected him of regarding me as a bit of a hero-worshipper, not amounting quite to an Ananias. One day early in 1879, when the mail-steamer had brought us our letters and newspapers, this old navigator came to me and told me that all my story, and more, about my old French master was in the *Times* of the 20th December 1878. He added that when his messmates had done with the paper he would cut out the paragraph and give it me. He did so, and it lies before me now, for I have treasured it all those forty-three years. I feel that I might quote it verbatim without incurring strokes from the editor's blue pencil, so interesting is it; but I will confine myself to those items which are strictly relevant to the coincidence. My Frenchman was known in Alexandria (where he taught languages, and died in December 1878) as Napoleon la Cecilia. He was born in the same town of Tours and in the same year as my mother, which may account for my predisposition to him, though I did not know those facts till I read them in the *Times*. He had fought with Garibaldi and been thanked by King Victor Emmanuel. He had been a professor at Jena, and taught Sanskrit in Naples. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, his services were refused by the French Imperial Government on the ground of his republican views. He became a colonel in the Francs-tireurs, and for a whole day defended Châteaudun with only twelve hundred men and not a single cannon against twelve thousand Prussians, his rank being confirmed in the regular army. He next became a general in the Commune army, and had to seek refuge in England, being for the next five years my French master at New Cross. Finally his shattered health compelled him to earn a meagre livelihood by teaching languages in English families in Alexandria, where, as I have said, he died at the end of 1878.

In June 1886, being then in possession of all the facts which I have just related, I was homeward-bound from an expedition into Abyssinia, and had embarked in the mail-steamer at Alexandria for Brindisi. Just before the ship sailed, a gentleman—I think he was Sir John Scott, a judge in Egypt—came up to me and said that, as he knew I was a naval officer, he was going to ask me to befriend his wife (who was voyaging alone) on the passage across. This led to a little friendly conversation, in which he told me that he had been many years at Alexandria. I therefore asked him if he happened to know my old French friend, mentioning that I had learned from an article in the *Times* of a few years earlier that La Combe had died there. Sir John replied that not only did he know him very well, but that it was he who had written for the *Times* this very outline of my hero's life. On the voyage across I kept Lady Scott from brooding on the perils of the sea by getting her to copy in water-colour some rough sketches which I had made of places in Abyssinia, but could not reproduce for myself.

My next coincidence takes me to Brazil. I was one day playing lawn-tennis with a Mr Harford, then secretary at the British Legation in Rio de Janeiro. The mail-steamer had come in, and as my captain was of our party, an orderly brought our letters out to the ground where we were playing. Between two sets we sat on a seat, the captain and I, skimming through our wives' letters. My wife, then staying with relations of mine in Gloucestershire, wrote: 'This afternoon they drove me over to see some people called Harford, who live at Blaize Castle. They have a son in the diplomatic service in Rio.' I was sitting next to him on a seat six thousand miles away from my wife and his people!

An extraordinarily similar coincidence took place about the same time on the same continent. Again the mail-steamer had brought us our letters one morning. My wife, who was then travelling in Switzerland with an aunt of mine, wrote that my aunt had had to return to England, but that she (my wife) had been asked by friends whom she had made out there to remain on under their wing. Neither of us can at this moment recall the names of those people, but it will suffice if we call them X. At the time in question my wife, with a vagueness natural enough in a young girl not brought up in geographical or consular circles, stated that 'they have a daughter married to the British Consul in South America.' Now, though there are many British Consuls in South America, as that continent ranges over some sixty-five degrees of latitude and forty-five degrees of longitude, British Consuls are not much more frequent there than needles in bundles of hay. With my wife's letter in my pocket, I accompanied my skipper in the afternoon by consular invitation to Hurlingham, the sports club ground outside Buenos Aires. As we stood on the platform by the train the captain introduced me to 'Mr Harriss-Gastrell, our Consul at Buenos Aires.' After a few moments' talk the Consul said to me, 'We had better get into the train; we shall find my wife in the saloon.' I said to him, 'Your wife doesn't happen to be the daughter of Colonel X., does she?' to which he replied, 'Yes, she does. How the devil did you know?' At which I laughed, and explained that I had the information from seven thousand miles away! Just to show how small the world is compared with the long arm of coincidence.

HOW TO KNOW THE STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S.

I.

WHEN the Christmas party breaks up at midnight, and we file out from the porch into the frosty air on this moonless night, the stars are shining upon the dry, crisp snow in the fields; and a general exclamation directs our attention to an altered aspect, as we remark in chorus, 'What a glorious night!'

And who can wonder that the same thought strikes the soul of one and all? For Orion, the hunter, the most magnificent constellation in the heavens, his limbs pricked out in sparkling gems, stands facing us in the south. And he is surrounded, enframed, by an arch of diamond-stars including six of the brightest jewels in the whole heavens.

This is a notable fact worth remembering, that at midnight during Christmastide—that is to say, in December—the grandest and most impressive grouping of stars that exists in either hemisphere stands forth, filling the southern sky up to the zenith overhead, kindling in every heart those feelings of love, awe, wonder, and admiration to which it is already tuned by traditions and associations of the happiest and merriest festival of the year.

Nor can we fail to notice the Milky Way, that pale-white, gauze-like veil passing diagonally over the left side of the picture, a band of soft light shining along with the stars upon a snow-clad earth. The complete picture cries out to be fixed in our memory. It appeals to all; to the children fresh from their games as much as to grandparents, reminiscent of past Christmases, when they were young. They are all spell-bound, on such a night as this, with wonder and admiration.

The philosopher is conscious of the hand of God upon the orbs of night. The musician hears, as from a soft-toned violin, the music of the spheres. The poet's soul yearns to give expression to his insight about events that may be happening in those distant spaces. The artificer feels in this vision of new worlds that his own work assumes a different value. Even the staid merchant or stockbroker assures himself that money is not the only God he worships.

This love for the glory of the heavens is no modern craze. It has always been a passion of the human soul. In the days of the prophets, when Job was extolling the powers of the Creator, nothing appealed to him more firmly than the fact that it was He 'which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south; which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.'

While we gaze at the glorious picture of Orion, set in a frame of brightest stars, Sirius and Procyon, Castor and Pollux, Capella, Aldebaran, and the Pleiades, each man or child does unconsciously add, or put into the picture, 'the glory and the freshness of a dream,' 'with new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast,' while he seems to be 'moving about in worlds not realised—high instincts.'

The great poet tells us that these unexpressed, inexpressible upliftings underlying the picture in our souls—these dim instincts of exaltation—do assure us, at such moments, that 'our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither,' and this exaltation goes far to account for the universal yearning to know something about the stars, or, at the very least, to know their names. That yearning is universal. Millions of men and women share the regret of Thomas Carlyle when he said: 'Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?'

II.

On such a night we feel ourselves to be pigmies in presence of that multitude of stars. Their number, their incredible distance from us, and the purpose they serve in those distant realms of space stupefy us. And the more we learn from the hard facts of observation, the greater is the wonder, and the glory.

It may seem incredible that the number of stars visible at any one time to the unaided eye never exceeds two or three thousand; but this is true. And yet the smallest telescope adds enormously to the number. In the year 1610 Galileo for the first time pointed his little telescope to the white streak we call the Milky Way, and discovered in a moment the wonderful truth that its light comes from millions of minute stars, which his glass revealed for the first time.

In 1845 Lord Rosse made and erected in Ireland a huge telescope, six feet in diameter. His gigantic telescope revealed the fact, originally suspected by Sir William Herschel, that in all probability the universe of stars, to the number of thousands of millions, filling our outlook at night, may be but a sample of millions of other universes of stars, each one appearing in the telescope as a minute nebulous star.

That telescope remained the largest ever made until, in 1918, another telescope of seventy-two inches in diameter, of a splendid construction, was erected at Victoria, in British Columbia. Since then Professor George Hale

has had completed, at Mount Wilson in California, the premier telescope of the world, one hundred inches in diameter. These great reflecting telescopes present to our inspection stars to the number of hundreds of millions. Photography, moreover, can, by prolonged exposure of a plate in the focus of a gigantic telescope, depict upon it stars that cannot be seen by human eyes assisted by the most powerful telescope.

Immense as is the number of stars, their distances from us are still more appalling. The human mind cannot conceive them, though expressed in figures derived from accurate measurement. The nearest star of all is, in fact, 26,000,000,000,000 miles away. And astronomers are dealing with stars estimated to be tens of thousands of times more distant, while those objects about whose distances we can form no estimate must be immeasurably farther away. Comparatively speaking, the sun and the planets are quite close, the former being only ninety-three million miles from us.

Stupendous as are the figures that tell the number and the distance of the stars, our wonder is increased still more when we learn what the stars are, and the size of them. At first it seems almost incredible that the stars are suns; and that if they were only ninety-three million miles away, as the sun is, instead of being millions of times farther off, many of them would look just like our sun, some larger, others smaller, than that great orb of light; some more dazzling in brightness, others less so. If the sun were at the great distance at which we know the nearest star to be, its light would seem to be a hundred thousand million times feebler than it is, and the sun would then be one of the smallest stars visible to the naked eye.

The years 1920 and 1921 will ever be memorable as the dates when the astronomers at Mount Wilson, by means of a beautifully ingenious optical device, succeeded in measuring the diameters of two stars, Betelgeuse in the right shoulder of Orion, and Aldebaran in Taurus, the Bull. Both of these stars belong to a small and exceptional class, already suspected to be vastly larger than the sun or other stars. It was found, in 1920, that if the centre of Betelgeuse were in the place where the sun's centre is, then its spherical surface would *probably* envelop the whole of the earth's orbit and extend nearly to Mars. In 1921 it was found that *certainly* the diameter of Aldebaran is about nineteen million miles, the sun's diameter being only eight thousand eight hundred miles. The difference as to our degree of certainty in the two cases lies in the degree of accuracy with which we know the distances of these two stars.

III.

All this time we are supposed to be staring at the constellation of Orion. The principal constellations are, doubtless, known to many readers of these lines. But if they desire to tell a friend what to look for, a useful hint may now be given how best to do this.

When I was a child our father used to amuse us with a pretty game. We were asked to make five pencil-dots upon a piece of paper, and then he would ingeniously join the dots by lines to trace the figure of a man in some queer attitude. Such a game was played by the ancient astronomers. They marked dots upon paper, showing the places of a group of stars, and joined them by lines, or drew a picture on their framework, generally to represent some mythological character, such as Perseus and Andromeda, the twins Castor and Pollux, Orion the hunter and his dogs, the Bull, the Lion, and so on. In old days these figures were used for describing, say, the position of a comet: 'on the right knee of Hercules,' 'at the mouth of the water-pot in Aquarius,' 'in the sword of Orion,' and the like. We now discard such poetic imagery, and fix positions in the heavens, as we do on the earth, by longitude and latitude.

Now, to describe Orion, you mark upon paper five dots like a St Andrew's Cross, or like the five of diamonds. Then draw a man's figure with the two top dots for his shoulders, and the two bottom dots for his feet. The middle dot is his waist, and we mark it by three dots nearly horizontal, where three stars are. Add to this a head which, in the heavens, is shown by a few small stars. Now you have a complete man, and, after adding to the waist-girdle a sword-scabbard pointing downwards, to represent a line of small stars, you have an excellent rough picture of the stars that make up the constellation Orion.

This hint will not have been in vain if it leads a single reader who wants to know the stars to take out into the starlight any winter evening such a rough picture, and compare it with the grand constellation in the southern sky. (In December at midnight, in January at 10 P.M., in February at 8 P.M., Orion is upright in the south.) He can then improve his sketch, and add to it, in proper place, the six brilliant stars that frame Orion in an arch.

The first correction might be to make the three stars of Orion's belt incline a little downwards to the left, pointing to a great bright star at the foot of the arched frame of stars round Orion. This particular star is Sirius, the dog-star, the brightest star in the whole heavens, and the nearest to us of all the stars visible in our latitude.

In the other direction, these three stars of Orion's belt point upwards to the right, not very exactly, to another bright star, ruddy in colour, called Aldebaran, in the constellation Taurus, the Bull. This is one of the two giant stars whose diameters have been measured. The

other, Betelgeuse, also ruddy in colour, is, as already mentioned, in the right shoulder of Orion.

Your picture now includes these two splendid stars, Sirius and Aldebaran, one on each side, at the base of the arched frame of brilliant stars surrounding Orion. The four others must now be named.

Above Sirius no one can fail to notice another solitary white star. This is Procyon, in the Little Dog (*Canis Minor*). Then, following the left part of the arch upwards, you will see a bright pair of stars still higher in the sky, Castor and Pollux, the Twins (*Gemini*).

The last of the six first-magnitude stars surrounding Orion is Capella, nearly overhead to us in this country at the season and the hour referred to. The figure of Orion points up to it. So does Orion's sword. So also does a line drawn from the middle of the belt through the little stars that make Orion's head. This line, if carried beyond Capella, goes straight for the Pole-star, round which the whole vault of heaven, with all the stars, seems to rotate once in twenty-four hours, less four minutes.

Already, in a single night, any one who knew none of the stars may now have made the acquaintance of all the stars in Orion, of Sirius and Procyon in the Great and Little Dogs (*Canis Major* and *Canis Minor*), of Castor and Pollux in the Twins (*Gemini*), of Capella, the chief star in the Charioteer (*Auriga*), and of Aldebaran, the ruddy ruler of the Bull (*Taurus*), as well as the Pole-star. And beside Aldebaran you can see a V-shaped string of faint stars, the Hyades, and beyond them the beautiful 'cluster' called the Pleiades.

One single evening with a pencil and paper will, let us hope, have awakened in some readers of these words a new sense of friendship with many stars.

All of the stars (except those which are near to the Pole, and never set) rise, as the sun does, in the eastern half of the sky, and set in the western half. But they differ from the sun in this, that the sun rises and sets at different points of the horizon as the seasons change. Each star, on the contrary, always rises at one fixed place on the horizon, and sets at another fixed place. Also, the sun is far higher in the southern sky at noon in summer than in winter. Each star, on the contrary, always rises to its own definite altitude in the sky without change, summer or winter. The only exceptions to this are the stars we call 'planets' (wanderers), of which five can be seen with the naked eye. All the other stars are called 'fixed stars'—an absurd name now that astronomers have learnt that all stars are in motion, though their distance prevents us from detecting the motion without instruments. The stars are so distant that if two of them were a million miles apart they would look like one in a large telescope. And if one star moved a million miles, a large telescope would not enable us to detect it. Long-continued observation reveals the movements when they are large enough.

IV.

No one could remain content with the friendship only of Orion and his neighbours. He soon wants to feel that at any hour of any clear night he can find many stars whose acquaintance he has made. He will then get hold of an atlas of the stars, or invest a shilling in some little book like Gall & Inglis's *Easy Guide to the Constellations*, containing pictures of the constellations, and guidance for naming the stars.

But it may be well, in a few words, to tell the secret of doing this, by showing how to draw a key-map of two constellations and three other stars in the northern sky. These stars never set in our latitude, and for that reason, as they can be seen on any clear night all the year round, they ought to be fixed in the memory. They can all be learnt in a quarter of an hour.

Seven stars, forming the outline of a plough, can always be seen. They form part of the constellation the Great Bear (*Ursa Major*). We call that group of stars the Plough in this country. The two front stars of the plough-share, as every one knows, point to the Pole-star. And a line from the middle of the Plough through the Pole-star, if carried on as far again, cuts a group of five stars, lying in the shape of a W, forming the constellation Cassiopeia, or Cassiopeia's Chair.

A line which we may imagine to be drawn at right angles to the other line, and passing through the Pole-star, will direct attention to two bright stars, one on each side. One is Capella, to which the figure of Orion points; the other is Vega, a lovely steel-blue star in the constellation the Lyre (*Lyra*).

When you face the north, the whole of these stars can be observed, from hour to hour, to rotate round the Pole-star. The direction of rotation is shown by the direction in which the plough would go. It is in the opposite direction to that of the hands of a clock. If you bear in mind the position of Capella as being that towards which the plough is moving, your key-map, which can be carried in the memory, will be of great service.

If any one who really cares about the stars desires to recognise them, he could not make a better beginning than by drawing from nature this key-map, and gradually fixing it in his memory, Polaris, the Pole-star, in the centre, and all round it, at nearly equal distances and intervals, Cassiopeia, Capella, the Plough, Vega. That is the order in which the procession advances round the Pole.

A circle can be drawn round this key-map, with arrow-heads at the circumference pointing

to the positions of the principal constellations, as they are gradually learnt. Thus, already we should place an arrow pointing outwards from Capella, and marked 'Orion.' An 'Easy Guide,' or a star-atlas, will soon enable a beginner to supply arrows on his key-map for the constellations Taurus, Gemini, Leo, Virgo, Aquila, Cygnus, Pegasus, Andromeda, Perseus, and the bright stars Aldebaran, Rigel (the left leg of Orion), Betelgeuse (Orion's right shoulder), Sirius, Procyon, Regulus (in the Lion), Spica (in the Virgin), Arcturus, Altair, and so on. That would make a splendid beginning, and the rest would follow naturally.

The key-map can, moreover, be held up and twisted round until it agrees with the visible northern stars. For example, at midnight in December Capella is above the Pole-star, at the top of the map. Then by giving the key-map a quarter of a turn *forward*, which means *anti-clockwise* or in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock, you will know how the stars will lie, either six hours hence, or at this hour in three months, with the Plough upside-down at the top; twenty-four hours, or twelve months, being represented by a complete turn of the key-map. Boy Scouts have even learnt in this way to tell roughly the time of night, using the key-map and the stars as a clock that can be set for any month.

V.

If these few hints should lead any reader to use a star-atlas or a 'Guide,' and to make the acquaintance of the stars that have been named in this article, so that he can recognise them whenever they are visible, he ought to be happy. For he will find that these stars will be his constant friends, just as are the birds and the wild flowers. In the spring, what joy we have in seeing the first snowdrops! We know that the crocus will follow, and then the narcissus, and soon after primroses and violets, all in their regular order.

So does a star-lover watch from month to month the majestic procession of his favourite stars. The autumn is to him what the spring is to the naturalist, since he looks forward to longer nights of beauty. On September evenings he sees the C-shape of stars in Auriga, including Capella, lying on its back in the north-east, and he rejoices. For he knows that, in a couple of hours hence, or at this hour a month hence, he will see Aldebaran and the Pleiades, and then all the glories of Orion in the east, to be followed by Sirius and Procyon, until the time comes when once more he will look upon the grandest picture of stars in the heavens, Orion erect at midnight, illuminating and celebrating the merry nights of Christmastide.

In the autumn he begins his watch for Aldebaran and the Pleiades, for Orion, for Sirius and Procyon, Castor and Pollux, Capella, his old friends. And he then looks forward with the same feeling of expectation and hope as he always does when he watches for the first blossom of the wild rose, or the flight of the first swallow.

BRISTOL EYES.

CHAPTER III.

TRALINE, to allay his conscience, paid his creditors right and left, thus getting through a good deal of the purchase-money. I, having no conscience, opened a banking-account, and refused to pay Traline the amounts I had borrowed from him.

The banking-account gave me a fine feeling of financial solidity. But my satisfaction was not so complete as it would have been if Crayo had provided the funds—for a further reason than that Crayo detested me. In spite of my lack of conscience, a certain phrase, which I had expected to forget in a few hours, kept recurring to me: 'My client, an orphan.'

On the Saturday after the sale I went into Dover and got measured for a couple of suits. Looking at the patterns, I could not help thinking, 'She—that kid—is buying these clothes for you.' The reverie was uncomfortable. I had a really expensive drink to dissipate it. But, 'And this, too—poor little beggar!' I found myself saying.

Lying on my bed that afternoon—I had walked out from Dover, overtired myself, and fainted once or twice—I had 'my client, an orphan,' dwelling in my mind with a persistency that was annoying; and I realised suddenly that Traline's best way of clearing his conscience would be to buy back the north field from Miss Jeanne Rose Lafone when she was tired of digging in it. He had scattered off so many cheques, however, that he would have to sell another field before he could repurchase it; and he would certainly storm at me for the return of my commission. That last point decided me at once. The plan was impracticable. I was not going to suggest it.

Four more days slipped by, during which neither of us mentioned the north field or went in the direction of it. Then, acting on an impulse, I waylaid Stevens, the house-gardener, and asked him to go and see if there were 'any signs of the new people.'

Stevens, it appeared, was already possessed of some information. 'Bit of a hodd turn-out, I'm told, sir. There's a chap stays up there o'

nights in that tent you was in; and a young lady—got a room at the "Crown"—she's up there all day setting this chap to dig. Can't be coal they're after, can it?'

'Ask them if they would like the tent for a week or two. That'll give you an excuse for asking what they're doing.'

Stevens returned from his investigation decidedly soured. 'Can't get nothin' out o' they, 'cept they'd be pleased to 'ave the tent. . . . Four great 'oles they dug, near height foot deep, one of 'em.'

'Didn't you inquire what they're for?'

'Chap says ponds fer goldfish,' said Stevens shortly.

About three o'clock that afternoon my common-sense suffered a severe defeat. I simply could not resist a desire to have at least a look at the scene of the treasure-hunt. I foresaw a remote possibility of being drawn into conversation with the searchers; but as I should be grimly careful to keep Traline's interests and my bank-balance out of danger, there would be no harm in that.

Preferring to observe before being observed, I made for the field by a semicircular route, getting on to high ground, whence I should strike down towards it through a beech-wood. Until I entered the wood I was in sun-glare. The blue sky, in some directions, looked gray with heat; and the persistent, thumping call of cuckoos from every quarter of the shimmering landscape somehow increased the sensation of heat. I thought it must be a record hot day for England.

In the wood, with its cool green light and its vistas of bluebells and snow-like may, it was entrancing. For a minute I forgot the north field. There was a mistiness about the farther vistas which gave me two lines of a possible poem, a poem of a wood vista:

> With a low blue mist of bluebells,
> And a high white mist of may.

But before I could add much the trees thinned, and I saw the north field in the full glare.

The dazzling whiteness of some heaps of chalk which had been thrown up on the grass was the first detail to attract my eyes. Then I noted, standing near one of these heaps, a girl—a girl of middle height, in navy skirt and white blouse, and limp, broad-brimmed hat that looked like a Panamá and hid her face from me. Her sleeves were tucked up; her left hand appeared to be bandaged.

She was speaking to a man who, knee-deep in an excavation, had paused in his labour to take off his cap and mop his forehead with a red handkerchief. I saw her motion to a basket which was a little way off. The man stepped from the hole—on which I recognised him as my acquaintance the intruder—and walking to the basket, sat down to absorb some refreshment. And after a moment the girl moved across to the hole, got into it, stooped, and lifted out a chunk of flint.

The man called to her. 'No; leave it be, Miss Jeanne.'

But she stooped again and hoisted out another chunk. Then, with an effort, she raised an iron bar which lay beside the pit, jabbed downward with it, and began to prise and strain.

'Now, don't 'ee, Miss Jeanne,' the man cried, starting up.

'Sit down, Josey—rest,' came in her clear voice.

She strove at the bar, swinging herself from side to side, for the best part of a minute. Then, sinking her body, she hung on it motionless, her face on her arm.

'Blown,' I commented.

I was now at the fringe of the wood, close to the hedge of the field. I had halted. But the drooped figure of the girl was rendering me ten times more uncomfortable than I had yet been; and I advanced thoughtfully to the hedge, set my foot on it—and hesitated. If she had altered her posture, I probably should never have gone to her. But she did not move in the beating sunshine; and I climbed over the hedge and walked her way, with a plan for dissuading her from further excavations forming in my mind. I would mention casually that, some three months ago, Traline and I, pulling up a slab of turf, had discovered pieces of an old oak box marked 'J. Lafone,' and that, though we had dug deeply at the spot, we had found nothing else.

Partly in embarrassment, partly because I was seeking appropriate words with which to introduce myself, I stared at the turf during a dozen strides. When I looked up she was stepping from the hole, her hat in her hand. Her head was bent. I perceived with a quick sense of pleasure that her dark-brown hair was dressed in a fashion which I had often idly admired in picture-papers, but had never seen in life. It was combed straightly, flatly from her forehead to a clasp at the back of her head; and about her ears and neck it was in tendrils and bunched curls.

She stood upright and looked at me. I saw the low, beautiful forehead I had anticipated; I saw a face a little sharper than oval, winningly pretty, an inquiring smile on the lips; but far more definitely than anything else I saw her eyes. At first I could not tell their colour; I knew only that they were clear and shining—marvellously clear and ashine. They held my own eyes, so that when I stopped a yard or so from her I was still gazing at them. And now I saw that the irises were brown-green, with the most plainly defined black ring in each; and in these irises were such lucent depths, such unconscious revelations of the tenderness and compassion they were capable of expressing,

that, thinking just for a second of my bank-balance, I bade it a hearty farewell.

I had not, for the last ten years at any rate, imagined that a piece of femininity could influence me. It was with a rare shock that I discovered that to these eyes I could not help surrendering every farthing I still possessed of the money of which I had robbed their owner.

I wore no hat. I suppose I should have bowed. I did not. Under the spell of her eyes I merely drew a long, unsteady breath and exclaimed, 'I believe you were born in Bristol!'

She widened the eyes in surprise, giving a little laugh. 'Westbury—it's really part of Bristol. I live there. . . . Some one told you?'

I shook my head.

'But how——?'

'You'll deem me a cad if I tell you,' I said. 'But as I've got to confess myself a cad, anyway, that'll not matter. . . . A friend of mine declared to me that the eyes of Bristol girls were the most wonderful eyes in the world. When I saw yours, I just believed you came from Bristol.'

She stooped to flick some chalk from her skirt. Her very neck was blushing.

'I'm sorry,' I said.

'Why "a cad, anyway"?' she asked, flicking still.

'Because there's no treasure. I wrote that memorandum of old John Lafone, and put it in the house they were pulling down.'

Midway in a flick her hand was arrested—rigid. As though too startled to think of straightening her body, she forced her head back to gaze at me, her shining eyes exhibiting only sheer astoundment, her brow in tiny furrows. With a kind of gasp she became erect, letting her hat fall. 'What—do you know of a—memorandum? . . . John Lafone's?'

'"Writ this nineteen day Aug., sixteen fifty-one, and to be hid in my wall against my return,"' I quoted, pretty disconsolately; and I looked away from her. 'I know all about it. I tell you I wrote it—forged it.'

'Oh-h!' I heard her say whisperingly, with a long breath. 'For me to find! . . . To fool me to buy your land. . . . A regular trap for me. Oh-h, what a caddish, caddish trap!'

'It wasn't meant for you. I laid it for Crayo—Colonel Crayo.'

'An old man of seventy!' Her voice was incredibly withering.

I passed my hand across my forehead. There was a strain about this business, and it was making me feel a trifle queer. 'I'm afraid to meet your eyes,' I said, with a rather helpless laugh. 'I expect they're looking at me as though I were dirt.'

'Absolutely.'

I pressed my temples with thumb and finger-tips, noting that her man had tactfully composed himself to smoke by the basket, where he was more or less out of earshot.

Then, lowering my hand, I faced her. 'Guess I'll be brave,' I said. But I breathed unevenly at the sight of her anger and contempt—cold and intense both of them, and promising to stay in her eyes for eternity.

'There are one or two things which need explaining,' I went on.

'There certainly are,' she answered, whispering again in her anger.

'When I wrote the document I had no idea that you or any descendant of John Lafone existed. . . . You are a descendant, of course?'

'Yes.'

'Your name and your finding the paper gave me the biggest surprise I'd ever had. . . . You don't live here. I don't believe you'd ever been in the village before. I'm quite sure Crayo didn't send you the manuscript. I'd like to know by what marvel you came along and beat him for it.'

I thought she was not going to deign to tell me. But after an instant, with a scornful twitch of her lips, she said, 'I read in a London newspaper that the house was being pulled down. I wanted to see it while there was a chance, so I came here from Westbury. I got up very early one morning to look about the house before the workmen arrived, and I discovered your—your handiwork. . . . You say it wasn't meant for me. You must have guessed why I was buying your field—and you let me buy!'

'We never heard your name till the field was sold; and then the lawyer, Parron, refused to cancel the sale.'

She swept her hand in disdain. 'You could have explained about the forgery. He would have cancelled then. He would have realised it was because of the paper I wanted the field.'

'I could have explained, but it was awkward for Traline——'

There was a movement of her eyelids. 'Aren't you Mr Traline?'

'No,' I said; 'Traline is not the sort of person who forges treasure-documents.'

'Or countenances their forgery?'

The irony in the question made me aware that I had given Traline away badly. My thoughts whirled in search of some plausible lie which would eliminate him from the matter. In five seconds I had one—a prize-winner. But exactly then I became aware of something more: I was not going to lie to this girl; I should never lie to her.

'Traline considered that Crayo had practically cheated him over a deal,' I said. 'I worried and wheedled Traline into letting me try to cheat Crayo in return. Really, Traline hated the idea. But my influence, and the fun and excitement of the thing, were too much for him.

Considering his status as one of the gentlemen of this place, you couldn't expect him to confess to Parron that——'

'Indeed, no,' she said, her irony bitter. And then, 'It's distressing luck for him that his friend doesn't mind betraying him.'

'I had to,' I answered, looking at her combed-back hair and thinking how fresh and sweet it appeared, and wondering (in spite of the circumstances) what fellow would be fortunate enough to be allowed to touch it with his lips—because she had consented to his becoming the earthly protector of its every strand. 'I had to—to you.'

'I suppose you are the man Macalise?'

My face grew fairly hot at that. 'Yes, Richard Macalise,' I said. 'You managed to phrase it very stingingly. . . . I'm half-inclined to sting back. You seem to take it for granted that all the wrong was on our side. Were your own proceedings——' But there I stopped.

'Go on.'

I shook my head. 'No,' I said vehemently, 'I'll not speak a word that might—hurt you.'

'Oh, I know what you meant to say—were my proceedings honest?' Her eyes spurned me. 'It happens that they were—perfectly. I am John Lafone's direct heir, so I had every moral right to this property of his. That was clear to me, but I was not sure about the law. I was not sure whether Mr Traline could claim a share, or even the whole; or whether the law would call it treasure-trove, and take a lot from me. I had a feeling I should be treated unfairly by somebody, so I determined I wouldn't say a word to Mr Traline, or give one hint to Mr Parron, who would insist on the law being obeyed. . . . I've told nobody except Josey there—he worked for my father for thirty years. I went back to Westbury and told Josey on the day I found the paper. . . . When two people, to whom I sent scraps of it——'

I whistled. Traline had surmised accurately.

'Yes, you were clever!' she exclaimed. 'They said the writing was genuine.' Then, in a lower voice, she continued: 'When they said that, and Josey could get leave from his work, I brought him here. On the night he measured the distance I came as far as that hedge with him. I stayed on it, nursing my ankle—I'd wrenched it, and for a minute it hurt frightfully—and watched Josey reach the spot. We had a pick and a spade; and if there had not been the tent with some one in it, we'd have dug that night—many a night. I did not intend to buy the field if I could help it. Yet'—her face, her voice, her very body challenged and defied me—'was I dishonest?'

'No.' I sank my hands into my jacket-pockets, and pressed pensively at the turf with one heel. 'But it's a pity you didn't confide in Traline. It would have prevented all this——'

'Fraud,' she supplied quickly. 'Perhaps.' She turned her shoulder to me. With her bandaged hand she touched her hair by her ears. 'I might have gone to Traline, after finding that some one slept out here every night. But by then I had been told that—that Traline was a fool, that he was "sponged on" and swayed by a thorough-paced scamp, a rank, swindling outsider called Macalise.' (I saw her quiver in her rage.) 'I did not relish the idea of Mr Macalise learning my secret. That would mean I should not so much as see the treasure.'

I made no comment when she stopped. With my eyes on her cheek, so radiant from her emotion, I drew two or three deep breaths and stiffened my shoulders. It seemed absurd that English hot weather should affect me, yet this heat and glare that we stood in were giving me a tendency to rock. She appeared to wait for some reply. When it did not come, she said, 'There would be no scruples on the part of Mr Macalise—who robbed an old Chinese *amah*, a poor old nurse-woman, of a hundred dollars in Hong-kong.'

'Didn't know that anecdote had reached Kent,' I said.

'There's an officer's wife staying at the inn.'

'Ah! . . . If I defend myself, I suppose you won't believe me?'

'No.'

I had known her ten minutes. Nearly every sentence she had spoken had been aimed to wound me virulently. With justification—but still I had no cause to like her. Yet that swift, confident 'No' of hers produced in me exactly that sense of great wretchedness, that actual aching in the throat, which one experiences when some person, held in affection, is unkind and unjust to one. Struggling with this visitation, I thought it about the strangest phase of this strange north field affair, which, more than once since I had come to a stand here, had seemed to me for a second to be, from inception to climax, unreal—a dream.

'Well, I won't make a defence,' I said, speaking rather huskily. 'Consider me guilty. And now'—I squared my shoulders again; I was very unsteady; my heart was sledge-hammering—'and now we'd better get to business.'

'*Business!*' She turned slowly, her eyes looking more beautiful than ever in spite of their scathing enmity. 'What business could you have with me? Do you think I would degrade myself——' And then her expression began to change. Her eyes were not quite so merciless. Something of inquietude was in her air. 'You look—very ill,' she said.

'It's nothing. Listen. I had two hundred and sixty pounds of your money. I've spent some; but I'll give you a cheque presently for, roughly, two hundred and thirty. I can promise you Traline's cheque for two hundred and seventy. So you will have five hundred back, and the

field, which nominally is worth more than the eight hundred you will have paid for it. I'll try to get Traline to buy the field again—try hard. . . . I wish I could return you all I had; but I doubt if I've a penny over the two-thirty.'

'This is in the hope that I sha'n't take legal action?' Her lips were icily contemptuous.

'It isn't. I never thought of that. . . . Legal action? I don't believe you'd win.' I made one shaky step towards her. 'It isn't!' I repeated pleadingly.

'Then why such an offer from Mr Macalise—from *you*?'

'I never saw the stars,' I said, gazing at her eyes—'I never saw the stars—before. I—honestly, I'm half-crying to find how far I am below them.'

She glanced away, her chin sinking a little, her colour steadily deepening. As if aware of this, she called out suddenly, 'Waste of time, Josey. There's no treasure.'

I saw that her man had got up and was walking to the hole he had been busy in. At her words he paused and stared at her. Then he came towards us. He was a lean, muscular fellow of forty-eight or fifty, with a drooping flaxen moustache, and, I perceived when he drew near, a tangle of flaxen hair on his big forearms. 'No treasure, miss?' he asked quietly, but in plain consternation.

'It was——' She hesitated. 'Oh, it was only a joke. Mr Macalise here wrote the paper to fool somebody else.'

'Joke?' The man's blue eyes gave me a sour, a venomous, glance. 'Joke, miss? When I been working 'ere for days; an' you been working, an' cut your 'and all abroad. Don't see no joke, Miss Jeanne. An' we 'm 'eard tell o' Mr Macalise. Do 'un say they 'll take back this field an' give 'ee your money?'

'Some money. I may have to keep the field, but that doesn't——'

'If it ain't cruel!' He inhaled with a kind of long snuffle; his brown face swelled with rage. Then, with amazing suddenness, he took action. 'I'll learn 'un!' he exclaimed in a choky snarl; and he launched forward at me with clenched hands.

'Josey—no! no! How dare you?'

The girl's voice, full of indignation, of terror, rose to a scream that should have stopped both of us. But Master Josey was beyond control; and as for me—well, in my turn I had lost my temper. I forgot instantly the weakness and giddiness I had been striving against. For the moment I was strong—and blackguardly vicious. As I went to meet Josey I intended to crack his jaw as I had cracked a fellow's in Barranquilla.

I got my right fist ready, about a foot outward from my side; I caught Josey's foremost, driving fist in my left palm; and I swung that right of mine with all my power at his jaw. It reached—faultlessly. But, to my stupefaction, I felt it land with less strength than a schoolboy would have put into it. And, worse, my legs were giving way; I was falling across Josey. A smash between the eyebrows from him knocked me upright. Then one of his arms swooped round my neck and crushed my head down against his hip. . . . I knew I was fainting. In fact, that was all I knew—until some hours after the fray.

(*Continued on page 826.*)

THE MAGIC ISLE.

By P. Roualeyn Gordon.

I.

SANTA CATALINA—the 'magic isle'—enveloped in soft summer air and set in a turquoise sea, is separated from the mainland at Los Angeles harbour, southern California, by twenty-five miles of blue water. This little 'bit of heaven' is twenty-two miles long, and varies from a quarter of a mile to seven and a half miles in width, and its highest point—Mount Orizaba—is two thousand one hundred and nine feet. In reality the island is a mountain-range at sea, and on a clear day can be seen from the mainland, or from the summit of the famous Sierras, sixty miles away, lying on the bosom of the mighty ocean like a fabled sea-monster.

Discovered in 1542 by a famous Portuguese navigator in the service of Charles of Castile and Aragon—Captain Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo by name—the island has ever been a land of romance, frequented in early days by adventurers, freebooters, and pirates, who pillaged the rich galleons from the Philippines and East Indies. Originally it was named San Salvador by its discoverer after a caravel of his of that name; through time this name was forgotten, and many years later it was given its present title by Sebastian Vizcaino, a Spanish navigator of great renown, who made two voyages of discovery along the California coast.

When Cabrillo discovered the island it was densely populated with Indians, who gave the Spaniards a great welcome. According to Cabrillo's log these Indians were fishermen and used boats of boards, the prows and the poops high, and the middle very low. They hunted the sea-lions for food, and with the tanned skins they covered themselves, men and women. They are also stated to have been highly intelligent and clever with their hands. Excavations

made by members of the American Smithsonian Institution many years ago on the island confirmed this statement, beautiful specimens of their handicraft being then brought to light. Expert archæologists consider these relics to be nearly all of the fifteenth century, and some, no doubt, considerably older.

Since the time when the island belonged to Philip III. of Spain it has had many owners. An English syndicate purchased it at one time for the purpose of mining the silver lying buried in its deep cañons, but, owing to the difficulty and expense of getting the ore out, operations were abandoned, and the syndicate sold the island to the present owners, under whose administration it has become a famous pleasure-resort. The town of Avalon—the 'capital,' so to speak—is, however, possessed by a large number of property-owners from all parts of the country, and at the present time home sites are being bought up rapidly by wealthy people who desire to live in this delectable spot.

While the island is inhabited all the year round, it is during the summer months that it is most crowded. The ocean-going steamers which ply to and from the mainland are then filled to their utmost capacity with day-trippers, and the various hotels and canvas cottages are never vacant during the season.

Almost every form of outdoor recreation one can think of can be engaged in here. Bathing, golfing, yachting, hill-climbing, fishing, and even hunting add variety to a sojourn on the island. Splendid band concerts are held every evening, and a large pavilion, gay with lights and music, and with a highly polished floor, is filled nightly with dancers, except on Sundays.

One need never weary here; there is always something to do or somewhere to go. Should a desire to go treasure-hunting seize one, there are moonstones, agates, and water-opals to be found at Moonstone Beach, a pretty little cove four miles distant from Avalon. Or, should the call of the road lure one from the golden sands of the perfect bathing-beach, there are old Indian village sites, mountain-peaks with incomparable views, coves, little valleys and inviting trails through unfrequented regions, available for those who care to venture forth.

A never-failing source of interest to visitors is the gorgeous submarine gardens. These gardens, with their wonderful tropical colours, their strange and weirdly beautiful forms of sea-life—green, gold, blue, and purple fishes floating and darting over shell-encrusted rocks or lurking in the waving fronds of giant sea-plants—are plainly revealed through glass-bottomed boats. There is a fleet of these boats, which range from row-boats to large-sized steamers, the latter in appearance being similar to the old-fashioned river paddle-steamer. For the usual wooden bottom beside the keel, thick plate-glass is substituted; this is fixed inside of a railing, so that the glass cannot touch the sea-bottom. The observer looks down a well, and as the boat moves slowly along every object on the sea-bottom can be seen distinctly. Divers, mostly boys, follow the boats and amuse the passengers by diving for small silver coins and shells. These divers make quite a comfortable living in this way, and are exceedingly expert.

It is very fascinating to study the multitudinous denizens of the deep in their natural haunts. The kelp—a yellowish-green vine, ranging from thirty to forty feet in length, with a long stem and big fluted leaves—towers upwards like an immense sea-forest. In the midst of it are strange fishes, crabs, starfish, sea-urchins, and many other sea animals.

Sometimes, too, the hideous octopus can be observed lurking behind a rock, waiting for an unsuspecting crab or other animal on which it can fix its slender but powerful tentacles. With its strong parrot-like jaws, toothed suckers, and the power it possesses of being able to adapt its colour to almost any rock, and to throw out a cloud of inky-like fluid, it is well named the 'devil-fish,' and it is not surprising that it arouses terror wherever it goes. It ranges in size from two to ten feet across, and in deeper water off-shore even larger ones have been found. The big California starfish is one of the commonest forms in the kelp, and, as a rule, in close proximity to it the long-spined sea-urchin is seen. Darting in and out of the weed are fishes of all sorts, sizes, and colours. The Garibaldi—a very friendly fish of a brilliant golden-red—flashes before one's eyes like a living flame; another fish—the sheepshead—attracts attention by the pronounced black and crimson bands which are its characteristic markings. Then the larger fishes—the yellowtail, the big black sea-bass, the albacore, and, occasionally, a shark—are frequently seen by the passenger on board a glass-bottomed boat. As the plate-glass has a magnifying effect, every object on the sea-bottom is clearly outlined, and the submarine panorama constantly changes as the boat moves along. It is almost impossible to describe in words these wonderful submarine gardens; they must be seen to be properly appreciated.

The glass-bottomed boats travel up and down the island coast and visit the sea-lion rookeries. These are of great interest to any one who has never seen such animals in their natural environment. Although ferocious in appearance, the sea-lions are quite tame; they will allow boats to approach to within a few feet of the rocks, and permit the passengers to photograph them. They feed mostly at night, basking in the sun on the rocks during the day. They are great thieves; at every opportunity they plunder the nets of the fishermen, who have no redress, as the animals are protected by law, and must not be shot. Sea-lions are very clever, and can be trained to perform astonishing tricks; the California species

is in great demand, specimens being shipped to museums and zoological gardens all over the world.

II.

Any one who lives on the island for any length of time is struck by the many curious ways adopted by people to earn a living. Apart from the divers already mentioned, there are men who secure good prices from the sale of sea-shells gathered on the beach and strung together into long strings. Others, again, are entirely engaged in polishing moonstones for visitors on the 'while-you-wait' system. Then a large business is done in the sale of abalone-shells and blister-pearls. The abalone, or ear-shell, is as large as a saucer, and is found adhering to rocks. Its meat is very succulent, and is considered to be a rare delicacy when cooked. After being dried and smoked, large quantities of the meat used to be exported to India and China; but, owing to the strenuous efforts of the Japanese—for many years engaged in scouring the sea-bottom for the mollusc—the trade in this direction has practically stopped. At the present time the abalone has almost disappeared from Californian waters, in spite of a law limiting the catch to a certain size.

The method adopted by the abalone-hunter is very primitive. As a rule the molluscs are found in water from ten to twenty feet deep, and are 'spotted' by means of a box with a glass bottom. The hunter prises them loose from the rocks with a chisel fastened to the end of a long pole, and hauls them to the surface with another pole, at the end of which is a barbed hook.

The shell of the abalone, when ground and polished on the outside, is the most beautiful of all mother-of-pearl. All kinds of curious ornaments are made from it, and these are largely sold to visitors and globe-trotters.

Black pearls and white pearls are often found in some of the shells. The blister-pearl is a large central pearl, usually found tapering off into the shell, and varies from one to two inches in diameter; in appearance it is like a large blister—hence the name. Some of these pearls are of great value, and this, doubtless, is the reason for the rapid disappearance of the mollusc at the hands of the Japanese.

Another pearl found in the abalone-shell is round or uneven, and is most often grayish-black. It is found, generally, lying between the flesh and the shell, or attached to the folds of the animal.

Apart from all the other attractions the island offers, there is one allurement which draws men to this enchanted spot from the four corners of the earth—that is the fishing. At Avalon every year is held the greatest gathering of sea-anglers in the world. Nowhere else can so many varieties of giant game fish be found, or such remarkable catches be recorded. The leaping-tuna (eighty to two hundred and fifty pounds), the swordfish (one hundred to three hundred pounds), the giant black sea-bass (one hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds), the yellowtail, the albacore, and many other game fighters are caught with rod and reel. All kinds of boats and fishing-tackle, designed and constructed for Catalina fishing, can be secured at Avalon, and may be hired for any period from a day to a season. Experienced boatmen, knowing the best fishing-grounds, and furnishing bait and tackle, are always available.

While the season for the tuna, the swordfish, the albacore, and the yellowtail varies from March to January, it is during the summer months that the sea-anglers are most in evidence. Enthusiasm then runs high, and the sole topic of conversation is fish.

The centre of attraction for many people, from morning to night, is the pier, where all the fish taken in the various tournaments promoted by the Tuna Club are weighed by the official weighers. Boats of all kinds keep arriving in a constant stream; the big fishes are hoisted up, weighed, and then photographed (with the proud heroes of the hour standing beside their catch) by the official photographers.

The Tuna Club, known to sea-anglers in all parts of the world, was founded in 1898 by Mr Charles F. Holder, a noted American writer and authority on sea-angling, with the object of raising the sport to the highest standard, and ensuring adequate protection to game fish. Prior to the formation of this club, it was the custom to use strong hand-lines to catch these fish; these were so numerous that the fishermen were kept busy hauling them in as fast as they could. It was obvious to the true lover of the sport that no fishing-ground could long stand such methods, so it was proposed by the original members of the club that, instead of hand-lines, the lightest tackle and rod and reel should be used for the largest fish, the idea being that with this tackle the number of game fish that could be landed in a day by a reasonable angler would be reduced to a minimum. A twenty-four-strand line was made the limit, but in the case of tunas a twenty-one-strand line was advocated.

Although the albacore is still caught with hand-lines—chiefly by the Japanese for canning purposes—it is the rod and reel that is universally used in these waters by sportsmen, and any attempt to catch tuna with a hand-line is certain to arouse the hostility and resentment of all true anglers.

The climate of Santa Catalina island, taking the average the year round, is as nearly perfect as can be found in a world where perfection does not exist. There is no rain between May and November, there are no storms, and the temperature ranges from fifty-eight degrees in March to eighty-two degrees in August. During midsummer there are generally a few hot days, but the nights are invariably cool.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THERE are perhaps half-a-dozen places in the world where a wild, rough cosmopolitanism is practised as at no others. They are everybody's lands, and those who are there pursue life for the time being with a certain ferocity. Human strife, with crudest material gain for object; no moral code regarded, and no law but that of self-preservation and advancement respected—and blood itself is cheap; there are pictures of Mammon at such places that are never lovely, but are, indeed, desperately interesting. And these must, of necessity, be places where the movement is fast, where men and women are found to-day, and whence they will have departed in the morning—or they may be only hiding; these places must be ports or near such, and they must be junctions in the world's movement systems of nations' wanderers. It is inevitably in and about the Mediterranean that such centres, clearing-houses of a kind, as they might be considered, are most commonly to be found, for it is here that there is the greatest conjunction of the world's human traffic. It is a point as to whether Marseilles, with its Cannebière, is not the chief of them; it is faster, more advanced, less raw, than some of them, but it is as fierce as any, even though, as one imagines, it pretends at civilisation more. Barcelona, not far away, is something of the same kind, but in a minor key, somewhat less intense, even if, as some would say, a few degrees more anarchistic, being much concerned with its own political affairs, such as disturb the Marseillais but little. Alexandria and Port Said have a touch of this same international rawness and intensity, and Singapore out in the East—the great stopping and changing places in the track of the big ships. It is the Moslem folk, with their half-nakedness, their depth and subtlety of look, their enmity and challenge, the cupidity that masters all other feelings, and their wild, fierce, raucous cries, that often give full flavour to race mixture in such a place, making it feel full worldly of the world. In a thorough consideration of interests, communications, flows, and the rest, it has been suggested that Tangier is the positive centre of the populated and moving world; but for a while past the city at the north-west corner of Africa, cosmopolitan enough as it seems to be to any one who ambles through the little *zoco*, has been administratively mismanaged by a combination of great Powers who have been much preoccupied with other affairs; it is neglected, and seems to have been side-tracked from the general current of international life. But, though the case is different from that of the big ports, there are places in Morocco which seem to be developing great, wild international concentrations, guided by the same instincts and exhibiting many of the same indications. The cause, the motive, is the same. Morocco is only just being discovered, or taken, by the Europeans and others. For them, though so ancient, it is almost as a virgin land, and it is rich to the point of disturbing dreams. A convenient arrangement having been made with the rulers, and such part of the native population as dissented being subjected to gun-fire and like pacificatory measures, the outsiders, Europeans, pour in, and the great, crude, raw drama of Mammon is played again under the African sun, amid the Moslem temples, Arabs and Berbers winding through the throng and taking a hand in the play themselves. The contrasts at such places might be called tremendous.

* * *

At the moment I have Tetuan most in mind, thinking it is one of the best examples; recollections of it have the vividness of the most recent visit, and it is a place mounting high in that stupendous Morocco problem just now being entabled, one that perceptive diplomatists realise is likely to disturb the big peoples—ourselves with them—perhaps more than any other in the near future. It would be well that our people should begin to realise and know more of these Morocco things, the affairs of recent occurrence in some of these parts, the intensified difficulties of the Spaniards with the rebel Moors, as they are called; the gaps in their knowledge, widened rather than narrowed as those gaps have often been by the blunders of the newspapers, have been much manifested. Consider what concern there has been in recent times as to Mesopotamia. Morocco, as rich almost as any country, as eastern and far away in a sense as the most eastern, a prize for the advanced races—it is useless to attempt evading a clear truth; that is what it must and will come to—Morocco is

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at the gates of Europe, a tremendous temptation to a world hungry and impoverished on the one hand, and sadly given to avarice on the other. But matters of international diplomacy, mutual prohibitions and fears, prevent the nations from swooping down on this bounteous land; it is not that they so much respect the Moors and their rights of priority there. Were any nation powerful enough to defy all others, the *magzhan* of Morocco, or the native government, might speedily make arrangements for the closing of its accounts. But, as all know, the world, in a state of intense mutual jealousy, has been watching Morocco for more than a generation past, ever since the necessity or the impulse for the development of the odd bits of the hemispheres asserted itself, and so there have been conferences and conventions among the nations, at Algeciras, at Cartagena, and others elsewhere, to determine what each might and might not do in the matter of interference with the land of the Moors and the good things it contains. As to the Moors, they were not invited to these conferences; steps were not taken to ascertain their views; and if the results were conveyed to them, it might be but as a kind of form. See how susceptible have been the Powers upon this grand problem of Morocco, their fear lest one or other should move an inch nearer to the jewel than had been arranged; and recall the visit of the German warship *Panther* to Agadir, which is on the Morocco coast, and how very nearly that one incident set the whole world at war. There must yet be the fiercest wrestlings in international spirit upon this Morocco, and happy will Europe be if the spirit only is concerned. For the moment there are two authorised exploiters of the country, the Spanish to the north, and the French to the south; the other nations agree to their action. Nominally they have established protectorates; nominally the Sultan of Morocco is over all, and French and Spaniards merely assist him; but this, as the children know, is the formula of international custom, a pretty pretending for the saving of appearances and the soothing of consciences, for if the Sultan of Morocco, who receives the French and Spanish High Commissioners in grand oriental state when they come to pay him homage as the supreme ruler, did not act as he was politely invited—through the usual and most courteous channels—there would be many situations more agreeable and stable than that of the Sultan of Morocco. But none who studies first Morocco in itself, and then the Powers of the world and their attitudes, existing and potential and essential, towards it, can doubt that in course of time—and it may not be a long time—there will be a great upheaval in this system. The present arrangement, even with the greatest modifications, will not endure; the very necessities of the world, or of Europe at least, let us say, excited by political considerations and rivalries, would not permit it. At this moment we witness the Spaniards grappling with an unexpected difficulty, and from this itself a certain modification might ensue. At the beginning certain leaders of Spanish thought suggested a partial abandonment of their zone; but there are many good reasons why this could not be, one of the chief being that if Spain left, or even partially left, her zone, some other European people would step in. That is certain, and there lies the problem, the speculation, the anxiety, and the danger. Those who, lacking such assistance as they had a right to expect from their public instructors, have not grasped the significance and the possibilities of this question, newly germinating as it seems to be, and have had a picture given them of stupid Spaniards oppressing and mismanaging a community of well-meaning Arabs who have risen against them in rebellion, and who have in consequence, these British folks at home, sympathised with the Arabs and kindly reflected that they had a right to their own country after all, should remember this, and that if Spain had to leave her zone, or chose to leave it, there would be a question on the international table that would reduce such as that of Upper Silesia to insignificance. For the Moors would not be left to exploit their Morocco alone; it is for Europe now. If Spain left, clearly then France, being already busy with the other and adjoining part, and having enormous ambitions in these regions. . . . Then, what of Britain? And that is what is being asked where these matters are most pertinently discussed, and in the asking visions arise of hurricanes of trouble.

* * *

The argument brings us back to Tetuan and the cosmopolitan centres where the world mingles rawly, for, though we have been hearing so much of Melilla in these recent times, at the other end of the Spanish zone, Tetuan is its capital, the headquarters of the Spaniards in Morocco. To our mind it is the most interesting of all the places to which Europeans may go with comparative ease, because it is 'unspoiled,' as the comment is. The French contact with Morocco has a different effect, one that is finer in a way. You might say that a slight Parisian impression is made. Casablanca is a case in point. The oriental scent seems to fade so quickly when the French bring all their neatness, their prettiness, and their politeness to a place. At Tetuan it is not that way. Here you may observe the contrast—one hesitates to use the conventional word, the clash—of civilisations as hardly elsewhere in North Africa, and here, this being the centre, many peoples throng and mix in the strange fierce way of men engaged upon fulfilment of nature's first law. Days of wonderment and education may be spent in Tetuan, and nights as well, these latter spiced with warnings to have a care in being out after dark, for rebel

Moors may slip down the mountain-sides and away with you for ransom when they can. For here there are two or three different Tetuans. There is first of all the old Tetuan, that of the Moorish city enclosed within its old walls, from the outside of which there is little to be seen save the towers of the temples. Within is the best example one might ever find in these days of a community self-contained, and living well, as one might say, for here they make everything for themselves, and in all things they employ the oldest and most primitive, but yet effective and beautiful, methods for the production of nice and useful things. To see their little tanneries, their colouring-places, their smithies, their weaving and their various stitching places, and their shops, all little boxes with one side open to the front, and the master, attired in white or purple burnous, and seated with crossed legs on a cushion on the floor, nearly everything within his reach, is to slip away into the realms of the Arabian Nights and recall a peculiar pleasure of years ago upon witnessing the play of *Kismet*, so colourfully produced, with an atmosphere about it, by Mr Oscar Asche. Cairo can show nothing more oriental than this; its easternism, as we might say, is nearly complete, these people seeming more indifferent to us than they really are—for they also know well the love of gain—appear so much like dolls, displaying a kind of nimble energy such as you would think might only be gathered from secret springs; and, again, they do so much suggest a hive of the busiest bees, each doing his share of work to the utmost, with an intensity, an eagerness, I have never seen in England or any part of Europe. And of the excellence of their workmanship, especially in leather goods, it is not necessary to write. Even in Italy they say that the pride of workmanship has weakened since the world catastrophe, that there is no longer any such thing as the best workmanship, and to travellers everywhere it often seems like that; but these old Moorish cities, and Tetuan chiefly, are like old strongholds of workmanship, where men love the labour that comes to their hands, and exert themselves upon it deftly, swiftly, to the best of their skill and with their soul's artistic sense. One creeps into some of the workshops and sits on the floor with the sons of the master as they ply their tools like little high-power electric machines with hearts for dynamos, and, with that common tendency to a momentary incongruity, a crudity in contrast, which perversely attacks so many of us at such times, one asks one's self for a mental picture of the possible state of things when trades unions have come to Tetuan, and this Ben Ali here may harangue a mob in the little *zoco*, urging that they shall strike for a seven hours' day and the more wages for the fewer hours that they work. But the imagination rejects the proposition; here, by one cross-legged on the floor in Tetuan at any rate, it cannot be staged in the mind. In London one may try again, and with a sympathetic ambient do better. They have not learned to strike like us in Tetuan. Sometimes, of course, there is discontent with work, but it is of brief duration. It is considered a good thing when an employer has a discontented workman to beat the malcontent.

* * *

Few as yet are the signs, but one supposes that all the chief things of civilisation must enter Tetuan and grow there one day soon, as they grow in London, in Paris, and in New York, and perhaps strikes will follow then. For the present I see hardly anything that might not have been there two thousand years ago. In a few of the places there are certain small assistances to workmanship that come mainly from England. You may hardly set it against the Moor for want of independence that he buys needles from us instead of stitching with things he might—and no doubt could—make for himself. But we see now, for defiance of harmony, electric wires in many places above the streets, and so we know there are electric lights! In English thought it seems but a foot or two from electric lights to taxi-cabs, but in Tetuan, surely, it must be many worlds of space. However, there are the ancient and the modern forces, as we so well know them, at work here just the same. I make a friend with Hamed El Meluzi, and he takes me home to have tea with him. We rise to the upper floor of his dainty house, and I cannot really be oblivious, much as I may pretend to be, to a pair of very black feminine eyes peeping round the corner of a curtain across the *patio*. Squatting with Meluzi on the cushioned floor in a corner that serves for receptions and personal contemplations, we take green tea, flavoured with the fruit-syrups dropped from the brazen flask. And when we are content, he tells me in the way of soliloquy of the tremendous speed of life and the immensity of gains in Tetuan, of how a rich man there has nine or ten houses which ten years or so ago were rented at eight pesetas each a month, and for which he now gets sixty or even more! Hamed El Meluzi is a highly respectable, intelligent, and thrifty fellow, and he says that he has bought the house in which he entertains me, and paid what I reckon in our English money to be two hundred and fifty pounds for it. He adds with pride and significance that once he used to pay twelve pesetas a month, and that now he could get sixty if he chose. He has one room down below and four above; it is, of course, a Moorish house, and not a thing you can imagine in terms of cottages or villas. This is of the inner Tetuan, the old one, the Moorish. It is rather difficult to realise that when I linger thus in Africa with Hamed El Meluzi I am within less than half a day of travelling from a

British place in Europe. But that is the truth of it, and it is one of the little wonders of travelling systems. The place is Gibraltar. If I can rise soon enough at Gibraltar to get to Algeciras across the bay by seven in the morning, I board a little ship which for thirteen pesetas takes me from there, Europe, across the straits to Ceuta, Africa; and at Ceuta there is a marvellously modern railway-train, built on the American plan, awaiting me in a more modern and handsome railway-station than is to be found in all Spain. Then for four pesetas ninety I am booked by the train leaving at ten-forty-five, which, after stops at minor stations and rough halts named Miramar, Castilejos, Riffien, Negro, Rincon, and Malalien, deposits me at Tetuan, where there is an even bigger and more handsome station, at twelve-eighteen. And at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon I may leave Tetuan again, and, effecting a reverse, pass back from Africa to Europe, and sleep at night in the shadow of the Rock with the good protection of the best of flags. It is one of the little miracles of travelling possibilities.

* * *

Outside the Moorish walls there are two other Tetuans, the old one of Spanish fashioning, and the new Spanish model. The former is chiefly in a street called La Luneta, leading to the edge of the hill on which Tetuan rests; at the foot and in the valley below there is now that railway-station. This street is a little bit of old Spain at far from its best; in it you may buy tickets for the lotteries, cheap fancy goods, and the Spanish newspapers, and lounge in dirty cafés. You may buy all those things that never would be sold within the Moorish city inside the walls. Adjacent there is a kind of theatre where the cinematograph is employed to reveal to the mixed gathering, including a very few and young Arabs of the more daring and renegade character, caring not for their people as they should, the habits and customs of Bronco Bill when on the trail for a bride on the prairie of the wild, wild West. The linking of Europe and Africa, the twain of the East and the West being made to meet in a few short hours, as just described, seemed nearly miraculous, but more is the difference between human existence, and pleasures with it, beyond those walls only a few hundred yards away and here in this Spanish cinema! But if the old Spanish Tetuan is nothing agreeable, the new one around it is impressive. We see here fine markets which would do credit to any capital city of Europe, and Arab and European sellers within, from whom we buy the sweetest oranges that ever grew, and the smallest eggs that ever were laid by ordinary poultry devoted to the purpose. And Don José Martin Garcia, headmaster, conducts us through a new school, which is finer than any school in Spain, and where the children are learning more that will help their lives than such children at home in Europe do, years for years. There is an anomaly here. Many other new things like buildings are presented, and the street they call after the name of Mohammed Ben el Arbi Torres—who did much for Tetuan—in which I live, will one day far off be a famous and a fashionable street. Even now there are those who are sure of it, for a Hebrew of much enterprise is building here a block of flats. Down this street in the morning, at something only a little after sunrise, the Spanish soldiers are led to their exercises on the ground of the big *zoco*. They pass this way blasting their bugles with an energy so improper for the hour, and so much unknown in Spain, that I and a high officer of Spanish government in the adjoining chamber are awakened from our dreams in Araby, and brought back to this harsh metallic realisation of some essential uglinesses in the process of civilisation. With severe remarks suitable to the occasion, we repair in pyjamas to the balconies—to watch the soldiers pass. What mornings in Morocco! What new-made, sun-washed air, warm and keen, life in it! Little wonder these Spanish soldiers, of whom there were about six thousand then in Tetuan, are so active and business-like as they swing their way on to the *zoco*. No, we say firmly and with a certain pride of conquest, we will not go back to bed again. Rather will we unbag tools again and write.

* * *

But, after all, the heart of Tetuan, the place of mixtures that was mentioned, is the big, irregular square just outside the walls of the Moorish city, with the minaret of the chief mezquita overlooking it. It is called the Plaza de España, and those who like to contemplate contrasts in peoples and things, and see the effort of man strangely displayed in much diversity, should sit on one of the benches amid the crude little flower-beds in the middle of the square and consider the remarkable scene. It is pleasant enough, with qualifications. There are palms about, and fountains that are not operating now, and the African sunlight beams and burns upon round globes on electric-light standards, which are evidence that this is as a piece of Spain. Just opposite is the Alta Comisaria, the residence of the High Commissioner, General Berenguer, to prove it. Many streets lead from this *plaza*, which in ways has been likened to the famous Puerta del Sol of Madrid, which, in the case of a Spanish square, indicates the utmost limit of flattery. One of the emerging streets is La Luneta, and another is that of Mohammed Ben el Arbi Torres. Over there is the new railway-station, built in Moorish style and gleaming white, and you may almost hear the shrill whistle of the Spanish engines; on the opposite side is that doll's house of a Moorish city, and from the

minaret of the Mezquita de Sidik Saida flutters the white flaglet that falls when, by the muezzin, the faithful are called to make their prayers to Allah. And near to this, but within the *plaza*, waves the crimson flag of the Sultan in token that here is his customs-house. There is a smaller mosque on another side of the *plaza* with an entrance from it, and a strange proceeding is observed when a couple of Moors, rough and a little mad in looks, and possessed of primitive musical instruments of the pipe-and-skin variety, are admitted through the gates, and in the vestibule or *zaguan*, as though caged therein, conduct a peculiar performance, with the youth of Tetuan regarding it from outside. It is apparently of a semi-religious character, and after a few minutes the men are released and go away. On one side the French tricolour flutters over the consulate; on another there is the Italian. People of various nations and many qualities pass through the *plaza*. A little Arab boy comes to offer to clean one's boots, as if one might be in London or New York; so does young Morocco make the best of things, turning evil into good or profit, since these boots he cleans are worn by dogs of Europeans, the faithful wearing not such things, but gliding along always in their yellow slippers. But, for contrasts, what flicks most sharply on the sense is when, just at the call of the muezzin, the newsboys from the offices of the *Eco de Tetuan* and *El Norte de Africa*, enterprising evening newspapers, leap into the place with the latest editions. But such things have happened for a long time now, and there is no surprise. Berber women, muffled to the eyes, tramping in bare feet and bent by the weight of burdens on their backs, are unconcerned if one stares at them; they are not shy, and they do not care. They wander in after a patient march of many miles over the hills from their native village. In a corner of the *plaza* an old Moor sits beside many bags of grain he is selling by the kilo, and this being a gossip corner, some of these women halt to chat with him. There are many more phases of the life in a strange place in which, one way or other, there will be history made in years to come. Listening down into the future, one seems to hear thunders of guns, wild cries of men in victory and anguish—and one scarcely sees here the Arabs then; others have ousted them—proclamations, pealing bells of triumph, and much besides that is stirring and dreadful, with British and French as well as Spanish concerned, and others not discernible. But yet it is all far off. For this is the political centre of a land that is rich.

FELICIA AND THE INCURABLE.

By E. L. Roberts.

I.

WITH a sigh of relief Felicia sank down on the grassy slope half-way up the cliff, and was made as comfortable as a man not unskilled in such matters could make her. Then I lit a cigarette.

'I don't object to smoking,' observed Felicia sweetly, examining with intense interest a mythical ship on the horizon.

'That's awfully jolly of you,' I assured her.

'You should have asked if you might smoke,' pursued Felicia. 'Mr Raynor always does,' she added maliciously.

'Raynor's manners are as polished as his finger-nails,' I conceded, relapsing into a contemplative silence.

So long as I can look at Felicia I am perfectly content to be speechless. She repays inspection. From where I was lying I could see her profile against a background of blue sea. Having experienced some difficulty in attaining this post of vantage, I was determined that nothing short of an earthquake should make me relinquish it. Since Rayner's arrival, *tête-à-têtes* with Felicia had become rarer than angels' visits. My zest for them had increased proportionately as they became difficult to obtain; for it is only when a man sees a girl appropriated by another man that he fully realises how much he wants to appropriate her himself.

It was Felicia who broke the silence. 'I'm going to talk to you for your good, Mr Railton,' she announced.

'Dick,' I suggested—'and don't.'

'What do you mean?' she demanded.

'That my friends call me Dick,' I explained, 'and don't talk to me for my good.'

'Then they're not *real* friends,' insisted Felicia, 'and I've only known you—well, not long enough, anyway.'

'What length of time do you consider—well, long enough, anyway?'

Felicia's eyes were fixed on that very convenient ship. 'You're wriggling,' she said severely. 'The length of time we have known one another has nothing to do with my talking to you for your good.'

'I'm always worse after it,' I warned her.

'Sometimes one has to make the patient worse before one can start making him better,' stated Felicia wisely.

'It's a shocking waste of time, too,' I protested. 'We might——'

'I don't care; it's my time, so I suppose I can do what I like with it.'

'All my time is yours,' I assured her gallantly.

'If you begin to talk nonsense I shall go home,' she threatened.

'You wouldn't condemn me to silence,' I expostulated.

'I believe I promised to go sailing with Mr Raynor.'

Felicia glanced in my direction, but I maintained the stoical calm of an Iroquois brave.

'Life is full of disappointments,' I agreed feelingly.

'Yes,' said Felicia; and then, regarding the mighty deep with regretful eyes, 'The sea looks simply perfect for—sailing,' she concluded.

'You like sailing?' I suggested politely.

'I love it!' Felicia still suffers from the whole-hearted enthusiasms of the early twenties; and ever since Raynor's arrival I had been brought face to face with this amiable weakness. Raynor, a mere Guards' subaltern, had no business to have a yacht; but he had, and ever since his cockle-shell had put into Seacombe, Felicia's passion for salt-water had had every chance of being gratified.

'It's a curious thing,' I mused.

'I don't think I ever quite understand what you mean,' complained Felicia with a puzzled air. 'You seem to begin your sentences in the middle. What is curious?'

'This survival of the fascination of the uniform,' I explained mildly; 'and its most remarkable feature is its uniformity.'

Felicia regarded me coldly. 'I *don't* understand,' she declared.

'Why is it,' I continued recklessly, 'that a man has only to clothe himself in an inartistic combination of coloured garments to become a sort of human magnet capable of attracting every woman he approaches? Is it the colour-scheme, deplorable as it is, or the thought that some day he may again be a hero with a bullet or two rattling against his ribs, and his chest replated with a new set of medals?'

II.

A little breathlessly I lit a second cigarette before glancing at Felicia. Her face was the face of an indignant damsel. When she began to make preparations to rise, I knelt in supplication before the angered deity.

'Dear, kind Felicia, don't go!' I implored. 'Your Dickums will be good.'

'You are not my—my Dickums,' she asserted with incredible dignity, 'and I am not your "dear, kind Felicia,"' she added.

'But you are!' I maintained.

'I'm not!'

'Kind——' I continued.

'Perhaps I am. In fact, I must be, or I should be sail——'

'And a dear!' I concluded audaciously.

'That is what I want to talk to you about,' said Felicia. Then, before I could express my desire to discuss the same subject, 'You are an incorrigible flirt!' she declared.

The attack was unexpected, but I rallied quickly.

'Not really,' I objected.

'Not really what?'

'Incorrigible,' I explained.

'Were you in the garden with Kitty for two hours after dinner last night?' she inquired with studied indifference.

I admitted the truth of the accusation—it was impossible to deny it—pointing out, however, the unusual beauty of the moon as an extenuating circumstance.

Felicia sniffed, if so entirely charming a person can be said to sniff. At all events she made a sound expressive of haughty disbelief.

'And this morning,' she went on, 'you were flirting outrageously with Sylvia on the beach.'

'I was only helping to dry her hair,' I expostulated. 'There's such a lot of it that really it's too much for one person. The action was purely philanthropical.' I smiled reminiscently.

'You've flirted abominably with both of them,' said Felicia with some heat. 'I hate men who are so young that they think they must flirt with every girl they meet.'

'I was with you five afternoons last week, I reminded her.

'You were not so bad then,' she admitted; 'it's only since——' She frowned, trying to recollect the starting-point of my wrong-doing.

I hastened to her assistance.

'Since Raynor arrived,' I suggested.

'Ye-es,' agreed Felicia; 'you have been at your worst since Mr Raynor came.'

'"To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction,"' I quoted sententiously. 'Raynor is pretty awful, too—he's been out sailing with the same girl three afternoons running.'

Felicia blushed. 'What has Mr Raynor to do with your flirting?' she demanded.

'When a ship loses her anchor,' I pointed out, 'she is liable to drift among other ships.'

Felicia puckered her brows in an attempt to see the connection. The effect was so delightful that I hastened to secure an encore.

'How much more likely is she to bump other ships,' said I, 'when her anchor has been stolen?'

Felicia blushed again.

'It doesn't seem very clear,' she observed.

'It's a kind of parable,' I explained. 'I'll expound it.' And remembering that an orator should grip his audience, I moved a little nearer mine.

'I don't think it interests me,' said Felicia.

'It's quite a pretty parable,' I urged, 'and has a most heavenly meaning.'

'Has it a happy ending?' There was a hint of laughter in Felicia's eyes.

'I'm not sure,' I admitted, 'but I hope so.'

'You might *begin* to expound it,' conceded Felicia, 'but you must stop when I tell you. It will probably bore me.'

'Then I'll start at the end.'

'No! the beginning,' she commanded.

III.

I smoked reflectively for a moment or two; then I began the parable.

'There was once a beautiful princess who lived in a palace by the sea. She was a very happy princess, so, of course, her name was——'

Felicia broke in hastily. 'I don't think I like names for princesses,' she informed me. 'Call her "the Princess."'

'But it will spoil the parable,' I objected.

'I don't care; she isn't going to have a name,' said Felicia unreasonably.

I sighed, but continued: 'During the summer months it was her custom to command certain of her subjects to stay with her, and they were only too glad to obey; for they all loved her—she was so beautiful.'

I paused to glance at Felicia, but she was industriously destroying a daisy, so I went on with the parable.

'One summer two men were commanded to visit the Princess—— By the way, did I mention that she was called——?'

Felicia started. 'Call her "the Princess,"' she insisted.

I smiled—at least, I contemplated a smile, but catching Felicia's eye, decided it would be better to postpone it.

'One of the men,' I resumed, 'was tall, handsome, and very fascinating. He was a—a seafarer of sorts.'

Again Felicia blushed. I felt it!

'The other man was rather short, not even good-looking, and suffered from an incurable disease. He arrived at the palace before the seafarer, and the Princess was so sorry for him that she sat with him every afternoon; and, of course, he thought her the most beautiful princess in the world. But after a time the Princess sat with the Incurable less often. The seafarer was so fascinating that he persuaded her to leave the Incurable to the care of her friends, and to go sailing with him. And the Incurable grew more and more incurable. In fact, he was in a distinctly poor way until one afternoon the Princess saw him as she was on her way to the landing-stage, and he looked so ill and miserable that she had him carried up to the cliffs, and sat with him all the afternoon, which cheered him and made him feel wonderfully better. Then, just as the afternoon was drawing to a close and the Princess was thinking of going home for tea, she said very gently, "Is there no way of curing you?"

'The Incurable shook his head. "There is only one way," he replied, "and that is impossible."

'The Princess stamped her foot. "Nothing is impossible," she cried. "I have money and power, and can command the most skilful surgeons to operate on you."

'"The most skilful surgeons could not cure me!" said the Incurable sadly.

'"Can I really do nothing?" asked the Princess, with a sigh.

'"You can do everything," said the Incurable.'

IV.

I stopped and glanced at Felicia. She raised her eyes from the ruin of the daisy, and they were bluer than I had ever thought them. 'Go on!' she commanded.

'That's all the parable,' I answered.

'But didn't the Incurable tell the Princess about the—the cure?'

'I'm not sure,' I admitted. 'I rather fancy that, although he thought her the sweetest, and tenderest, and most adorable princess in the world, he was also a little afraid of her.'

Felicia commenced the destruction of a second daisy. 'Couldn't you make up an ending for the parable?' she murmured.

'I might—with a little encouragement,' I admitted.

'Try,' suggested Felicia softly. 'I'm sure the Incurable would have done a little thing like that for—the Princess.'

'That is precisely the point,' I assured her; 'would he?'

There was a moment's silence—a very proper thing to have at times. Felicia continued her assault on the daisy, which had done her no harm; while I tried to assume a suitably thoughtful expression and achieved a smoke-ring.

Then I resumed the parable. 'The Princess,' I continued, 'urged the Incurable to tell her how she could cure him, and at last, after refusing for a long time, he consented to do so. "I should be cured," he said, "if you loved me!"'

I looked at Felicia. Her cheeks were pink as she bent over the remains of the daisy. 'And what—what did the—Princess say?'

Felicia's voice was very low, and her interest in the botany of daisies intense.

'I don't know,' I admitted. 'I thought perhaps you——'

Felicia jumped up hurriedly and waved to two figures on the beach below. As they drew nearer they proved to be Kitty and Raynor. With an effort I contrived to convert what I wanted to say into a cough. Felicia began to scramble down the cliff.

'I said we'd play tennis with them,' she explained over her shoulder. 'They've come to look for us.'

'Very thoughtful of them,' I said without enthusiasm. 'But what about my parable? You've missed the best part.'

The path was steep at that point, and perhaps a fear of slipping made Felicia clasp my hand more tightly than before. 'I'm afraid I'm very dull,' she said, smiling adorably. 'It seemed a little beyond me.'

'I might try to make the meaning a little clearer after dinner,' I suggested. 'There will be a very helpful moon.'

'You might,' agreed Felicia, as we approached the bottom of the cliff, 'if you think it worth while, unless——'

She paused a moment, considering the alternative.

'Unless what?' I demanded, stepping on to the beach.

'Unless—I go sailing,' whispered Felicia.

A SALMON-RUN IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By James G. Sinclair.

I.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago on the Fraser River salmon were so plentiful that the fisherman dared not put out more than a quarter of his net. But times are changed, and he has to fish long and hard now to make adequate daily wages. Different reasons have been ascribed for this depletion, but the salmon in its movements presents as difficult and unsolvable a problem as the herring in the North Sea. The Fraser has been overfished; the tidal waters have been barricaded with murderous trap-nets, and year by year the run keeps diminishing.

But farther up the coast the fish run as they have done from time immemorial. Into the hundreds of streams that brawl through cañons, down mountain-sides, and over gravelly fords the yearly packs pour, driven from unknown deeps of the mighty Pacific by that great primordial instinct. Into the brackish water of the inlets and land-locked bays they head, over bars and riffles, up the rapids, scaling falls and driving over shelving rocks with an inch or two of water covering them. Up the purling tributaries they press, crushing their way, crushed by each other, and battered by the current. On and still on the remnants drive until they find their haven, the shallow gravelly ford, and then the last grand effort, the final tussle between the surviving males for the females. And when it is all over, when that narrow trough has been scooped out by the ragged tails, when the ova have been deposited in it and impregnated, the weary fish lay down their lives, a sacrifice to the perpetuation of the species. The Pacific knows them no more.

We had put in for the night in a gasolene-launch into a land-locked creek far up the coast. As the launch moved up the inlet the giant firs and mighty cedars on its precipitous sides were casting ever-lengthening shadows. The purple blues of the hemlocks were assuming a duskier, more funereal, shade, and the purples and russets and scarlets and golds of the deciduous trees were touched with a still ruddier tinge. High up above us the snow-clad summits of the mighty unnamed mountains were lit by the rays of the westering sun, now about to dip behind the bosom of the placid ocean, and the snow and glacial faces far aloft shimmered with amber and gold. As the launch nosed up the creek discordant noises began to greet our ears, and a peculiar nauseous smell kept increasing in power. A mile and a half farther up, the little noisy river found rest in the water of the creek, and myriad water-fowl were hovering over the bar, along the shores, and flying up-stream. The repellent smell increased, the din increased, and then we began to strike a pack of salmon. The mystery was solved. The salmon were running, and the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were called to a royal feast.

I had fished on the Fraser during the sock-eye run, and seen hundreds of salmon taken aboard at one haul. But now the pack was solid. It was no place to camp for the night. The noise of gull, kittiwake, crow, raven, eagle, and duck was terrific, the stench of decaying salmon overpowering, but here was a chance to observe at first-hand that primal struggle—the chance of a lifetime. So we ran up to the bar, raising the birds and scaring into the underbrush some skulking timber wolves, great, gray, gaunt beasts. The launch shoved itself through seething salmon, half-dead salmon, rotting salmon, rotten salmon. But we dared not go over the bar into the pools, so we ran the boat up a sandy beach in the inlet, took out our blankets and impedimenta, climbed the side until we hit a hollow, and began to prepare the evening meal. Our mongrel dog, friend of many an expedition, was strangely unsettled and restive. Instead of taking up his usual pose beside the fire with his grizzled nose between his extended paws and his wise old eyes watching our every movement, he whined and whimpered and skulked about. He knew too much to bark, but could he have expressed himself in a long-drawn yowl, he would have eased his feelings and bayed defiance to the weird calls of the wolves.

II.

After our meal, when our pipes were going and our feet were to the fire—for the night had a nip to it—Le Noys and I sat in silence listening, and trying to place the different cries of bird and beast. The eagle had sought his lofty shelf; the crows and the ravens, sated, had heavily flighted to cliff and fir to rest before the labour of the morrow, leaving the gorging to the gulls and the ducks. Gradually the yells of the gull and the tern, and the 'Kitti-veek, kitti-veek, veek, veek, veek' of that restless busybody, subsided, as rest was sought on the waters of the creek. But the ducks were as busy as ever; the deep quack of the duck, the more strident call of its mate the mallard, the musical quack of the widgeon, and the attenuated call of the lively little teal kept up the music. The 'sing-sing' of wings above us told that still they came in from the sea, led by the call of food. The howls of the wolves came up from the bar, and were answered from far back as the news sped that there was good hunting. Le Noys, an old-timer on the coast—fisherman, hunter, trapper, naturalist—sat broodily puffing and interjecting, 'That's a raccoon—hear that mink—huh! the bears come now,' until I began to get somewhat scared. He smiled his half-Indian smile, and said, 'No fear. If all the beasts from one hundred miles were here, they would be too busy to interfere with us.' So it turned out. We wrapped ourselves in our Hudson's Bay blankets, lay down to rest, and Bowser at length lay down to watch.

At the first gray of dawn we were awakened by the gulls, bent anew on resuming the feast. While Le Noys was building the fire and frying the bacon I went down to the launch and took up more provender, as we had determined to remain on the spot all day. After breakfast we worked up along the bluff till we came opposite the mouth of the river, and having ensconsed ourselves where we had a good view of bar, riffles, fords, and reaches, lay down to take notes.

The stench in the air was intolerable. During the height of the herring-fishing in some of the Scottish towns the smell is bad enough, but it is a healthy smell withal, and as the breath of life to the fisher-folk. In the town of Wick, where I was brought up, on the south side of the bay, stood the 'gut' factory, where the fish-offal was sent to be turned into oil and manure. Well I remember the smell when the wind veered to the south-east and blew in. If I recollect aright, operations in the factory were allowed only when the wind blew off-shore. Mix sulphuretted hydrogen, whale-oil, strong onions, hide-factory gases, and that indescribable mildewed smell of rotting vegetation of a November forest on a seeping misty day, and you have something faintly resembling the smell of that factory as it used to smell to me. And on that still October morning in far-away British Columbia my thoughts winged back to that gray old town and ill-starred bay. But the smell of those decaying salmon was the quintessence of the guano-factory. Le Noys, prostrated, could not understand how I could 'thole' it. Here at last I had him beaten.

III.

On the bar below us rolled and floated thousands of dead salmon. On the gravelly spots they lay, and along the beach they wallowed and careened with each little motion. In the pool below the water was boiling with dorsal fin, 'hump,' and tail. The place was seething—living. Before descending to the bed of the stream we lay a long time looking through our glasses. As at home, the gull tribe preferred the titbits, pecking out the eyes, as also did the crows on shore. On the far shore eagles awkwardly floundered about, digging their talons into the shoulders of the fish, and riving and bolting lumps of flesh. Then a little rest, a flounder, and up into the air winged the king of birds. Wolves were still busy, nosing the salmon over and gorging the shoulders, and it seemed to me that they were fastidious in their taste. This was their harvest-time, and they were laying on adipose tissue, for long and weary would be their want in the hard winter.

Le Noys nudged me and pointed up-stream. A big bear was going out on a shelving spit to the water's edge. Before beginning operations he sat up on his haunches and looked, bear-fashion, around. Then he rubbed his nose meditatively, came down, looked into the water, and that deft forepaw with its terrible claws had swiped a fish out of the stream. It lay flopping beside him, and it did not seem to please his nose, as with a backward stroke he flung it up the beach. Two, three, four followed suit, but he set on to five. He lay down to it, caught it up by the middle, and began to chew the back. Then he got up, lazily stretched himself, and after a drink betook himself to the brush.

What I could not understand was how the ducks could feed on salmon. It seemed to me a perversion. But when we went back to camp, loosened Bowser, took our rifles, and got down to the beach, everything was explained. The rotting salmon on the sand and gravel were moving with maggots, and the air was filled with the buzz of blow-flies. Here was a feast for the ducks, and bravely were they battening on it. From their sub-Arctic home with its scanty fare, here, midway on their southward flight, Nature had spread them a bounteous table. How tame those ducks were, quarrelling in heaps not fifty yards from us, and fighting at times with the crows!

There were only two species in the run, the hump-back and the dog-salmon, both considered as virtually useless for food here. Here and there a belated sock-eye could be seen—the salmon found in tins—and now and again a cohoe. The hump-back does not look much of a salmon, running from four to eight pounds, with small scales, the whole body being compressed laterally. The flesh is a muddy pink, the egg comparatively large, and the male carrying a very large milt. The female is rather a handsome fish, but the male in the run assumes a rainbow-hump, which gives him an odd look.

At the end of the sock-eye run on the Fraser the hump-backs come trooping in. During one night we took out of a net over six hundred of them, clubbed them, and threw them into the river—a sad waste of food, but the canneries refuse to take them. By the time the fish reaches the fishing-ground the hump, incipient on entering the river, has grown almost semicircular. The dog-salmon is a coarser salmon still, and runs up to twenty pounds. The male in the run assumes red stripes; his scales show prismatic tinges of gold, purple, and blue-black; while his jaws curve maliciously inward.

IV.

And here was that brave array of fish that had swept in from the Pacific in the flush of life. How cruel and wasteful it all seemed to me! For every salmon that reached the spawning-ground and fulfilled its mission a thousand fell by the way. Nature, 'red in tooth and claw,' seemed pitiless, relentless, driving them on to fulfil her purpose. Here lay a big hump-back on his side, gasping out his remaining vitality. The membrane was rotted and fretted from the fin and tail rays, which showed up like a ruined umbrella. Lousy spots covered him like the plague, and worms were working under his gill-covers. Yet he still lay with head up-stream, and fain would move on.

We crossed the ford and moved up-stream. On the spit where we had seen the bear were many bear-pads, showing it to be a favourite fishing-ground. In my talks with old-timers I had often heard it said that the bear prefers rotten fish, but examination of many bear-eaten fish that day convinces me that the bear likes the freshest he can get, and apparently discards the head and the tail. A bear which had battened on a run of salmon could have no fear that his hump would run down before his hibernation period was run out.

We went some distance up-stream, and still it was the same story. If we crossed a ford, the fish would send the spray over us. On the bottom of the pools they rested in serried ranks. Over rocks they went, sliding and pushing up mere burns, and ever up their heads were turned. And what an end they have! Bashed, battered, torn, and spent, when their work is finished they doze away, and when the freshet comes it finds nothing to take back to sea except putrid bodies. No hump-back, no dog-salmon, has ever been known to come back to the sea. Verily the whole thing is a mystery, and apparently past finding out.

We did not return by the river-bed—we could not; and when we got back, we struck camp and laid out for sea. We could have shot eagle, mink, raccoon, otter, seal, wolf, and bear, but we did not. Probably in the midst of such appalling destruction we dared not. Anyway, when the boat was under way and things were ship-shape Le Noys produced his flask of rye whisky, wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his mackinaw, gave a sigh, and took a long and deep swig. Then he mechanically replaced the cork, put the bottle away, and sighed again. Then I sighed in my turn.

BRISTOL EYES.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE of us sat in the veranda a month later.

Traline had deposited the tea-service on the tiled floor, and was using the little iron table for writing purposes. His form hid the third person from me, but, knowing she was there, knowing that in a moment I should be looking at her again, I was as thoroughly happy as I could be with the thought ever in my mind that after a couple of days she would no longer come to tea with us (as now she so frequently did), but would have gone away to Bristol, perhaps without any particular wish to see either of us again.

Traline detached a cheque from his book. 'I have much pleasure, Miss Lafone,' he said genially, and added in haste, 'Now, please—please, not another word of refusing it.'

'But I ought to refuse. . . . Why should you take back the field? It's very unfair to you.'

'It's a fine stroke of business,' I said. 'I'll tell you a secret: he's sold his market-garden to do it. He'll save four hundred a year by not having that.'

'You'll find that the cheque is made out for thirteen hundred,' said Traline before she could

renew her protests. 'And I really want the north field. I've sold rather more land than I wish to. I couldn't resist a surprisingly good offer for the garden that Macalise is grinning about, and for thirty acres of grass land.'

He stood up and put his cheque-book in his pocket. From another pocket he took a loose cheque, which he placed on my knee. It was my own cheque to him for two hundred and thirty pounds.

'It's no use pretending they've dishonoured it,' I remarked. 'That witticism won't——'

I broke off and looked quickly at his face, for I had seemed to hear a 'Sh-sh!' I found his expression a curious blend of friendship, of amusement, and of anxiety.

'Year's salary,' he said under his breath.

'My dear chap'—and my voice trembled rather—'I can't. . . . No; for once I'll do a decent thing. I won't accept this money from you.'

'What with her and you,' he muttered—'*you*, of all people—I'm precious near tired of forcing money on folk.' He dropped his voice still lower, 'You must take it. There's reason enough!'

'Reason enough?'

'I can see as far into a brick wall as most people,' he observed with a certain complacence. He turned for his hat, faced me again, and bent over me. 'I can see that you're wanting money fifty times more badly than ever you wanted it before—with jolly good reason. . . . Two-thirty isn't much to pool with thirteen hundred. It's rough on her, but—it's all I can afford.'

I tried to grip his hand, but he swung off abruptly. 'Forgive the private conversation, Miss Lafone,' he laughed. 'I have to talk severely to this person occasionally.' He raised his hat and walked away over the lawn. Folding my cheque, I stared after him, and then I looked along the veranda, yearningly, at a profile. Jeanne Lafone's eyes were on the wooded hills. I hauled myself up to get into the chair next to her.

'No,' she said, still watching the hills; 'you're to stay in the "invalid's" chair.'

I obeyed her, but I drew a second chair alongside; and at the sound a little smile, very, very sweet, formed on her lips.

'I had another letter from Josey to-day,' I said. '"Respected Sir," and many heart-felt respects to "Miss Jeanne." Come and read it. . . . Poor Josey! I wish I could convince him he wasn't to blame for my collapse.'

'You nearly died,' she said quietly, as she sat down beside me. She glanced at Josey's letter, which I had given her. 'I felt terribly responsible. That's really why I've stayed so long. I felt I couldn't go home until you were better. . . . No! listen,' she added, as I indignantly denied her responsibility. 'Dr Wright told me just now that you'll get thoroughly well and strong if you'll be careful. Do be careful. Will you promise me?'

'If you'll take off your hat,' I said.

It was the limp-brimmed Panamá. As she sat, I could see only her throat and chin.

'Richard the frivolous! . . . Will you mind if I'm not frivolous for the moment? I've a rather solemn sense of thankfulness—thankfulness that you can frivol.'

There was a certain cadence in her voice as she uttered the words which made me lean forward pensively in my chair, locking my hands together.

'Do you realise how you said that?' I asked. 'By some accident, you said it just as though your thankfulness were—were all on my account.'

'Except for a selfish trifle on my own account and Josey's, it is.' She turned a page of Josey's letter. 'Naturally. Wouldn't you—term us friends?'

'We are,' I said softly; 'and there isn't an hour in which I'm not thinking about it, dreaming about it—marvelling. . . . Your friendship; and now your thankfulness! And you are *Jeanne*—Jeanne, who is perfectly aware of what I am.'

'Perfectly,' she answered, with rather noticeable composure. She moved her head slightly, so that the Panamá's brim hid even her chin. 'Perfectly; which—do you know?—is more than you can claim to be. . . . That's what saddens me. You force yourself to appear happily reckless, happily uncaring, almost without a break, but really you are terribly embittered by—by events of your life. You are so embittered that you haven't the power to appreciate the better things you have done—the better side of yourself.'

'I've not had much time. There wasn't a better side till—till you came.'

'Wasn't there?' she asked gently, but with a hint of impending triumph. She was silent an instant; then reflectively, 'I like to think of how frankly you forgave Josey, and of how you would never have cheated "an orphan girl." I haven't mentioned it, but on that awful night when you became delirious, and I sat up with Mr Traline in your room, you were muttering, hour after hour, "I can't cheat an orphan girl!" And I knew you wouldn't have cheated me'—her head went a shade lower—'even if you hadn't seen me. You'd have put matters right. I like to think of those things, but I—I *love* to think of little Maria and Enrique Muñoz.'

That explained the hint of triumph.

'So Walter's been talking?' I said. 'What did he tell you?'

'Merely the story of a little Spanish letter in children's handwriting, a letter from South America, which reached you the other week,

when you were so ill that he was obliged to hold it for you while you read it. It was a letter full of thanks, of blessings. You told Mr Traline a lot about it, as you wished him to get some one who knew Spanish to answer it if—if you should never be able to answer it yourself. Maria and Enrique, helped by their mother, had written to reiterate their blessings—because, *four years ago*'—she paused wilfully to let that take affect. 'Because, four years ago,' she resumed, 'when your friend their father was imprisoned for revolutionary plotting, you took the babies and their mother to a convent called Santa Barbara, and left them there, paying forty pounds for their maintenance—all the money you possessed. You were in Muñoz's plot; you had meant to spend that money in escaping to the coast! . . . That,' she said sighingly, joyously—so it seemed to me—'that surely counterpoises some—some of the transactions which were—different.'

I knew positively which, of the 'different' transactions she had heard of, would be foremost in her mind, though we had said no word of it since our first meeting. . . . Still, it was probably counterpoised. I straightened myself in an effort to abandon the thought of it, and then looked again at the Panamá. The hat had no pin through it. I bent towards her and very gently lifted it. I used both hands, but I laid it aside only with one. The other I had not the will-power to take from where it was, close to her bright, thick, combed-back hair. And presently, for the first time in my life, I touched her hair, touched it tremulously with my palm.

'About the *amah*, in Hong-kong,' I said impulsively, hoarsely. 'I did many of the meanest, the most rascally, things—before I saw the stars. But—but . . . if I tell you that the *amah's* bag was empty—quite empty—when I picked it up near the Peak Hotel, will you believe me?'

'Yes.' Her head lifted a little, so that it pressed against my palm.

My other hand went to her hands, which held Josey's letter.

'Of course, you know I love you,' I said. 'Though I've kept back the actual words until now, I haven't given you a chance not to know, have I? And in these last minutes I—I almost know that you care a lot for me.' I moved my hand from her hair; my arm closed about her shoulders. 'My Jeanne, my darling, I'm going to beg you to marry me. But first, because I love you so, I want you to think—to think clearly of how your dear life may be ruined if you do marry me. You'd have love, my Jeanne; you'd have never a doubt that I was honest in everything I did. But, think—a husband with no profession, who sometimes mightn't be able to find any sort of work; a sick husband, perhaps. Think——'

'I'm thinking—clearly,' she whispered.

At the same instant one of her hands slipped from mine. I believed that she was withdrawing herself from my life. The better for her; indeed it was! I would have told her so, strengthened her resolve, but I could not speak. In the misery which had come to me I found it physically impossible to utter a single word.

'I'm thinking,' she whispered again, 'so clearly.'

And then, with a swift turn in her chair, with a sound like a tiny sob of pity, she showed me her face, showed me those glorious eyes, with their pure depths of intense compassion, of strong, strong love.

Her freed hand was rising towards my neck.

'I've finished thinking, now,' she breathed.

THE END.

KING AHMAK SHAH.

An Arab merchant came to the court
Of Ahmak Shah one day.
'Whence art thou, friend,' the king inquired;
'And what is thy business, pray?'

The Arab merchant bowed him down
Till his forehead touched the floor;
And thus he addressed King Ahmak Shah:
'Protector of the poor!

'For a lakh of rupees—one paltry lakh—
Thy slave will bring to thee
The finest horse that ever roamed
The deserts of Araby.'

'Give him the money!' cried Ahmak Shah.
'If there is one thing that I need
More than anything else in all the world,
'Tis a pure-bred Arab steed.'

That night the king was in merry mood;
And having nothing to do,
He bade his Minister write him a list
Of the greatest fools he knew.

The Minister wrote; and handing the names
To the king, 'I have placed them,' he said,
'In order of merit, so to speak,
Your Majesty's name at the head.'

'By the beard of the Prophet!' said Ahmak Shah,
'Thou art a bold Vizier!
May I inquire to what I owe
This eminence—as it were?'

'To trust that thief of an Arab with
A lakh of rupees was the act
Of a very great fool,' the Minister said,
'And there's no getting over the fact.'

'If he brings me the horse, what then?' asked the king.
'Why, then,' the Minister said,
'I shall take your Majesty's name from the list,
And place his there instead.'

C. H. Payne.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A DYNAMO FOR LIGHTING A 'PUSH-BIKE.'

FEW mechanical contrivances have been brought to a higher degree of perfection than the electric dynamo, more especially in regard to small sizes of this device. It might be expected, therefore, that attempts would be made to provide electric light on 'push-bikes' by means of a small generator driven by one of the wheels. A machine of this type was described in these notes a few months ago. That forming the subject of the present note is somewhat similar in design, but is driven by the tire instead of by the rim of the front-wheel. The dynamo is carried on a bracket clamped to the front-fork, and the spindle is set radially from the centre of the wheel. When the dynamo is in action, a small steel pulley is pressed up against the side of the tire, and this causes the dynamo-spindle with its armature to rotate at a very high speed. Both head and tail lamps are lit from the dynamo, and the apparatus is easily fixed to any machine. No attention is required other than the pouring in of a few drops of oil every three months. The lamps are unaffected by wind, and the light is available even when the bicycle is being propelled at a walking pace.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING BY WIND-POWER.

Its employment being subject to no restrictions, wind provides the nearest approach to free power available in this country. Any one may erect a windmill on the top of his house, or on a post or a tower on his ground. The force of the wind, however, being so variable, storage in some form or other, either of the power developed or of the resultant product, is essential. The old-time miller, dependent upon wind-power, ran his mill when the wind served, and stored the meal and the flour for sale as required. The pumping of water also offers easy storage, and windmills are much used for this purpose. Moreover, when pumping, they work night and day without any attention. Another purpose for which wind-power has been used with more or less success is the generation of electricity. Here, again, storage is available in the form of a battery. Until recently wind-electric installations have taken the form of ordinary windmills or those of the disc type. As an electric dynamo, if it is to be built to work at a low cost, must run at a high speed, and ordinary windmills run slowly, a considerable amount of expensive gear has had to be interposed between the windmill and the dynamo. What is known as a wind dynamo has, however, been devised lately, this consisting of a small electric generator with a two-bladed windmill, similar to an aeroplane-propeller, mounted upon the spindle. A row of these little dynamos is carried upon a swivelling cross-bar at the top of a steel pole, the windmills being set facing the wind by means of the usual tail. Each dynamo is rated at 40 watts, or about one-eighteenth of a horse-power. A storage-battery is, of course, required, and the dynamos begin charging in winds of fifteen miles an hour. By an ingenious device, worked by the pressure of the wind, the circuit is connected up as soon as the dynamos are running fast enough to charge the battery, being automatically disconnected again should the wind fall below a predetermined force. The apparatus is entirely automatic, and will go on charging throughout the twenty-four hours so long as enough wind is available. With the advent of the ½-watt lamp, which takes so small an amount of current, apparatus of this description should be quite within the range of practical politics for small country-houses, situated in places where there is sufficient wind.

A NOVEL ADVERTISING DEVICE.

Advertisers are constantly on the look-out for devices which attract attention. One of the best advertising mediums is the public vehicle, whether it be a bus, a tramcar, a railway-carriage, or an aeroplane, and no doubt the last named will eventually be rendered more profitable through its use for advertising purposes. Experience has shown that moving displays are more effective than fixed announcements, and several devices may be seen in public vehicles in which movements are produced by vibration—by the swaying and the stopping and the starting of the vehicle. One of the most recent novelties of this type consists of a glass tube partially filled with liquid and sealed up at the ends. The tube is placed in a horizontal position above the level of the eyes of passengers. The lower portion of the tube is opaque, and the lettering to which attention is to be called is written along the inside of this lower portion, being normally, therefore, out of sight of the passenger sitting below the tube. As the vehicle moves, stops, starts, or vibrates, the liquid flows backwards and forwards, and this has the effect of causing the announcement to appear and disappear. A curious feature is that the lettering seems to be floating on the top of the liquid, and as the latter flows it spells out the announcement. The explanation of these phenomena is, of course, that the liquid, in combination with the circular glass, acts as a lens, and refracts the rays of light. Several modifications are practicable. For instance, two or more liquids of different specific gravities and of different colours may be employed; while, if the lettering

is done by silvering, a permanent announcement is displayed, as well as the moving one. Again, if the tube is divided into sections, each containing a letter, the whole announcement appears and disappears at the same time. Finally, it is possible to place inside the tube an actual article to be advertised, such as a fountain-pen, a model of a cigar or a cigarette, or a liquid. This invention is also applicable to shop-windows or in buildings, in conjunction with some device to give the necessary motion.

AN INNER TUBE WHICH DEFIES PUNCTURES.

Tire-punctures still continue to be the bugbear of the motorist. This drawback, however, has been largely overcome by an ingenious form of inner tube; and although this appliance has now been obtainable for several years, many of our readers are probably still unfamiliar with the benefits accruing from its use, and the principles involved in its construction. The tube is in no sense puncture-proof, although its walls are thicker than those of the ordinary pattern. When blown up, the usual type of inner tube is expanded; consequently the rubber is to some extent in tension, with the result that, should a puncture be made, there is little or no tendency for the hole to close up. The tube which forms the subject of this note, however, is very much larger in cross-section than the inside of the outer cover, and when first inserted before it is blown up the tube is in a deeply corrugated condition. The pressure of the air flattens out the corrugations by compressing the rubber; therefore, when a puncture occurs, the rubber closes up and prevents the escape of air. Owing to their thickness, also, these tubes are said to last very much longer than those of the ordinary type. Experience has proved that nails and other small objects can pass into the tube and be withdrawn without resulting in any loss of pressure.

AUXILIARY SPEED-GEAR FOR FORD CARS.

Excellent though the Ford car is for ordinary purposes, it has the drawback of possessing only two speeds, at the lower of which the car merely crawls, while the speed on the top gear is not fast enough for many owners without racing the engine. To overcome this drawback, an auxiliary gear-box has been brought out, which is interposed at the front end of the transmission shaft. It is a two-speed gear, whereby the shaft can be speeded up or down, and it has the effect of giving the car six forward speeds—namely: (1) the slow speed speeded down; (2) the ordinary slow speed; (3) the slow speed speeded up; (4) the high speed speeded down; (5) the ordinary high speed; (6) the high speed speeded up. This auxiliary gear also, of course, gives three reverse speeds: the present speed, and that increased or decreased. Two models of this gear are made, one for the Ford truck, and one for the model T. The weight added to the car is about 30 lb.

A SILENT, UNBREAKABLE CLOCK.

A clock that can be thrown about without being hurt, and whose tick is inaudible, has certain obvious advantages. These desirable features are obtained by embedding the clock in a thick, soft rubber case, only the face being exposed. This timepiece can be knocked off a mantelpiece with impunity, and it can be stood upon highly finished surfaces without risk of scratching them. The rubber case renders the tick inaudible, a great advantage in a bedroom for those who cannot sleep in company with the tick of a clock. Moreover, a clock which cannot be damaged, no matter how carelessly it is packed, will appeal to all travellers, especially as it can be obtained with a luminous dial if desired. Various patterns are produced, including a special type for the dash-board of cars, for which purpose it has the advantage of being undamaged by the vibration.

A WICKLESS OIL-COOKER.

Reductions in the price of paraffin, side by side with the increased cost of gas, have given a great impetus to all kinds of oil-cookers and heating-stoves. In the former category is a wickless stove with a single burner, upon which every operation can be performed that is practicable with a large gas-cooker. A hot blue flame is produced by vaporising the paraffin, and mixing with it a large proportion of air. The cooker is rectangular in form, and stands upon four short legs. A door at the front hinges down, and exposes an oven of a somewhat unusual type, in that it is heated from the top, so that the food is not played upon by the products of combustion, as is the case in a gas-oven having burners at the bottom. A fuel-tank at one side is partially filled with paraffin, and a pipe from the bottom of it is led to a jet in the burner, passing *en route* round a vaporiser exposed to the flame. The upper part of the fuel-tank is filled with air under pressure, which forces the fuel to the jet. An air-valve, by regulating the pressure, controls the size of the flame, which is arranged immediately under the middle of a hot-plate at the top of the cooker, the products of combustion escaping at the corners. Consequently the whole of the plate, which is large enough to accommodate four 8-inch cooking-utensils at the same time, is heated almost uniformly. A diaphragm under the burner forms the top of the oven, which is heated by radiation from the hot-plate and also from the flame. A warming-shelf is arranged at each side of the top plate, upon which various foods can be kept hot or gently cooking. A great advantage over oil-cookers with some other types of stove is that the oil-reservoir is not exposed to heat. Accidents with stoves under ovens,

owing to the heat striking down upon the containers, are by no means unknown. In the cooker being described an explosion from a like cause is impossible, for the oil-tank cannot be filled when the stove is alight. A circular plate over the burner is removable when it is desired to boil water quickly, a quart being brought to the boil in three minutes. For country-houses without a gas-supply this cooker should be invaluable; while in towns, with high charges for gas, it should be able to compete, if the makers' claim that it will burn for twenty hours on one gallon of oil can be substantiated.

AN ELECTRIC CLOTHES-WASHER.

The use of electricity for domestic purposes is rapidly increasing, and whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the advantages or otherwise of electric cooking and heating, there can be none with regard to the employment of electric power. Many appliances for the home driven by electric motors have been described from time to time in these notes. Among them electric washers have figured on more than one occasion. A machine which may be justly described as an electric washer *de luxe* has been lately introduced. Rectangular in form, it measures 24 inches by 30 inches horizontally, while the height to the top of the tub is just over 3 feet. As in some other machines, the washing is done in a revolving cylinder. The cylinder in this case is of zinc, is perforated with thousands of small holes, and is fitted inside with five maple-wood lifters which carry the clothes up until they fall back of their own weight into the hot suds. The action of the hot suds in surging through the clothes as they fall washes out the dirt. The cylinder revolves twice one way and then reverses, turning twice in the opposite direction, eighteen complete revolutions being made in one minute. A section of the cylinder is removable, and it is through the opening thus made that the things to be washed are inserted and taken out when cleaned. The machine is so designed that it invariably stops and locks itself with the opening uppermost. The bottom of the tub is V-shaped and fitted with a drain-tap. Below the tub, but completely enclosed in the steel casing of the machine, is the electric motor, together with the necessary gear for operating the cylinder. No belts or chains are used, cut steel gears being employed throughout. Light motor grease is used as a lubricant, and with ordinary family usage the mechanism will run without attention for several years. A side-panel may be removed to give access to the mechanism. The washer is started or stopped by a single lever, a second lever controlling the wringer, which is fixed above the tub. The wringer, which swivels on a pillar at the corner of the machine, will operate in four positions, and the motion of the rollers can be reversed. Maple bearings boiled in tallow are fitted to the rollers, and require no oiling. Should the clothes jam in the cylinder or the wringer, a safety-clutch immediately cuts off the power, thus preventing injury to the motor or the gearing. The cabinet in which the whole machine is enclosed is finished in blue-gray enamel, which gives it a handsome appearance.

AN INSTRUMENT FOR MEASURING ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION.

The well-being of those who live in towns is affected to some extent by the impurities in the atmosphere which they breathe all day and every day. The importance of pure air has been recognised for very many years, and, as is well known, all the air supplied to the Houses of Parliament is passed through a filter, in which the filtering medium quickly becomes discoloured by deposits, and has to be renewed or cleaned. Thorough investigation of the subject may be said to date from 1912, when a private committee was constituted for this purpose. This body, which has been at work ever since, is now a department of the Meteorological Office, and is known as the Advisory Committee on Atmospheric Pollution. Realising the advantages of being able to measure the degree of impurity in the atmosphere at any time, Dr J. S. Owens, M.D., A.M.I.C.E., F.G.S., F.R.S.I., the honorary secretary of the committee, devised an ingenious instrument for this purpose. The essential part of the apparatus consists of a cylinder fixed in a vertical position, and closed at the top except for a tiny hole through which passes the air to be measured. Water from any available source of supply enters at the bottom and gradually fills the cylinder up to a predetermined level, when a siphon comes into play and causes the water to flow out again, the action being similar to that of the well-known automatic flushing-cisterns. By adjusting the water-supply, the operation can be made to take place at longer or shorter intervals. The hole at the top of the cylinder is $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter. It is covered by the edge of a disc of special filter-paper, this disc being capable of rotation as desired. As the water runs into the cylinder, the air can flow out freely through the hole under the edge of the disc. When the siphon comes into action, and the water-level falls, a float in the cylinder descends, and its weight pulls down a lever across the top of the cylinder, whereby the end of a tube is pressed down on the filter-paper round the air-hole, so that all the incoming air is compelled to pass through the paper into the cylinder. The connection between the float and the lever is made by a rod which passes through a leather diaphragm about 2 inches in diameter, the leather being bound tightly to the rod, thus preventing any leakage of air at the point where the rod passes through the top of the cylinder. The pulling down of the lever also

shuts off the water-supply. The partial vacuum inside the cylinder created by the siphoning off of the water, acting on this diaphragm, also exerts a downward pull on the lever, and puts further pressure on the tube round the air-hole. The quantity of water siphoned out is about 2 litres, or, in English measure, slightly over 3½ pints, and a like quantity of air is drawn in through the filter. The impurities in the air are filtered out and discolour the paper, the degree of pollution being indicated by the shade. A scale of shades has been prepared by measuring much larger quantities of air and passing them through filter-paper, the amount of impurity collected in this way being enough to allow of its being weighed. Twenty different shades have been prepared for measuring purposes, and each has a hole of the same size as that in the measuring instrument, under which the tiny discoloured disc on the edge of the filter-paper is placed. In this way it is quite easy to see which shade the result of each test matches. The remaining feature of the instrument is a clock which revolves the filter-paper disc, this being marked in hours near the edge. A small weight tends to turn the disc with the clock and keep it following up the clock-movement. With this arrangement the disc can be stopped when filtering is taking place, while the clock goes on; and when the disc is liberated, the weight causes it to catch up the clock again. Filtration takes about ten minutes; consequently four measurements can be made in an hour. The instrument, however, is usually set to take one measurement every hour. Its action is entirely automatic, the only attention required being the winding of the clock and the placing in position of a new disc once a day. Some very interesting results have been obtained from this instrument. It shows, for instance, that during the night the air contains only from 10 to 20 per cent. of the impurities found in the daytime, these increasing rapidly between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, when people are lighting their fires, the maximum being reached at about ten o'clock on weekdays and eleven o'clock on Sundays. Another interesting fact which has been revealed is that nearly two-thirds of the impurities are due to domestic fires. The proportion was arrived at by comparing the degree of impurity on Sundays with that on weekdays, industrial fires being closed down on the former, while they would be included in the latter. This proportion, however, only applies to London. In some manufacturing towns, no doubt industrial smoke exceeds that from domestic hearths.

AN AUTOMATIC STOP FOR GRAMOPHONES.

His enjoyment of the first portion of a record which is being reproduced on the gramophone is more or less spoiled for the person whose duty it is to stop the machine at the right moment. This drawback has been overcome by an ingenious automatic stop which is worked by the tone-arm of the machine. Mounted on a brass disc screwed to the box of the machine close to the edge of the table, the device consists of a trapezium, one arm of which is approximately parallel with the periphery of the table. In this arm is fixed a piece of hard wood, of which the edge is curved to fit the table and is covered with baize. This block forms the brake which stops the table. The two arms pivoted to the ends of the brake-block, and on which it is carried, are mounted on two upright pins. On these pins the brake-block is swung clear of the table, *against* the direction of rotation. In order to stop the table, the brake-block is pushed *in* the direction of rotation until the trailing end catches and is drawn along, and the front end jams and stops the machine. The brake-block is pushed along at the end of the record by a light aluminium extension-piece fixed to the tone-arm. As various records finish at different distances from the centre, some adjustment is necessary to allow for this. This is done by means of a curved rod, parallel with the edge of the table, and carried on the brake-block. To set the apparatus, the needle is placed on the inside groove of the record, and the rod is slid forward until it just touches the extension-piece on the tone-arm, when it is locked by a small screw. A little hinged extension-link is fitted to the end of the rod, which is turned back when the device is set. Afterwards it is turned down in line with the rod, and gives the brake-block the necessary travel before it touches the table. The device is made of brass, and the force required to push along the block into engagement is almost infinitesimal; hence there is no danger of the needle jumping a groove in consequence of having to work the automatic stop. There is no spring in the device, although this is difficult to believe when the stop is seen in operation, so quick is the movement.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (*a*) a reply post-card, or (*b*) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

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CHRISTMAS 1921.

THE REGENERATION OF WILLIAM BEVERLEY.

By LOUIS CHARLES DOUTHWAITE ('PIONEER').

CHAPTER I.

THE news that Andy Corrigan had travelled all the way from his ranch in British Columbia to be best man at a wedding did not surprise me; in common with the majority of Canadians, there is little he will not do for any one he really regards as a friend.

'You see,' he explained when I met him accidentally in the Strand, 'I was sort of connected up with the whole shooting-match. And, believe me, it was some *ro*mance!'

'Come and dine with me to-night,' I urged, 'and tell me all about it.'

And, later, sunk in the depths of my easiest chair, a pipe in his mouth, and his hard, weather-tanned face alight with the enthusiasm of the confirmed yarn-spinner, this is the story he had to tell.

* * *

So far as concerned the other three comforts of his declining years, old man Beverley kept such a tight grip on his bank-roll as to well and truly merit his reputation for deep-rooted anti-philanthropy. But with Bill, his first-born, he was different. In obedience to that immutable natural law which elevates the one undeserving member of a family to a summit of parental affection to which sterling worth and chores around the home can never attain, all Bill had to do when the bar-tenders in such towns as were 'open,' and the drug-store proprietors in the Prohibition areas, contracted writer's cramp from actuarial duties in connection with his liquid liabilities—all Bill had to do was to tote the customary hard-luck story, and his tight-wad progenitor would decant the necessary increment without other protest than a brief but impassioned appeal to his Maker. And you can take it from me that if old man Beverley's fountain-pen had belonged to a trade-union it would have put in a claim for overtime.

Released like a coyote from a trap, after four years' battling with the savage and relentless Hun, Bill started right in to show posterity the way around. From the old home town in southern Ontario to T'ronto, and thence in ever-widening circles to Montreal, St John, Boston, New York, Buffalo, and back again, he blazed his alcoholic trail. In each and several of these fair and enlightened communities he knew the bar-tenders, prize-fighters, chorus-dames, and charity collectors by their Christian names. On all the race-tracks of this busy area he was a frequenter well known and remunerative to every owner, jockey, bookmaker, welsher, and tin-horn gambler that made these joints his spiritual home. And then, after close on two years of these festivities and police-court

evasions, he was at last brought up with a jolt that would have made a railroad accident look like a fall of dew. Fate, that habitual disturber of the peace, handed it to William in the exact locality where the chicken got the axe.

One evening, in New York, full of enthusiasm and Scotch highballs, he was encouraging the whole-souled endeavours of a recent importation from Donegal to lambast five hundred dollars' worth of fortitude and the true fighting instinct from the bodily and spiritual equipment of a false-alarm Dago from the East Side, when an attendant handed him a night lettergram which apprised him of the fact that, so far as his old man was concerned, it was considered unlikely the angels would take 'No' for an answer many hours longer.

Bill borrowed a hundred dollars to help pay his hotel-bill and sleeping-car reservation, and beat it hell-bent-for-election back to the old home town.

When he arrived, old man Beverley was dead.

. . . . . .

At the funeral, and later, at the formal reading of the will, Bill remained apart from his brothers in mind, body, estate, and regrets for the departed. Owing to the preferential treatment accorded to him by the deceased, he was about as popular with the rest of his family as a prospectus from the Society of Embalmers at a home for incurables.

The will was read by old Heck Mackie, the family lawyer, a wizened Caledonian, who looked as though his accumulated legal knowledge had relied for its sustenance entirely upon the vitality of his corporeal frame. From what grains of sense Bill was able to separate from the mass of legal verbiage of which the document was composed, he gathered that, in respect of premature disbursements to himself, the old man had salved his own conscience and the illiterate silences of the other prospective beneficiaries by the axiom that his first-born couldn't expect both to have his cake and drink it, and consequently that he could have no kick coming if his share of the estate consisted merely of a note of regret in place of a front-seat in the document. Any complaints on the matter could be addressed to the local crematorium, anyway.

When, therefore, Heck regarded him specifically through a pair of lenses that resembled telescopic sights, and began to read: '"To my eldest son, William Trevor Bailey Beverley, I bequeath"'—Bill had to jolt his reason back to assimilation—'"the sum of five thousand dollars in cash"'—went on Heck in a voice that reminded Bill of a band-saw encountering unexpected resistance from one of the baser metals. '"And I devise and bequeath all that portion of my real estate known as Shinglewood Ranch House, together with the contents, whatever they may be, of the room on the first floor of the said house, hereinafter referred to as the property, to Hector Brodie Mackie, barrister-at-law, of this city, upon trust to permit my said eldest son to occupy and enjoy the said property for a period of ten years, conditional upon my eldest son not selling or otherwise disposing of his beneficial interest in the said property, and conditional upon his not letting or causing to be let on tenancy the said property, either for consideration or as a voluntary gift, for the said period"'—Bill told me afterwards he had visions of a summer cottage at Palm Beach or Newport on the rake-off he was likely to get from *that* benefaction—'"and conditional"'—the old Scotsman's voice grated on—'"upon my said eldest son not entering the said room on the first floor without the permission of the trustee"'—here the rendition of this farrago of legal verbiage was cut into by a hostile snigger emanating from Jake, his brothers joining the board after allotment in derisive giggles—'" which permission shall be granted only in the event of my said eldest son proving his financial insolvency to the entire satisfaction of the said trustee, when, upon such permission being granted and duly acted upon, my said eldest son will doubtless discover in the said room upon the first floor that which will effectively and to good purpose overcome the difficulties under which my said eldest son is at that time labouring."'

Then followed a clause providing that if Bill disobeyed the legal injunction against an impromptu visit to the room, or if he died within the ten years specified, the property went to Jake; but if he neither went west nor into the room, the property and its contents—if any—were to be his to do as he liked with.

Heck let up in his reading and kenned Bill shrewdly through his telescopic sights, waiting with pleasurable expectation to check him up when he burst into full song.

Just at the moment, though, Bill wasn't standing for any Presbyterian objurgations concerning social rectitude and the conservation of small change from Heck or any one else. What he wanted more than anything was to get away somewhere, quite out of range of his folks, and think things over quietly to himself.

'Are you through with all that concerns me?' he asked, collecting his hat and cane. His tone being unencouraging to the overflow of moral precept, Heck very reluctantly indicated that such indeed was the case.

Bill got up. 'Then I guess I 'll hit the trail,' he remarked, moving towards the door.

Mackie gave an inward rasp to his tonsils that in a moister personality might have been mistaken for a cough.

'*I shall be seeing you again,*' says he with intent, at which the three brothers cackled in unison.

'You sure will,' said Bill easily.

[*Christmas Number.*

CHAPTER II.

BILL passed from that legal *salon* faced for the first time with the eventual necessity of finding work. Truly it was a disturbing thought, though he had the consolation of knowing that, so far as work went, he was Johnny on the Spot. Was not the Dominion of Canada the Gateway of Opportunity, and the U.S.A. the Land of Hustle, and, therefore, ace-high Golcondas for a man in search of fortune? And, in the meanwhile, five thousand dollars in hard cash looked pretty good to him.

It is only fair to Bill to say that during the next few weeks he looked for work in Toronto, Montreal, St John, Boston, New York, and Buffalo. And he didn't find it in any bar he drank in.

Just about the time he got down to his last fifteen hundred dollars I happened across him for the first time. I'd cleaned up a big bunch of money on a prospecting expedition, and come up to New York for a good time. Bill breezed into the hotel I was staying at, and we cottoned to each other right away.

As soon as he handed me particulars of his family history and circumstances, I saw it was up to me to chain him down to honest toil as soon as possible. In his present location he was no good to himself or any one else.

Just about that time some public-spirited grafter 'way down in Calgary was reputed to have discovered what alleged experts suspected to be traces of oil. This tentative pronunciation was noised throughout the North American continent from Alaska to Virginia as a dyed-in-the-wool fact. For a brief period the province of Saskatchewan was transformed into a land overflowing with bilk and money. Every one who had an acre or less outside the city limits found oil, and set to work to promote a company, and every company was subscribed twenty times over. It was one of those sudden, hectic, all-fired booms that, for no reason beyond the passionate desire to get rich quick that animates the heart of every one of our stalwart pioneers, is beyond the capacity of sociologists to account for.

The life of the Great White Way soon palls on a guy who's used to the skyline as his bedroom wall. It occurred to me that if the city of Calgary was creating a corner in suckers, there was no valid reason why I shouldn't have a lien on a little easy money. Also, I had a hunch to take Bill along with me.

There was something about the boy's make-up you couldn't help liking. Although the whole trend of his present endeavours pointed to an old age of boose-fighting decrepitude, I felt that if I could once sweep away the alcoholic deposit of past and present intemperances and get down to bed-rock, he'd show up white. All he required to bring him safe across the crick was either a bad sickness or a good woman.

I put it up to Bill, therefore, that we should both hit the trail for Calgary; but Bill would have none of it. He said he loved the cows and the chickens, but *this* was the life; and he made a sweep of his arm that embraced the free-lunches, the cuspidors, and all the drinks at the drug-store.

Always resolute in well-doing, however, I bribed one of the assistants to mix a minimum of dope with his next highball, and then I went up to the hotel and packed his grip. While he was still under the influence I hiked him into a taxi-cab and landed him down to the railroad depot. And before he knew what had got him, he was asleep in his berth and the train was well away to the Canadian border.

Arrived at Calgary—Bill dead sober by reason of the alcoholic dearth on the train—we went straight to the Great Middle West Hotel.

We found that thriving caravansary a hive of industry. Every room was booked at ten dollars a night, though mostly the bedrooms were transformed into offices. The bar, or, rather, the lean-to building adjacent thereto, conducted with ostentatious secrecy by the management, was naturally the big noise in speculative progression. Everybody was wetting his luck—good or bad. Promoters, investors, speculators, office-clerks, real-estate sharks, tin-horn gamblers, remittance-men, bums, and grafters—all were drinking, and mostly all of 'em were shouting.

If I hadn't been solid ivory from the teeth up, I should have known that in his present state a prairie city in the grip of a boom was the worst possible place for Bill. In New York the worst he'd had to contend with was mixed drinks, but right here in Calgary he'd speculative excitement as well. We hadn't been in the hotel five minutes before I knew I'd landed into a jack-pot.

Bill made an ace-high bid for the controlling interest in the bar-tender's undivided attention. He'd suffered from compulsory drought on the train, and now he was within reach of his staple diet, he was out to build up his strength.

As soon as the enterprising and progressive bunch of grafters there assembled realised he was a recent importation, and, judging by the volume and frequency of his orders, one that had money to burn, they gathered around. One in particular I noticed, a little, cheap skate of a man by the name of Milroy.

This citizen's contribution to the accumulating tide of false-alarm enterprises was the Big Noise Petroleum Products Mining and Development Syndicate. He was a powerful and convincing liar, and he fed Bill with tall talk concerning oil. Anyway, it's a sure thing Bill was well oiled before Milroy was through with him.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT midnight one night I guided the indecisive footsteps of my erring brother to the second floor, Bill in his pipe-dream already endorsing his settlement cheque with optimistic but disconcerting clamour. Just as we were describing a futurist curve across the corridor one of the doors opened, and a girl appeared on the threshold, her hands filled with the currency her boss had succeeded in separating from the speculative populace.

And what does Bill do but swerve full tilt into her, as near as makes no matter removing her from her base, and actually upsetting the dollars all over the map!

I myself, personally, was as stone-sober as Billy-be-damned, but at the one glance that dame threw me I felt like as if I wanted nothing so much as to crawl into a hole and pull it in after me. Not, mind you, that she wasted facial expression on *me*. It was at Bill she put in the high-grade stuff. Believe me, Bill wilted like he was a nigger booked as the star-turn of a lynching-party.

As she stood framed in the doorway, tall and slim and fresh as morning—a good-looker from cellar to shingling—I felt good and pleased it was Bill and not me that had upset her financial arrangements. The way she cast her eyes up and down and sideways and across his alcoholically vibrated personality was enough to shrivel the self-esteem of a book-agent. And all the time Bill stood rocketing under the soul-racking lash of her glance, trying by every impromptu artifice he could gather from prolonged dipsomatical experience to reassemble his faculties to sobriety.

And so, for a period of painful prolongation, we stood. I couldn't speak, and Bill daren't. We were a motionless trio of silently jarring elements. And then, of all the stark-crazy things to happen, I'm a son of a gun if Bill didn't start laughing. Of course, it wasn't the real Bill, but only the raddled substitute that had temporary occupation of his premises. But, however it was, there he stood, swaying and sniggering four square to the gale of that girl's anger.

Believe me, that was where I dived for cover. I dropped to the floor and started in to pick up the currency. I'd no sort of use for standing up to the slaughter. My only object in loitering around at all was to view the corpse when she was through with Bill.

When I got it all together, I handed her the money. What I read in her eyes as I did so made me wish I'd lingered over the job. 'I'm sure sorry, ma'am,' I said, with the contrition of a man facing his boss on a point of financial irregularity.

But beyond receiving the money in her hand, the girl took no sort of notice; she just went on scorching the boose out of Bill's constitution with the fire of her glance. And even if Bill *did* continue rocking on his heels and giggling, the time had come when there was more of a sob than of gaiety in his vocalism.

'There'd be no one more sorry than Bill here, if he was *feelin'* good!' I went on. 'Believe me, ma'am, it was just a pure accident.'

She said never a word—*in* words—but the last parting glare she threw at Bill before contracting her skirts so's they wouldn't sweep against him as she passed down the corridor was a revelation of the possibilities of female expression.

Collecting Bill by the arm, I propelled him towards our own room. This time we were less circuitous in our gyrations. Something seemed to have sobered Bill some.

Arrived at our number, I switched on the light and sat Bill on the bed. Then I went to my grip to get him the powder I figured he needed. As I bent over the bag a strangled sound from the bed straightened me upright with a jerk. I turned, to find Bill, his face buried in his two hands, crying from deep down in his chest. Big, racking, tearing sobs they were, the articulation of sudden self-revelation.

Maybe his troubles were all his own fault; I don't set up to be a judge of human backsliding. If sympathy and the glad-hand were withheld in every instance where the casualty was due to self-inflicted wounds, it'd be a pretty damn cold world to live in, anyway.

In obedience to this doctrine of tolerance, I was on the point of setting down alongside of Bill to josh him back to reason, when suddenly something took aholt of me that his present attitude *was* reason, and that it was his usual state of irresponsible boose-fighting that was unnatural. And, in conformance with my previous estimate that to get safely across the crick he'd need either a bad sickness or a good woman, it looked as though right now the moral jolt he stood in need of had been well and truly administered. If the dame who'd handed him the psychological lemon was the one preordained for the purpose of redemption, the truest friendship I could display was to allow him to suck it right down to the pips and the rind. So I quit my intended consolation, and started in to get undressed.

Suddenly Bill looked up, and the look in his eyes, filled as they were with equal proportions of boose and remorse, was not good for spiritual consumption. 'Did you see the way she looked at me?' he asked.

'Sure,' I said. 'You're as popular with that dame as a skunk at a christenin'.'

Bill was staring straight to his front, looking fixedly into his moral condition. Evidently what he saw there didn't make him clamour for

evangelistic bouquets. 'God!' says he; 'is *that* the way I stand with decent women?'

'Certainly she didn't seem like she was on the point of askin' you to call an' meet her lady mother,' I agreed.

He looked at me as though I wasn't there—as though he could see only the terminal point of degradation to which he 'd drifted.

'I must have waded through all the mud and slime in the world for a woman to look like that at me,' says he. There was something in the break of his voice and in the stark misery of his eyes that gave me a hunch that moral introspection had passed the point of salutary effect, and, to be safe, was verging too closely on despair.

I went across and laid a hand on his shoulder. 'Look at here, Bill,' I said quietly. 'There 's no dame on God's green earth as you need be ashamed to look fair between the eyes. You 've sure done your share of wading all night—I 'll hand you that—but the waters you 've passed through have been seasoned with nothing more unclean than John Barleycorn. The man who hits up the hooch hurts nobody but himself; it 's the guy who assists feminine frailty on the toboggan-slide who injures not only himself, but the whole cult of God Almighty's womanhood. And up to now, I gather, you 've no call to consider yourself black-listed by purity.'

'You 're a good scout, Andy,' says he. 'The trouble is, you don't understand.'

The last thing I saw before I fell asleep was Bill, still sitting on his bedside, staring fixedly into his own soul.

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS awakened the next morning by Bill shaking me forcefully by the shoulder. After I 'd collected and adequately distributed my assimilative faculties, I sat up to give heed to him. In spite of the light of early morning being well over the skyline, he was still in his day-clothes, and he was more strained-looking about the eyes, and his cheeks were sunk deeper than ever.

'What 's eating you, Bill?' says I.

'I 've been busy auditing my moral balance-sheet,' he said, solemn and impressive. He paused a moment, waiting for the announcement to soak into my sleep-ridden brain. Then, more solemn than ever, he went on: 'It 's a bum statement, Andy. I 'm overdrawn at the bank of human tolerance, and I can't pay a hundred cents to the dollar on what I owe my self-respect.'

'Godfrey Daniel, son!' says I, pining for renewed siesta, 'but this is a punk time to recite the *Pilgrim's Progress*.' I allowed my head to sink comfortably on the pillow that was still yearning for its embrace. 'Close the Book of Reformation for the moment, Bill,' I murmured, 'and then, with something to mark the place, get to bed and sleep the sleep of Moral Endeavour.'

Bill grunted, looking down at my recumbent figure distastefully. 'I 'm not talking no revival-meeting stuff,' says he, with a masterly avoidance of any sort of attention to what I was saying, 'but I 'm through with boose-fighting for keeps. From now on it 's me for the water-wagon, sitting right up alongside the driver.' He quit audible resolution, turning things over in his mind. Then he jerked a quick look at me. 'Ever see me flutter the little old blue ribbon before?' he asked. 'Ever know me so much as hint I was going to be anything but a life-long imbiber?'

'Never!' I agreed, with a recollection of a long list of previous rejections of proffered counsel.

'There 's never no woman else going to have cause to look at me like what that girl did last night,' says he, beginning to undress.

. . . . . .

Directly he 'd rejected his breakfast, Bill, accompanied by black remorse and a hang-over desire to partake, went to the dame of his last night's encounter, and told her exactly what his own opinion of himself consisted of.

Myra Hyde—for such, I discovered later, was her name—accorded his views her provisional agreement, arguing, however, that they were not sufficiently extended. Stated briefly and convincingly, her own estimate of Bill's moral shortcomings stretched far beyond the confines of his own self-depreciation. After the interview was declared at an end, Bill came to me and inquired where he could send his moral character to be fumigated.

This made me mad. Just at the very moment Bill wanted a spiritual boost, the glad-hand of temporal encouragement, the girl had handed him a spiritual lemon. However, I 'd no intention of allowing her Christian intolerance to stand in the way of Bill's redemption, and I went upstairs to bring this fact to her notice.

In the clear light of the morning she looked as fresh as standing corn. Cream and roses and copper-beech and violets. Say! I 've covered the world from Greenland's Icy Mountains to God Save the King, but I 've never seen the woman to equal Myra Hyde as a good-looker, or one with such strength and charm.

She glanced up from her typewriter as I appeared, and at once it was apparent that not only did she recognise me, but that my absence would be appreciated.

'I 've come to say I 'm sorry about last night,' I said, speaking with a premeditated reverence I figured would most appeal to a human female that didn't hate herself any.

At these simple words the slightly heightened colour that shaded her cheeks was by no means

the flush of embarrassment. You can call me a liar if it wasn't just plain, ordinary temper.

'Is that all?' says she, her eyes snapping like pull-crackers.

'It's some of it,' says I.

'Good-morning!' says she in a voice of dismissal that reminded me of a distant hail-storm. Bending once more over her machine, she tapped away with calculated assertiveness.

A few more years had rolled, a few more seasons come, before she again looked up with synthetic surprise, to find me still amongst others present. She didn't speak; she just raised her eyebrows. But as I didn't speak either, the time came when I beat her to it, and she just had to give tongue. Then I knew I'd got her where I wanted her.

'Yes?' she said inquiringly, her voice fresh from the ice-chest.

I walked over, drew up a chair, and sat facing her.

'I've got a hunch,' I said, 'that you and me are going to be friends before we're through. It's not in the natural order of things for such a swell-looking lady as you to be shy of sympathy for human backslidin'.'

As I spoke I looked straight into her eyes and smiled. She looked straight into my eyes, too; and though she didn't smile any, I'd a notion she was beginning to thaw out some.

'Having sympathy for human weakness is one thing,' she countered, 'and tolerating insults from drunken loafers is another.'

'Insult *nothing*!' said I, registering scorn. 'Little Willie just stood in front of you grinnin' like a crazy coyote, because if he hadn't he'd have started in roarin'. It was *shame*, miss—just plain, ordinary abasement at having discommoded a lady while he was in drink.'

I sure hated to drag in the sob-stuff, but if the old lady heard—and I guess, even though she's dead, she's never very far from me—I could bank on her full understanding. For I knew in my bones that a whole raft of regeneration for Bill depended on the girl I was pleading with at that moment.

'Do you know when I laughed long and loud myself?' I went on to ask.

'I'm not interested,' she said coldly. 'When?' she added.

'At my mother's funeral,' I told her.

The colour flooded up into her face like the rushing of water over Peace River shallows, and her eyes flashed little cold sparks.

'You ought to be ash——' she began, but I held up my hand and stopped her. Quite a lot was I prepared to go through for Bill's sake, but there were limits.

'Cut it out, miss,' I said. 'I'm trying to make you understand. If my mother hadn't been the best mother an' the truest woman that God ever let live, and if I hadn't thought more of her than of any living soul, what for do you think I'd want to laugh?'

'But *laugh*! At your mother's grave!' she cried, shocked and puzzled.

'Terrible!' I agreed. 'But let me tell you, marm, that under stress of shock or grief the switch-points of emotion are apt to overslide. If a man chuckles when by all the rules that govern the display of feeling he should be bespattering the landscape with brine, it don't of necessity prove he's a fiddlin' Nero. It means only that in the agonising stress of grief he's called up the wrong exchange, and that as a result he's registering emotion the direct opposite of what he feels.'

I quit speaking for a spell, waiting for what I'd said to fertilise her mind for the reception of the main crop.

'And,' I went on, 'folks with understanding and sympathy are able to recognise the false note in the transmission. Last night that boy was so plumb ashamed of what he done that when you further rattled him with the frozen stare, trying your darndest to transform him into a human refrigerator—why, he just naturally put the lid on his shame by connecting up with the wrong number.'

At this implied doubt of her feminine intuition and sympathy, she began, herself, to mistrust her self-esteem, an effect for which my words had aimed. Anyway, the hint of a softer personality started in to break through the crust of her self-sufficiency.

'If you knew how I hate drunkenness!' she said at last, retiring to her defences.

'You do?' I said with all speed.

'Loathe it!' she augmented.

'You'd have a man occupy a front-seat on the water-wagon?' I suggested.

'*I would!*' she emphasised.

'Prove it,' I challenged.

'How?' said she.

'By coming down with me right now and shaking hands with a bewildered backslider who, for shame's sake at the way a good girl looked at him, has sat on my bed all night trying to flog his soul to salvation. Take it from me,' said I, 'by holding that hand for the briefest moment of time you'll be acting as a human divining-rod in the discovery of a permanent water-diet. Right now the prodigal is as full of good resolutions as a skunk is of smell; all he wants to complete the good work is the one touch of understanding that will help nail his conversion to the irrigation plant.'

Two little lines of thought furrowed her brow. Then, suddenly, a new light in her eyes dissolved the shadows. Her lips twitched.

'If feminine encouragement is all he needs, why not ask Mrs O'Halloran to assist?' says she, indicating the two-hundred-pound wife of the hotel-manager.

I got up from my chair. 'You're sure right

there with the comedy this morning,' I said. 'Shall you need your hat, or do you come as you are?'

She gave a little laugh, and followed me to the elevator. When we got to the rotunda Bill was standing near the news-stand, talking to Milroy.

I gave Bill the high-sign, and he left Milroy and came over to us. Before I could commence the few explanatory remarks with which I'd inoculated myself on the way down, Myra held out her hand with a smile such as many a guy would have left his happy home for.

'If you'll accept my apology for being so rude to you this morning,' she said, 'I'll accept your regrets for bumping into me last night.'

Bill took her hand as if it was some religious symbol to which he was rendering homage. His face, due to the slant of yestere'en and his spiritual wrestlings of the night-watches, was drawn and fallen away. His eyes, too, were dark and hollow, but from the way they sort of glowed from within as they rested on the girl, and from the colour that gradually took over from his usual pallor, the thought struck me that it was right here and now that my chum's moral reconstruction began. And so, I guess, did another old-time process.

So that he might better express his feelings, I moved away, and as I stood apart I happened to catch sight of Milroy, who, approximately perusing a copy of *Jack Canuck* at the news-stand, was in reality running a speculative and not too sympathetic eye over the newly formed friendship.

CHAPTER V.

AT first I thought the sawn-off little runt was only peeved at being left alone and untended; but keeping him under more intensive vision, I sensed there was more in his malapprobation than a mere jolt to his vanity could account for. There was anger, and a certain air of possession, in the way he looked at Myra Hyde. That she, for her part, noticed his unrest was evidenced by the uneasy little glances she shot back at him.

At last, after a more than usually coyote glare from Milroy, she made her getaway with unexpected and disconcerting suddenness. Observing this, he gave a little ten-cent grin of self-satisfaction that served to confirm my impression it was he held the whip, and that the girl was scared stiff that at any moment he'd start demonstrating its possibilities.

'I'll never forget you,' said Bill, jerking my arm up and down as though he was trying to pump his gratitude into my system. 'Say,' he went on, his face glowing, 'that girl's a peach—a twenty-two carat, twelve-jewelled, dyed-in-the-wool, steel-riveted peacherino. She's forgiven me fully and freely'—here his voice sank same as if he was scared of waking somebody out of sleep. 'She's promised to be my friend, and help give me a boost when I feel like fallin' from grace.'

During the next few weeks there were times when I felt good and grateful that Myra was around to make good on this promise. Believe me, the man who's been used to his twenty or thirty horns of liquor a day and suddenly cuts it right out is in for one hellova fight until such time as his tonsils cease from troubling and his pharynx is at rest. Even then the scrap is unlikely to let up until his badly jolted nervous system eases up some in its raucous clamour for its customary mainstay and support. More than once in the primary stages of Bill's regeneration I've seen the sweat stand out on his forehead, same as if he'd been running a race, and I've watched his fingers suddenly convulse into fists until the knuckles stood out white like paper.

But in that spiritual mix-up Bill's knuckles weren't the only part of his equipment that stood out white. The same may be said of his whole moral outfit, for he put up a hard, wearing, fight-to-a-finish battle, rally by rally, round by round, in a way that showed beyond question there wasn't a streak of yellow in his whole make-up. For, added to the surging dominance of his craving for liquor, he was suffering from galloping consumption of the bank-roll. The few hundred dollars he'd brought to Calgary seemed likely soon to become but a tender memory of the past. When that time arrived there would be nothing between himself and doing chores around the prairie homesteads—a life for which his past indiscretions little befitted him; nothing but the vague and uncertain hope of financial reinforcements held out by the clause in his old man's will that related to whatever was concealed behind the locked doors of the ancestral shack.

During this time it was easy to see how Myra Hyde mothered and schooled him in the fight he was putting up against his dearly purchased proclivities. At that time it's possible she wasn't in love with him, but that she had identified herself with his struggle towards the light was sure. And even if eventually her interest took on a more personal note than the actual necessities of the treatment demanded, it was her own business, anyway.

In any event, it is certain she tried her darndest to put the closure on Bill's fast-accumulating friendship with Milroy. She was too clever to put her antagonism for that cheap skate into any definite statement; she merely made Bill aware by truly feminine reticence in suggestion that she regarded Milroy as a mental and spiritual half-portion.

It is only fair to say, however, that Milroy didn't seem as if he was liable to loosen his

claim on Bill's habeas-corpus without a struggle, and I regarded the silent battle between the contending forces with an interest that was ready to throw its weight into the scale against Milroy at any time it seemed likely to be necessary. I didn't want to make any premature move, though; I wished first to discover why, when it was so glaringly apparent that Milroy was in love with Myra, the girl herself hated him, and at the same time so obviously was afraid of him. This dislike was not the natural distaste of a woman towards the man who pesters her with unwanted attentions; it was a hate more intimately personal to himself. And, watching the fight between them, it seemed to me that her hate grew out of her fear of him, and not her fear out of any inherent antipathy.

Appreciating as I did the unremitting artillery duel between the contending forces, what was my surprise one day to find Myra and Milroy in earnest and animated conversation in a quiet corner of the yard at the back of the hotel! Just at first I thought the artillery preparations had flared into open battle, but a second glance told me it was very otherwise, and that their talk was altogether too contained for casual recrimination. This was a prearranged discussion.

Whatever it concerned, Milroy was handing out a line of talk that was not to Myra's liking, though she was taking all that was coming to her as though, however distasteful it might be, she was yet bound to listen with compulsory tranquillity.

Leaving them, I went back to the hotel with a strengthened conviction that in some way or other Milroy had a hold over Myra, though what the Indian Sign consisted of left me guessing. Nevertheless I was pretty well certain there was a catch *somewhere*.

For the next few days I maintained unostentatious supervision over Myra's mental and spiritual outlook. I wanted to ascertain if she was still of her usual placid spirit.

I discovered that superficially she retained an attitude of tranquillity, but penetrating below the surface, I became assured that all was not well with her.

At the same time, the situation as it concerned Bill was ambiguous and unsatisfactory. Each day he was getting thicker and thicker with Milroy, and sitting patiently on his hind-legs begging Myra to notice him. In the fashion of the man who for years has passed unsinged through the serrated ranks of femininity that route-march the Great White Way, when at last he had fallen a victim to one of Cupid's isolated patrols, he was all for domesticity and the early morning cup of tea.

I was curious to know if he had any notion of the bond of mutual discord between Myra and Milroy, but made up my mind at last that, with the all-embracing astigmatism of love at first sight, he was blind to everything whatever in connection with Myra except that he wanted her for his very own, world without end, and then some. A further factor that made for shortness of vision, and one for which we must give him honour, was that, apart from his obsession for the girl, he was engaged in a fight for the self-mastery of his propensity to absorb that left him but scanty leisure for the study of psycho-analysis.

The time arrived, however, when the all-pervading and disinterested friendship between him and Milroy began to get a bit shiny around the seams. While Bill was yet the mainstay of the bar counter, and the prop and support of the whole liquor industry—standin' Sam with lubricant prodigality to half the bums in Saskatchewan—the notion that he'd money to burn, and that Pierpont Vanderbilt Rockefeller were his middle names, was one that Milroy was not alone in assuming. With that conviction as the basis for social harmony, the friendship flourished like the green bay-tree. When, however, Bill hoisted himself resolutely on the water-wagon, and took an immovable seat beside the driver, and from that elevated position at once commenced to keep as firm a grip on each one of his remaining dollar bills as the actual necessities of the day's demands permitted, and it became increasingly evident that any prospect of a successful unloading of unnegotiable and worthless securities was doomed to the inevitable napoo, friend Milroy allowed the golden gift of disinterested friendship to proceed in a westerly direction. In other words, he handed Bill the frosted mitten.

I'll say for Bill that the way he plodded around Calgary looking for a job was an essay in aggressive pedestrianism that proved him to have more sand in his make-up than I'd credited him with possessing. With his dad's problematic legacy in the offing, his persistency was even more surprising, for Bill had always hated the thought of a steady job as a cat hates mustard.

Just at first it didn't occur to me that all this was part of his campaign towards redemption; but at last I came to know that his idea was that if he touched lucky in the old shack it was pretty certain he'd slip right back among the moral discards. What he recognised as a great chance of permanent salvation was to live on a couple of dollars a day, and earn it.

Milroy was too mixed up with apprehensive anticipations to be civil to a no-account out-of-work like Bill. Except when he was out to unload a consignment of gold-bricks on some poor hick who was without knowledge of the assignee's genius for applied misrepresentation, he'd never been what you'd call a little ray of sunshine in the home; but at this time he was the sole lessee and proprietor of a grouch that led one of the bar-tenders to ask him wasn't he the guy who put the 'l' in lamentation? As

[*Christmas Number.*

Milroy's high-souled endeavour was to raise his spirits by lowering as much as possible of the same, the bar-keepers had every facility for making a study of his mental condition. In spite of his persistency at the hotel bar, though, the grouch continued to develop both in volume and character, until it became a standing offence to public morals.

As the scale of Milroy's spirits continued to drop, the girl Myra, who was watching his progress towards social oblivion with an anxiety that was only concealed by a visible call on her will-power, was getting on my nerves. The situation intrigued both my unwarrantable curiosity and the respect and liking I had for the girl herself. Several times, by watching closely, I found her with Milroy, and, from what I could gather, these interviews were no social reunions, believe me.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next stage in this stirring drama of love and passion occurred when it became morally certain that Bill had knocked his ferocious opponent, Battling John Barleycorn, out of the ring for keeps, and could thus put in a valid claim to the championship of his soul. Maybe, though, he'd have been a bit more stuck on his victory if it had not been that the nearer home he got with the bacon the less interest was displayed in his welfare by Myra Hyde. As she'd been his chief adviser, trainer, time-keeper, and second in the contest, it was only natural he should want to know why he'd lost her support.

First of all he put the query to me, but I took to the woods. I'm no Harry S. Tottle when it comes to wisdom, but, believe me, I'm not bone-head enough to take sides, or otherwise to clamour for trouble, by butting into the human and romantic intercourse between two representatives of sex antagonism. I told him he could search *me*.

Side-tracked thus, Bill determined to apply for information direct to the fountain-head. At first he couldn't find Myra anywhere, but finally ran her to earth, in company with Milroy, in a secluded patch at the back of the hotel that old man O'Halloran had tried vainly to transform from virgin prairie into a flower-garden.

The two were engaged in what seemingly was a free-for-all verbal encounter. Milroy was standing right over the girl, who was kind of wilting under a shower of gesticulatory condemnation. The little runt was livid; both his voice and his fists were shaking.

He was too small to beat up, so Bill shook him. Shook him good and hard, he did, and Milroy rattled some. But while he was swaying in Bill's grasp Myra was crying out and clasping on to Bill's arm for him to loosen up on Milroy's pants. Bill dropped him at last, and Milroy went to ground like a bundle of used-up underwear.

'You stay put,' says Bill, looking admonishing. 'If you move I'll put my heel in your mouth!'

He turned to Myra, who was leaning trembling against the barn. 'Now, Miss Myra,' says he quietly, 'I guess I'll hear the story.'

The girl gave a little shuddering glance at Milroy, who, however, looked as if he'd rather not change his position for the moment, if it was all the same to everybody.

'Don't heed him, miss,' said Bill. 'So far's power for harm's concerned, he's stone-dead from the middle both ways.'

Myra gave a little convulsive jerk with her hand and elbow, registering impossibility to confide.

'Look at here,' says Bill, taking a newly established stand of firmness. 'You've got to cut out all the embarrassment of speaking of personal affairs to a mere stranger. Even if it's intimate family details, it doesn't make no odds—I've got to hear.'

She gave another quick look at Milroy. Though fear of him was still evident, Bill could see there was a gleam of hope percolating through her customary apprehension.

Milroy made no effort to get up, but he gathered sand enough from somewhere to pass a hearty vote negative to the motion.

'You just keep your head shut, Myra,' said he. 'Who's he to butt in, anyway?'

Beyond handing out a tentative kick in a place where Milroy couldn't show the marks, Bill took no notice of the interruption, though indirectly he alluded to it in his reply.

'I'm the man you rescued from the pit,' says he, addressing himself directly to Myra. 'You've got on to all there is to know about me, because my whole life was summarised in the one incident that when in liquor I pretty nearly knocked you down by accident. In all my life I've never done worse than that, or, from the time I left college, much better either. I've been a waster and a chronic boose-fighter. I spent my father's substance on riotous drinking. Clean rioting, maybe, but pretty bad of its kind.'

While Bill was speaking, Milroy had scrambled untidily, but with caution, to his feet—backing away hastily as soon as he was up-ended.

'Get back to your pulpit, Billy Sunday!' says he to Bill, with a wicked look at the girl; 'me and Myra wants to talk quiet and confidential.'

Bill moved in his direction, and Milroy made even time to the hotel veranda. He didn't go into the hotel itself, though, but stayed watching closely what Bill was going to do.

'Perhaps it's as well he's gone,' said Bill. 'He was discommodin' to quiet and unrestrained

conversation.' He eyed her keenly for a moment. 'What's he been trying to put over?' he demanded at last.

For the first time in their mutual relationship it was the girl who was hesitating and indecisive. Previously the snap decision, the firm attitude, the keen moral rectitude had been hers. She it was who had been the sanctuary for his temptations, the sure shield of his weakness. Now, however, the reel was changed. It was her turn to seek strength and courage and what to do for the best, and Bill who detailed himself to take over command. At that moment he was some strong, silent man, was Bill, believe me, as many of us are when it comes to reinforcing the other feller's weakness. When we're dealing with our own dearest sins, nine times out of ten we're yellow from away back; but at storming the Hindenburg line of our neighbour's follies we're the shock troops of the storm division.

Maybe it was as well that Bill was in the ring, though, because, so far as it concerned Myra, the situation had got clean out of hand. She gave one terrified glance at Milroy glowering from the veranda, and then she fairly broke down and blubbered. But Bill had seen that look of fear, and he knew there'd be no getting at the root of the trouble with Milroy within eyeshot. Something seemed to tell him that it was exercise she wanted at that moment. Even if she didn't feel like it, she was going to get it, anyway.

He cupped her elbow in his hand and fairly lifted her around the other side of the barn. She made an attempt at a fight for it, throwing more frightened glances over her shoulder at Milroy, but Bill was standing for no opposition stuff.

'If, when we get back,' he said, 'that half-portion of a false alarm is in the market for trouble, believe me, I'll provide all he wants at less than actual cost. But in the meanwhile I'll be hearing what all the trouble's about.'

Suddenly the girl jerked herself free of his hand and swung around and faced him. She'd quit crying, and if her lips were trembling, her eyes were bright for battle. Although Bill had held off from any of the customary declarations until such time as he'd overcome his financial, as well as his alcoholic, drought, it doesn't need the service of an information-bureau to keep any dame posted as to which of her gentlemen friends is open to pack his shoes in her trunk. For a long time Myra had looked upon Bill as packed up and labelled to her home address. To Milroy, who had the personal appearance of a wart-hog and the mental and spiritual characteristics of a bad bilious attack, she was alike charming and conciliatory—when she wasn't crying for mercy. That was because she was scared stiff at sight of him. Milroy was Myra Hyde's master, and both he and she knew it.

Bill, on the other hand, was not her master; on the contrary, she was master of Bill. Or at any rate she had been up to that moment. A man in love is always at a disadvantage with a woman he cares for better'n she loves him.

'What do you *mean*?' says she, trying hard to remember just how she'd looked the night Bill distributed her money over the hotel corridor, and speaking with a rasping voice she figured would make him quit. 'What do you mean by laying hands on me?'

She paused a moment in order to see exactly how far Bill was on his way back to his corner. When she saw no sign of the towel fluttering into the ring, but, on the contrary, that he was shaping up for another round, it struck her that she was giving too much weight away to win by a knock-out. His sudden change from a not-too-clever defensive sparrer to his present mood of carrying the fight right to her were tactics she'd never figured on. It scared her some, and caused her to feel that somehow she'd lost the Indian Sign she previously had on him. There was nothing left for her but to pull out some of the rough-stuff. There was no referee, anyway.

'It appears to be a favourite amusement of yours' she added, the corners of her mouth pulled down in a sneer.

'Amusement!' repeated Bill, not getting on to what she meant. 'What amusement?'

'Molesting ladies when you're drunk!' said Myra.

But if she figured on getting Bill's goat by roughing him on the ropes, she had another think coming.

'I'm not drunk,' said Bill, 'and no one knows it better than you. You only said that to remind me of the only time you've ever seen me with a slant on, so as I'll feel like thirty cents. I hate like blazes to say so in front of a lady, but I don't feel a bit like thirty cents. I feel like a real red-blooded man, and then some. And I'm not going to start again saying how sorry I am for that night. You've had all the abasement stuff I've got to hand out. I've apologised so often, you must think Beg Pardon my middle name.'

He looked straight into her eyes as he spoke, and saw her expression change gradually from a dead-sure conviction of being able to put him to the floor for the full count, to a dawning realisation that for the first time in her relations with a man she was about to listen to the count over her own prostrate body. Even then she didn't give up hopes of winning on a foul. So, in an attempt to snatch a last-minute victory, she leaned her head against the shed and started in to cry.

By this method she expected to hear Bill's quick-fire opinion of his own abandoned brutality in bullyragging a defenceless female woman. But as time passed and Bill didn't even begin

to make a show of protestation, and she discovered that, although shingles on a barn were in their right and proper position, they were superfluous and full of hurt to the human organism when leaned on by the female arm, she turned around to resume the contest.

Bill had lighted a cigarette. For the moment he was satisfied with the way the battle was going.

'You 're doing right to have a good cry,' said he. 'For a woman to have a good cry is like a spiritual emetic, if you 'll pardon the reference. You 'll be easier now, an' able to tell me what it is that 's troublin' you.'

She just looked at him without a word, not knowing from one second to another whether she was going to hit him across the dome with her umbrella or fall into his arms and have her cry out on his shirt-front.

In his time Bill had been accused of most crimes that make for disturbance of society's moral foundations, but there was none who 'd known him who wouldn't admit he 'd a heart as big as a thirty-foot lot. Myra Hyde looked such a pitiful bit of a thing standing there, her big eyes all dewy with tears, her red lips quivering, and the brown wisps of curls all disarranged with the pressure of her arm, that Bill just gave one strangled cry, and before you could say Sam Hill, he 'd got her neatly tucked away in his arms, and was kissing her lips and her eyes and her hair just all ways, any way—wet patches and all. He sure was some diplomat, was Bill.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESENTLY she put both her hands on his two shoulders and pressed him gently away from her until she had him at arm's length.

'Ah, Bill, Bill!' she said. 'Couldn't you see the first minute I set eyes on you I fell in love with you? That 's why I hated you so.'

Bill drew her to him and kissed her again, very tenderly. 'That 's fine!' says he. 'But you sure disguised your feelings some.' And then there was a long interval. 'Now that we 've got all this straightened out,' said Bill at last, 'I 'm wanting to know what the trouble is between you and Milroy. It doesn't matter what it is; I want to hear. I guess I can fix *him* all right, anyway,' he concluded easily.

At his words the old troubled look came into her eyes, and she slid her hands into his as though for comfort and protection.

'Oh, Bill, it 's awful!' she said unsteadily. 'I *couldn't* have told you before, but I suppose I 'll have to now.'

She gave a little twisty smile.

'Sure you 'll have to tell me,' said Bill. 'Start in right away.'

Myra took a deep breath. 'It 's daddy,' she said.

Bill inhaled cigarette-smoke, at the same time being careful not to look at her.

'What 's got the old man?' he inquired interestedly.

The pressure of the girl's hand on his own increased until her knuckles stood out chalk-white. Bill went on drawing steadily at his cigarette; if he 'd spoken it 's likely she 'd have shied at her fence, and perhaps jumped the track altogether. And so they sat for a spell without speaking. Bill wasn't worrying, though. He knew he 'd got her where he wanted her.

Presently she took her hand from his, straightened her hair, and gave a little laugh. 'Give me a cigarette, please,' she said, 'and I 'll tell you a story.'

He held the match while she lighted up, and then she put her arm through his again, and took a deep breath before she spoke.

'Daddy 's English,' she said. 'His people have lived in Yorkshire for a good many generations. At one time they were rich, but now they 're not. That 's why daddy came to Canada. When he was a little boy he used to play with a little girl, the daughter of the vicar of the parish where daddy 's father was squire. They were very great friends, were daddy and this little girl, and they always said that when they grew up they 'd get married. Even up to the time daddy came to Canada the engagement held, and, of course, they 'd been grown-up some time then. Daddy said as soon as he made enough money he 'd come back and claim her.'

The girl ceased speaking for a moment, regarding the curling tendrils of cigarette-smoke dreamily.

'It took daddy a long time to get a footing in Canada,' she said at length slowly.

Bill grunted sympathetically. 'It would,' he agreed. 'It 's the rough-necks, or the men with capital, who make good quickly. The son of the old squire has to start from away behind scratch, and more often than not the handicap beats him. They don't seem able to forget all their English ideas so as to help 'em start up level with the boys who 've had to join surveying-parties or act as train waiters during vacation to pay their college fees during term.'

Myra smiled appreciatively. 'That 's the way daddy found it,' she agreed. 'He tried everything. Farming, real estate, schoolmaster, prospecting, trapping——' She hesitated. 'I believe he once served behind the bar in a public-house,' she added, glancing rather timidly into Bill's face for the horror she was so sure would be there. All she recognised, however, was a genuine interest and appreciation.

'Say,' he said, with genuine heartiness, 'he had sand all right, had your pop!' And if Myra had any lingering doubt of her love for

Bill, that one little speech would have killed that doubt for ever.

'Oh, he's frightfully plucky!' she cried, squeezing Bill's hand a little harder in her appreciation for his understanding. 'The war showed that; he was one of the first to join up.'

'Good for pop!' approved Bill heartily.

'He was in his right place in the army,' the girl went on. 'He was in the Guards, in England, so he knew all about discipline and administration, and all that kind of thing, and yet he'd been so long in Canada he knew how to treat the boys as well. He understood you couldn't expect to treat a man from a logging-camp like you would, say, a Cockney shopman.'

'You sure *can't*!' confirmed Bill. 'They won't stand for it!'

'So,' said Myra, 'although he was close on fifty years old, they made him a lieutenant straight away, and in six weeks he was second in command of the battalion. Then the colonel fell ill, and daddy took the battalion over to England, and finally to France, as colonel. He was a brigadier at the finish,' she said.

'Say!' exclaimed Bill in astonishment and delight. 'Say! is General Hyde of the 16th Brigade your pop?'

'Yes,' said Myra, a touch of pride in her voice.

'Then,' said Bill, with meaning and emphasis, 'your pop's a man from Manville, a soldier from away back. I served under him, and he was there with the goods from the first throw-out of the hat. He's a prince, is your pop!'

'Thank you,' said Myra happily, her eyes alight. She gave his hands another gentle squeeze to show just how she felt about it. 'It was during the few months he spent in England before going to France that the trouble started,' she continued. 'Quite accidentally he met his old sweetheart again—they both happened to be staying at the same hotel. Both had married since the last time they met, though daddy, of course, was a widower. Dolly Rose, as she once was, was now Lady Edale. She introduced daddy to her husband as an old friend, and the three went about together quite a lot.'

She darted a quick glance at Bill's face. The difficult part of her story was to come, and before continuing she wanted to get a line on how he was liable to take it. In justice to her father, she wished to assure herself there was going to be no misunderstanding.

But Bill was staring straight in front of him, and there was no expression in his eyes but one of quite impersonal and detached interest.

'Lord Edale was in the War Office,' she went on quietly, 'and was occupied so closely that Lady Edale didn't see much of him during the day. She was very lonely, and daddy didn't know any one in London. They were together a great deal.'

Once more she looked up, and Bill, seeing he was expected to pass comment on a situation that is the corner-stone of modern fiction, hedged cleverly. 'And hubby got jealous?' he hazarded.

Myra shook her head decisively. 'No,' she said; 'it would have been better if he had. Lord Edale trusted his wife implicitly. He forgot she was a very beautiful woman, and people say daddy's very good-looking too,' she added naïvely.

'Reel One,' interjected Bill as she paused. 'Reel One. Mrs Peacherino, neglected by confiding husband, meets old lover under war conditions. They are thrown much into each other's company. "The past is dead," thinks he, when he should have been checking his hotel-bill prior to a hurried getaway. "There's no danger of rekindling cold ashes," she reassures herself. "Besides, I'm a married woman"—as if that matters a hoot! Anyway, the third party in the transaction, Fate, stands aside. "*You* should worry," says Fate. "Carry on, and let's see what happens."'

He grinned with unnecessary cheerfulness. 'Now for Reel Two,' he prompted, and in spite of passing irritation at his 'lack of understanding,' Myra smiled.

'At the end of his leave they said good-bye——' she continued.

'I can *see* that farewell!' broke in Bill dreamily.

'And in due course daddy took the battalion over to France,' went on Myra, frowning at the interruption. 'He was badly hit at the second battle of Ypres in 1915, and the next time he met Lady Edale she came to see him in hospital. He spent his sick leave with the Edales, and again the two were left pretty much to themselves.'

'Say,' commented Bill, butting in once more, 'the belted earl wasn't against taking a few chances, was he?'

A shade deeper colour crept into the girl's cheeks. 'I expect he knew his guest was a gentleman,' she said quietly, and Bill reddened in his turn.

'I get you,' he apologised.

'Every time daddy went on leave he stayed with the Edales,' Myra went on; 'but though the old attraction had only become strengthened with time, no words of love ever passed between Lady Edale and himself until the night before he embarked to Canada for demobilisation. What happened then I don't know, except that daddy must have said something that made Lady Edale know he still cared.'

'He was a white man to let it go until then,' commented Bill.

'Where I blame him is that he didn't keep silence to the end,' exclaimed Myra indignantly. 'He knew Lady Edale wasn't happy with her husband. However, there it was. Daddy never said so outright, but I have an idea she

wanted to come to Canada with him——' She broke off for a moment, gazing reflectively into vacancy, a little pucker of thought between her eyes. 'Caring for her as he did, daddy must have put up the fight of his life to say no,' she added contemplatively.

'He's a battler from away back, is your pop. The more he cared, the less chance the lady'd have of ever passin' the Montreal Customs,' declared Bill fervently.

So far as the actual story was concerned, Bill was as wrapped up in this stirring drama of human love and passion as an old maid at a christening; but, after all, it was as a tale that is told, and he couldn't for the life of him see how it affected Myra.

'But what the Sam Hill has all this got to do with you and Milroy?' he said at last.

'Quite a lot,' returned Myra. 'After daddy went, Lady Edale was very unhappy. She wrote him a letter.'

She paused, and Bill nodded grimly. 'Carry on!' said he.

'Daddy was in partnership with Milroy at the time,' said Myra, 'and Milroy opened the letter. What it contains I don't know, but Mr Milroy says now that if daddy doesn't pay him fifteen thousand dollars he'll take it over to England and, as he says, "put it up to Lady Edale."'

Bill looked up. His mouth was set in a thin line across his face, and his chin jutted out like a cliff. The expression was one he'd rarely employed in civil life. It was his fighting-face —the one he used in France. 'Say that again,' he demanded quickly.

When Myra had done so, and he had grasped the situation thoroughly, he laughed grimly. 'Like hell he will!' he said shortly. Then, 'I mean,' he corrected, 'Oh, indeed!' an anti-climax to his first clarion call to action, at which Myra laughed heartily.

'Perhaps, for the moment, we'd better let "hell" stand,' she murmured.

'Well, p'r'aps you're right,' agreed Bill, with a grin. 'Anyway, I guess that guy's *for* it. He's sure clamourin' for trouble good and plenty, and who are we to deny him?'

Myra shook her head vigorously. 'Not a bit like it!' she said decisively. 'Do you think daddy's the one to take a thing like that lying down if physical violence would help?'

Bill agreed. 'Not so's you'd notice it, he isn't,' he said, grinning to himself. 'I didn't think of that. Say, what did Milroy do when your pop soaked him?'

'Took out a summons for assault,' replied Myra promptly. 'He knew daddy would go to *prison* rather than admit why he'd done it. Very cleverly Mr Milroy said just enough to make daddy think he intended saying more, so he could put up no defence. The result was, he was bound over to keep the peace.'

Bill smiled to himself, and I figure if Milroy'd seen that particular evidence of mirth he'd have reached for his hat. 'I guess that injunction doesn't apply to me,' he said, and brought himself up with a jerk, the fighting expression gone from his face. 'But it doesn't cut any ice talkin' about what'll happen to Milroy if he tries to blackmail Lady Edale. It's up to us to get hold of that letter before he starts anything.' He thought for a moment. 'Where's the letter now?' he asked at length. 'Any chance of doing a bit in the house-breaking line, or pulling off a spectacular burglary stunt?'

'Not unless you're an expert,' said Myra, shaking her head decisively. 'Mr Milroy doesn't believe in taking chances. The letter is in safe deposit at his bank.'

'Then *that* rooster won't fight!' affirmed Bill, dismissing the suggestion and relapsing once more into thought. 'What would be the chances of laying the whole affair before this here Lord Edale, and trusting to talking him around?' he suggested.

'Not a chance in the world,' affirmed Myra. 'He's one of those men who, honourable themselves, demand strict and absolute integrity from others. Given the smallest evidence, he'd divorce his wife without the slightest compunction. Lady Edale, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion.'

'Then,' said Bill, with finality, 'there's nothing for it but to pay—though Milroy'd better make arrangements with the reception-clerk at the hospital for what I'll do to him soon as he leaves loose of that document. When's the money got to be paid?' he added.

'Three weeks from now,' said Myra. 'And it can't be done!'

'There's a chance,' said Bill.

Myra started to her feet, her face flushed, her breath coming in little, quick jerks. '*You!*' she said. 'I couldn't take money from *you*!'

'You'll take more than money from me before we're through,' said Bill, in a way that caused the flush on her face to deepen.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT afternoon Bill asked me for the loan of three hundred dollars to pay for his round trip home, his own finances being afflicted with fatty degeneration of the debit balance. Before putting the question, however, he told me the whole story, clamouring for considered counsel.

If I'd possessed the purchase-price of the correspondence, he could have had the loan of it, but the wad I'd made on the prospecting trip was by this time suffering from considerable anæmia owing to the seductions of oil prospects put up to me by sundry liars with the gift of

tongues. The oil boom by this time having dried as acrid as the lands of which it sang, I 'd no chance to unload. All I could do, therefore, was to hand over three hundred, with another couple in case he needed it, and the promise to keep Milroy under intensive observation while Bill was away investigating prospects.

Bill boarded the train that evening, and in due time reported to Heck Mackie, whom he found drier, dustier, and of a more grating personality than ever. The old timer knew exactly the reason of Bill's presence in the locality, the only thing surprising to him being that he 'd had to wait so long before welcoming the prodigal.

Being a mean old son of a gun, he was careful to give Bill no assistance in coming to the point. Instead, he took the opportunity of enlarging on the excellencies and financial progress of Bill's three brothers. If, however, he was figuring on shy and apologetic explanations from Bill, he had another think coming.

'Glad to hear of the family march towards financial profusion,' said Bill easily. 'However, I didn't come here to mingle in fraternal covetousness, but only to render my financial statement in return for the key of Shinglewood.'

Heck sat back in his chair and rasped his tonsils in ejaculations of disapprobation. 'Five thousand dollars in six months!' he jerked, as though in censure of sacrilege.

'Approximately,' agreed Bill. 'It's a bit more than six months, really, but as I've spent quite a bit over the five thousand, we 'll let it go at that.'

'Feckless!' rasped Heck. 'Improvident!' He rolled his weasel eyes. 'Have you worked?' he shot out.

'Not so 's you 'd notice it,' said Bill, suppressing details of extended perambulations after a job.

'"Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags,"' remarked Heck gratingly, and without acknowledgment of authorship.

'Say, Heck,' said Bill, 'you may be a son of the manse, but I didn't figure on hereditary tendencies buttin' into my legacies. What I 'm around this burg for is the key of Shinglewood Ranch, not Scriptural objurgations regarding the conservation of small change. Shall you want an auditor's certificate, or will a banker's warning an' a couple of collecting-society's frighteners be enough to convince you of negative affluence?'

Heck examined the documents with an air of suspicion and reproof, but finally, after putting one or two questions, handed over the keys.

. . . . . .

Shinglewood Ranch was away outside the city limits, so, as it was getting late, Bill hired a rig, and drove. It was late afternoon of the Indian summer, and the shack, a monument of a pioneering enterprise that had served its purpose and passed on, looked as desolate and broken against the pure sheet flame of the setting sun as a tramp at a pageant.

There wasn't a lick of paint that wasn't hanging in flakes; the shingling was broken and falling away; the gauze of the screen doors and windows hung in bedraggled wisps like the veil of a female vagrant; the veranda was eaten into jagged holes, the railing crumbled and decayed, the yard around the shack breast-high with weeds and garbage.

Bill hitched the team to a stunted bush that stood, abject and dejected, before the main entrance, passed up the hint of a break in the weeds that spoke of a forgotten path, and picking his way across the broken boards of the veranda, started in to pry the foreign matter from the keyhole. After ten minutes' work he managed to open the door, though even after the key was turned he had hard work to get it to swing on its hinges.

The door opened into what had been the living-room of the shack, though nothing lived there now but dry-rot, dust, rats, and spiders, For a moment he hesitated on the threshold. There was something in the atmosphere of the house that was used-up and deady, something in the fading light of the afternoon struggling through the tattered screens and grimy windows that seemed to strike into his consciousness with a sense of oppression and gloom.

It was all so different from how he remembered it when his mother was alive, and all was so cheerful and dandy; when she, in her neat prints and rolled-up sleeves, would hand him surreptitious cookies from her baking, and his old man would clump in from the fields a-hollering for his grub. It was as though the hand of Death that had fallen upon his father and mother had descended upon the house also, killing the spirit of it, leaving a dead and rotting carcass.

He shook the feeling off as best he could, telling himself it was caused by the contrast from former prosperity to the neglect and decay of the present, added to the sudden flow of old memories. He shook his shoulders, as though to overthrow a tangible oppression that rested there. Walking over to the far corner of the room where was the door that led upstairs, his footsteps raised vibrations and echoes like living things awakened from uneasy sleep. The door squealed and protested on its hinges as he flung it open, and the stairs, as he mounted them, creaked and protested too.

Outside the room he stood for a moment—partly because his heart was pounding so at his ribs, and partly in fear of he did not know what. Perhaps it was expectancy of what awaited him behind the door. There was so much at stake—his own future and that of the woman he loved.

Grimly he put the key in the lock, twisted it with a sudden turn. With a harsh, grating jerk the catch shot back. He pushed open the door

and looked into the room. There was a skylight window let into the slope of the roof, and this was so begrimed with dirt that the room was almost dark. For a moment Bill thought it was empty as well, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw that in the middle of the floor was a single chair. And that, so far as he could see, was all the room contained.

In his father's lifetime Bill had become so accustomed to the old man's grim and peculiar sense of humour that instinctively he knew there was more in the situation than he had yet gathered. There might be money concealed in some hiding-place, or perhaps only the key to where, elsewhere, money was concealed. Possibly there would be a string tied to it, or a sting in the tail of it—conditions suggested by the old man's warped imagination. But that, directly or indirectly, there would be money he felt certain.

To help see what it was all about he stepped across to the window, intending to open it so as to admit the light. As he reached the chair something touched his face, seeming almost to lie there. He gulped and caught his breath, made a dash for the window, and by a jerk forced it outwards on its hinges, so that the last rays of the sun streamed across the middle of the room in a sudden dazzling beam.

And then it was that Bill saw, suspended from the apex of the roof and dangling within four feet of the chair, a rope. And at the end of the rope was a noose.

For one long moment Bill gazed at that sinister dangling rope. And then suddenly he burst into a great roar of laughter. For the moment, before he realised its bearing on his own affairs, the situation appealed to him irresistibly. It was so eminently characteristic of the mind that planned it; a practical joke from beyond the grave, a joke founded on a prophetic and unbiassed judgment of character that had always been at war with the almost idolatrous affection in which the prodigal was held. It was as though by this culminating irony the old man had tried to still his conscience for past indulgence and leniency. So near was his father's memory at that moment that Bill could almost hear the old man's ironical chuckle of enjoyment at the success of his jest.

'Something that will effectually put an end to his embarrassments,' quoted Bill to himself.—'You're sure all there with the comedy, dad,' he added.

Without handing back the key, Bill turned the rig into the livery-stables and caught the next train west. Having once been granted permission to view, he took it he had free run of the place. And he wasn't falling over himself to face the old Scotsman, either. He didn't know if Heck was in the joke or not; but in case he was, Bill wasn't taking any chances of having to listen to Caledonian appreciation of this particular incident.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN he got settled down in the train, the humour of finding an outfit for the achievement of sudden and violent immortality in place of a raft of money seemed to have petered out some, and the slowly dawning realisation of just how much he'd built on gaining sufficient to help Myra's dad out of the jack-pot into which the resuscitated sentimentality of a middle-aged attachment had landed him made Bill the less eager to face the woman he loved. He couldn't help feeling, somehow, as though he'd failed her at the moment she most needed his help.

However, there it was, and as he was never one to crawl into a hole at the first threat of danger or unpleasantness, he lost no time, after he'd landed at Calgary, in seeking out Myra.

Anticipating what his move would be, I was waiting for him in the rotunda of the hotel as he came up the steps. I felt it was up to me to break the news that Myra was no longer in Calgary.

'Gone!' repeated Bill, all the light fading from his face, and a quick look of fear taking its place. 'Where's she gone—and for what?'

'The day after you left,' I told him, 'she had a long session with Milroy. They were in the yard at the back. I hung around in case he got too fresh, but I couldn't afford to be too prominent, because I'm not supposed to know anything, though I'd have given fifty bucks to kick his spine through his hat. When the talk was over Myra was pale, and she had been crying. She sent a night-letter to her dad in Edmonton, and two days later he came and fetched her back with him.'

'If that yeller dog Milroy's been putting anything over Myra, he'd better book an early date with the crematorium,' said Bill between his teeth. 'Say, did Myra's old man see Milroy?'

'He sure did,' I confirmed. 'General Hyde had him up to his suite, and the interview must have been brimful of strong human interest. I was noseying around the corridor just in case I should be required to conduct the autopsy. But Milroy came out intact, and wearin' a smile as if he was conducting events according to plan.'

Just then one of the bell-boys handed Bill a telegram. Tearing it open feverishly, he read it, and passed it over to me. It was from Myra, and read: '*Can you come next train?*'

. . . . . .

When Bill landed at Edmonton, Myra was at the depot to meet him. I guess there was a marked

absence of the holiday spirit about the reunion. Bill felt he'd fallen down over his implied promise of financial assistance; and, failing his help, Myra had news of the worst kind.

'Milroy wants to marry me,' she announced as they were walking out of the depot.

Bill pulled up sharp in his stride, and the grip he was carrying slipped from his hand. 'Milroy *what*?' he gasped.

'Wants to marry me,' she repeated.

Bill retrieved his grip, giving the merry ha-ha to the suggestion. 'It's a pity about him,' he said, with a laugh. But Myra failed to join in the merriment.

'It's a pity about *me*!' she corrected gravely.

Her voice had a quality that brought Bill up short again, and his heart took an upward leap to his throat that threatened to choke him.

'I don't quite *get* you,' he said at last.

'Unless we can find Milroy fifteen thousand dollars,' explained Myra, 'I shall marry him in exchange for Lady Edale's letter. That is his ultimatum, and I have accepted it.'

By this time they had reached the hotel, where Bill followed the girl straight through into her dad's suite. The general was not in, so as soon as the door was closed Bill turned to her. His face was set in the mould of a man from whom the shock of circumstance has swept aside all the camouflage of modern spit and polish, leaving only the steel-riveted, double-sheer bed-rock of human nature.

'I've been to my home town to try and raise the dough,' he said, 'but I've been let down on the deal. Nevertheless, money or no money, you're a spinster for life so far's Milroy's concerned.' His face turned livid at the thought of the slinking degeneracy of Milroy's mental and spiritual make-up. 'That yeller skunk!' he said; '*that* crop-haired timber wolf! *that* degenerate frost-bitten coyote! *that* human cuspidor——' He laughed to himself shortly and bitterly. 'The answer's in the negative!' he added. 'Believe *me*, there'll be a strange face in hell before you marry *that* outcast half-breed.'

In spite of nerves racked and apprehensive Myra smiled, though it was rather a pitiful effort. 'I like your eloquence,' she said, 'even though your logic's faulty.'

'Do you mean that your dad would stand around and see you sacrifice yourself for the sake of this here dame in the Old Country?' demanded Bill, plumb mad at the thought of it.

Myra looked puzzled, and a little hurt. While she couldn't help appreciating Bill's view-point, she wasn't going to admit sharing it. 'You don't understand daddy's point of view,' she said.

'You're damn right; I don't,' jerked Bill, forgetting he was a gentleman. 'What he's sufferin' from is not so much a point of view as bats in the belfry, if he allows that outrage. He's crazy from the moccasins up—or worse!'

Myra drew herself up and looked dangerous. 'Do you recognise you are speaking of my father?' she asked in a voice that was straight from the ice-chest.

But Bill was out for a scrap, too. He felt that all he held sacred was in danger of sacrifice for the purpose of securing the social and marital well-being of a middle-aged philanderer, who was old enough not to take antenuptial chances. He was out to stop it if he insulted every name in the reserve of officers and the full volume of Burke's *Peerage*. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know all about it. What sort of man does he think he is, anyway, for the sake of shoring up Lady Edale's moral antecedents to condemn his girl to a yellow bohunk like Milroy?'

Myra looked as distressed as if Bill was tar and feathering the Twelve Apostles. She gave a little tragic gesture, indicating that, although she wasn't responsible for the will of Heaven, she'd nevertheless got to come into line with its decrees.

'Daddy couldn't stand by and see a lady suffer,' she said in a tone of finality that got Bill's goat more than ever.

'Don't you believe he couldn't!' he said. 'Seems to me it's his long suit—so long's the lady happens to be his own daughter, and not a strange dame with a title.' He stepped over to her, and shook his finger so near her face she could have bitten it if she hadn't been a perfect lady. 'You can take it from me here and now,' he said, 'that you are *not* going to marry Milroy. It'll be a pity about the high-brow dame in the Old Country, but in the meantime we've troubles of our own.'

The girl shook her head with a resignation that, however, indicated a strength of purpose which, much as he admired it, gave Bill a pain in the neck.

'It's no good,' she declared, for special emphasis looking Bill very squarely between the eyes. 'At least it's no good from *your* point of view, because daddy *isn't* sacrificing me to Lady Edale. It's entirely my own doing. I know as well as though it had actually happened that if I didn't marry Milroy, and he fulfilled his threat—which I'm confident he would—daddy would kill himself before ever the scandal got into the papers. He's knocked about Canada for many years; he loves Canada. The country's in his bones. But he isn't the last of a long race for nothing.' She hesitated a moment before going on, her eyes filling with tears. 'Don't think me a snob,' she pleaded. 'I understand so well his point of view. The Hydes have been at Hyde Chase for nearly seven hundred years. The history of the family is bound up in the history of England itself. Although they never advertised, there has never been a crisis in British history in which a Hyde has not played a distinguished part. That was

one of the reasons why daddy jumped so eagerly into the war. A Hyde couldn't do anything else. It is not because none has been offered that they hold no title. Titles have, several times—but they have been refused. Not from ingratitude, but because, in their pride of race, the Hydes consider their name a title in itself. And in their whole history, second only to love of country has been the ideal of clean living. In that time they have never been associated with a breath of scandal; the old house has gone, or will go whenever the mortgagees care to foreclose. And daddy is the last of his race, and there has never been a Hyde to whom the honour of the family meant more.'

She paused, and when she spoke again it was very slowly and impressively. 'Under these circumstances,' she said, 'don't you think being mixed up in a divorce case would be something of an anti-climax? Do you think for a moment daddy would live to see his name bandied about in the yellow newspapers?'

While she was speaking Bill's expression changed gradually from that of a man plumb mad and glad of it to that of one who, trailing what he thinks to be an Injun on the war-path, finds at last only a lost and bewildered child. He wasn't mad with Myra any more—only sorry.

'This ancestor stuff,' he said, 'has me guessing for fair. Do you suppose anybody cares a hoot about *them*? And do you think they mind, anyway? Of course they don't. They're all comfortably packed away and buried. *They* don't ask to be resurrected to accept *your* living sacrifice. From what you tell me, they've earned their rest. Well, don't disturb 'em. They've lived their lives; you get busy an' live yours; and your destiny isn't to be hitched to the same team as Milroy, believe *me*.'

Myra sighed distressfully.

'You don't understand,' was all Bill could get out of her.

CHAPTER X.

THAT same evening Bill called on General Hyde. From the way the old gentleman greeted him, he knew that Myra had told what had happened between them, and he was surprised at his host's warmth and friendliness. He had not thought it likely that a rough-neck like himself would get the glad-hand under the circumstances.

Apparently Bill had forgotten he came of good United Empire Loyalist stock. His great-grandfather had commanded a British regiment in the War of Independence, and even now there were titles in the English branch of his family. In addition to these domestic facts, General Hyde had fought alongside Bill in France, and knew a number-one sized man when he saw one.

When Bill blew in, the old gentleman had a grouch bigger 'n you could shake a stick at, which he tried hard to conceal behind his genial greeting. He looked older, whiter, more lined in the face, and grayer about the head than he had done in France, even in the worst times. This didn't help Bill in what he'd set out to say; also, he couldn't quite get away from the feeling he was discussing impertinent personalities with the higher ranks.

However, it was up to him to carry out what he'd come for, and he was no quitter. So he got a hold of himself, and went right to it. He talked small, and he talked big, but he never lost sight of the issue. 'To let a girl marry a whelp like Milroy,' he said, 'was a crime against civilisation, and a shame and an offence before God. He wouldn't stand for it to save Lady Edale, Sir Robert Borden, Lloyd George, Lord George Sanger, and all the rest of the House of Lords put together. Milroy was a crooked stiff, a tin-horn stool-pigeon, a four-flushing con-man, a skunk, and a pole-cat; Milroy was——'

General Hyde interrupted him, stemming the tide of oratorical hot-air. During the ever-increasing surge of hostile opinion, he'd been regarding Bill as though his visitor was a compromise between an eclipse of the sun, an earthquake, a Barnum and Bailey freak, Billy Sunday, and a cross-talk vaudeville act. When the periods of back-chat reached their crescendo of considered opinion, he broke in: 'Am I to understand,' he said, 'that my daughter has expressed herself as unwilling to marry Mr Milroy?'

Bill covered, side-stepped, and was about to essay a counter to the jab, when Myra, who had entered the room unbeknown to Bill, said her little piece from where she was standing by the door. 'On the contrary,' she said, 'I have told Mr Beverley distinctly and emphatically that it is my unalterable intention to marry Mr Milroy.'

The general turned to Bill. 'Then to what,' he asked, 'do we owe the honour of this visit?'

Before Bill took the count from this solar-plexus delivery, however, he still had a kick left. 'I came, as any decent man would,' he said, 'to register a protest against such an abomination. Even if it was possible Miss Myra could love a thug like Milroy, it'd be a shame; but as she hates him, as any good woman must, why, it's the unforgivable sin.' He'd got going now, and was warming up to his work. 'Maybe you think I'm buttin' in on what doesn't concern me,' he went on. 'If you do, you're wrong. It concerns me a whole heap. I love Miss Myra, and she loves me.' His voice lowered, and the girl seemed to see little, hard, white sparks flash from his eyes. His mouth was a thin, straight thread across his face. His looks frightened her, and she shot a glance across at the general to see had he noticed it. He had; he'd seen it before—in

France—when they went over the top. 'Before she marries Milroy,' Bill went on, 'I'll fill that crook so full of holes he'll make a colander look like an airtight compartment. I'm not throwing the bull, either. I mean what I say. *I'll shoot Milroy!*'

'In the event of his death before marriage,' Myra broke in clearly and, Bill thought, a little coldly, 'Mr Milroy's lawyers have instructions immediately to forward a sealed package, at present with his bankers, to Lord Edale. I'll leave you to guess what that package contains.'

By this time she had come into the middle of the room, and was facing Bill, almost within touching distance. As she spoke she took a further step towards him, and there, in full view of her dad, she put her arms around his neck and drew him towards her, kissing him very tenderly on the lips. 'It's terrible, Bill, I know,' she said. 'Don't think all the pain and the humiliation are on your side. Don't you realise that I'd almost give my very soul to be *your* wife? Don't you realise I love *you*? And loving *you*, though I marry Mr Milroy, do you think he will ever be—any more to me—than he is now? He knows I *hate* him—*loathe* him! And still he persists. Well—he shall have his way. I'll *be* his wife—in name! But my conditions are that he hands the letter to daddy *before* the ceremony—and as soon as we come out of church I'll leave him for good. Bill dear, I'll promise that—I'll never live with him—never! *I couldn't!* It's *you* I love. Don't you understand?'

She kissed him, not once, but many times. She kissed him on the lips and on his eyes. And then, just before she took her arms from around his neck, just one kiss, almost of reverence, on his forehead. '*Wait* for me, Bill!' she said, last thing of all.

Bill walked over to the door, and when he got there he turned, his hand on the handle. 'Once the religious ceremony is over,' he said, an inflection in his voice at the 'religious' that caused Myra to catch her breath in what was almost a sob—'once the religious ceremony is over, Milroy'll have an accident. A bad one!'

When he got downstairs, instead of passing through into the street, he turned into the hotel bar.

CHAPTER XI.

TO Bill, the thought of Myra belonging to Milroy was a consuming fire—a fire of bitterness and rage and hate. I've said he'd never had had much to do with women—his speed had been too high for dallying—but now that one had come into his life, she just naturally fitted into the whole of it, displacing in unconsidered overflow every other interest. Like most men who have hit the high spots of life, his ideals of womanhood were high. For Myra he'd built a special and immeasurably sacred shrine in his innermost self, at which he worshipped as though she was something only a little lower than the angels—if any. And now that she was to be flung from her altar and thrown to the swine—for, Bill told himself, if ever a hog in human form existed, a mental, moral, and spiritual swine, that was Milroy—his whole earth and heaven were exploded. All his moral structures and foundations were shattered to rubble. Hell—undiluted hell—entered his heart that night and took undisputed possession.

Among other moral obligations he jettisoned was the vow of alcoholic chastity. He felt there was nothing *to* driving the water-wagon when there was no end to the journey, and no one to whom to report at the various stages of progress.

Jake Keegan was running the bar. Bill had known Jake in other bars up and down the States and the Dominion from Dan to Beersheba, for in his alcoholic servitorship Jake was a bird of passage. Bill threw twenty bucks on the counter. 'Jake,' he said, 'things have got to *go* some to-night, believe me. Hand me over a bottle of rye, and leave me to it.'

For two generations Jake had watched with eyes of sympathy and understanding the youth of both hemispheres careening the spirituous trail, and he knew the symptoms of soul corrosion better 'n a Yukon missioner.

'Oh, boy,' said he, 'with the look you're wearin' to-night I mistrust you with the vine-leaves. If it's money that's the trouble, go, rob a church; if it's a woman, find another and a better one, for, God be praised, they're lying around as thick as gophers on the prairie, an' one woman's just as good as another, if not worse. But believe me, bo', you'll set yourself alight for fair if you stay around the flowin' hooch this night.'

'Jake,' says Bill, 'you mean well, and that's the worst I can say or think of you. You're buttin' into a disruptive proposition that concerns none but me and the Devil, and to-night what the Devil says, goes. So pass the bottle, Jake, and have done with diluted moral precepts.'

'Drink hearty!' says Jake, with a sigh, sliding a bottle of Bourbon over the counter. 'Leave the coroner's fee on the slab, stake your claim in God's Acre, and go to it.'

And Bill went to it, and with a bottle and a half of raw Bourbon under his belt to feed the fires that were raging and tearing at his spiritual barriers, he became a rip-snorting, ring-tailed thunderbolt. With black despair in his soul, and the flaming desire for physical conflict in his eye, he ranged the streets of Edmonton, clamouring for trouble. And trouble, in the form of two and a half square yards of Limerick copper, joyfully answered the call.

[*Christmas Number.*

For four minutes by the city-hall clock ensued a mix-up that would have made a landslide look like the miner's dream of home. As an impromptu and adaptable free-for-all scrapper Constable O'Hagan had served his apprenticeship in Silver Street, Dublin; graduated in Scotland Road, Liverpool; extended his studies in the by-streets of Commercial Road, London; and taken his post-graduate course in the Bowery of New York; but, believe me, he had to pull out all his natural and acquired dexterity, and to extemporise fresh man-killing tactics on the spur of the moment to cope with Bill. Even then he had to employ the extraneous aid of a couple more club-swingers before he could deal with the ball of fire he met that night.

And thus, as, battered, bruised, bleeding, boosed, and blasphemous, he was being frog-marched enthusiastically to the coop, Myra encountered him. She had slipped out to mail a letter to him, in which she said on no account was he to fret, because she loved him then, and always would.

Through crevices the cops had carelessly overlooked in his facial surface during their demonstration-in-chief, Bill caught sight of her before she saw him. In a strangulated voice he appealed to the cops for mercy and consideration. 'Boys,' says he, 'do with me what you like and I won't squeal, but for the love of God don't let me be seen by this here lady!'

Says O'Hagan, increasing the rigour of his stranglehold on Bill's person, 'I'm takin' no chances of loosenin' me clutch now I've got you good an' goin'.' He took a swift glance at where Bill's face was concealed. 'Besides,' says he, 'with your features all mussed up beyond possibilities of eventual reconstruction, there's no danger of the young lady recognisin' ye.'

But Myra would have known Bill if he'd been disguised as one of the Gadarene swine in full flight. She stopped the cortège and viewed the body. All the shame and outraged trust and broken hope and stricken love that has ever happened to woman since time began was in her eyes as she looked at Bill in his degradation. 'Bill!' she said—'oh, *Bill*!' with a little strangled sob in her voice that pretty near pulled Bill's heart up by the roots for the shame and sorrow of it. 'Bill!' she said, and passed on.

As the procession re-formed, O'Hagan said to one of his fellow-cops, *à propos* of Bill, 'He may be a battlin', barbed-wire bear-cat it took three of us with clubs to quieten, but the young lady's handed him the knock-out with one look from her eye.'

O'Hagan was right, too, for Bill was in a dead faint.

. . . . . .

In a few well-chosen words, the next day, the magistrate told Bill exactly what he thought of him. He was a humane man of large sympathies, especially for the young of the race, and he had seen men and cities. To any ordinary souse brought before him he administered the jam of wise counsel to ease the powder of the usual ten-dollar fine in proportions of fifty-fifty. He saw in Bill, however, not the usual rough-neck broken loose in Edmonton for a periodic spree, but a well-educated waster who should have known better. Because he did not see the agony and the shame and the bruised spirit that battered itself feverishly behind the steady eyes of his prisoner, he lashed Bill with his tongue, until, carried away by his own choice of expression, he said things that cut into Bill's very soul. Bill put up no defence, no explanation; he just stood and took all that was coming to him. But when it was all over, and he'd paid the fine, he felt lower than a yeller dog.

As he passed down the street he ran full tilt into Myra. She was with Milroy, and she was smiling and looking up into his face. If Bill had known the high-water mark of histrionic ability displayed to hide her hatred of Milroy, and at the same time produce the effect of pleasurable infatuation, I guess he'd have been comforted. But seeing that she looked through Bill as though she'd never seen him before, and would hate ever to see him again, the last state of that man was worse than the first.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER lying doggo around the depot for some hours, Bill jumped the eastern freight-train just as it was pulling out.

For three days he lay in a box-car, hidden behind cases of apples. When the train stopped at Montreal Junction the car was opened, and he made his getaway by a convulsive leap through the station hands detailed to unload the apples.

He had enough money over from the five hundred I'd loaned him to pay the fare to his destination and leave thirty or forty dollars for a liquor-up in Montreal. Quebec being a 'wet' province, whisky is not so dear in Montreal as out west, which is bone-dry by legal enactment, though wet by the will of the people. By reason of this high purchasing-power, therefore, and having had little to eat for some days, Bill was all lit up when he decanted himself at the depot of his home town.

It was night when he arrived—the curious, sheeny night of the Canadian cities. Every store was ablaze with light, the electric signs on each side of Main Street blinking and streaking. A man cueing a ball always into the pocket. Sometimes the ball was red, sometimes green, sometimes blue. A dozen mice of various colours running around a circle of flame. Tivoli Cinema in red, blue, green, yellow, and speckles. Every third or fourth building had one of these

live electric signs, and behind each store window the full strength of their lighting system ablaze so as to display the goods laid out. Overhead, from the great iron standards, the blinding splutter of the big arc lamps. All this concentration of dazzling light shining on broad, empty streets, upon which no sign of life could be seen. Though it was past midnight, no single light would be extinguished until dawn. It was as a city that, though deserted by humanity, was yet impersonally, irresistibly, but automatically fulfilling its destiny.

Bill turned into one of the all-night Dago joints for coffee and a sandwich, and the experience did little to raise his spirits or turn him from his purpose. The food was slapped on the counter by the usual Greek, sleepy and unwashed. Propped upon one of the high one-legged stools, his body sprawled inertly over the counter, a drunken Galician was snoring in comatose abandonment.

The restaurant, or 'eats-parlour,' itself was typical of its class. Suspended from the ceiling, and black with victims, fly-papers swung in loathsome festoons. To the rear the high chairs of the shoe-shine parlour were dimly outlined, the flickering light of the restaurant striking reflections of dull gold from the brass foot-rests. On the walls hung garishly coloured prints of some forgotten war between Greece and Turkey —crude, badly executed, and sanguinary. Advertisements for Bull Durham, MacDonald's Plug, Old Chum, and T. & B. smoking-mixture and Caporal cigarettes. A display poster, past-dated a fortnight, of a prize-fight between Wild Cat M'Cartney of Montreal and One-Round Kelly of Minneapolis. And everywhere, all-pervading, were flies.

The drink was dying down in Bill, its dregs causing his head to throb and his feet to burn, and his inside to reject the food and coffee. Depression and an intense misery, hopeless and self-loathing, covered him as with a garment. He felt heavy, inert, and sodden.

He threw a dollar on the counter and went out into the street. As he made his way to the city limits his footsteps echoed and re-echoed from the opposite side-walk, until, to his dull and fevered imagination, it was as though the ghost of what, but for a too easy father and a naturally self-indulgent nature, he might have been followed him accusingly.

It took him nearly two hours to reach the shack, where he arrived about half-past two in the morning. By the lacquered moon of Indian summer the homestead showed up more desolate and hopeless than ever, but the hopelessness had in it, too, something of warning, something of menace. It seemed to Bill that the old house had watched the passing of its own creator, and its own sinking into decay and neglect, and, finally, its own entire abandonment, aloof and unmoved, realising only too well that all these things were but portents of the nearer fulfilment of its own irresistible destiny.

Bill forced his way through the scrub and prison-ivy that invaded and overran the infested garden, forced the door, and inside the living-room paused for a moment, the rats that before his entry had been holding high revel bolting and scuttling to their holes. He walked across to the stairs, each footfall sounding to him as the hollow tap of a hammer on wood. He mounted the stairs, and for the second time stood inside the room.

A moonbeam shone wanly through the mire and grime of the window like a sickly searchlight, the sole object of its illumination the hanging noose that swayed and dangled from the rafters in terrible invitation, and at sight of which Bill gave a short, cackling laugh and strode over to it. 'You were sure some prophet, dad!' he muttered with sickly appreciation as he mounted the chair and adjusted the loop around his neck.

As he stood thus, still swaying from the hang-over of the drink, and trying to brace himself to kick away the chair and swing out into eternity, the chair, worm-eaten and crazy from old age, took his destiny into its own hands and just fell to pieces from under him.

For a fraction of time there was a sharp tug at his throat as the rope tightened from the beam, then a splintering smash above his head.

The next thing Bill knew he was lying on his back on the floor, having money poured over him. Coinage showered down in a metallic flood, falling on his face and his neck and his chest. Coins rolled and wheeled into every corner of the room, and settled into the cracks in the flooring. Coins were everywhere; everywhere were coins. The stream seemed never-ending. Sometimes the money fell in a dribbling cascade, sometimes in short, intermittent showers. Sometimes single coins dropped at short intervals, sometimes six or eight or more at a time. When the interval was longer than usual, and Bill would think the bank was broken, in bursts and streams and driblets it would start all over again.

Fluttering more slowly down, settling uneasily and uncertainly on his person and the floor surrounding, came oblong strips of paper. At first Bill could not see exactly what these were; though, considering the overflow of minted money, he reckoned the paper was just good Canadian dollars.

And even as, in the dim and uncertain light, he lay thus, one of his old, odd fancies flashed through his mind, a crazy thought he welcomed because it told him that the madness and the badness and the morbid despair of the past few days were leaving him, and that—his sorrow apart—he was coming once more to his normal self. 'Guess I'm the only guy in captivity that's content to lie around and let real money

[*Christmas Number.*

fall on him without wanting to get a hustle on to see how much he's worth,' he murmured, before he fell into a deep and quiet sleep—the first he'd known for days.

When he awoke he was strengthened and refreshed; the drink was dead in him, and had left no trace. He felt keen and alert, with a whole man's interest in his next meal.

He struggled to a sitting position, grinning as his eyes fell on the bills and currency strewn about the floor. He glanced curiously at the ceiling in an attempt to discover how the stunt of the previous night had been worked.

So far as he could make out, a portion of the ceiling had been sawn through, and the hook from which the rope was suspended so arranged that, as the boards gave way, it tore a hole in a small sack in which the coins had been stored, releasing them so that they fell down into the room. The bills had been placed, apparently, just any way around the sawn portion, and left to fall as they best could.

He could not help laughing as the cleverness of the old man's scheme revealed itself to him in all its completeness. Whatever happened, Bill's own interests were protected. If, with the amount paid him under the will, he had managed to make a living for the stipulated period of ten years, then all the concealed money would have been still intact as additional capital.

On the other hand, if, as actually had happened, Bill hit the high spots to the point of desperation and self-destruction, he would get a jolt before actually touching the money such as was pretty sure permanently to sober up his outlook on life, and send him away a permanent apostle of soft drinks and moral tranquillity.

Still grinning gently to himself, he got busy collecting the money that lay loose about the floor. There were coins of every Canadian denomination—five-cent bits, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, dollars in silver; five-dollar and ten-dollar gold pieces. In paper money there were bills of a dollar, two dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, and up to a hundred. When he'd assembled all that was on the floor, he started in to investigate what had not fallen when the chair collapsed. It was here he made his greatest discovery.

Springing up, he caught the sides of the hole and drew his head and shoulders through the opening, and by means of allowing the boarding to take the weight of his arms, he was able to free his hands to reach anything lying around the mouth of the hole. However, excepting for those actually remaining in the sack, he found only a few odd bills; so he pulled the sack itself through the hole and investigated its contents.

He found left a considerable amount of loose coin, and at the very bottom a package done up in oilskin. Opened, it proved to contain no less than a hundred Bank of England notes, each for a thousand pounds, together with a letter addressed to him in his father's handwriting.

'My dear Son,' he read, 'I used to hate myself because I liked you better than your three brothers put together. I told myself that, while they were hard workers and non-spenders, you were only a hard drinker and a non-worker.

'You can tell, therefore, that I was pretty good and glad to be able to reconcile my conscience to my preference, for, while the others claimed exemption from joining up in the war on the grounds of doing work of national importance, you took your chance and enlisted right away. Good for you, Bill!

'I understand you well enough to realise that long before the ten years mentioned in my will have elapsed, your five thousand dollars will have become only a memory of the past. I know also that, while you don't know the first thing about work, you'd die before you'd ask help from your brothers. Hence, when you come to read this letter, you'll have been right up against it for some time; the prodigal son will have fed himself on husks before going to his father. And in response the father has pleasure herewith in handing the prodigal son the customary fatted calf. It's a bit of veal I made in the real-estate boom in 1911 and 1912, and said nothing about. You'll have had a pretty bad jolt before receiving this message from your old man, but if it causes you to spend your unearned increment wisely, it will have been well worth it. If it doesn't, I can't help it, anyway. In any case you'll have a good time, so you shouldn't worry.

'You were always the best of the bunch, Bill, and I loved you most from the first throw-out of the hat, and so did your mother. By the time you read this I shall have been with her for some time, so I'm safe in saying she sends her love, and so does—Your affectionate Father.'

. . . . . .

It was with a big lump in his throat, and a calmer and more discriminating purpose to make well of his life than ever he'd had before, that Bill collected his money—over seven hundred thousand dollars in all—and set out for the city.

Arrived there, his first call was at the bank, the second at the Western Union Telegraph Offices, and the third at a hotel. He didn't go to the bar, though.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNANNOUNCED, Milroy blew into General Hyde's suite in the Edmonton hotel.

According to the standards of the north end of Winnipeg, wherein most of his working life had been spent, his appearance struck the latest note of fashion. The shoulders of his coat were four feet wide with padding. His pants set out from the waist to be observation-balloons, but,

thinking better of it, lower down ended up at the ankles as tights. His shoes were the colour of a bad bilious attack; they had high heels and toes that sat back and looked up at him. His hair was long and plastered.

The general looked at his guest as if he had found a June bug in his salad.

'Look at here,' said Milroy, as if he was speaking to one of the bell-boys in the entrance-hall downstairs. 'Look at here! When 's this here weddin' goin' to come off? I've been bumming around this burg over two weeks now, and I want to get busy on the domestic bliss.'

General Hyde looked up from the newspaper he wasn't reading. Myra, on the other hand, didn't look up at all.

'To what wedding do you refer?' inquired the general, full of old-world courtesy and detached uninterest.

Milroy sneered, but he went red as well. There was something in the general's voice that had a tendency to drop his ace-high confidence some.

'Aw! come off it!' he cried. 'You know what I mean all right; but in case you should be short on memory, I'll put you wise. I mean the wedding between me and your daughter Myra, her that 's pretending to read the *Saturday Evening Post*.'

As he spoke all the bully in him rose to the surface, and when he finished he was well over the general's chair. And he got the surprise of his life.

The old man was full of faults as a stray pup of undesirable boarders. He 'd fool notions about business, and taking money from him was easy as robbing a kid's money-box. His ideas of family and pedigree and ancestry dated back somewhere about the time of Noah's pleasure-cruise, and should have been decently interred alongside of Julius Cæsar. These two were the main faults in his spiritual make-up, but he had other and minor defects in, perhaps, unusual profusion. One, unluckily for Milroy, was a hasty temper. And to-day it got the better of him.

When, therefore, he saw Milroy's red, malignant face shining with menacing complacency but three feet from his own, I guess all the misery and loss of self-respect of the past weeks, and the incredible and Heaven-sent relief and exultation that at the last moment fate had stepped in with an emphatic negative to his daughter's suggested sacrifice, must have rushed into his arm muscles in one irresistible impulse, for he brought the flat of his hand across Milroy's cheek with a slap that must have wakened children asleep on Vancouver Island.

As Milroy sat down Myra got up, both with equal speed. Myra was startled to her shoe-laces at the wide, sweeping movement of her dad's arm, the crashing detonation of the blow, and the excitable exclamation of Milroy as he took up his position on the carpet.

'Daddy!' she exclaimed. 'What! oh, what are you doing?'

'Smacking him,' said the general, the light of a great happiness in his eye. 'The man 's a rat and a hooligan, and I've wanted to do it for months. Now I'm in a position to do it, I've done it, and I feel all the better for it.' And the old man pulled down the ends of his waistcoat and put his neck-tie straight like a twenty-year-old.

Milroy was gathering himself together preparatory to getting on his feet. His face, behind the distinct outlines of the general's fingers, was like a devil's with rage and humiliation, but he didn't seem anxious to reply to the attack in kind. There 's a certain type of man that 'll fight anything but personal violence. Once let a man lay hands on them, however, and they climb a tree. Milroy was one of these. If a ten-year-old schoolgirl had set about him he 'd have wilted.

'You 've made a break with me,' he snarled, 'that 'll make you wish your mother 'd been a man. You can take it here and now that if the parson isn't arranged for by this time to-morrow, the letter 'll go to this Lord Edale the next mail.'

He struck an attitude of determination, and pulling a cigar from his pocket, began to feel around for a match.

The general snatched the cigar out of Milroy's mouth and threw it behind the radiator. 'You mustn't smoke in a lady's room, you know,' he said. And then, 'Send the letter where and when you like. But it will have a long journey to reach Lord Edale.'

Milroy sneered. 'Not so far as all that,' he said. 'Only to England.'

The general smiled. 'Farther than that,' he said—'Lord Edale died a fortnight ago.'

Milroy went white like the under side of a fish. 'It 's a lie,' he almost screamed.

Once more the general took a step in his direction, but before he could reach his objective the door opened and in came Bill.

The last time Myra had set eyes on him, Bill had had a slant on like Barney Doolan's hat-band. He 'd been covered with blood and bruises, and was blaspheming at high altitude at the cops escorting him to his spiritual home in the cooler. At that time Myra Hyde, though her heart was well-nigh breaking, had taken a mental and spiritual farewell from her lover, classifying him as an irreclaimable waster.

Now, however, apart from the wild leaping and surging of her heart at seeing him again, and apart, too, from the fact that he had money—how much she neither knew nor cared, the death of Lord Edale changing the whole texture of their relations—her lover's appearance caused her instinctively to revise that estimate. Somehow he seemed to have changed even from his

best days of the past. There was a poise, a mental serenity and sureness, about him that hitherto had been lacking. He seemed so confirmed in the knowledge of the captaincy of his soul. His outward appearance, too, was all to the good; his eyes and skin were clear and healthy, and his clothes well put on and cared for. He was a real man, was her Bill—and then some.

Seeing the general make a quick movement in Milroy's direction, he appeared instantly to take in the situation. He didn't wait for the old gentleman to reach his objective, but himself got there first, seizing Milroy by the collar of his coat and the slack of his pants, and just holding him tight, awaiting instructions.

When the general saw this he resumed his seat with some composure, and turned to Myra. 'Better, perhaps, to deal with him by deputy,' he said, indicating Bill.

'If there wasn't a lady here,' said Bill to Milroy, 'I'd shake you till your teeth flew around like you was shaking dice. As it is, I regard it as an act of providence I called in just as you was annoying and threatening the general and Miss Myra.' Here, forgetting feminine influence for the time being, he shook Milroy up some. 'As it is,' he said, 'you' (shake) 'don't' (shake) 'come here' (shake) 'again. You understand?' (shake, shake). 'I'll come along with you to the bank right now, and give you the fifteen thousand dollars in exchange for the letter you've been blackmailing the general with. And then' (shake), 'if ever' (shake) 'you speak' (shake) 'to the general or Miss Myra again' (shake, shake, shake), 'I'll kick you so hard your spine'll fly through your hat.'

The general broke in. 'Quite unnecessary to part with any money, Mr Beverley,' he said. 'Lord Edale is dead.'

For a moment the exact significance of this break in the British peerage did not strike Bill with full force. When it occurred to him, however, that with Lord Edale dead Lady Edale's letter had lost its value as an instrument of blackmail, he marched Milroy to the door, and led him outside.

'It doesn't suit me,' he said, 'for the correspondence of my future ma-in-law by marriage to be lyin' around in the possession of a yellow Dago like you. Go fetch it from the bank, and if you are back here in an hour, there's a hundred dollars for you. If you don't bring it I'll hunt around until I find you, and beat you up until I get it. And if you squeal to the police, we'll swear out a warrant for blackmail.'

He gave Milroy a final and most violent shake-up. 'Will you go get it?' he demanded.

'Yes,' said Milroy, and streaked down the stairs like a cat.

. . . . . .

When Bill got back into the room the general was reaching for his hat and cane, preparatory to a quick getaway. 'Got to see a man,' he explained.

Myra smiled. 'What daddy really means,' she said, 'is that he's going to the Western Union to cable Lady Edale the boat he sails by.'

In one quick stride, and without heeding the general, Bill was across the room and Myra was in his arms, where, the old man forgotten by her also, she was sobbing on Bill's shoulder—sobbing for the real joy of having recovered her man.

The general regarded them for a moment without speaking; then he made for the door. 'I am going also to the Canadian Pacific Railway to book my berth in the boat,' he said. 'I think, however, instead of booking one berth, I had better make it three.'

'You betcher!' agreed Bill fervently.

WHEN LOVERS SHOULD SING.

WHEN Spring breathes warm upon the earth,
And buds and blossoms come to birth,
Sing, ye happy lovers, sing!
Would the incense of the may
Round the robes of morning cling;
Would they dance like maidens gay,
Those daffodils the livelong day,
If Love took wing?

In Summer-time when skies are blue,
And roses revel in the dew,
Sing, ye happy lovers, sing!
Would Philomel, that soulful bird,
Such music o'er the woodlands fling;
Would whispering of Fauns be heard
From willows by the west wind stirred,
If Love took wing?

When Autumn comes, and lumbering wains
Roll stackward through the leafy lanes,
Sing, ye happy lovers, sing!
Would the bee so blithely seek
The hillside and the purple ling;
Would such colours come to streak
The mellowing pear, the pippin's cheek,
If Love took wing?

When the winds of Winter howl,
And northward points the chimney-cowl,
Sing, ye happy lovers, sing!
Would the teamster at the plough
Make the whistling uplands ring,
Would the berries on the bough
Gleam as red as they gleam now,
If Love took wing?

WILL HILL.

A QUESTION OF DESTINY.

By LANCELOT LUARD.

I.

OUR host Swanson drew up his chair and threw another log on the fire. Dinner was over, and we had adjourned to the smoking-room of his Elizabethan country-house. There were four of us all told, all commanders, all on week-end leave, all having a command of our own. We had all been shipmates in the old *Britannia* days, and, drawn together by mutual friendship, we arranged, as often as the exigencies of the service allowed, these intermittent reunions.

The polished oak panelling stood out prominently in the firelight, in the mellow glow of the shaded oil-lamp. Outside, the rain lashed the window-panes, the wind boomed round the house in great bullying gusts, with interludes of moaning.

'I don't think—I am convinced,' asserted Swanson, 'that the greatest moment in the calling we embrace is the news we are to receive our first command. First command! And little did I realise that in my case it was the forerunner of a very weird experience. To me it was a moment of exultation. I can revisualise it vividly. I was a junior watch-keeper in the old *Majestic* when this gift of fortune imparted to my young imagination the glamour of a new career.

'I stood bashfully before the *Majestic's* captain, listening to his words of kindly counsel, which were, as I realise now from knowledge born of long experience, compatible with the parting advice to his son of a father, knowing full well the trials lying ahead. Then I think I went mad. I found myself back in the ward-room overwhelmed by congratulations, merriment, light-hearted banter, followed by rounds of good cheer—at my expense! They drank to my health, they drank to my command, they drank to my happiness like a crowd of schoolboys breaking up for the holidays. They gave me a farewell dinner that night, toasting me with musical honours, and made me feel, "By Saint George! it's good to be a member of this confraternity into whose keeping the epics and traditions of the past have been consigned in order worthily to uphold the navy's indomitable spirit." Yes; it was good to be alive.'

Swanson gave himself up to the silent enjoyment of his pipe, then added pensively, 'And, do you know, I felt frightened—frightened of failure.'

'Frightened?' interposed Raikes. 'No, Swanson; after your war-time exploits which thrilled our land, and were rewarded by the most coveted of all distinctions, that word is unfitting. Let us substitute awed.'

'So be it,' agreed Swanson. 'I know I have never feared my own death. Thank God for that! But I've known the dire distress of being tried and found wanting, as you shall soon hear.

'Anyhow, I had so much to do that I didn't know where to begin; but after twenty-four hours' hurry, worry, and scurry, I reported myself to a sour-tempered S.N.O.* at Rosyth, where my command, an old destroyer by name of H.M.S. *Racehorse*, was refitting.

'"New captain—eh?" he barked. "Hem! Boat's lying in No. 1 basin. Arrange with my secretary about accommodation. She's not habitable. Morning! And don't bang the door."

'I didn't bang the door—you bet. I left the old martinet's nerves undisturbed, for I had realised that disappointment in promotion begets cynicism.

'I found my quarters, and learned that the first-lieutenant, the gunner, and half the crew were on leave; the captain, the engineer, and the other half being aboard. This accomplished, I hurried down to catch my first glimpse of her, to assume officially the responsibilities of my first command. Every craft has its human appeal, but none has ever appealed to me so strongly as my first command.

'By Jove! when I saw her, I exulted. I stopped short in my stride and marvelled. A wonderful moment! She was lying alongside the basin wall, a low, black hull, slim and slender, floating on water pellucid, smooth, and sparkling in the sun's rays like a rare gem. There she lay, watched over by the enormous dome of the sky as if she were infinitely precious. Then I came to my senses. I hurried towards her, feeling I must get aboard or die. I was greeted by a head rising from a round hatch. "Ah, here you are!" exclaimed a nonchalant voice. "Capital! I'll turn over forthwith." This unemotional attitude exasperated me; but, then, I was new to the job. I was young. I was exultant. Funny how a specific frame of mind demands equal reciprocity.

'Bell, the ship's captain, showed me round, discoursing on her as if he were a lover extolling the virtues of his beloved, and soon reduced me to a state of stupefaction and confusion. When he had finished, he introduced me to the chief.

'I formed an instinctive aversion to the engineer—why, Heaven knows! He was very

* S.N.O.—Senior Naval Officer.

fat, and he carried his fatness with marked ostentation on his bandy legs. His face, wreathed in fleshy rolls, possessed small, bulging eyes framed by shaggy eyebrows, a squat nose with dilatant nostrils; the whole perched on a neck like a prize bull's and surmounted by a bald, glistening pate. He mumbled that he was pleased to meet me, certainly he was; he hoped we should—to use his own words—"rub along together." All this while he eyed me with a sly cunning, as if sounding for any weakness in my future authority which he could turn to his own account. At last he shuffled off, muttering that he was busy, very busy, worked like a nigger—you know. His infernal impudence. I nearly admonished him there and then, but thought better of it.

'"He's fascinating by reason of his very repulsiveness," Bell laughed. And later on, just before leaving, he added, "He snores at night, and is like Brer Fox, so keep an eye on him."

'We walked to the gangway.

'"You'll soon get into the run of things," he condoled, noticing my harassed expression. "The main point is, don't worry unnecessarily. Well, good luck," he said, shaking my hand.

'"Thanks," I replied. "Good-bye and good-luck!"

'And as the gangway plank groaned under his weight, I realised I had assumed complete command of H.M.S. *Racehorse*. . . . Pass the port, and stir up the fire, Malleson, will you?

'Oh, yes! I had my hands full enough until the first-lieutenant and the gunner returned from leave; but I was keen—dead keen. Notwithstanding this, I would cheerfully have consigned to the rubbish-heap the arrears of paper work Bell had left me. For the first few nights the anxieties of a first command played havoc with death's brother. I felt I wanted to be aboard her. I was afraid she might suddenly vanish into thin air; but I soon shook off this feeling.

'A fortnight later the remainder of the complement returned from leave. The gunner was a lean, knock-kneed, little chap with sparkling eyes, a nut-cracker face, and a chin charged with a stubby, pointed beard. He was full of conceit, and his prolixity displayed all the traits of a puerile temperament. Carter, the first-lieutenant, proved a striking and distinctive contrast—tall of stature, clean-shaven, with deep brooding eyes that fascinated one; his countenance wore a meditative and concentrated expression as of a man thinking in solitude. Indeed, his deeply introspective disposition concealed a marked efficiency which ran the ship as smoothly as clockwork. But, all the same, he was a peculiar, a very peculiar, fellow.

'I, on my part, had to play one long game of bluff, for I realised from experience—our only teacher—that my officers and men were silently appraising me, awaiting evidence of my powers of handling the ship, of calmness in emergency, before they stamped the seal of confidence or distrust upon their new captain's efficiency. I knew it, I tell you, and I vowed I would win their loyal confidence.'

II.

'Meanwhile, the refit progressing well, we established our quarters aboard. You know in those old thirty-knotters the captain and the first-lieutenant enjoyed the privilege of miniature cabins, while the gunner and the chief slept in the wardroom. I soon discovered Bell had not overestimated the chief's snoring abilities. It was an abomination. Snore, grunt, whistle, wheeze, all night long. I was sorely tempted to fit a soundproof cabin door. Happily, I refrained from such tactless counteraction. But sometimes I felt the isolation of my position, despite the restricted space enforcing oppressive propinquity, for Carter, silent and austere, kept much to himself, while intimacy with the gunner and the chief, who "rubbed along together," was impossible.'

Swanson paused and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

'A short while later,' he resumed, 'the day for which I had yearned materialised. I paid a final visit to my friend the S.N.O., suffered a fiery tirade over some insignificant lapse, and was ordered to secure to a buoy in the trot.* Returning to the ship, I thrilled as I heard the vibrating drone of the forced draft-fans. She was awaiting *me*. They were awaiting *me*. A short command and we should be off. By Jove! I wouldn't have changed places with the King—not I! I floated up to the bridge. Then, noticing Carter's inquiring glance. I recovered my faculties.

'"Let go, for'ard," I cried. "Let go, aft."

'I heard distinctly the splash of the hawsers, followed by a high-pitched, "All clear," from the gunner stationed aft.

'"Slow ahead, both."

'"Slow ahead, both, sir," repeated the telegraph-men.

'"Take her out, coxswain."

'"Take her out, sir," he echoed.

'We glided past the basin-entrance and into the buoyed channel. The ship throbbed, the water rustled alongside, the propeller churned up a white smother of foam that burst in a low hiss, merged into small wavelets, calmed down at last, and vanished into the stillness of the shimmering sea. And as we entered mid-stream, I rejoiced in the great freedom of the sea, in the choice of this simple, exacting calling as compared with the harassing disquietude of the shore. On passing each big ship lying at anchor, we paid our silent homage to Britain's might, while aboard them a bugle blared the alert, their crews stood to attention, paying homage to me and to my command. You

* Trot—a line of buoys.

fellows have all seen this. But for the first time I realised its profound meaning—the handing down of tradition, of austere, silent tradition, vested with its penetrating, its soul-stirring significance.

'However, these impressions soon vanished.

'"No. 9 buoy, Mr Carter," I said curtly.

'He acknowledged me with a deferential "Ay, ay, sir."

'Glancing aft, I saw the chief's flabby face, distorted by an ear-to-ear grin, leering at me, the small eyes bulging as if threatening to leap from their sockets.

'I was furious. I suspected he had pierced the secret of my inexperience, deriving therefrom a perverse enjoyment. Turning my head, I rapped out, "Revolutions—400." That infernal face disappeared like a Jack-in-the-box. I almost laughed. Nevertheless, this determined me to bring her up to the buoy slap-dash-bang style.

'"Revolutions—500," I barked.

'We bore rapidly down on our mark. Carter cast me a frantic glance. The coxswain shifted uneasily from one foot to the other—unmistakable omens concerning my competence.

'"Keep the buoy on the port bow," I flung at him.

'"On the port bow, sir," he echoed with relief.

'"Stop both," I rasped. The telegraph-men jumped like clockwork toys.

'"Full astern, both," I cried. The reply-bells clanged. The ship tremored, vibrated like mad. I experienced a moment of sickening anxiety, and, lo! we brought up, our bow touching the buoy. "Stop both," I commanded. "Finished with engines."

'Heaving a sigh of relief, I walked aft, well aware that the successful consummation of my first initiation had swung the critical pendulum in my favour, had renewed my confidence in that ideal conception of one's own ability every man secretly cherishes.

'That night, after dinner, I went up on deck to meditate and become more intimate with my ship that had proved herself endowed with all the qualities of life. To me she was already precious—like a mother's devotion; faithful—like perfect love; obedient—like a trusted servant. Around her lay the outward and visible signs of Britain's first line, massive, towering hulls looming up spectrally, their riding lights burning with a clear, confident flame as if symbolic of their silent immobility, their stupendous might, their sullen, brooding meditation. Yes, to me they lived—every one of them. Encompassed by the night, sombre and glittering like a drapery, watched over by the glitter of the stars, by the perfect stillness of earth and sky, by the gentle flow of the fragrant, crisp night-air. Occasionally the faint echo of a voice, the sharp crackle of wireless, the sonorous notes of a ship's bell assailed my ears; the erratic winking of a masthead light caught my eyes, showing that under this . . . this . . . benediction throbbed the pulse of human life, of men's joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears; of life's infinite degree.'

Swanson broke off, and appeared deep in thought, like a meditating seer.

'Here, you fellows,' he said unexpectedly, 'help yourselves to port, and some one pass me the tobacco.'

He filled his pipe, struck a match, blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and settled himself back in the depths of his chair.

III.

'I now awaited eagerly,' he went on, 'the day that would send us to sea. As it happened, over three weeks elapsed before we received sailing orders, and long before that I made a strange and distressing discovery. Lately Carter's singular demeanour had perplexed me. He was wont to isolate himself in his cabin for hours at a time. At first I withheld my natural curiosity, for, after all, my officers' peculiarities, provided they carried out their duties satisfactorily, formed no concern of mine. This state of affairs quickly took a turn for the worse. He suffered from melancholia and intense depression. His zeal and initiative vanished, and he carried out his duties like a machine. Sometimes I heard him moving restlessly about his cabin in the early hours, and once or twice I thought I detected low, stifled sobs, but could not be sure.

'Nevertheless, I was certain that something weighed heavily on his mind, that he laboured in the throes of some mental crisis, and when I found out, I reproached him; but, my God! I swiftly realised it must have nearly sent him mad.

'I became seriously concerned, and a few nights later, hearing him moaning and groaning in his cabin at 2 A.M., and fearing he might be ill, I got up. I knocked at his door. No answer. I knocked once more. Stifled sobs. Then in I stumbled.

'"What, in God's name——" I muttered, and broke off, quickly closing the door.

'He was seated in a small chair, his head buried in his hands, his elbows resting on a diminutive table, his body shaken by convulsive tremors. It was pitiful.

'"Carter, old chap," I murmured, "what's the matter?"

'He jumped up, a ghastly expression overshadowing his face.

'"Good God, sir! What are you doing here?"

'"I heard you moving about, and—well—I was afraid you might be ill," I said soothingly.

'He looked at me stupidly. I noticed the wildness of his eyes, the flushed, haggard

aspect of his countenance, his ruffled, disorderly hair. "I'm all right, sir," he said tremulously, with a queer contraction of his lips, as if he were withholding some tremendous emotion. "I'm all right, sir." He swayed towards me, took a faltering step forwards, and collapsed heavily on his chair.

'I fetched him a brandy. He swallowed it eagerly, greedily. The spirit appeared momentarily to steady his nerves.

'"Now turn in, Carter," I said sternly. "You're overwrought."

'He raised his face, stared past me as if he were attempting to probe the heart of some portentous mystery.

'"I—I——" he stammered. "Yes! I must unburden myself. May I confide in you, sir, and will you grant me a request?" he burst out, with a weird ring in his voice, turning on me a look of agonising suspense.

'"Of course," I replied, utterly bewildered.

'He heaved a sigh of intense relief, shivered, looked round apprehensively as if some unseen presence were in the room, and suddenly flung these words at me: "*I am going to die.*"

'He was going to *die*.

'For a moment I thought he had taken leave of his senses, had gone stark, staring mad. I fell back in a chair, staring at him in mute incredulity. "I tell you," he continued, forcing out his words, "I am going to die. I know it. The next time we put to sea. I've seen it all. The ship returning with flag half-masted—for me." He clenched his hands. "God," he cried, "I'm living in torment!"

'He appeared hysterical. I spoke sharply to him. "Don't be a fool, Carter. You are suffering from a monstrous delusion."

'His hands fell jerkily to his sides.

'"Delusion!" he mocked. "Oh! ha! ha! Delusion! Ha! ha! ha! . . . Won't you believe me? It's true—as true as I sit here, I tell you. I've second-sight. I've studied psychic phenomena for years."

'He made a grotesque, jerky movement of his arm as if to emphasise his words, and fixed me with a look of intense horror that impaled me to the back of my chair. "Of course, you can't realise my feelings," he burst out desperately. "They're inconceivable. But the horror—the horror of this prevision!"

'"Look here, Carter," I said firmly, although considerably shaken, "I shall send for the depot ship's surgeon this forenoon."

'"I'll not allow this," he protested fiercely. "No material science can avert the law of my predestination."

'"Mr Carter," I said, with rising inflection, "I should like to remind you——"

'He cut me short by saying, "I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't mean to——"

'"That's all right," I caught up swiftly, vexed with myself. "Nevertheless, old man, you must see a doctor. Now turn in, like a good fellow, and think no more of this delusion."

'"Think no more!" he cried, in tones that stabbed. "You are asking the impossible. I know! . . . I know! . . ."

'He appeared enslaved by the turbulence of his emotions. His body shook, quivered, trembled; his hands opened, closed, with sudden, spasmodic movements; his eyes dilated. Suddenly his agitation vanished; his mien became excessively composed.

'"Forgive me," he exclaimed; "I——" His lips tremored.

'"Yes?" I advanced, determined to do all within my power to alleviate his distress.

'He picked up a photo, gazed wistfully at it, sighed loudly. "My fiancée," he breathed. "The girl who is an integral part of my being and the embodiment of all my ideals. The thought of this parting and of her suffering is unbearable. Yet how can I tell her?"

'His agitation returned. He gripped my arm. '"Promise," he entreated, casting me a piteous glance, "that when I die you will personally break the news and tell her I've left her all my earthly possessions. They're few enough—God knows! Here's my will"—he flourished a document before my eyes. "It's all in order. Tell—tell—her I loved her. I always loved her. I lived for her. Ask her to find new happiness and to forget. . . . Don't fail me, I pray you."

'And, to allay his feelings, to propitiate him, to tide over his suspense, I gave in. "I promise," I said solemnly. "But I know I shall not be called on to fulfil it."

'"You will," he whispered. Tears filled his eyes. He grasped my hands as if I were his inestimable benefactor. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart, sir," he murmured.

'No sooner were these words uttered than an indefinable premonition of his impending doom assailed me, shattered my mental equilibrium with amazing suddenness, proclaimed to my inner sense that this appalling revelation, in the face of its apparent impossibility, *might* possess an element of truth.

'Passing through the wardroom, whose two occupants had remained undisturbed, I returned to my cabin feeling overwhelmed. It seemed so absurd, so fantastic, so impossible; and though he was convinced—utterly convinced—of his approaching death, Carter could give no valid reason. I clutched at this thought as a drowning man snatches at a straw. I know he referred vaguely to his study of the occult and to second-sight, but these foundations seemed so frail on which to build a solid, towering wall of assertion. And yet, despite this, you fellows, I tell you I felt unhinged. Besides, my conclusion that he would be sent to hospital grieved me.

'"How are you, Carter?" I inquired after breakfast that forenoon.

'He smiled wanly and looked at me with his unfathomable eyes. He displayed no vestige of the early morning's ebullition, and appeared perfectly calm, perfectly sane, perfectly normal. Was it all a nightmare? But—no fear! I knew well enough it wasn't. By Jove! his self-control was marvellous. He must have possessed nerves of case-hardened steel.

'"I'm all right, sir," he replied. Then a semblance of his old-time manner arose. Glancing round swiftly to ascertain we were alone, he gripped my arm. "Nothing can prevent the fulfilment of my predestination," he muttered. "You won't fail me, won't forget—will you?"

'"No," I stammered; "but for Heaven's sake, Carter, shoo this absurd fallacy out of your head."

'"I can quite understand, sir," he replied sympathetically.

'And his quiet rebuke made me ashamed of my outburst, ashamed of my lack of restraint.'

IV.

'The surgeon (Mott by name), for whom I had signalled, arrived soon afterwards, and taking him below, I related my story. At first I believe he considered *me* mad. He listened with amused contempt, which, after all, was hardly surprising. While he examined Carter I went up on deck, casually informing the gunner that the first-lieutenant's throat was being overhauled.

'"Tricky things, throats—my goodness!" he exclaimed, fingering his own nervously.

'"Very tricky, Mr Rawlins, when deranged by excessive use," I remarked, nettled.

'A short while later Mott came up on deck.

'"Well?" I said quickly.

'He laughed. Yes, he laughed in my face! I was furious. I turned crimson. I could have landed him one between the eyes.

'"Your diagnosis?" I snapped.

'My aggressive mien startled him. "It's nerves," he enunciated dogmatically. "I'll give him a strong tonic."

'"But, good God, man!" I exclaimed, "did he tell you—did he?"

'"He said he thought he was going to die," Mott retorted, indulgently. "Well, we all return to dust one day. Ha! ha!"

'"Not good enough," I flung back hotly. "He told me he *was*, not he thought he was, going to die. I think I'll report the case to the fleet surgeon."

'"Eh, what?" he replied, colouring up. "That's my job. Remember, you have no jurisdiction over our branch. I tell you he's just as fit as you or I; he's just as sane as you or I—saner perhaps—and, therefore, he'll remain on duty."

'Refusing to give credence to my views, he plunged into a maze of medical terminology, designed, I felt certain, to provoke me.

'"Very well," I said coldly when he had concluded, "that clears me."

'"Precisely, if you regard it from that viewpoint."

'"Not at all," I fumed. "I still hold out he should be sent to hospital."

'"And swing the lead? I recommend you to study elementary psychology."

'"Allow me to show you over the side," I said, my voice very abrupt.

'He departed, smiling cynically. I saw red. My blood boiled. I longed to act like a street-urchin and hurl a flood of abusive epithets at his head. Good Lord! If I had!

'As soon as he had left I turned round, and espied that God-forsaken lump of an engineer grinning at me from the engine-room casing. I was so shaken that I could not govern myself. "Don't stare at me, confound you!" I thundered, and walked aft, wondering whether he had overheard our heated discussion. I never found out.

'From now onwards, instead of longing to put to sea, I dreaded it as if it were the plague, for I had run my head against a stone wall with a vengeance. Moreover, a grim determination to discredit the reality resulted in fear and suspense recoiling upon me with redoubled intensity. At times I felt a malicious fate was hovering over my ship, over my command, and, in this mood, I wished I had never received this windfall, this unexpected piece of luck—as if inscrutable destiny has not throughout all ages guided our paths of existence; of happiness, of sorrow, of riches, of poverty, and of death!

'Furthermore, the incessant strain of an outwardly composed demeanour, combined with restricted quarters and sleepless nights, occasioned extreme irritability and a violent temper. What Mott would call nerves, I suppose! However, I knew it was something else; something weird, eerie, uncanny; something that penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. His tonic was as efficacious as his diagnosis was sound, for Carter was incorrigible. I argued, I swore, I enticed, I pleaded, I entreated—but to no end. He was convinced. He surrounded himself with an impenetrable armour against which all my shafts of eloquence fell to the ground—shattered. Believe me or not, his singleness of idea, his simplicity of belief, his steadfastness of purpose, were amazing and terrifying. . . . Pass the port.

'Yet in the light of cold, calculating retrospection it seemed, and still seems, incredible that I, not fearing death myself, should have become imbued with a sense of his inevitable predestination. Incredible,' Swanson pronounced slowly.

'Anyhow, when we received our sailing orders, I was like a sensitive metal filament. We were to proceed to Portsmouth—alone. Ordinarily I should have been raised to the seventh heaven of delight. But now the word *alone* inflamed a train of gruesome thought. I went below to inform Carter. My hands shook; my legs barely

supported me; I had a sick, empty sensation in my abdomen. I found him in his cabin.

'"I know," he said swiftly. "Sailing orders."

'And the silence that followed was more pregnant than speech.

'He rose, stood immobile, and gazed at me with his penetrating, unfathomable eyes, those eyes that attracted me like a magnet, those eyes that impressed his words on my brain like a seal—prophetic words that sickened me with the fear of his death. His face assumed a look of infinite longing, of intense supplication; his whole soul seemed rent asunder.

'It was pitiful. It was tragic. It was ghastly.

'"You're not going to die," I declared. "You're not, not, *not* going to die."

'He bowed his head. "I *am*," he whispered. "I *am*."

'I stared at him mute and aghast, enslaved by this ineluctable premonition, by this merciless fear. Recovering my voice, I inculcated the same old arguments, but I might as well have talked to the door of a safe. Can you fellows realise now my mental agony? But what of his? . . . At any rate, be it said that since he had unburdened himself of his dire belief, since he had obtained my grudging consent to inform his fiancée of his death, he appeared to have calmly resigned himself to the inevitable, and imbued me with all his fearful emotions.'

V.

'That night I never slept a wink, and the next morning I felt I was, mentally and physically, at the end of my tether. At breakfast the food nauseated me. Carter ate a good meal. How he did so I can't conceive. The gunner's garrulity (he was excited at the prospect of seeing his wife) and the chief's prodigious gluttony forced me to seek relief on deck.

'I presume my actions were normal, though I hardly knew what I was doing. We slipped under the Forth Bridge, stood out an hour or so, then shaped a course down the coast.

'The wind hummed through the rigging. Two glittering sheafs of water surged outwards from the bow with a low, continuous swish and murmur. The sun in its imperceptible curve and rise glowed like a golden ball, played on our burnished brasswork, and reflected flickering beams of dazzling light. A low haze floated over the horizon like a gossamer shroud. The coast-line, cruel, gaunt, massive like a silent menace, rose from the plain of the sea in bold relief. But I was too unstrung to feast my eyes on nature. I was too engrossed by my own morbid forebodings to find delight in our island shores. And yet, as the day wore on, the subtle charm of the sea, a lure more potent than that of woman, revived my confidence. I remembered it was my ship, my command, and I felt proud.

'We passed St Abb's; we passed the Longstones; we passed the Tyne. As the sun sank low it turned from gold to red, to blood-red, as if stricken by some malignant disease, and its colour ran riot over the western sky. Slowly, with imperious stateliness, it dipped below the horizon. The chill of the night crept up. I shivered. I felt suddenly incompetent, inefficient, unworthy of my command. Swiftly twilight flowed down, followed by the sable gloom of dusk, by the darkness of night. Then the moon rose—a frail, silver disc, imparting a wan, spectral illumination on the perfect immobility of sea and sky. Ahead and to starboard the coast lights winked and glimmered like miniature fairy lamps, and amidst the silent wonder of nature I, and my command, drove forward, slicing aside the placid waters, leaving in our wake a phosphorescent pathway that glittered like scattered pieces of silver. I, and my command, and an invisible, malicious fate hovering over us like a doom.

'I remained on deck all night. I could not have done otherwise. I made Carter keep his watches during the daylight hours. I couldn't have stood his silent, eerie presence by me in the dark. Instead, the gunner was up there. You know what that meant. Chatter, chatter, chatter, all his watch. It would have been funny if this appalling uncertainty, this ghastly delusion, hadn't brought me to my knees. As it was, his chatter, though utterly meaningless to me, acted as an antidote to the poison in my brain. Darkness gave place to daylight. My hopes rose. I went aft, leaving Carter in charge. He was immutable. He was still convinced he *was* going to die. The day passed without incident. Another night enveloped us, and with it my fears returned. Again I was oppressed by this evil premonition; again the sinister hand of fate clutched at my vitals. Thank God! I had the gunner's chatter; otherwise I might have jumped into the sea—one never knows what might happen on the spur of the moment. The hours sped by. We picked up our lights regularly. We passed numerous ships, their port-holes glaring at us like immense eyes. We entered the Straits of Dover, and found ourselves on the last lap of our journey.

'About midnight the glass fell rapidly. The wind piped up. The moon, surrounded by a spectral halo, swam in a sea of vapour, while gray-black, ominous clouds rolled overhead forever to the east, rolled past in fantastic-shaped legions, menacing and impressive in their silent power, in their grim, implacable significance. I eased her down to ten knots. Sheets of spray spattered against the bridge, stung my cheeks, obscured my vision. Suddenly a lurid, yellowy, reddish glow illumined the horizon. I stared through binoculars, half-suspecting it was an optical illusion.

'"Goodness gracious, sir!" the gunner exclaimed. "It's a ship on fire!"

'"What?" I cried.

'"Look, sir; it's a ship on fire. I tell you it is. I tell you it is," he went on at a tremendous rate, dancing about the bridge like an excited child.

'But he was right. By Jove! I temporarily forgot my fears.

'"Full speed ahead, both," I cried.

'The little ship, as if eager to show her prowess, leapt to the ocean's embrace like a thing alive. The roar of the forced-draft fans was deafening. Flickering tongues of flame belched from her funnels. The wind, rising in rapid cadences, voiced itself in a high, exultant song, symbolic of immortal glory. I became my old self. My unquenched fires of anguish, of dread, of terrifying suspense had been extinguished as if by the wave of some magician's wand. I realised fellow-seamen were in peril. A ship on fire! We fairly raced along.'

VI.

'As we converged, the glare became intense. Whatever ship she was, she burned furiously. Huge flames leapt skywards; flames wavered, flickered, fell. She was burning like a funeral pyre. The sight was terrific, accentuated, of course, by the darkness. I told the gunner to send for Mr Grant. He shuffled up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

'"Give her every ounce of steam you can," I ordered.

'He eyed me furtively, and, quivering like a jelly, mumbled something about hot bearings.

'"Have you been in the engine-room?" I demanded angrily.

'"Chief E.R.A.* told me," he muttered thickly.

'"Hot bearings be damned!" I exploded. "Open her full out—d'y'hear?'

'He nodded his head, and muttered something under his breath. I don't know what. A malediction probably. Then, casting the gunner a half-pitiful, half-inquiring look, he waddled off. I wanted to shake him, to kick him, to propel him forcibly down the bridge ladder—you know the feeling.

'We were now about six miles off. I reckoned we'd do it in a quarter of an hour. All our boilers were going, and she was good for twenty-five knots. I turned for'ard and, half-blinded by spray, stared at the burning ship.

'"Heavens!" I cried. "She's an oiler!"

'"An oiler, sir?" the gunner repeated. "Bless my soul! so she is; so she is, sir!" He pranced about ejaculating, "Goodness gracious! Bless my soul! An oiler! Whoever would have thought it? Why, here's Mr Carter," he suddenly shouted. "Look at her, Carter!"

'I spun round with a sinking sensation, and clutched a stanchion for support. Carter—the silent, reserved, brooding Carter—was climbing slowly up the bridge ladder, climbing up as if he were a somnambulist, bringing with him that evil premonition, that irreconcilable delusion, that malicious, hovering, remorseless fate.

'"Came up on deck, sir. Vibration of ship awoke me."

'His clear-cut, absorbed features assumed an enigmatical expression, an indescribable expression. Somehow, his presence seemed to stifle my words, stifle my thoughts, reduce me to hopeless impotence.

'"We'll run up alongside, Mr Carter," I at last managed to say.

'"Ay, ay, sir," he replied deferentially. "I'll clear lower deck."

'We closed her rapidly. I reduced my speed to ten knots and prepared to lay up on the weather side. She burned furiously with loud cracks and rumbles as of far-distant thunder, with a sibilant, hissing noise, with sounds like the whirring drone of innumerable wings. The wind fanned the flames to leeward in one slanting sheet of solid flame. Millions of sparks flew about in a mad turmoil. Her glare surrounded her in a circle of dazzling light. By now we were a cable distant. Already the heat struck our faces. Our men were on deck. Carter had gone for'ard. The gunner I sent aft.

'"Stop both," I cried.

'The bells tinkled. In the brilliant, pitiless glare every detail of my command was visible. I saw here the sparkle of a ring on a moving hand, there the gleam of an eyeball. It was a wonderful and a terrifying sight. There appeared to be no signs of life aboard, yet her boats were swung in, some burning fiercely. It looked as though the fire had started amidships and cut off that retreat. I tugged at the siren lanyard. Instantly its clamour hurtled far into the night in a shrieking uproar of sound. From for'ard some dishevelled figures suddenly appeared, waving and gesticulating wildly, and looking like a crowd of murderous buccaneers after a riotous carousal.

'"By God! Here goes," I muttered. "Slow ahead, both. Take her alongside, coxswain," I shouted.

'Once again I felt my old self. There was human life to be saved. All other thoughts vanished before this natural impulse. The noise became deafening—rumble, roar, hiss, crackle, whir, all intermingling together, punctuated by an occasional bark like the detonation of a three-pounder; while the sickly odour of flaming oil pervaded the air, entered our nostrils, smarted our eyes.

'Alongside we ranged. The heat was terrific. The figures on her fo'c'sle yelled and waved grotesquely, then dashed along, flung over a ladder, and scrambled aboard. Twenty of them

* E.R.A.—engine-room artificer.

altogether, a motley crowd, scared, bewildered, some with bandaged arms or heads.

'"Any one else?" I yelled from the bridge at the top of my voice. "Where 's your captain?"

'Seemingly incapable of speech, they huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep. I repeated my question. One of them jerked his head at the burning ship.

'"What!" I bawled; "is he still aboard? Hey!—answer me."

'They looked at one another with furtive, half-fearful glances, and nodded their heads.

'Obviously he was. In my excitement I accepted these signs without any surprise, and rushed for'ard to Carter.

'"The captain 's still aboard!' I flung at him. "Tell off four hands and search for him. I 'll follow you in no time."

'I raced aft to the gunner. "Take charge of the ship, Mr Rawlins," I shouted in his ear. "I 'm going to search for her captain."

'"Bless my soul! Goodness gracious, sir!" he ejaculated.

'Tearing for'ard, I was blocked by a tottering, decrepit Methuselah, who caught hold of my arm and pointed aboard with a tremulous gesture of his bony hand.

'"Speak up!" I cried impatiently, unable to hear his words.

'"'Ave—a—care, mister; he 's—run—a—muck. Gospel trewth. S' help me Gawd!" he quavered, his eyes rolling wildly.

'Insane and desperately homicidal!

'This interpretation crashed upon me with an immense, with an overwhelming, force. In an infinitesimal fraction of a second I realised the frightful peril into which my insensate order had all unwittingly hurled Carter. I flew for'ard in a mad frenzy of terror and despair. "*Gangway!*" I screamed, fisting aside one of my men about to clamber up the ladder. Somehow, I found myself aboard her. I never felt the heat. Wildly, despairingly, I looked round. I saw Carter emerging from the fo'c'sle, holding a wet handkerchief in his hand. All at once my blood froze in my veins. Another figure appeared from nowhere; a figure whose clothes were torn and scorched, and hung on him in rags; a figure who crouched in a springing attitude, whose face was distorted with fury, whose eyes blazed venomously, whose mouth lay open and twisted, disclosing a set of gleaming teeth.

'I tell you, momentarily I was spell-bound. I was robbed of all power of movement. I might have been riveted to that deck. Suddenly he *sprang* at Carter, who, taken unawares, was forced back to the edge of the flames near the foremost hold. They became entwined in a death-like embrace. Then the spell broke. Emitting a scream of horror, I bounded forward. Before my distracted vision those two figures swayed in the glare of the flames, rocked amidst the tumult. In the middle of my blind, frantic rush I suddenly tripped. I fell. I sprang up. An excruciating pain shot through my left knee. I collapsed, forced myself to my feet, collapsed again, and as I did so I saw those two swaying figures at the edge of the foremast hold. Then my men's feet pounded past me. . . . Too late! Carter's head fell back. A prolonged, piercing, solitary shriek cut me like a knife, rose high above the deafening roar around, and, locked together, they fell into the flames. . . .'

Swanson broke off. The fire hissed and crackled. The gale howled, screamed, moaned, and whistled. Raikes and Malleson were sitting upright, their faces set, their bodies rigid.

'I don't remember much else,' he began again. 'I have hazy recollections of being carried aboard my ship, of the gunner tearing around like a mad thing, of seeing the oiler go down amidst a smother of steam and the booming of explosions, of finally reaching harbour, and of having my leg examined. I 'd slipped a cartilage. My God! if this hadn't happened I might have saved him. How slender is the thread of life! . . . I attended the court of inquiry and was exonerated from all blame.'

Swanson hesitated.

'Well?' Malleson encouraged, after a short silence.

'Ah, Malleson,' Swanson replied, smilingly cynical, 'life is so infinitely tragic, so full of ironies, that one is apt, at times, to be reticent. But you 've heard my narrative; you shall hear its sequel.

'I was bound in professional honour and faith to Carter to face that last ordeal. Besides, a dead man's request is sacred. If you remember, Carter was heart-broken at the thought of his fiancée's forthcoming suffering. It was needless.'

Swanson struck a match and watched absent-mindedly the flame die out.

'She had married,' he concluded abruptly, jerking away the burnt end.

'No; I never fathomed Carter. He was one of those mysterious men one meets once in a lifetime. And yet I feel that *I* was responsible for his death, that *I* had been tried and found wanting. I shall never forgive myself for ordering him aboard. I plead nothing in extenuation, though you fellows will laugh at me. But, tell me, was this tragedy a question of destiny? Did he possess the psychic power of foretelling his death? Or was it a coincidence that we returned with flag half-masted, as poor Carter had predicted? I leave it to each one of you to elucidate his own theories.'

Swanson's voice fell and ceased. A clock chimed the cry of the hour.

'Midnight,' said Raikes quietly.

We all rose, we four who were gathered together in one of our intermittent reunions; we all rose, and made our way silently upstairs, pondering deeply.

ADRIENNE.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD,

Author of *The Attack on the Farm, Pepita, La Sierpes, Christine, &c.*

I.

WHEN my father, after a happy, jovial evening up at the château, heard the next morning that his brother-in-law, Louis, Vicomte de Marvancault, in the dead of night, had, under the power of a dread *lettre de cachet*, been dragged from his young wife and children to the Bastille, he vowed he would sell his land and get out of Touraine at any rate, if he did not start for America at once, for fear that a similar fate might befall him. As an old soldier he did not fear a danger he could see, but this was quite a different thing. The prospect of a living death in that horrible prison robbed him of all his courage.

My father felt this loss all the more as he and my uncle Louis were more like brothers. They had served together in the famous Bethany Hussars, raised by the Duc de Lauzun to fight the English in America. Like many others who had served there, the two returned to France with ideas that puzzled the poorer classes, and frightened the higher almost out of their senses; for, when they heard of the novel idea of equality out there, the old noblesse thought the world was coming to an end. Especially was this the case with the old Vicomte de Marvancault when my father had the audacity to ask for the hand of his beautiful daughter Philippine. We De Mersignys, though of good lineage, were not of noble blood, and the idea that one whose beauty gave her the right to pick and choose in all the district—ay, and in Paris too—should marry a mere commoner made the old vicomte furious; but both she and my father had a friend at court in Louis, and at last he gave his consent —and he never regretted it.

However, before starting for America my father determined to ask the advice of a cousin who was a merchant at Dunkerque. The latter had made a good deal of money; he was getting old and had no children, and, my father having plenty of capital from the sale of his estate, his cousin offered to sell him his business if he found that, after a trial, he would like to buy it. After a year with his cousin, my father decided to do so, and a very lucrative and successful bargain it proved to be.

There had been many rumblings, and then the storm broke with the taking of the Bastille. The Austrians and the Prussians were on our frontiers, mustering to attack us, and all capable of serving were called up. I was barely eighteen then, and was getting used to business, but having naturally an adventurous disposition, and being very strong for my age, when the call came I was only too glad to go.

As an old cavalry officer my father advised me, as I was allowed to choose, to enter that branch of the service. Though engaged in commerce now, he never lost his love of horses, and I inherited his liking for them. He had taught us all as children to ride, and, moreover, had taught my brother and me sword exercise. The old *maître d'armes* soon perceived this, and when we conscripts had finished our training he was good enough to say that I was his best pupil at the depot on our leaving to join the Army of the North under General Dumouriez. In those days the men elected their own officers. Equality was the rule. High or low, rich or poor, all started from the same level. It was not only in the *Salle d'armes* but in the *manège* that my father's teaching proved its value. I had my troubles, of course, for it was known that my mother belonged to the noblesse; but it was also known that I had my good sword and knew how to use it, if anything was said about that. I was popular, as I had more money than most, and did not mind spending it, so I soon got my first step (always the most difficult) of *brigadier* shortly before the battle of Valmy.

II.

It was in the year III. (1795), when my regiment was in the south of France, that, as a captain, I got my first leave, and hurried home to see my parents. War had been declared against England in 1793. Our fleet was no match for theirs, but our privateers had brought in many a prize. It happened shortly before my leave was up that one of our privateers had brought into Dunkerque an English brig that had got separated from a convoy making its way to the East Indies. Among the plunder were two hundred cases, all exactly alike, containing twelve muskets apiece. My father bought the first twenty cases at under five hundred francs each, but as the prices got lower as the sale went on, he acquired the last twenty at about four hundred francs. Knowing he could get a good price for them in America, he was quite

content with the purchases. Judge, then, his surprise, on opening the last two cases, to find two dozen of the most superb weapons, evidently intended as presents from the East India Company to Indian potentates; the barrels were of the finest steel, and the stocks highly ornamented with silver. I lay stress on this, as everything that followed, so far as I was concerned, was due to these guns.

My father had to go to Paris to sell a lot of splendid silks captured on a ship returning from the East, and there he meant to ask a famous gunsmith named Le Duret about the muskets. My furlough being up, we started for the city together. Le Duret told my father there was no market for such beautiful weapons then—those who would have bought them had all fled—but he took one at three hundred and fifty francs, to keep till better times, and gave my father the name of a friend at Lyons, and also of another at Marseilles. This latter, he thought, was sure to take them, for he did a great business in Morocco. The chiefs out there would give handfuls of gold-dust for a fine gun; apart from their pure-bred Arab steeds, there was nothing they valued more. A fine weapon was handed down as an heirloom.

As it was impossible for my father to go farther than Paris, he told me to take the cases with me, adding that whatever I got above three hundred francs apiece I could keep for myself. In the ordinary way I should have ridden, but, having charge of these weapons, I had to drive, my servant following with my horse. It was on a fairly rough October night that I pulled up at the famous 'Cloche' at Dijon, glad enough to install myself before a blazing fire. The *table d'hôte* was long over, and I was having a meal by myself, when the landlord, followed by an elderly gentleman with a handsome and singularly refined face, came into the room, together with one who I saw at once was his daughter.

I had risen at their entrance, when the host came up to me and asked if I would mind changing my room (which, as it happened, was No. 12A, for no room was ever 13) for the one adjoining, so that the two new-comers might be next to each other. I willingly agreed, and said that my servant should remove my things; but the landlord, with many thanks, said he would see to that.

I had seen some beautiful girls in my time, but as the daughter stood before the fire in her long, dark-blue riding-cloak with a tippet, the bright flames showing up the light silky curls from under her *tricorne* hat with its tricolour rosette, I vowed I had never seen her equal, especially as she, with a smile, turned and thanked me. In fact, it was because I was so taken aback by her sparkling beauty that I quite forgot that I had had the muskets placed in my room.

Though the country was becoming more settled, strangers were naturally cautious in what they said in public places, so our conversation was at first of a very general character—the weather, the state of the roads, &c.; but having nothing to conceal myself, and wishing to draw in the fair *Amazone*, who remained studiously silent, I spoke quite frankly of my family, and how my father, before going into business at Dunkerque, had held a commission in the Duc de Lauzun's regiment, and had fought in America.

'Your father had the sense to put his pride in his pocket,' replied the young girl's father—and then he stopped; but I read his thoughts, and told him the circumstances. 'I am glad, sir, to meet you,' he continued, 'for in former days I knew your mother's family well, and there were few of whom I have a higher opinion;' and then he went on to make many inquiries about America—so much so that I thought he had some intentions of going there. 'It must be a most extraordinary country,' he observed, with a touch of hauteur in his voice. 'I am told, on reliable authority, that out there one man, unless he prove himself unworthy of it, is just as good as another.'

His daughter had been silent up to this point, but a twinkle came into her fine eyes on hearing this. 'And does that really apply to the women too?' she asked.

'I can hardly imagine so, mademoiselle,' I answered, before her father could speak, 'if you were there.'

'That is just the answer my good friend M. le Comte de Marvancault, your grandfather, would have made. I remember once——' But at this point his servant came in and told him that the fetlock of the horse that his daughter rode was rather swollen, and that he would be absent some little time, as he was going to get something for it. When he had gone, the old gentleman told me that he was a great sufferer from gout, and was on his way to Aix-les-Bains. He seemed much interested in my regiment, for he had known the Duc de Lauzun, and asked many questions about the past and present officers who belonged to it. For more than an hour we sat round the fire, and when at last they retired, I thought in all my life I had never spent a happier one. Simply to sit and watch the beautiful mobile features of his daughter, those eyes with their sense of merriment, seemed like a dream, so much was I smitten by her beauty.

III.

As with most old inns, there was a gallery outside overlooking the courtyard. The storm had got worse, and what with the rain beating against the door and my thinking of the fair stranger I had met, I was not yet asleep when there was a knock at the door. 'Monsieur le——' Then the whisperer stopped. 'Citoyen Bresnard, are you there?'

I knew the voice of the servant.

'No,' I replied; 'I have changed rooms with your master;' and then I heard tapping at the next door, which was quickly opened.

'Father,' I heard him say in a low tone, 'the "shadow" is here.'

'Oh, *mon Dieu*!' exclaimed the father in an agonised tone, 'whatever shall we do? What a fool I was to come this way! But what could I do?'

Hearing her brother's voice, the daughter had come from the adjoining room. 'Don't worry, dear father,' she said soothingly. 'How do you know it is he, Louis?'

'I had got the ointment for your mare, and had just finished tying the bandage. The stables are enormous, and your mare was right up at the end. The lantern was on the ground—any one coming in would have thought the place empty. I heard a man asking the old ostler, who is very deaf, who we were. He described all three of us exactly, and the horses too. He wanted to know the name we had given, and when and where we were going. "I know nothing about them," replied the old man. "I am the night ostler."

'"Perhaps this will help you," said the other, evidently giving him a *pourboire*, "and I will come down about eight;" and he left him. "And perhaps it won't," said the ostler contemptuously, evidently disgusted at the amount. I had blown out the candle of my lantern, and could see him looking at a few sous in his hand under another lantern. "Look here, my good man," I said, giving him some silver that made his eyes twinkle, "I know that scamp, and you will find the police know him, too. You can say that Citoyen Bresnard is on the way to Tours, and that he starts at nine." "I shall not tell him anything," he answered, "as I go off at six; but I will see Jean when he comes on, and tell him to see you."

'Now, father,' continued the son, 'I tell you the best thing to do. Adrienne cannot ride her mare to-morrow, anyway. You two start at six in the gig. I will follow at eight on my own horse, and then, when I find a nice situation by a wood, I will wait for this rogue. I will soon settle him, and cover his carcass so that it won't be found for weeks.'

'No, no, that is too risky; I will never agree to that. But we will start——'

But at that moment his son suddenly stumbled, and must almost have fallen on the floor. '*Sacrebleu!*' he exclaimed angrily; 'what the deuce is that?'

'Sh, sh!' said his sister in a low voice. 'Remember walls have ears.'

'It is a case,' said his father. 'You know that officer kindly let us have this room, but the lazy dogs have left it. Push it farther under the bed.'

'But it won't go,' replied his son. 'There are some other cases that stop it; but I will have them out. *Ma foi!* it's a uniform-case. Oh, Captain Jacques Mersigny—that's his name, is it? Look! It is just like mine; only mine had a better lock. *Ma foi!* Why, it is open, apart from the straps,' he exclaimed. Then there was silence for a little while. 'I say,' he continued, in an impressive whisper, 'I want to tell you something;' and evidently all three went into the other room. Soon one returned, and then went back into the next room. Once I heard quite a merry peal of laughter. I remember that, but gradually I became drowsy and went fast asleep. When I was awakened by my servant, I could hardly make out at first if the whole incident was not a dream. I rose in good spirits, as I thought of seeing my fair friend again, but, alas! only to be disappointed, for I learned from the ostler they had left some hours before.

'Ah, capitaine, you are not the only one who would like to find that gentleman,' said a short, thick-set, fair-haired man with a most repulsive face, and a slight scar on his cheek.

'Who on earth are you?' I replied brusquely, turning upon him and looking him up and down. I felt instinctively that it was all owing to him that I had missed seeing my friends. 'What business have you got to do with them?'

'That's my affair,' he replied curtly.

With a sad heart I drove along the road to Lyons. I could not get the girl's face from my memory. She had flashed like some meteor across my path, and now all was darkness. It was out of the question to go to Aix-les-Bains; and, besides, after what I could not help hearing, I was doubtful if they were really going there. In my bitterness I almost wished I had never met them.

IV.

As soon as I got to Lyons I went to see the gunmaker with the letter of introduction given me by Monsieur Duret. The man was delighted with the weapons, and gave me the same price for one of them as Monsieur Duret had done, but, like the Paris dealer, he bought it more as a curiosity than to sell, for that, he said, he would only be able to do in better times. He, too, was certain I should easily get rid of them to a Monsieur Fleming, a Barbary merchant, at Marseilles; and he added with a smile, 'Now that I have paid you, I don't mind telling you that an Arab chief will often give as much as a thousand francs for a gun like that, and I should certainly ask five hundred francs.'

'If I do,' I replied with a laugh, 'I will certainly call and see you on my return.'

I had put up at 'La Toison d'Or,' a famous inn in those days, and was mounting the stairs, when, to my great surprise, I saw a young fellow, certainly not much more than twenty, in the sky-blue uniform—and a new one, too—of my own regiment. He was slim, with very dark hair

which came down over his collar at the back, according to the mode; but, for all that, his eyes were blue. He had singularly delicate features. All this I saw in a moment as we regarded each other in surprise.

'Ah, capitaine,' he said, 'I see I am in presence of one of my new regiment. I am very glad to meet you.'

I liked the young fellow's manner; without a doubt he had gentle blood in his veins.

'I, too, sir, am pleased to make your acquaintance. I have been away on leave,' I said, 'and I don't quite understand——'

'I have changed from the Picardy Dragoons with De Chamboreau.'

'De Chamboreau! Why, *ma foi*! you are actually my senior,' I exclaimed. 'I never thought he would ever leave the old regiment. He is a very good fellow, but lazy. I think our colonel will be very surprised when he sees you. I see you have a dragoon sword—ours is shorter, and curved.'

'I know it,' he answered uneasily. 'I'm going to get a proper one at Marseilles. I have been rather hard up, and I shall get some money there, and I mean to get something on this old one.'

'You must indeed be the deuce of a fellow,' said I, 'to have got your steps at your age. I am starting to-morrow, so we will go together, and then you can tell me how you became a captain so early.'

'Alas! I am starting now. I must see a friend ere the ship goes, at Marseilles.'

'*Une belle amie*, I suppose,' I laughed.

'*Peut-être*,' he replied. '*Au revoir*. If you give me your name, I will tell them, when I reach the regiment, that I have seen you.'

I did so, and we parted.

I had hardly left this young fellow when I met a cousin in the artillery. I had not seen him for years, and we had so much to talk about that it was long past midnight ere I retired. I did not start the following morning until ten.

As most travellers know, a good part of the fine *route du Roi* from Lyons to Marseilles runs at the side of the swift-running Rhone. It was getting late on that beautiful autumn day when I saw a wood before me abutting the road. I had nearly passed the wood, when, just as the road took a curve at the end of it, a little farther on, I heard a pistol-shot. Sometimes I drove, and sometimes I rode, but I happened to be driving then. At once I hastened on, and saw an officer of hussars on horseback, fighting fiercely with two men. He had already crippled one, and the rogue, who had dismounted, was hurriedly loading his pistol to take a shot at him from a safe distance. His confederate at the moment had his back to me, but the other, seeing my approach as I raced towards the group, bolted like a hare, with the intention of getting back to the wood.

'Cut him off, Jules,' I cried to my servant.

Hearing the clatter of the horse and the voice, the mounted man turned as I was almost upon him. This gave the hussar the chance he wanted; his sword went through his opponent's chest as my bullet entered his side, and the man fell forward on his horse. Without a word I turned after the other, but ere I reached him my servant had run him through the neck.

'Take all his papers,' I said, 'and you can keep his purse.'

'*Bon, mon capitaine*,' he replied, chuckling; and I returned to the hussar.

'Are you wounded, sir?' I demanded, perhaps in rather a sharp tone, for to my amazement, now that I had time to see him accurately, he actually belonged to my own regiment. So far as I knew, I had never seen him before in my life. This coming so soon after the incident at the 'Toison d'Or,' I began to wonder whether I was on my head or my feet.

'A mere scratch in the shoulder, sir; but I probably owe my life to you. I thank you for it, and if ever I get the chance I will repay you. But the great thing is to get rid of the carcasses of these two rogues, and quickly, too. I don't want any inquiries.'

'All right; my servant is dragging that one into the wood, and I will tell him to do the same with this. But who, in the name of Satan, are you?' I continued, as, in spite of the blood trickling down his arm, he was stooping over the body of the one he had killed, and was eagerly searching his pockets for papers. Now, for the first time, I recognised his victim as the man I had seen at Dijon.

He did not answer for a moment, and then looked up with a smile, evidently delighted with what he had found. 'Well, I will tell you this. I am the son of Monsieur Bresnard, and the brother of Mademoiselle Adrienne. You will not think the worse of me for that, but I am devilish sorry about your new uniform.'

'Mine! Good heavens!' I exclaimed, but in a very different tone. 'You astonish me; but pray don't mention it. Attend to your wound.'

Speed was everything — at any moment travellers might come along the road—so, with the help of my servant, we hid the body in the wood, took the horses there, and obliterated the blood on the road with some mud. Meanwhile young Bresnard had gone down to the river to bathe his wound, which I bandaged for him, and then we returned to the wood. We were only just in time, as soon after several men passed with some cattle.

'Now, what are we going to do with these bodies?' asked young Bresnard. 'If they are found even in a fortnight it will be awkward.'

'We will see to that. But where is your father?'

'He and Adrienne are driving slowly on to Le Péage. I was about a hundred metres behind

when I was attacked, and they know nothing yet of what has happened.'

'Well, you get into the trap and leave everything to me. I and Jules will wait until it is dark, and pitch the remains of these rogues into the river, and then we will come on as soon as we can. There is no moon yet awhile, and we shall be all right.'

He drew me aside. 'Is your servant to be trusted? We are in his hands.'

'Of course. Why, he killed one of them; but in any case he is as faithful as a dog.'

He wrung my hand and jumped into my cabriolet. I and my servant took all the horses farther into the wood, and soon were left alone. One or two travellers passed hurriedly, and all was silent but for the rush of the mighty river and the hooting of an owl. When all was quiet, two heavy stones were securely tied to each body, and wading almost up to our knees, we threw them out as far as we could.

'That 's the end of the best bit of business I have had, *mon capitaine*, for many a day,' remarked Jules as the second descended with a heavy splash. 'I found six hundred francs in that fellow's pockets.'

V.

One of the horses was a very good one, and this I kept, and sold the other for ten louis, being lucky to get so much for such a poor animal.

Then, as speedily as the darkness permitted, we hurried on, and I admit my heart began to beat faster at the thought that every moment brought me nearer to the most charming and beautiful girl I had ever seen.

Considering it was but a wayside inn, the 'Quatre Saisons' was one of the cleanest and best I ever pulled up at. I found them all in front of a cosy fire.

'We thought it only *comme il faut* to wait, after all you have done for us,' said Monsieur Bresnard as they rose and warmly welcomed me; but the landlord entering, he suddenly stopped.

'You seem to have found very nice quarters,' I remarked to his daughter, seeing it was best to keep to casual remarks.

'Yes, Capitaine Mersigny,' she replied, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, 'very good. It is nice and quiet here compared with the "Toison d'Or" at Lyons.'

'You mean the "Cloche" at Dijon?'

'Oh no, I don't,' she replied, with a laugh. 'But there, if you have forgotten me so soon —well,' with a light gesture of her hand, 'I suppose it is the way with you soldiers. You have no memories.'

I looked at her father and brother, completely mystified.

'And what about yours, mademoiselle?'

'Pay no attention to her,' said her brother, in a chaffing tone; 'but I will say this, that so far as you are concerned she has a remarkably good memory, for she has been talking about you ever since.'

'Oh, Raymond!' she exclaimed, turning scarlet, 'what——'

But her father came to the rescue, and we all sat down; and when I think of the excellent bouillon, the trout, the *civet au chasseur*, and the *omelette aux truffes*, to say nothing of the fine old wine, well—they were all worthy of the company. I reckon I seldom had a pleasanter meal in my life. As for Monsieur Bresnard, he seemed to be quite a different man, from the way he joined us in our merry laughter. There were luckily no other travellers, so when the landlord had gone to have his own meal we had the room to ourselves; and then, in a low tone, they all thanked me again and again for the great services that they considered I had done them.

'Now, capitaine,' said Monsieur Bresnard, 'you have done so much for us that I feel sure that you, when you know all, will not betray us. I will place my life, and probably the lives of these two, at your mercy.'

'Have no fear of me, sir,' I replied.

'I will begin at the beginning. I am really the Comte de Saint Léger de Landrière——'

'I have often heard my mother speak of your family,' I exclaimed.

'Very likely,' replied the count, with a smile, 'for my father, Philippe, was her godfather. He and her father were pages at Versailles, but we will speak of that afterwards. My château is but two leagues from here. My poor wife died shortly before the Revolution broke out. She was an heiress, and had some most beautiful jewels, apart from those I inherited myself, and some that I was only too proud to buy for her. Unfortunately, three years ago, when the Revolution broke out, my son was with his regiment; so, when the *Sans Culottes* and the *brigands* commenced to roam the country, burning châteaux, murdering the owners, and ill-treating their wives and families, I had no choice but to get out of the country. Luckily, at the very last moment Raymond arrived. He took some of the jewels and went on his way. I took some and fled with Adrienne; but I buried more than half, for fear of losing them if I were caught. Disguised as peasants, we got to Geneva, where my widowed sister lives. I had several faithful servants, but not one more true than my old *garde champêtre*, Jacques Douart, and with his help one night we buried these gems in a wood called "Le Bois de la Femme Morte." Long, long ago some woman is said to have been murdered there, and we chose the spot because it was supposed to be haunted.

'The State, I must tell you, has seized a good part of my property, but several thieves have divided the rest among themselves. And the one who has got this particular portion is going, this winter, to cut down all the timber. Now,

Jacques Douart cannot read or write, nor his wife either, but his granddaughter can, and by her he sent me a message. You may say, "What does that matter if the wood is cut down?" But it does; because we buried the jewels in a spot no one but Douart and I would know. We selected four trees, and at their roots, under some leaves, we placed a couple of white stones, while in the very centre we laid another couple, about half a metre over the very box the jewels were in. If the wood is entirely cleared we should lose our bearings; one might as well look for a needle in a *botte de foin*. Besides, if it is all open, we should be seen digging.

'You can judge my consternation on receiving this letter. I feared to write to Douart, as he cannot read, and now his granddaughter has gone away. Then a dear old friend, Monsieur Bresnard, a doctor in Paris who had also fled to Switzerland, suggested that, being of the same age and having some resemblance to him, I should use his papers. The country being now more settled, and I having so much at stake, I determined to risk it. All went well at first, but there are always rogues on the look-out for a reward, and at Bourg we first realised we were followed. Without a doubt the man thought, by keeping his suspicions to himself, he might, as many of the secret police have done, make a good day's business of it, for in nine hundred and ninety cases out of a thousand you can always buy those who talk a great deal about progress and liberty, &c. But I had not very much money with me then, and he would probably have wanted a considerable sum. Of course, my son, to keep up his rôle of my servant, had to associate with the ostlers and other servants. In an *estaminet* at Bourg, where Raymond was talking to a batman of an officer in the hotel, this fellow came up and suggested they should have some wine; so they did. Then he told my son he was a horse-dealer, asked if his master required a horse, and wanted to know who I was and where I was going.

'"Tell him to mind his own business," said the trooper, who had already a fair amount of wine in him. "He's got an old horse that would be dear at five livres." The man tried to make light of it, but the soldier was in a drunken, pugnacious mood, and from words they got to blows. Drunk as the batman was, closing with the man, he threw him with such force that, coming on his head, he was for a time unconscious. Thus by rare good fortune we got off the next morning without seeing anything of him, and taking good care in an incidental way, we gave out we were going to Rheims to see a relative who was ill. We thought we had eluded him, but whether it was pure chance, or he had really followed us, alas! the rogue found us that night you came to Dijon, when you kindly gave up your room. This horrible discovery was a great shock to all of us. As a great Englishman has said, every man has got his price, and we were tempted to see how much this rogue wanted. But fortune helped us once more, for, as you may have guessed, we found the lock of your uniform-case was broken.'

'You don't mean it?' I exclaimed, for I could not own I had overheard them.

'Yes, it was,' he continued. 'It was only held by the straps. After a good deal of argument we decided that Adrienne should disguise herself in your uniform. I must tell you that at Bourg, after we first had our suspicions of this man, we had bought three wigs, so that, if any inquiries were made for an elderly man and his daughter with fair hair, the fact that I was accompanied only by an officer who had dark hair was more likely to put people off than anything; but, alas! Adrienne felt, after a short time, she could not keep up the character.—Could you, my dear?' demanded her father.

'No, really,' she replied, with a smile and a blush. 'Raymond told me I must actually smoke—it was really too disgusting—and that I ought to use most horrible words, and I could not make myself do it.'

'But, mademoiselle, you deceived me completely, if I understand it was you that I met on the stairs at Lyons.'

'Perhaps so; but you must have found me out soon. But,' she continued, 'the thing was, having got into the uniform, how was one to get out of it? At Dijon, by leaving early, before it was light, we certainly got away without discovery; but after we left Lyons I went into a ruined cottage, put on my proper things, and Raymond wore the uniform. As you see, I kept to the dark wig.'

'But now, capitaine,' continued the old count, 'we come to our proceedings to-morrow; that is where I think you can help us. My château, as I have told you, is two leagues from here. My estates come within a league. It is out of the question for me to venture in the daylight any farther in that direction. It would be altogether too risky. Wig or no wig, I should be recognised.'

'Of course I see that,' I replied; 'and you would like me to take a note to the old *garde champêtre*?'

'Yes,' he replied.

'But, sir,' suddenly exclaimed his son, 'neither he nor old Marie can read, and he certainly would not trust a stranger.'

'You are right,' replied his father thoughtfully. 'What shall we do, then?'

'I tell you what,' said Raymond; 'let the capitaine drive there with Adrienne, and prepare him for our coming in the evening ere the moon gets up.'

I was as much delighted as Raymond was with this suggestion; but it was as much as I could do to keep my countenance at the shocked expression that came over that of

the old count, to say nothing of the way his daughter blushed.

'*Mais les convenances, les convenances!*' he exclaimed, raising his hands in horror.

'But, sir,' said his son, 'think of what we have gone through with a price on our heads. Have we run all these dangers, and now, when we have the prize almost in our hands, are we to lose it for the *sacrées convenances*?'

The candles were running down, the last logs were nearly finished, and the landlord had looked in more than once.

'Well, I will sleep on it,' said his father. And so we parted for the night, I, naturally, only too overjoyed to think I should see Adrienne on the morrow, anyway. I hardly liked to think of the drive, as it seemed too good to come true, and I did not want to be disappointed, so I did not build my hopes upon it. To my delight, the next morning M. le Comte told me he had come to the conclusion that for me to drive his daughter was the safest thing to be done; driving was safer than riding.

VI.

It was a bright autumn morning, and the world for me looked bright in more ways than one. At first my pretty companion was rather reserved, but this wore off, and soon we were talking and laughing merrily. In the circumstances I did not hurry my horse, but, for all that, it did not take long to reach the boundary of her father's estate. That he had been a good landlord was proved by the superior kind of cottages we saw upon it.

'*Voilà le Bois de la Femme Morte!*' she said. 'Now up this lane, and it is the first *allée*.'

Turning into the lane, we soon saw the cottage. I jumped out, helped her to descend, and tied the horse up while she knocked at the door.

'Marie! Marie!' exclaimed Adrienne, 'I have come.' But the old woman gazed at her without a glimpse of recognition. 'You don't know me,' said the young girl, throwing her arms round her neck; 'but you must—I am Adrienne.'

Then the good woman returned her embraces with equal fervour, and called to her husband, who had evidently been cleaning a gun. At the sight of his young mistress the tears came into the worthy old fellow's eyes, as he bent down and kissed her hand.

'Oh, thank God I have lived to see this day! And monsieur the count, your father, and your brother?'

'They are quite well, and will be here to-night before the moon rises.'

Adrienne had still retained the dark wig, and, after many questions, the old nurse could not help alluding to it.

'Ah, *ma chérie*,' Marie said, '*que vous êtes belle*—but I often think of your golden curls, and how I used to brush them.—Ah, monsieur,' she said, turning to me, 'you cannot think how pretty they are.'

'I know that,' I replied with a laugh. 'I have seen them.'

'Take it off, *ma petite*, that horrid *perruque*, and let me see them once more;' and so she did.

The count had told me to give the old man some instructions as regards a dark lantern and a spade, &c., and while I was doing this his wife drew the young girl aside. I had finished, and they were still talking in a low tone, but I could not help catching the word *fiancé*, which caused Marie's former charge to blush to the roots of her hair, as she shook her head. '*Mais il est beau garçon*,' continued the old woman. Adrienne hastily put on her *perruque*, and told me she was ready; and after many more tender kisses we went out, though not before I, in gratitude for her words, had pressed some money into the old dame's hand, which made her open her eyes in surprise.

As before, my companion was rather silent at first. The construction that her nurse had put upon our relationship had somewhat sobered her, but soon her natural gaiety returned. When we got to the inn, I really think at heart she was as sorry as I was that our drive was over. Leaving my servant at the inn, we all went for a ride in the afternoon, but in a different direction from the estate of the count.

It was impossible to leave the daughter alone in the inn at night, and it would hardly have been in accordance with the *convenances* for me to have remained behind with her—much as I should have loved so to do—so her brother stayed. When it was getting dusk, her father and I set off together in my vehicle, as my horse was faster than his. By the time we reached the cottage it was pitch-dark.

'Now, *doucement, messieurs*,' said the keeper when all was ready; 'not a word, I pray;' and with a couple of spades we closely followed the trusty old man, whom we could hear counting to himself as we went down the *allée*.

'*Deux cent soixante, deux cent soixante*,' he muttered. Then, halting, he turned on the dark lantern. For a little time he seemed misled, like a hound who had lost the scent, but he soon found a white stone that he wanted, at the bottom of a silver birch.

'Now, messieurs, it is a little more difficult,' he said in a whisper, closing the lantern, 'but you trust me;' and directly opposite to the tree we entered the wood. Our progress was at first very slow, for we had to feel for the undergrowth, apart from the danger of running against trees.

'*Bon!*' exclaimed the old man, as he came upon a cord which he had stretched between two trees. He followed this to the right, and then turned up the lantern. 'There, this is one of the four,' he continued. 'Look,' he said, stooping down to remove the leaves. 'There's a flint.'

[*Christmas Number.*

'I am quite confused by this darkness,' said the count.

'Well, you can stand where you are, monseigneur,' whispered the keeper. 'You come with me, capitaine. *Voilà l'arbre*,' he said when we had gone a few paces. 'You stay here.' He went on, and soon I saw the glimmer of the lantern again. Then he came towards me, counting his paces, stopped, and looked down. Immediately he began to ferret about in the leaves. '*Venez, messieurs, je l'ai trouvé.*'

I took the lantern, while he took the spade. In a few moments we heard the metallic ring on the box. '*Ça y est.* That's got him,' he whispered with a chuckle, and in another instant I saw an oblong box.

'Yes, that's it!' exclaimed the count, with a deep sigh of relief.

VII.

The man had placed the box in his late master's hand, and the keeper had just shovelled the earth back and was replacing the leaves, when we heard the cry of a cock-pheasant, and soon a bird, in alarm, went whirring over us. In a second the old fellow snatched the lantern from me and turned it off.

'*Sacrebleu!*' Then he muttered in a whisper, '*Braconniers.* Lie down, *je vous prie, messieurs.*'

In a moment we were on the ground. I don't know where the count was, but I was almost touching old Jean, who was scraping away some leaves, and had got his ear to the ground.

'They are in the *allée*, I reckon,' he whispered. 'Yes, but there are only two of them. *Bon.* Has monsieur a pistol?'

Softly I drew it out. All of a sudden, apparently about twenty metres from us, a gun exploded, followed by a perfect yell of pain.

'*Sainte Vierge*, what luck! They tripped over that cord,' chuckled Jean.

'It's all your fault,' cried the wounded man. '*Mon Dieu*, I am done for!'

'It's your fault for not waiting for the moon,' replied the other. 'That old villain has put some cursed cord up.'

'Take me to his cottage,' moaned the sufferer.

'Yes, and get another peppering.'

For a time the two rogues continued to swear at each other. But at last the wounded one permitted his friend to take him off.

'It's all right now,' said old Jean, who had kept his ear to the ground. '*Dépêchons-nous, messieurs.* See, the moon just shows.'

So, as noiselessly as we could, we made our way to the cottage. Very handsomely, judging from the gratitude in their voices, the count rewarded Jean and his wife, and soon we were speeding back to the inn.

'When His Majesty turned *serrurier*,' said my companion as we drove along, 'I was among the many of those who copied his example. The appetite comes with eating, and, among other things, I made this very iron box I am carrying. Before I buried it, I greased the lock well inside, and made a slide over the keyhole; but I expect for all that, after all this time, it won't be easy to open it.'

After a good supper he asked me to come with Raymond and Adrienne to his room, and in a very short time we saw the sparkling gems before us—gems, he whispered, that were worth at least two hundred thousand francs. Then, in the highest spirits, we went downstairs again.

'Of course, we are not out of the wood yet,' observed Raymond; 'but with care I think we ought to be.'

'I tell you what may help you,' I said. 'I must, alas! start to-morrow—I am late as it is—but if you keep my uniform, officers are not bothered with questions, and you can take my man as your orderly. I will warrant, then, that you do not have much trouble.'

'*Ma foi!* that is a splendid idea,' said his father, and getting up, he took my hand. 'I don't know, capitaine,' he said gratefully, 'how to thank you enough for all you have done for us.' The son and the daughter said much the same thing. I knew how he could reward me as I looked at the latter, but I held my tongue as regards that.

'Will you write and tell me how you get on?' I said. 'Perhaps, when I get the chance, you will let me come and see you.'

'I only hope you will,' replied the count, 'for no one will receive a warmer welcome from all of us.'

Her old nurse, at parting, had given Adrienne a little bouquet. They were but poor flowers, but the best she had got.

'As a souvenir of this happy day, mademoiselle,' I said, 'will you give me one of those rosebuds you are wearing?'

'Willingly,' she answered, with a smile. 'Pick out three of the best; and, if only you come in the summer to see us at Geneva, you shall have the best flowers we have there.'

'Geneva? What a lucky place!'

'In what way?' she answered merrily.

'Why, because you are there.'

VIII.

As I had to start as soon as it was light, I wished them farewell. When I kissed the tips of her fingers as we parted, I resolved, if fortune only favoured me, I would kiss the lips, too, of this lovely girl before I had done, if she would only let me.

When I got down the next morning, I was surprised to find Raymond awaiting me. 'I will ride a little way with you;' and then, with some diffidence, he added, 'You have been so good to us that I hardly like to ask you for another favour.' He went on to tell me that as a Frenchman he did not care to fight against his own countrymen, and had no love for either

the Prussians or the Austrians. His aunt was very good to them, but it was not in the power of his father to do much for him, as he had practically to live on his capital, and he (Raymond) must do something for his living. He thought he would go and seek his fortune in America, and he wanted me to give him a letter of introduction to my father, to learn more about it. This I promised to do; only, as an *émigré*, I did not understand how he could get to Dunkerque. That risk, however, he told me with a laugh, he would take, and we parted.

Remembering what the gunmaker had told me at Lyons, as soon as I got to Marseilles I went to the man who had been recommended, showed him one of the guns, and, without the slightest hesitation, asked five hundred francs for it. I saw his delight at the weapon, but, of course, he haggled, and it ended by his actually taking the ten at four hundred and fifty francs each, or one hundred francs more than I ever dreamt of getting. As my father had said I might take all I could get over the three hundred francs, and what was more, as the gunmaker said he would take the other dozen that my father had, at the same price, I did very well.

Hastening on, I joined my regiment at Antibes, and three weeks later my servant arrived with my new uniform. This I had not the face to put on; for, to tell the truth, I found both officers and men practically in rags. Neither had been paid for months. Besides that, as Adrienne had worn it, it had a sentimental interest to me, and I did not want it tarnished. But what filled my heart with joy was three letters of the warmest thanks from her, her father, and Raymond. They said they would never forget the services I had rendered them, and begged me to write as often as I could, and be sure to come and see them when I had the opportunity.

Young and strong, no wonder I entered the marvellous campaign of the Adige, under our young general Buonaparte, in the highest spirits. Success is said to depend on the man himself, and it may be so; but my good fortune was in a great measure simply due to the fact that I was born at a time when I could take advantage of it. Had no Napoleon arisen, I should not have had those chances. Thus by the year VII. (1799) I found myself the senior major. Luck had brought me in contact with General Junot, and his friendship alone was worth a great deal. But what I valued more than all prospects of promotion was the kindly letters I received from Adrienne, and also from her father. She was my star; it was to gain and deserve her love that I followed my profession so assiduously. A fever had prevented me from embarking for Egypt. It seemed hard at the time, but I was thankful for it afterwards, for the loot that was gained by the small number who survived hardly repaid them for their awful sufferings.

IX.

It was on a lovely summer morning, in the beginning of June in that year, that I arrived in the beautiful city of Geneva. The sun sparkled on the lake, the blackbirds sang their love-songs amid the lilacs, and it seemed like entering Paradise.

'You will easily find,' said the landlord of 'L'Ours Noir,' 'the villa of the marquise where Monsieur le Comte lives. It is but a kilometre along the Lausanne Road—you must know it by its splendid gates. You know, I suppose, that Madame la Marquise is dead some three months; the count has inherited her great wealth.'

This news came as a great shock. I had taken it for granted that Adrienne would not be overburdened with money, and so during my campaigns I had got all the loot I could. I had one great piece of luck, for our regiment was one of the first to share in the sacking of the Holy House of the Virgin, that was carried by angels through the air from Nazareth to Loretto, and was one of the richest shrines in the world. But if Adrienne was now so wealthy, I felt I was altogether on a different footing. I hardly knew what to do. I could not bear the idea of being thought a fortune-hunter. However, I determined to take my courage in both hands. Rich or poor, I would know my fate, so I hurried on.

There was no doubt about the beauty of the entrance, with its splendid wrought-iron gates, with the arms and quarterings on the centre surmounted by the coronet of a marquis. The very sight of this made me more uncomfortable than ever. However, I had, I soon found, my fears for nothing. I had hardly entered the winding drive when I caught a glimpse of Adrienne bending over a flower-bed close to the villa. A spaniel beside her began to bark, and I made a short cut across the spacious lawn. She stood for a moment in the bright sunlight, shading her eyes with her hand, and then with a bound, the flowers in her basket falling right and left, with the dog running beside her, she hastened towards me as fast as I hastened towards her. I knew then from that moment, from the bright smile of welcome in those sparkling eyes, that she was mine.

'Ah, mademoiselle!' I cried, as I stooped to kiss her hand; 'thank Heaven I have found you at last, as fair and as bewitching as ever. Only now I am told,' I continued in perhaps a more subdued tone, that brought a smile to her face, 'that you are very rich.'

'*Ma foi!* And am I any the worse for that?' she replied merrily. 'Come, let us sit down. Father is out now, and he will be so surprised and pleased to see you.'

And so, with the birds carolling around as if they partook of our happiness, we took a seat under the shade of a lilac-tree. Below us was

the deep blue of the lake and then the green verdures on the other side, and, beyond, the purple mountains capped with their everlasting snows. It all appeared like a dream with that lovely girl beside me. For a moment I was almost too happy to speak, and for a time it seemed almost the same with her.

'Now, tell me all about your battles,' she said, 'and this young General Buonaparte.' And so I did. 'Now I want to know about Italy, and the beautiful mountains and the flowers.'

'No doubt the flowers there are very lovely,' I replied, 'but I have got some here,' I continued, taking out my old pocket-book, 'I treasured far more than any I ever saw there. Do you remember giving me these?'

'Yes, I remember that,' she answered, as she looked at the faded leaves.

'And do you remember you promised that when I came to see you, you would give me the most beautiful ones that you had in your garden?'

'Yes, I remember that too,' she replied softly. 'Well, I will keep my promise. Take your choice from the finest in this basket.'

'You are kind,' I said, choosing a lovely rose; 'but,' I continued earnestly, 'will you—oh, will you give me something else?'

'I must know what it is,' she said coyly, in a low voice.

'Your heart, mademoiselle.'

'But what would you think of me for you to gain it so easily? Besides, you really know so little about me. I may,' she added with a smile, 'have a horrible temper, for all that you know.'

'Oh, no, you have not; I am sure of that. I know that from the gentle way you looked after your father. I know, too, your courage from your leaving security in order to be near him. It is not only your beauty that fascinates me, but your disposition. Do—oh! do say you will give me your heart.'

The beautiful girl was silent for a moment, but I saw the warm look of love in her eyes.

'I can hardly give you,' she said softly, 'what is yours already.'

'Then, *ma chérie*,' I answered ecstatically, taking her hands in mine, 'you are mine.' And her eyes gave me the answer.

How long we sat there I know not, but all at once her spaniel gave a bark of welcome.

'Oh, there is father!' she cried, springing up with agitation in her voice; and, sure enough, it was. Side by side we went towards him; then suddenly Adrienne darted away.

Had I been his own son the old nobleman could not have welcomed me more warmly.

'But what is the matter with Adrienne,' he asked, 'to run away in that manner?'

I told him everything, and taking my hand, he willingly consented to our betrothal.

X.

Naturally, I wanted to know about Raymond, and they told me that he had seen my father, who had introduced him to the son of a rich American merchant in New York named Marston, with whom he did a great deal of business. This young fellow was waiting for a ship. They sailed together. Fever broke out, and but for the way Raymond cared for him, the young fellow always said, he would never have reached his native land. His father had no other son, and only one daughter. In gratitude for what Raymond had done he took him into his office. His daughter fell desperately in love with Raymond, and he with her; and after two years, when his future father-in-law had had time to judge his capacities, the wedding took place.

Alas! my furlough was not for very long, for, of course, I had to see my parents, and I could only stay a week, but seldom has so much pleasure been compressed into so short a period. Every morning we all three used to ride; while in the evening—luckily the moon was full that week—we used to go on the lake. It all seemed like one happy dream till the sad time of parting from my darling came.

My parents readily agreed to my marriage; but the wedding did not come off for nearly two years after, and by that time I was a colonel. Alas! I was never destined to rise any higher, as my horse, startled by a shell, crushed my foot against a wall, and I was ever afterwards very lame. I had to leave the service, though luckily, for all that, I could always ride. Thanks to my friendship with General Junot, I got permission for my father-in-law, who dropped his title, to return to France, and I entered commerce once more, and the count resided with us in a beautiful villa just outside the town.

It was not till 1815 that my father-in-law got back his own estates, though he did not then get all he was entitled to. However, this loss was not of much consequence, for in 1808 Raymond had come over to Europe for a short time, and told us such wonderful tales of the future of America that we were all carried away by them. Even my father, cautious as he was in business, caught his enthusiasm, and permitted me to return with Raymond. The result was that I bought for my father and myself some land and houses in New York. The count, my father-in-law, had already done likewise. Even at his death that property had risen considerably, but if Raymond's children and grandchildren—and the same applies to mine—have the sense to keep their portions, for property cannot be entailed in that country, they will have no need to trouble much about money. But I always tell my boys that, if only they can find wives who have half the beauty and the lovable disposition of their mother, they will get more real happiness out of life than they will ever get from any amount of money.

THE BURIED HUNTSMAN.

A TALE OF THE UNSEEN.

By SIR JAMES BALFOUR PAUL, C.V.O., LL.D.

I.

I, JANET ROSS, think it my duty for several reasons, which I need not specify in detail, to set down on paper the record of some remarkable experiences which I had in the spring and autumn of 1918.

My husband, who held the rank of major in a Scottish regiment, had been sent home from France in the previous year, badly wounded, and suffering from slight shell-shock. His convalescence was protracted, and I was long in much anxiety about him. However, the doctors in the London hospital at last assured me that if he got away to the country, and had complete rest and quiet for some months, he would ultimately be all right again. I had many fruitless journeys in search of a suitable habitation; but at last I heard of an old castle just across the northern border which I thought might be the place for us. It belonged to the Earl of Sannox, with whose family I was distantly connected.

It was an evening in late spring when we arrived at the little roadside station which was nearest our destination. It was indeed a typical Scottish spring day, with a snell wind blowing from the east, and the tops of the adjacent Cheviots shrouded in what was locally termed a thick 'haar.' It was a seven-mile drive from the station to Kersheugh Tower, and I reflected upon the inconvenience of this and the out-of-the-way situation of the house. However, as we had come for rest and quiet, and had no intention of entertaining visitors, in the meantime at least, I thought this remoteness might be rather an advantage than otherwise.

At last we arrived at the Tower, and, from what we could see of it in the gathering darkness, I was rather favourably impressed, though it did not appear an extraordinarily cheerful place. But there was no doubt of its picturesqueness. It stood on a rocky eminence, facing west, and looking over the long range of hills behind.

I got out of the somewhat ramshackle carriage which had brought us from the station, and looked about for a bell or some means of summoning attendance. All I could see, however, was a loose ring hanging on a kind of iron staple of about six inches long fixed vertically on the door. It did not convey much idea to my mind, but, thinking it must be some kind of knocker, I took hold of the ring and attempted to beat the door with it. However, the results, as to sound, were distinctly disappointing. Still, the little noise made apparently had been sufficient to attract attention, as I heard steps approaching and the door being unbarred. It was opened by an elderly and motherly-looking Scotswoman, the care-taker of the house, who had been handed over to us to assist the only other servant we had been able to lay hands on, who had been sent down the day before.

'Come awa' in wi' ye,' the old lady said; 'I expected ye half-an-'oor syne, but thae trains is no verra partickler aboot their time. John Blackader, the guaird, dis his best, but that's no muckle, puir man!'

I was tired and cold, and not feeling in the best of tempers; and, besides, my husband was ill, and knocked up with his long journey. I am afraid, therefore, there was some asperity in my voice when I said, 'I thought I was never going to get in, and that rotten knocker of yours is about the most inefficient thing of its kind I ever handled.'

'Knocker, ye say. That's no a knocker. Whaur div ye come frae, that has never seen a tirling-pin afore? Ineffeecient indeed!' continued the old dame, in a tone that implied that she felt any reflection on anything belonging to the place as a personal affront. 'Wumman, if ye had tirled that risp as ye ocht to hae dune, ye had made as muckle noise as wud wauken the deid;' and as she spoke she took hold of the wretched little ring, which I now saw had a twist on it, and ran it up and down the staple, which in its turn was slightly notched, and certainly produced a screeching noise which nobody with ears could fail to hear for a long distance round.

'But never ye mind, ma bonnie lamb; I ken ye're frae the sooth, and ye canna learn a'thing at aince. Come awa' in, you and yer guidman. I've made some supper for ye, and it's laid in the hall, if ye'll gang up tae it.'

We ascended a broad flight of winding steps, and soon found ourselves in a large room between forty and fifty feet long. On a table in the centre our repast was set out. It was but simple fare, but was sufficiently well cooked, and everything was spotlessly clean.

By the time dinner was over, and we had got our things unpacked, my husband, invalid as he still continued, was ready for bed. I should have liked to have a look over the house,

but prudence counselled early repose; so we betook ourselves to rest, and spent a most peaceful night.

II.

The next morning I was up and out betimes, and surveyed with interest the outside of the house. There was no doubt that it was an ideal building of its kind. The doorway by which we had entered, at the side of a small projection which stood out at right angles from the main body of the house, was a fine specimen of the architecture of the period. On the lintel-stone above it was carved a coat-of-arms, presumably that of the Kerrs, consisting of a shield charged with a chevron, on which were three stars, and on the upper part of the shield were two stags' heads. Round this was, according to the pious usage of the time, a verse of Scripture, WE HAF ANE HOVS NOT MADE WITH HANDIS ETERNAL IN YE HEAVENS, and the date 1602.

Above all this, immediately over the entrance-door, was carried a small bartisan, with a hole in it, through which the defenders of the house could pour hot water or molten lead on the heads of possible assailants. But even to an unskilled archæologist like myself it was evident that the defences of the house were but feeble, and that it had been built at a time when the country as a whole was becoming more settled, and when there was not much chance of the house being burned over the heads of the occupiers by raiders from the other side of the border. Still, the walls, I observed, were of immense thickness, and impervious to everything but heavy artillery. On the upper storey of this projection were two small turrets corbelled out from the wall. Outside, in the angle formed by the projection and the house itself, was a rounded mass of masonry, also beautifully corbelled, containing the staircase which led from the dining-room floor to the bedroom flat. It was a quaint staircase, narrow and winding; and in other parts of the house were two others somewhat similar.

Outside the Tower lay a rather rough lawn, on which attempts at decoration had been made in the shape of some flower-beds, though these were yet bare. The garden proper, a large one, was on the south side of the house, and was surrounded on two sides—not by a wall, but by a tall hedge composed of beech and thorn mixed. On one side of the garden was a large hothouse, and on another a little rivulet had been dammed up so as to form a narrow lake, in which I was informed were some trout of immemorial age.

It was all very pleasant notwithstanding the undoubted sombreness of the house itself, and the whole surroundings were cheerful and bright. The rooks were cawing in a plantation which lay at a little distance from the garden, and separated from it by a curious large bowling-green completely circular in shape. Altogether, we came to the conclusion that we had been very lucky in our find; and as time went on we saw no reason to change this opinion. For several weeks we lived in great happiness and comfort. My husband's health visibly improved from the complete quiet and the delightful air; all indeed went merry as a marriage-bell, when suddenly something happened.

III.

One sunny forenoon, about the middle of May, I was in the greenhouse cutting some flowers for our dinner-table. I was not thinking of anything except the general salubrity of our surroundings, when I became aware that the atmosphere of the glass-house in which I was had suddenly changed. Instead of the usual warm, moist, earthy smell which one generally associates with hothouses, a deadly, dank miasma seemed to be pouring itself through every air-space that there was. This gradually—I mean in the lapse of two or three minutes—deepened into a loathly smell of rottenness and corruption. I looked out through the glass, and the air had become dark and thick, while the sun, which had been shining brilliantly only a few minutes before, was quite obscured.

I went to one of the ventilating-sashes of the greenhouse and opened it as wide as I could to let in the fresh air, but was horrified to find that it only made the mephitic and sickly atmosphere worse. I am not a nervous person, and have no belief in spiritualism as at present expounded, but, do what I could to prevent it, I felt an overmastering fear enveloping me. I looked at the flowers in my hand, and they were trembling. At this moment I was conscious of hearing a noise outside which I could not at first account for. It became louder and nearer, and at last I could not mistake it. It was, as I well knew from old hunting-days, the baying of a pack of hounds.

The overpowering odour grew more and more penetrating, and I became distinctly aware of a surrounding presence—a presence of evil, moreover, which was very real, though invisible. I do not exaggerate when I say that I stood transfixed with sheer terror. I tried to pray, but I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently, and the presence of evil appeared to be becoming too strong for me. I heard the cry of the hounds drawing nearer and nearer, accompanied with the rhythmical thud of the feet of galloping horses. I dared not look behind me, as I seemed to be conscious of a malignant power waiting there, ready to take advantage of any weakness on my part. I heard the crash of branches as hounds and horses scrambled through some of the barer portions of the beech-hedge surrounding the garden. There was a closer rush, but it turned away towards the bowling-green I have men-

tioned, and then I heard the final worry. The quarry (whatever it was, for who could be hunting foxes in May?) had met its fate; and just at the end of the break-up I thought I heard a woman's scream—I am not sure, but it did not sound like anything I ever heard at the end of a hunt.

I was on the point of collapsing, when, suddenly, the atmosphere became clear again; the dreadful oppression was lifted from my mind. I raised my head, and, thank God! the sun was shining once more, and there was nothing but radiance in the air. I staggered to the door, and, opening it, I took my way to the house, somewhat unsteadily I felt, for I was trembling in every limb. I was alarmed, too, for my husband, because if he had gone through a similar experience it might have the worst possible effect on him, still weak and nervous as he was.

IV.

I was coming up slowly to the back of the house, when Mrs Renton, the care-taker, who was engaged on some domestic avocation outside the door, caught sight of me, and exclaimed, 'Losh me, mem, what's come ower ye? Ye're looking as white and scairt-like as if ye had seen a ghaist!'

I looked at the woman in astonishment, for I could not believe that she had not smelt that pestilential odour, or heard the cry of the hounds. I could only reply feebly, 'A ghost! Well, have you never seen a ghost here?'

'Ghaist here! Never in the warld. I'm no ane for seein' ghaists, and I've been here thae ten years forbye.'

'But do you mean to say that nobody ever told you that there were—I mean, that there might be—ghosts at Kersheugh Tower?'

'Weel, I'll no say that I hinna. But ghaists seldom fricht onybody but their ain hoose, and dinna troke wi' fremd folk. But come yer ways in and crook yer heugh in the kitchen a meenit till I gie ye a drink o' milk wi' maybe something intil't, for I aye keep a bottle here to gie something tae the lads that come wi' messages or paircels frae miles ayont the place.'

I felt Mrs Renton's advice was good; and after I had rested a little, and partaken of the milk with 'something intil't,' I felt a better woman than I had done for some time. I again tried to find out from Mrs Renton if there was no story connected with the house; and though she professed to know nothing, there was something in her manner that made me rather doubt her assertions.

'Ye see, mem,' she said, 'I'm a Pringle frae Tweedside, and this is no ma calf kintry. I met ma man ae year at St James's Fair (that's the grand fair at Kelsy, ye ken). He was a forester ower-by here, but he wasna spairit me lang, puir fallie——'

I saw that the good woman would embark on a long story if she was not headed off in time, so I said, 'But how did you come to this house, Mrs Renton?'

'Oh, weel, Leddy Riddell was alive then, and she pit me in, and thankfu' I was to get a roof ower ma heid, for Jeems, puir man, had no had time to pit by muckle. It's lanesome whiles, but I sudna complain.'

At last I got away from the worthy woman's somewhat long tongue, and went upstairs, where I found Jack peacefully ensconced in an arm-chair, and supremely unconscious of anything out-of-the-way having happened. I did not tell him anything about my adventure, as I did not wish to cause him any worry; and, besides, I was so much in love with my surroundings that I was afraid he would insist on leaving the house, which I certainly did not wish to do if by any possibility I could remain.

V.

Well, I need not bore you with details of our life at Kersheugh Tower. Weeks slipped away without either of us becoming tired of the place. Day after day brought its own simple duties and pleasures, and it was not till a dark September night that the second, and still stranger, episode occurred. I had almost forgotten about the fox-hunting in the garden, and the fright I had got in the greenhouse, when everything was brought back to me with tenfold vigour.

It had been a very warm, close day, and there was thunder about in the air. After dinner, or, rather, supper—for it was a very simple meal—we had sat in the twilight for some time, discussing our future plans when my husband would be completely restored to health, as there was every reason to believe he would. Time went on, and then Jack said he felt rather tired, for he had had more exercise than usual that day. So he armed himself with a candle and went off to bed. I followed in about an hour, but found him still awake, and complaining of the closeness of the night, although the window was wide open. I commenced to undress, and had just put on my dressing-gown and taken my hair-brush in my hand, when through the open window came the dreadful, searching odour which I recognised only too well.

Jack immediately started up in bed and exclaimed, 'What, in the name of Heaven, is that awful smell? I told Robertson that he was on no account to burn any more of his filthy stuff so near the house; but surely he cannot at this hour——'

He stopped, as at that moment a sound broke on our ears in the dead stillness of the autumn night. Still far off, it sounded like the 'horns of elfland faintly blowing'; but soon it grew nearer, and we could make out that it proceeded from two hunting-horns blown in long, slow

blasts. It was a most uncanny noise. Jack got up, put on a dressing-gown, and came and sat by me in the window. He was evidently surprised and somewhat shaken, but his military training stood him in good stead, and he was quite collected as he sat down and put his arm protectingly round my waist.

'Never mind, old girl,' he said; 'we 'll see it through together. Nothing will hurt you so long as I can prevent it.'

The oppression and sense of the presence of evil was not, as yet at least, so strong as it had been on the former occasion. We sat quite still for some time, when we heard a low, rumbling noise.

'Thunder coming up again,' I whispered to Jack; 'but it is far away.' The noise, however, did not become fainter, as it should have done, but, on the contrary, became more and more distinct.

'Seems like a heavily laden cart coming along the hill-road,' said my husband; 'but what on earth can it be at this time of night, and where can it be going?'

We were not left long in doubt as to its destination. I heard the latch of the top gate lifted, and then the whole cortège—for, so far as we could make out, there was quite a small crowd of people—streamed into the bowling-green, where, as I have mentioned, the break-up of the hunt had previously taken place. I heard the ring of bits and the stamping of horses' feet, but there was no cry of hounds, though the occasional crack of a whip seemed to indicate that they were not far off.

VI.

Things remained very quiet for about ten minutes, the silence being broken only by a clatter of iron, which I could not at first account for. But we soon came to the conclusion that it had been caused by the removal from the cart or elsewhere of spades! Then we heard unmistakably the sound of digging, and of the excavated earth being pitched on to the green. The ghostly grave-diggers laboured long at their task. For an hour they worked without ceasing, and after a short interval resumed their work.

'This is no human grave they can be digging,' whispered Jack in my ear; 'they have had plenty of time to dig down six feet in that loose soil.'

At last the digging ceased. We strained our ears to hear what might be the next step in this awful drama which was being enacted, unseen, before us. But we could not make much of it. We seemed to hear the rasping of ropes as they lowered something very heavy into the grave; but this may have been merely auto-suggestion, for we really heard nothing more of which we could definitely assert the cause, till at last we heard the unmistakable sound of loose earth being shovelled into the open grave. This went on for some time, then ceased, and a few minutes after we heard the spades as they flattened down the covering sods.

Suddenly, as if at a signal, arose a noise the like of which I had never heard before, and never wish to hear again: it was that of a whole pack of hounds howling in unison. It was over in a minute; but I do not think I could have remained conscious longer if it had continued; and it seemed to me that some evil thing with wings was hovering round the window and seeking to enter. Then Nature itself took up the tale. The thunder, which had been threatening all night, became louder and louder, and, just as the howling ceased, a vivid flash of lightning seemed to pierce the very spot where the ghastly burial had taken place, lighting up for a second the whole of the bowling-green. In the glimpse we had of it, it appeared empty, peaceful, and as normal a bowling-green as could be found round a house of such ancient date. Then came a mighty peal of thunder, which shook our dwelling to its foundation. The presence of evil withdrew itself, or was withdrawn by a stronger and holier power; but far off, far off in the distance, I seemed to hear an elfin horn tooting in derision.

VII.

When I came down to breakfast next morning I encountered Mrs Renton.

'What an awful night we have had!' I said.

'Weel, pairt o' the nicht was fair awfu'. I was waukened oot o' my sleep wi' the maist dreadfu' clap o' thunder I ever heard a' my days. I thocht the hoose wud be doon aboot oor heids. I 'm no ane o' the frichtsome lot, but I thocht the last day had come. The knock chappit twa, sae I kent the licht wudna be comin' in for three or fower 'oors, an' I felt fair skairt; but the warst was by, for I never heard ony mair thunder, and syne I went to sleep again.'

'But you heard nothing else than the loud peal of thunder?'

'Losh me, mem, what wud there be to hear?—unless it was ane o' the kye routin'. There 's naebody gaun aboot here at twa in the mornin'.'

But I was determined, if possible, to get to the bottom of the mystery, and I thought I could see that Mrs Renton had something at the back of her mind.

'Now, look here, Mrs Renton,' I said, 'we have had a very awful experience during last night, and I wish you would tell me candidly if you have ever heard of, or seen, any supernatural appearances about the place.'

'I tell ye, as I 've telt ye afore, I 've never seen ony appearances whatever aboot the place. I 'm free to confess, tho', as ye press me, that there 's a kind o' kintry clash aboot unchancy

things that hae happened here. I dinna weel mind what they were, as I took little heed o' them; but I'll tell ye what, if you and the major gang ower-by and see the meenister, auld Mr Home, he micht be able to tell ye something. He 's a rale fine man Mr Home, an' a great hand at anteequities, and a collector o' tales o' bygane times. He 's been in this kirk nigh forty years, an' his faither was there afore him, honest man.'

I saw it was useless to question Mrs Renton further, so we sat down to breakfast, and, after enjoying the hot tea, glorious cream, home-made scones and home-cured bacon, we began to feel much more like ourselves. Breakfast over, I put on my things and prepared for my walk to the manse—quite a serious undertaking, for Mrs Renton's 'ower-by' meant a walk of three or four miles there, and as many back.

Somewhat to my surprise, Jack offered to come with me. I doubted the wisdom of his undertaking such a walk, especially after the disturbed night he had had, but there was no doubt that he was much better than he had been a few months before, and he expressed himself as perfectly fit for the journey.

'Before starting, though, Jenny,' he said, 'I think we should go up to the bowling-green and have a look at it. If there was any real burial there last night, some traces of it must be left.'

We wandered hand-in-hand down the garden path, and through the arch of closely clipped greenery which was the entrance from that side to the bowling-green. At first sight we saw nothing out of the common, but in crossing the green we came on a large patch where the turf had evidently been recently removed and replaced. The 'divots,' or squares of turf, had certainly been cut with a spade, probably removed to another part of the green, and afterwards carefully laid in their original position.

'This beats cock-fighting,' said my husband. 'Somebody does seem to have been tampering with the turf, and, look, there are wheel-marks by the edge of the lawn. See, too, the gate of the field is open, though I can swear it was shut yesterday. I remember I shut it myself in coming through it not long before dinner. But what fairly beats me is, when the creatures "in the flesh or out of the flesh——"'

'Carnate or discarnate is, I believe, the correct expression in properly conducted psychic circles,' I ventured to remark.

'I say, when these creatures dug this immense grave—for it is a huge one—what on earth did they do with the surplus soil after whatever they buried was lowered down? You know quite well that if you fill up an excavated space with other matter, there won't be room for all the stuff that has been taken out to be put back again. There is not a vestige of earth on the grass around.'

'Dear old man,' I said sweetly, 'don't you think that if, as we imagine, the diggers were spirits, they would not be burying anything corporeal, or that would really fill up any space at all with solid matter? Therefore, oh my most wise husband, all the earth which was dug out could easily be put back again.'

He was silent a little, and seemed somewhat put out; but at last he said, 'Well, I don't profess to understand it. Let 's be off to the minister, and see if he can throw any light on the subject.'

VIII.

We started, and at the end of rather more than an hour's walk we arrived at the manse. We found Mr Home a tall, handsome old man, still vigorous, and straight as an arrow. He welcomed us with civil cordiality. I apologised to him for my very intermittent attendances at his church, but excused myself on the grounds of the health of my husband, to whom, until quite recently, such a journey would have been out of the question. My excuses were received with courtesy, but I found it very difficult to begin to explain the object of our visit. However, in time I was able to give him the details of our experiences at Kersheugh Tower, which I was afraid would be received with incredulity, if not with laughter. But I was listened to with grave and earnest attention.

At the end of my narration the minister quietly replied, 'My dear young lady, I believe I can give you some information about these extraordinary events, though of explanation I can give you none. All my life I have been keenly interested in antiquities in general, and especially in the history and folklore of my parish. I have not heard of the appearance of the riding laird for many years, and I thought the tradition had died away. But you will keep in mind that I have been here for forty years, and my father had this charge for the best part of thirty years, so that our family connection with the place goes back a long way. I had heard more or less vague accounts of strange and uncanny things that happened in the neighbourhood of the Tower, but I never could put them together as a coherent story, till by the merest chance one day I happened to fall in with an odd volume of manuscript-diary kept by a Mr Ridpath, who was minister of a parish not far from here about the middle of the eighteenth century. Ridpath was a judicious and learned man, and of fine literary taste; indeed, he wrote an excellent History of the Borders which has still a certain reputation. He was also very fond of noting down anything interesting that occurred either in his own parish or in the vicinity. Well, he got hold of the following story, and, in fact, the events happened in his own time. I am sorry I cannot show you the diary itself, as it does not belong to me, but I

remember the tale well, and this is its main purport.'

IX.

'Matthew Eccles, a great friend and crony of Ridpath, was at that time the minister of this parish. From all I have heard of him, he was a commanding personality, and kept his people in great order. One of his parishioners, however, always defied his authority, and that was old Joe Kerr, the laird of Kersheugh—"hell-fire Joe," as he was called, deriving this sobriquet from the general tenor of his life. He was a wild, foul-mouthed ruffian, and the orgies of drinking and debauchery that went on in the old Tower were a public scandal to the neighbourhood, and a sore grievance to Mr Eccles, who was just as dominating a man in his way as the laird was in his, and who could not bear to see his authority so openly flouted. If the laird had any redeeming feature, it was his love for his horses and hounds—you would see the ruins of the stables and the kennels as you came over the hill just now,' said Mr Home—'though even with them he could be free enough with his whip if anything crossed him.

'You may imagine the surprise of Mr Eccles when, one morning in summer, he saw the laird coming up through the manse garden. He noticed that he walked but feebly, and that his rubicund countenance had a much paler tint than usual; but he had not time to speculate on what this might indicate, when the laird burst into speech. "Parson," he said, "I've come to do a thing I've no often done to onybody—I've come to ask a favour of ye."

'"And what may that be, Kersheugh?" said the minister, who had a very unbending upper lip as he looked rather grimly at the old reprobate.

'"Weel, I'm thinking I've no been muckle in the inside o' the kirk in my day, but the day's coming, and may be nearer than ye think, when I'll hae to be ootside o't for a lang time. Now, what I want ye to do is this, parson. When my time comes, I want to be buried in the place where a' my forebears lie, but I'm wanting my horse—Deil's Buckie, ye ken—to be buried with me. Will ye do that, minister? I cudna rest in my grave if I hadna a horse under my hurdies."

'I verily believe that the old rascal meant what he was saying. He was, no doubt, a mighty hunter; and it is said that he would put a silver coin—and they were not too common in his day in Scotland—between his stirrup and the sole of his boot, and bring it home again in its place after a long day's hunt.

'Now, Matthew was an old "moderate," and pretty liberal at that. But he was immensely proud of his own church—one of the few thirteenth-century ones remaining in this district, Mrs Ross; you see, we have had it restored not so long ago—and while he listened to the laird's cool proposal, his eyes flashed fire as he stood at his manse door, towering above Joe Kerr, who was on the sloping garden path.

'"I never heard such an infamous and heathen proposal. I suppose that as you are a parishioner I cannot refuse you the right of burial here, especially as the family has a lair of its own, but I'm damned" (Matthew was an eighteenth-century minister, you will recollect, Mrs Ross, and language was apt to be outspoken in those days) "if that Deil's Buckie of a horse of yours shall set a foot in my kirkyard."

'"And I'm damned if I come without him," snarled the laird, glaring at Eccles as if he would like to lay his horse-whip across his shoulders; but the innate reverence in which the clergy were held at that time restrained him.

'"Go your ways home, laird," said the minister in a gentler tone, and looking rather ashamed at having let his temper get the better of him—"go your ways home, and ask the Almighty to pardon your sacrilegious proposal. You're an old man now, and I see you're failing, but it is not yet too late for you to make your peace."

'The laird scowled at him, and replied as he turned on his heel, "Auld or no auld, it's naething to you; but I'll tell ye what, if I've done ill here when I lived—and I'm no denying I might hae been better—I'll dae warse when I'm deid, and I'll make you and your parish stink in the nostrils o' a' generations to come."

'And so they parted. Within a fortnight the laird was dead. Nobody cared to take over his pack of hounds, so the kennels were left to decay, as you may see yourselves. He left directions that he should be buried in the centre of the old bowling-green at Kersheugh, and that his horse, the famous Deil's Buckie, should be killed and buried with him. And so they did inter him, like a Viking of old, sitting on his horse.

'The burial took place in the dead of night to avoid a curious crowd, but, notwithstanding, a good many people attended, chiefly drawn by the unwontedness of such a spectacle. None of his relatives—he had but few—was at the ceremony, and for chief mourners he had but his huntsman and his whip.

'Whether Eccles, who lived for about ten years afterwards, ever saw anything out of the common I do not know; probably not, for the powers of evil are fortunately limited. If he did, he never mentioned it; and, indeed, I should not have known of the extraordinary interview had it not been recorded in the veracious diary of Mr Ridpath. He got it, he tells us, from old Matthew himself one day when Ridpath had ridden over to assist him at his communion, and had preached, he notes with some self-compunction, for an hour and a half.'

X.

So far Mr Home, to whom we bade an affectionate farewell, for we had been much taken with him and his old-world courtesy. We strolled slowly home, going a little out of our way to look at the dilapidated remains of the kennels. Very little was left of them; but, curiously enough, Jack did find among the luxuriant weeds which straggled all over the place a battered old hunting-horn. Though I was rather against his doing so, he brought it home with him as a souvenir of our eventful stay at Kersheugh.

Why we were subjected to these trying and mysterious experiences I have described I cannot say. On thinking it over, the only reason I could conceive why we should feel what others did not is the fact that, as my father was a distant relative of Lady Sannox, through whom the property came into the family, I had, no doubt, in me some drops, however attenuated, of Kerr blood. At the time of the first incident I was away from my husband, who knew nothing of what had occurred; but on the night of the burial we were together, and I suppose, though I am no psychic, that his mind was *en rapport* with mine.

I put this story on record as a relation of facts which actually occurred. As I have said, I am no expert in such matters, and have no explanation to offer. No harm has come to us from having been the witnesses of these curious psychical phenomena. We can only hope that what we saw was the last appearance of the cavalcade of the Buried Huntsman.

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